(Copyright, 1899, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.)

AMERICAN BEAUTIES IN PARIS.

LOVE MAKES A WAY

COUNT DE DION

Miss Fanchon Thompson, the New American Operatic Success in Paris, in Various Costumes.

The Love Story of Fanchon Thompson, the "American Carmen," Who Is to Marry Count de Dion.

FANCHON THOMPSON, a handsome American prima donna, and the Count de Dion, a picturesque French nobleman, are to be married.

Miss Thompson is the incarnation of Carmen. The Count is the incarnation of Mephistopheles in appearance. Under these circumstances it need hardly be said that their marriage will be an event of unusual interest.

The Count is not only a leader of aristocracy and fashion, but the leading automobile manufacturer of France.

Fanchon Thompson is a Chicago girl, who has had a brief but brilliant career in Europe. She was enabled to obtain her musical education through the help of Mr. Millard Adams, the manager of the Auditorium Theatre, in Chicago, and other rich friends in that city.

She studied singing for two years and a half with the famous teacher Shegrilla in Paris. He was greatly pleased with her voice, her intelligence and her industry. Exceptional personal attractions added to her prospects of success on the operatic stage.

She made her debut as the page in "Romeo et Juliette" at the Covent Garden Theatre in London. Although she made a pleasing impression, the part was too small to enable her to distinguish herself. She had an opportunity to come to America at this time, but she did not think it worth while to return to her native land in so obscure a fashion.

It was then that Paris awoke to her talents, and she obtained a remarkably brilliant engagement to sing "Carmen" at the famous Opera Comique. She was the third of a series of American prime donne who have appeared there. Her two predecessors were Marie Van Zandt and Sibyl Sanderson.

Her debut as Carmen was a triumph. The Parisians, always so appreciative of feminine beauty, went into ecstasies. Nature, as well as the director of the Opera Comique, had cast her for the role of Carmen.

She is tall, with a litte, graceful, but generously developed figure. Her hair is abundant and as black as night. Her complexion is olive. Her eyes are deep violet and look black under the sombre veiling of her black lashes. There is a languorous Spanish grace in her movements, but when she becomes animated she is all fire.

The way she sang one aria had persuaded Albert Carré, the well-known director of the Opera Comique, that she was worthy to assume the favorite role of the great Calve.

Among the brilliant audience that applauded the debut of Miss Thompson was the Count de Dion. From that time began his devotion to her, which has now culminated in a betrothal.

The Count is over six feet high and very heavily built. He has an absolutely colorless complexion, a bald head, a jet black mustache waxed at the ends, and a small imperial. He is handsome in a peculiar French way. He is well advanced in middle age.

Fifteen years ago the Count was merely an ornament of the aristocracy. He did nothing. An accident, it is said, turned his mind toward mechanics. He sent a very elaborate toy locomotive as a present to the child of a friend.

It refused to work. The Count tried his hand at it, but could do nothing with it until he took it home. He labored all night with it instead of drinking champagne or indulging in any other of the wellknown amusements of the aristocracy, and finally made the toy machine work.

That aroused his interest in mechanics. He looked about him and found some obscure persons making carriages go with motors and without horses. These contrivances were then in a very primitive condition and did very little except explode and upset.

The Count, however, was intelligent enough to foresee the future of the automobile. A lack of money, caused by his former habits of luxury, impelled him into business.

He selected a highly intelligent mechanic named Bouton as an assistant. Together they perfected the various types of automobiles which have become so fashionable and so much in use in France.

The Count promoted the business in rich and aristocratic society, while Monsieur Bouton worked hard in the shops. To-day they are in partnership under the title o fthe De Dion Bouton Works They have a model factory at Puteaux on the Seine, near Paris, where they employ five hundred workmen of the best class, who receive high wages.

The Count founded the Club des Automobiles, which is an extremely fashionable and aristocratic organization. It has secured the passage of new laws regarding automobile traffic, and promoted the races which have excited so much interest in France.

To be a great maker of automobiles is a curious distinction for a nobleman of ancient race, but an honorable one.

Unhappily, the Count was not satisfied with it, for he took part in the ridiculous royalist demonstration at the Auteuil race track, when Baron Christiani smashed President Loubet's hat. Count Boni de Castellane, Count de Dion and a host of other aristocrats waved their canes and rushed at the President's tribune, yelling, "A bas Loubet!"

Count de Dion committed the grave offence of assaulting a policeman, which would have been much graver in New York. He was arrestd and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment.

After the outbreak the Automobile Club was raided and suspended by the police as a haunt of royalists. That is another curious thing that could only happen in France. Imagine the New York Horse Show being suspended as inimical to the republican form of Government.

In excuse of Count de Dion, it is said that he really felt no resentment toward President Loubet, but only became excited, as any good Frenchman would when he found himself among excited people. In court, the Count said that he was a Republican, but that he felt justified in shouting, "Vive l'Armee!"

In spite of this little episode, Count de Dion remains the leading automobilist of France and very rich withal.

He lays all his wealth and all his automobiles at the feet of our beautiful countrywoman, Fanchon Thompson. She has been seen daily of late driving in his finest automobile in the Bois de Boulogne.

THE DANGERS OF BEING BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTY—when applied, at any rate, toher persons by the pen of the novelist, the dramatist and the historian—seems to be a vastly dangerous holding, and instead of bringing in its trend that superb joy voiced by the dictum, it carries with it a burden which is indeed a very hard lot to bear.

Pick up any novel at random and you will read that the only persecuted creature in it, to speak by the card, is the beautiful young heroine. It is her beauty which has attracted the villain, like the bright flame which attracts the moth, and made him act as a brute to her.

Beauty in novels, freely interpreted, means dreadful suffering, physical and mental; it means a deadly poison which is as fatal as the sting of a viper and which permeates the body and soul of the average heroine of the modern novel. It brings no joy except at the end of the book.

The penalty for being beautiful would seem to be more exacting and more disagreeable than the disappointments experienced by the ugly. It is because the modern heroine of books, or of the stage, is described as a sort of daughter of the gods in form and build and looks that you take interest in her and follow her doings, her sufferings, through every page of a novel, or through every scene and act of a play.

Leave fiction for fact. Scour the villages of the United States from Maine to California and you will find, with very few exceptions, that nearly all can tell the story of how once upon a time there lived in the village a beautiful girl who fell a slave to the mad delirium of love and after many years came back a wreck. There is recorded in the unwritten archives of nearly every village such a story as that told in one form or another.

But this is not the story of a village merely; it is the history of the world.

It was this evil fate of beauty that wrecked Cleopatra, who in turn wrecked Marc Antony, broke the heart of Octavia and brought the horrors of civil war upon Imperial Rome. The great Julius fell a victim to her exquisite charms at a single interview.

Cleopatra was a beautiful and magnificent creature, and her charms never failed to captivate and conquer those who passed before her. She was not only all this, but her personal beauty seemed to have influenced her mind intelectually in a marked degree, for she was a woman of very high attainments. She was as intelligent as she was beautiful. She was a capital musician, skilled in several languages, a good singer and a brilliant conversationalist. No woman has surpassed her in cunning.

How she died is a mystery. The story of the asp biting her to death is a myth, but authorities agree that she died a violent death by her own hand—a hard price for such great beauty as hers.

There is the pitiful story of Julia Donna, who, in her maiden days a poor, humble girl, was, on account of her great personal charms, raised from a common sphere to the highest that Imperial Rome could offer. She became the wife of Severus, and thus Empress of Rome. Her beauty was her evil fate. She lent herself to the flattery of courtiers, permitted all and sundry to approach her with their sentiments; finally, she fell back into the position she came from, but not before she had been stabbed in the arm by a son, who intended the blow, however, for his brother.

Disappointed of all hope of ever becoming again the power she once was in Rome, deserted by those who brought her to her misery, forsaken by her friends, she ended her days in starvation.

There was yet another beautiful Roman Julia, who, through her extreme beauty, was introduced to and became the wife of a famous Senator when she was only sixteen. Between that tender age and four-and-twenty she lived up to the traditions of the times, fell a victim to the conceit of her own charms, became the prey of flatterers, conspired against her husband, and was finally put to a violent death.

The story of the captivating Helen of Troy is interesting, and is on a par with that of the beautiful women just alluded to. Helen of Troy was tied to a tree and strangled—a condign punishment for the errors she fell into solely on account of her beauty. She was responsible for the many years' siege of Troy, her husband, Menelaus, being determined to revenge himself on Paris. It serves as an object lesson for those women who repine because they are not beautiful.

Josephine, the unfortunate wife of Napoleon I., was said by her husband to be "most truly a lovely woman, refined, affable, charming; a goddess of the toilet, kind and humane," yet because no son was born to them Napoleon divorced her—an overwhelming sorrow. She died an absolutely crushed and saddened woman.

HOW THE ARABS MEET DEATH.

"THE most thrilling and dramatic detail in connection with the death of the Khalifa in the Sondan," said an English visitor the other day, "was chronicled in a little inch-long press telegram from Cairo. It says in substance that after the Khalifa found himself surrounded by the Anglo-Egyptian troops, he spread a sheepskin on the ground, sat down on it, and was shot to pieces without making an effort to escape.

"The correspondent who sent that bit of news was evidently unaware of its real significance. 'On their sheepskin' is a term well known in the Egyptian service and has a grim meaning of its own. The wild Arab warriors always use a sheepskin in lieu of a saddle blanket for their camels, and in momen's of extremity in battle, when they see that all hope is lost, it is their custom to take their stand on the skins as a token that they will neither give nor expect quarter, and have determined to die rather than to surrender. It is equivalent to saying: 'I will not budge from this spot; here you must slay me' and for a Soudanese soldier to leave his sheepskin after he has once stepped upon it is something absolutely unheard of in desert warfare. Such a renegade would be hounded out of his tribe, and in all probability butchered by his own fellows.

"When a British officer in an engagement sees the Arabs begin to unbuckle their camel-gear he knows what is going to happen, and after that he never dreams of making a demand for surrender. The only thing to do is to kill them with the least possible delay, for they are certain to sell their lives as dearly as they can.

"When the old Khalifa died on his sheepskin he certainly died happy, for according to all good Mohammedans his soul went straight to the gardens of delight."