I had been posing for various artists for nearly two months, and I not only was used to the work but beginning to like it. How else, except as a model, could I have seen all I did at close range and, in a way, assisted in the making of many great paintings by the best artists in Boston? Also I learned much from them, for nearly every artist I posed for talked to me as he worked. Some would tell me their hopes and fears and stories about other artists. I have even been the confidante of their love affairs.

One well-known painter proposed to a girl upon my advice. He told me all about his acquaintance with her, and of the opposition of her family, as if he were telling a story, and then he asked:

"What would you do if you were the man in the case?"

I replied: "I'd go right over and ask her to-night," whereupon he picked up his hat and said regretfully:

"I'll do better than that. I'll go this minute."

One artist, famous for his paintings of sunlight, used to talk all the time he worked, and I realized that he was not talking to me but at me, for when I answered he didn't hear at all. I didn't make, of course, more than a living posing in costume, but for a time I got about four hours' work a day. It was not always regular, and sometimes I didn't even get that much time. There were days when I had no work at all, so I barely made enough to pay for my room and board. I realized that I would have to do something to increase my earnings, and I tried to get work to do at night schools. Miss St. Denis had told me there would be little chance there unless I would pose untrimmed, and that I was determined not to do, but as the summer approached my work grew less and less, for the artists had begun to go away, just as Miss St. Denis had told me they would.

Though Mr. Sands had said I was an exceedingly pretty girl, I found that such was by no means an exceptional possession, and especially among the models. There were much prettier girls than I, to say nothing of the many girl friends and relatives of the artists who were often willing to pose for them. So my good looks did not prove as profitable as I had hoped. Moreover, I was new at the work, had an acquaintance to build up, and at first tired quicker than the older models.

However, I made a number of good friends among the artists. One of them, dear old Mr. Rintoul, had a studio in that long row of studios near the Art Gallery. One day I knocked at his door and applied for work as a model. He opened the door and peered out at me in the dark hall. At first he said he was sorry, but he couldn't use me. He was a landscape painter, and he said he guessed I had come to the wrong man, and there was another artist of his name on Tremont Street who painted figures. Then he said:

"But come in, come in!"

He was a little man of about fifty, and his face had the chubby look of a child. He wore the funniest old-fashioned clothes. He peered up at me through his glasses, and seemed to be examining my face. After a moment he said:

"Having a hard time, eh? Or are you extra busy now?"

I told him I was not extra busy, and he rubbed his chin in a funny way and finally said:

"I believe I can use you after all. Now I'll tell you how we'll arrange it. I'm a pretty busy man, so I can't make any definite engagement, but you come here whenever you have nothing else to do, and I'll use you if I can. If I'm too busy, I'll pay you just the same. How will that do?"

I thanked him, and told him I was so glad, for work was getting scarcer every day.

He pointed to a big armchair and said:

"Now sit down there and rest yourself. Be pleased! Be pleased!" He waved his hand at me, and went to see who was knocking at the door. Then he came back and said:

"Too busy to use to-day. Here's the..."
money," and he handed me seventy cents, as if for two hours' work.

"Oh, Mr. Rintoul," I said, "I haven't worked at all."

"Now don't argue," he said. "That was our agreement, so be placid!"

One day when I went to pose he said that all the people in the studios were giving a tea, and they had asked him to open the doors of his studio, so that the visitors could see it. He remarked that he would take that day off. I remarked:

"There must be an awful lot of artists here."

He chuckled, and making his hand into a claw, whispered:

"Not all artists, but folks hanging on to the edge of art, and cackling, cackling. Now run along, and keep placid!" and he handed me a dollar for my "time."

I never really posed for him at all, for he always had something else to do, but he would make me sit in the big armchair and be "placid."

He has now gone to the Land where all is placid, and whenever I hear that word, I think of him, and my faith in good men is strengthened.

But not all of my experiences with the artists of Boston were as pleasant as that with Mr. Rintoul and Mr. Sands and some others. I had one terrible experience from which I barely escaped with my life.

I had posed several times for a Mr. Harper, who did a rushing business for strictly commercial firms. He made advertisements such as are seen on street-cars, packages of breakfast-food and things like that. I had posed for him in a number of positions, to show off a certain brand of stockings, as a girl playing golf, to advertise a sweater, and other things too numerous to mention here.

He was a large, powerfully built man, devoted to sports, and he used to tell me about his place at Cape Cod, and how he fished and rode. He discovered that I could paint, and he let me help him sometimes with his work. We got to be very friendly, and I really enjoyed working for him and liked him very much. His wife was a sweet-faced, gentle little woman, who occasionally came to the studio, and she would sometimes put an extra piece of cake in his lunch-box for me. He said she was a saint.

Of all the artists I worked for my best hopes rested on Mr. Harper, for he had promised, if certain work he expected came, he might be able to employ me permanently—not merely as a model, but assisting him.
One day after I had been working for him all morning, and we had lunch together, I sat down on a couch to glance over a book of reproductions, when I felt him come up beside me. He stood there, without saying anything for a while, and then, stooping down, brushed my cheek with his hand. I was not quite sure whether he was leaning over to look at the pictures, but I did not like his face so close, and half teasingly I put up my hand and pushed his face away, as I might a fly that was in my way. Suddenly I felt a stinging slap on my face. Surprised and angry, I leaped to my feet.

"Mr. Harper, you are a little too rough!" I said. "That really hurt me."

I thought he was joking, but when I saw his face I realized that I was looking at a madman.

"I intended to hurt you," he said in the strangest voice, and then he cursed me, and struck me again on the cheek. "Take that, and that and that!" His voice rose with each blow. Then he took me by the shoulders and shook me till my breath was gone.

"Now, I'm going to kill you!" he raved. I fell down on my knees and screamed that I had not meant to offend him, but he caught hold of my hands and dragged me along toward the window, shouting that he was going to throw me out. We were seven stories up and he had dragged me literally to the window and shaken me till the glass was running down my chin. My hair was down and blood was pouring down my face. Surprised and angry, I struggled at the window the door of his studio opened and some one came in. Like a flash he turned and, dragging me across the room, he literally threw me into the hall and shut the door in my face. To this day I do not even know who had entered his studio, but I believe it was a woman, and sometimes I wonder if it could have been his wife.

In the hall I gathered myself up. My clothes were nearly torn off my back, and I was black and blue all over. My hair was down and blood was running down my chin. I climbed upstairs to another artist I had posed for, and when he opened the door to my knock he was so startled by my appearance, that he called to his wife, a sculptress, to come quickly.

"What is the matter? Whatever is the matter?" she asked, drawing me in. "You poor girl, what has happened to you?"

I could not speak at first. I tried to, but my breath was coming in gasps, and I was sobbing. For the first time in my life hysterics seized me. They choked my hands and brought me something to drink, and then she held my hands firmly in hers, and said, "Marion, I love-ayou! I love-you!" gushed Rintoul excitedly. "Give-me the smile again. That smile is like-a music to me! I love-you!"

"And now I'm going to have him arrested."

"Listen to me," said Mrs. Wilson. "I know you have suffered terribly, and that man ought to be killed; but take my advice, keep away from the police. Remember, you have no witnesses. You could not prove the assault. It would be your word against his, and you are only a model. Let it pass, and hereafter you keep away from Mr. Harper."

Her husband said: "I'm surprised at Harper, the demanding brute. I've heard of queer chaps down there, and I know he has beaten messenger-boys, but, by Jove, I didn't dream he'd beat a girl. You must have aroused his temper in some way. You know he's unbalanced—of course you know, that—every one does."

No, I did not know that. He was worse than unbalanced, however. He was nothing less than a madman.

I went home bruised and sore, and, as they advised, let the matter drop. As Mrs. Wilson had said, I had no witnesses, and I was just a model.

I was the second week in May, but as warm as summer and the flowers were all blooming in the parks. The artists were leaving Boston early that year. There seemed only a handful of them left in town. I had scarcely any engagements. Mr. Sands had left, and so had four other artists for whom I had been posing. Mr. Rintoul, too, had gone away. I could no longer go to Mr. Harper, the man who had beaten me.

I sat in my little hall-room, reading a letter from home.

"Dear Marion!" (wrote Ada): "We are all very glad to hear you are doing so well in Boston" (I had told them so), "and we hope you will come home this summer.

"Papa is not at all well and mama awfully worried. There is not much money coming in. I am doing all I can to help, and I gave up a good position offered me by the C. P. K. to travel over there and write travel pamphlets, because I will not leave mama just now."

"Charles would do more, but his wife won't let him. I think you ought to help. Ellen has been sending money regularly, but now Wallace is ill. Even Nora sends us something each week.

"I must say, Marion, that you always were the one to think only of yourself, and you always managed to have a good time. Now as you are earning money in the States, and there are so many younger ones at home, you certainly ought to send home some money. It is wicked of you not to."

"You will be sorry to hear that Daisy [the sister next to Nellie] went into the convent to be a nun last week. She simply was bent upon it, and nothing we could say or do would stop her. You know she became a convert to the Catholic faith soon after Nellie married De Rochefort. She is with the Order of the Little Sisters of Jesus, and her name is now Sister Marie Anastasia. We all feel very badly about it, as she is so young to shut herself up for life."

"Last Sunday I went for a walk as far as the Convent of Les Petites Förs de Jézus, and I looked over the garden fence, but I could see no sign of our Daisy. So I called: 'Daisy! Daisy!' and oh, Marion, I felt awful to think of her behind those stone walls, just like a prisoner, and I even imagined I saw her face looking out of one of the windows of the solemn, ghostly-looking convent building. It is a (Continued on page 127)
Marion

(Continued from page 78)

very hard. We did everything to

assure her, but one night she took the

pigeons with her. She never got off her knees at night.

Do you remember what beau-

ful hair Daisy had—the only one in our

university? Well, it was all

shorn off, mama says, that was un-

expected, her final vogue. So we lost

Daisy. It's just as she was dead.

"I saw Lil Mackey on the street and

she asked for your address. She said she

was going to New York. She's pretty com-

mon, and if I were you I wouldn't associate

with her. You should have some pride.

Write soon, and send some money when

you do. Sooner the better. Love from all.

"Even a drink, too."*

I looked at my money. I counted all

that I possessed. I had just six dollars and

two cents. I was badly in need of clothes,

and I was only eating one meal a day.

For breakfast and lunch I had simply crack-

ers, still in the box that they are probably

needed more than I did. So I wrote to

Ad.

"Dear Ada: I was so sorry to hear that

papa is ill, and that you were all having

a hard time; so I expect to. I all you can spare just

now. I am not making as much as I thought I was going to when last I wrote you, but

I will be doing fine, so don't worry about me, and tell papa and mamma everything is

alright.

"It's awful about Daisy. She's a poor girl,

and yet perhaps she is happier than any of

us. Anyway, I guess she feels pretty

well. It must be sweet not to have to

worry at all. Still, I don't believe in any

sudden changes now.

"You don't understand about Reggie

Here it's in love with me, so there and

he writes to me every day begging me to

return. I guess I know my own affairs

better than you do. I have no more news

now, so will say good-by, and with love to all.

"Your all, sister, Marion.

I posted my letter and then started out to

keep an engagement to pose for an illu-

strator on Huntington Avenue. I was in

a charming studio apartment in a new

building. I know both Mr. Snow and his wife

pretty well, for I had posed for most of his

recent work. They had only been married

a little while. She was very pretty, and

sweet, too. He was a tall, rather lanky

man, but thirty, and his long teeth stood

out from under his mustache. He made a

good living, for everyone said he had the

knack of making pretty girls' faces, and that

was what the magazines wanted.

He was in a very genial mood that

to-night, and we chatted away while he drew

my head. He was making a cover for a popular

magazine. I had removed my waist, and

strapped me in to give the effect of an

evening gown.

When we were done, and I was button-

ning up my waist in the back, he came behind

me and said:

"Allow me," and started to button my

waist for me, but I was doing it him

on the back of my neck.

"If I begin," I began, when a sweet voice

called from the doorway.

I had brought Miss Acock and you

some tea, dear.

Mrs. Snow had entered the room, carrying

tea and cookies. I think she said little

thing, with beautiful reddish hair piled

top of her head. Mr. Snow went forward

and took the tray from her hands, and, bend-

ing down he kissed the hands holding it.

"Thank you, darling," he murmured,

"What an angel you are!"

It was getting dark as I walked down

Huntington Avenue. I was always walking behind me to catch up to

"Hallo, Marion!"

I caught up to Jimmy Odeh. He had

been hanging around my lodgings for days,

and was always coming to me to go

places with him and declaring that he was

in love with me.

I knew Jimmy, though the people where I

took my meals told me he was no good.

They said he was very sensible, but I didn't think so myself. He had some advantage, but that Jimmy had played all

his life and that his mother had spoiled him. However, I found him a most lovable boy,

despite his slangy speech and pretense

of coarseness of character. Jimmy liked to pretend that he was a pretty bold, bad man

of the world. He was in his junior year at

Harvard and about my own age.

Many a time, when it seemed as if I could

not stand my life, I was cheered by Jimmy

with his happy, contagious laughter, and the little "treats" he would give me. Sometimes it was a ball game, sometimes a show,

and he would say to whoever was about:

"I have a drink, too."* I didn't pretend to be a sport, I replied,

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**Heart's**

"and anyway in Montreal that means to shoot or skate or snowboard or toboggan. Here when you say 'sport' you mean drink a lot of liquor. I think it's horrid."

Jiminy regarded me suspiciously.

"I let those farmers in Montreal drink their share all right," he said. "Of course, that bum Canadian village isn't really on the map at all; he was taking care of it, I bet the loose is right there. Say, do you really have cars running there? I bet you have some Jay farmer because all right."

How about the one whose letters you're always so glad to get? You nearly fell down the stairs the other day in your hurry to get that one from Miss Darline."

I couldn't help laughing to think of Regina being called a farm girl. Jiminy took offense at my laughter.

"Say, what you're laughing about anyhow. If you don't want my company, say so, and I'll take myself."

"I'm sorry it's so silly, Jiminy. You know very well I like your company, or I wouldn't be sitting here."

"Then why can't you drink a glass of beer with me? I bet I was that Montreal chap."

"I'll drink the beer on one condition," I said. "If you don't want my company, say so, and I'll take myself."

"In my beer and my sake, stop!"

I played.

"The waiter was smiling a sort of smile, and he said:

"That was indeed a beer, oh!"

"All right then, apology to this lady."

The waiter did so. "And now," said Jiminy, "in a very lovely way, "come along, Marion, we don't have to stay in this place."

Curious.

When we got out to the street, I turned upon him and said:

"You can take me home, Jiminy Odell. I'm not going to be disgraced again."

"Oh, all right!" said he solemnly. "If I can get all the whisky I want alone, without anyone prancing to me," and he turned around, as if to leave me. I ran after him and caught him by the arm.

"Jiminy!"

He tried to shake off my hand, and he said:

"What difference does it make? You don't care anything about me. You wouldn't really care if I drank myself to death."

"I would care, Jiminy. I care an awful lot about you."

Jiminy stepped short in the street.

"Do you mean that? You do care for me? Where have you been?" I asked, in a whisper.

Jiminy had an air of mystery about him. "Oh, listen, Marion, I'm half crazy about you any other student named Evans, who played the mandolin with Evans, who had met several times."

At the last moment I hesitated about the mandolin."

"Maybe your mother and sister won't think it was a fool, I'm sure they wouldn't!

Great Scott!" burst from Jiminy.

"Just prove how beautiful you are, Marion. If I were a girl, I'd be proud to say that the article I am inclined to."

I've not seen a magazine cover to which I would add unreserved and watch everything."

Mullified Coconunt Oil is especially prepared for washing the hair. It is a clear, pure, and entirely granulated product, that cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle and breakable. It is in a way beautiful and regular washing to keep it beautiful and soft, and can be washed in ordinary soap. The free alkali, or ordinary soap, when the scalp and makes it soft and fresh and luxurious.

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"Well, I guess I can bring my friends to our house if I want," declared Jiminy, as though someone had questioned his right.

"Will you, or won't you go? Yes or no?"

"We'll wait and see."

"No well about it. Yes or no?"

"I couldn't have any work at all in the last story, so I stayed in and fixed up a fine place to pass the time in the room. I called early for you, bringing along another student named Evans, who played the mandolin with Evans, who had met several times."

At the last moment I hesitated about the mandolin."

"Maybe your mother and sister won't think it was a fool, I'm sure they wouldn't!

Great Scott!" burst from Jiminy.

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