



DYING RACE WILL LIVE ON CANVAS

J. H. SHARP, FAMOUS INDIAN PAINTER, TALKS
OF HIS ARTCHIEF JOSEPH
FLATHEADNA-TU-YA
(BLESS'ED) BLACK-
FOOTTEL-GOS-TIA
FLATHEAD

LITTLE WOLF, CHEYENNE

QUINNAH, FLATHEAD



altogether from the 'modern richtung.' There is a richness and warmth about his colors which is surprising, although true to nature. I sincerely hope that he may be prevailed upon to exhibit a large collection of paintings at the Lewis and Clark Fair, and I am sure the fruits of his cunning brush will deserve the place d'honneur."

Memory.

I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;
No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low meadow and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;
Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That bears the latest linnet thrill,
Nor quarry trenched along the hill,
And haunted by the wrangling daw.
Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down;
Unloved, that hush will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;
Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;
Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the looser Wain
Is twisting round the polar star;
Unloved, for, gird the windy grove,
The hawk shall haunt the haunts of cranes
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;
Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;
As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe or logs the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

A FEW nights ago, in a modest little home on Seventh street, in this city, there was displayed one of the most interesting and valuable collections of Indian portraits ever seen west of the Rocky Mountains. They were from the brush of the noted Indian painter, Joseph Henry Sharp, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whose works have attained a high place in the estimation of the artlovers and critics of America and of Europe. Since the 1st of June the artist and his wife have been living among the Blackfoot Indians, in Montana, near Kallispel. During a brief visit which they have been making with his brother, Ross Sharp, of Portland, a reception was given in their honor, at which a number of friends and members of the cult artistic were afforded an opportunity to inspect the result of the painter's summer labors, which they did with keen enjoyment. That he had not been idle while sojourning with the Blackfoot was clearly shown by the large number of pictures which he brought forth during the evening. They consisted of portraits, and many quaint and striking sketches of camp life and studies of the real American aborigine as he is seen today in his own home, and surrounded by the trappings and embellishments of his own choosing.

Not All Paint and Feathers. While portraying his subjects as each has seen fit to bedeck himself, reproducing with the infinite fidelity of nature each shade of his gaudy raiment, each

bue of the brilliant pigments, the sparkle of his beads, the supreme gorgeousness of the great war bonnets, Mr. Sharp's highest ideal is to present the Indian as he is—mentally as well as physically; not as ephemeral fiction has delighted to picture him, not as popular fancy loves to look upon him, but as a human being, endowed with intelligence, swayed by nobility of thought, enervated by indolence, animated with craftiness, or calmed by reveries of bygone days. In short, to emphasize the fact that there is something to him besides his paint and feathers. That he has succeeded, and that with delicacy and skill, is proved by the portraits themselves.

For 11 years he has spent a large part of his time traveling about from one tribe to another, living in their camps, studying their nature, their customs of life, their ceremonies of religion and of war, their traditions, until today he has a most intimate knowledge of the remaining remnants of the fast-vanishing race that welcomed Columbus to American shores. The greatest warriors, the most able counselors, the most noted characters among them during that time, have been his models, and have risen to gaze with amazement and pleasure upon their features mirrored from his canvas.

He has exhibited in all the principal cities of this country and in the capitals

and art centers of the Old World, and has been awarded many medals. His exhibits at the Paris Exposition, in 1900, and later at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, won for him medals and commendation. Examples of his work adorn the private galleries of the most famous living art connoisseurs, such as Andrew Carnegie, Joseph G. Butler, Emerson Millen, John W. White, Jr., and many others. The whole collection of paintings displayed by Mr. Sharp at Buffalo was purchased by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, and at her death it is to be bequeathed by her to the University of California. In addition, she has given him a commission extending over a period of five years, during which she will be able to secure some of his choicest productions. Besides, his Indian heads have been purchased by many of the leading public art galleries. Eleven of them are owned by the United States Government, and now grace the walls of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He has also painted the portraits of many people of prominence in the East. His picture of Governor Taft is considered one of his best works.

The artist studied in Antwerp under Charles Verlat, at the Munich Academy under Carl Marr, and with Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant in Paris. He is a tireless worker, and so dexterous with his brush that he finishes a portrait

at one sitting. He has also found time to execute some very fine etchings, and has illustrated many magazine articles and furnished cover studies for others. One of his Indian heads formed the feature for the cover design of the June number of Sunset. After ten years' service as a valued member of the faculty of the Cincinnati Art Academy he has resigned, and in future will devote himself to Indian portraiture, for which he has a great passion.

Securing the Models. "Do I have trouble in getting Indians to pose? Yes, at times it's very irritating," said the painter in answer to a question. "Indians as a rule are not the best of models. For instance, I make an engagement with one to come to me tomorrow morning. Probably he will not appear for several days; perhaps not at all. After waiting around until I am tired out with worry, I take a rod and go off fishing until I recover my good spirits."

"When I first go among a tribe, I usually spend some time sitting around the agency store or office, observing them as they come and go or loiter about. In this way I select many of my subjects. To get them to sit for me I have to resort to various schemes. Often I bribe them with money, always paying them well. Sometimes I invite them to

dinner, and then again I find it necessary to use many other inducements and little arts to overcome their prejudice or fear. I try to get the most important men of the tribe first. After that the others come more willingly. The 'old-timers,' the real fighters and warriors, are the ones I want, and they are the ones that are hard to get. However, after a portrait is finished they are very proud of it, and each thinks his own the best.

"I have been with Indians day and night for 11 years, and during that time I have never had a disagreeable experience. Of course, when they are under the influence of liquor they are inclined to be quarrelsome, but even then I never had any trouble with them."

Possessing a most charming personality, gentle in action and speech, with the enthusiasm of a youth, and the politeness of a Frenchman, it is not at all strange that this native of Ohio should win the hearts of the most stolid, the haughtiest, the most reserved of the battle-scarred chieftains, and that everywhere among them he is coming to be hailed as a friend. He speaks most of the tribal dialects, and can use the sign language with proficiency. Mrs. Sharp, who travels with him in all his wanderings, is a woman of most gracious presence and remarkable tact, and is of great assistance to him

in his work. She was with him during his student trips in Europe, and is a gifted conversationalist in four languages. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp are now on their way to visit the Flathead Indians, near Kallispel, Mont. After leaving them, they will study the Crows, near the old Custer battlefield, and later the Cheyennes. They will spend the Spring and early Winter with the Southern Indians—the Apaches, Navajoes, Zunis and Pueblos.

Urged to Exhibit in 1905. An effort will be made by some of the art lovers here, aided by his friends, to have the famous Indian painter make an exhibit of his work at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, in 1905. Speaking on this subject, Professor Ernest O. Spitzner said the other day: "I am very sorry that such works could not have been seen by more people. A more interesting collection of Indian heads will seldom be found. One almost forgets, by admiring and studying some of the characteristic heads and faces, that they are mere canvases. Mr. Sharp surely must be recognized as a painter of unusual merits, of excellent schooling and of strong observing power. He is a comparatively young man for his great skill—near 40. His works bear the marks of the modern school and influence to a certain extent, for no artist can escape