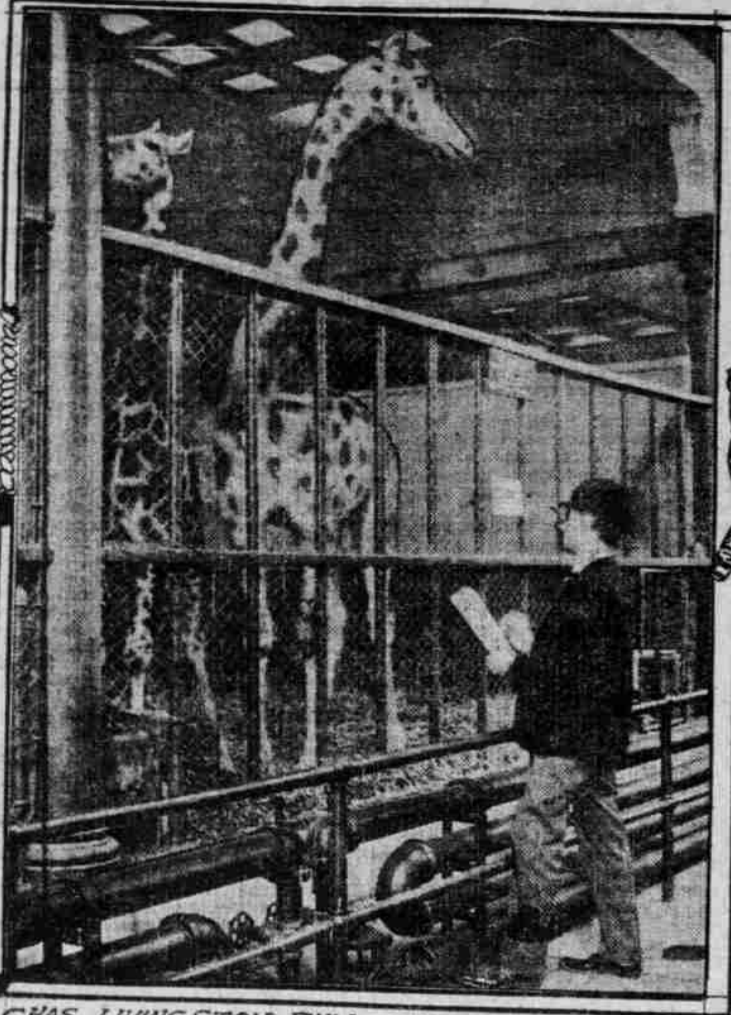
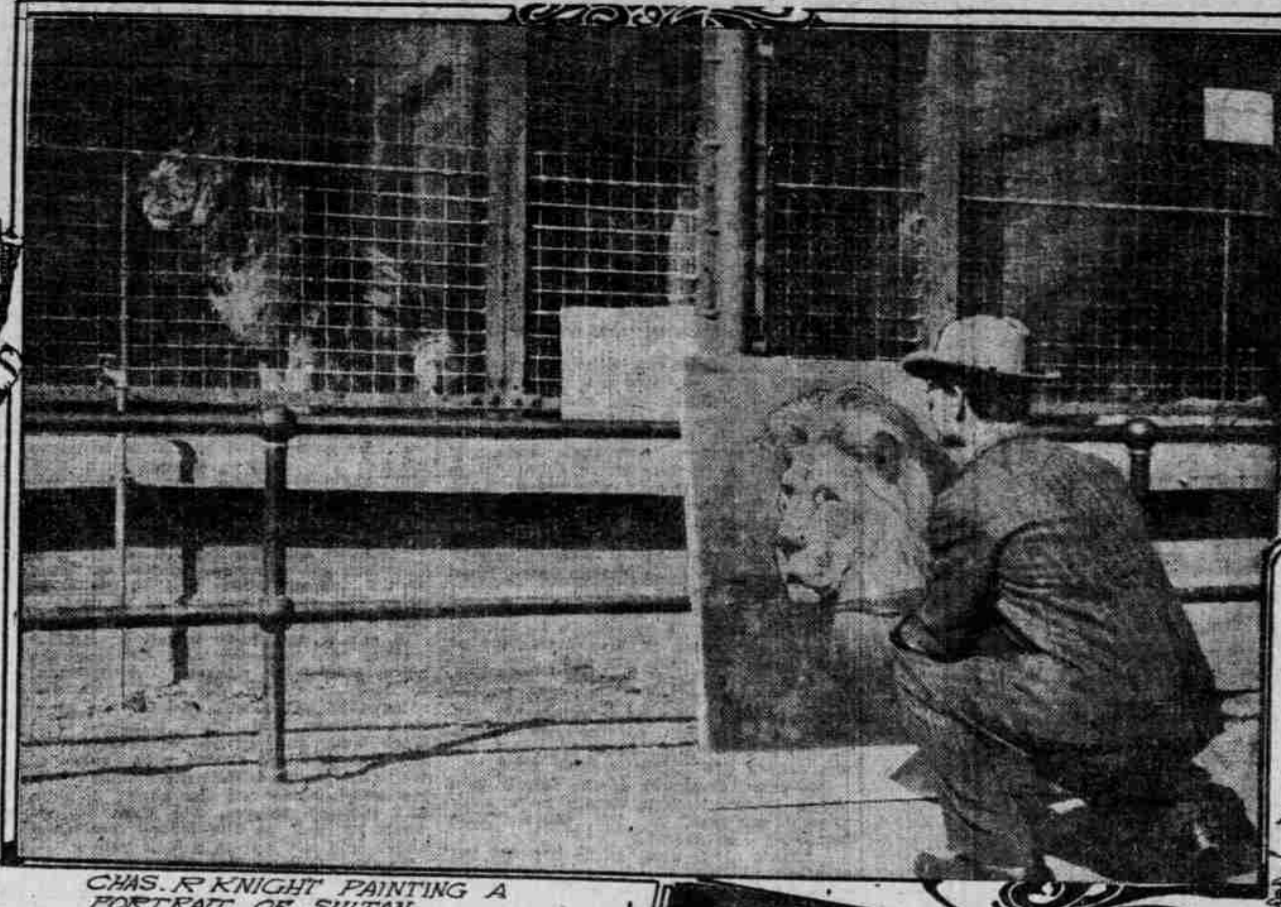


Wild Animals as Artists' Models

WHAT MEN WITH THE BRUSH LEARN ABOUT THE CHARACTER OF CREATURES IN CAPTIVITY



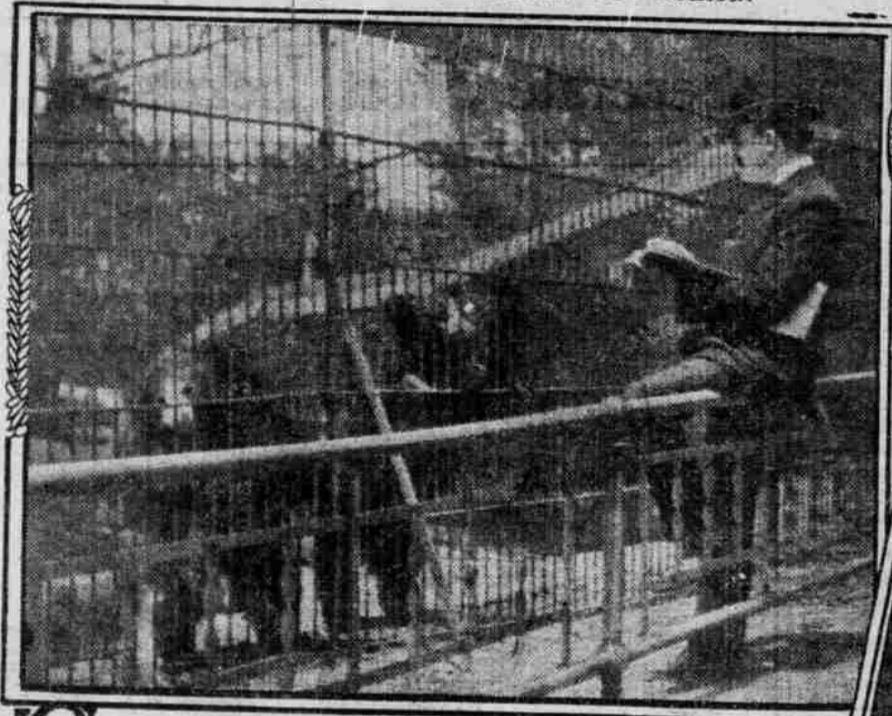
CHAS. LIVINGSTON BULL, AND SOME OF HIS MODELS



CHAS. R. KNIGHT PAINTING A PORTRAIT OF SULTAN



MISS HYATT WITH THE CENTRAL PARK GOATS



F. G. R. ROTH SKETCHING AT THE BRONX BEAR PIT



CARL RUNGJUS IN HIS BROOKLYN STUDIO WITH HIS TROPHIES OF THE HUNT



PHINISTER PROCTOR, MODELING LION FOR McKINLEY MONUMENT AT BUFFALO



ALMOST any day in the big zoological parks of New York and Philadelphia one may run across an artist with modeling stand or easel set close to the bars of the animals' cages, working away as unconcerned as he would in his own studio.

Often there are people so close to his elbow as to interfere with his work, and others tip-toeing to see over the shoulders of the near ones, all watching the sketch take shape on the clean page or out of the lumps of putty-like stuff piled on the corner of the modeling-stand. Sometimes the artist has his canvas there and his palette and colors, and is actually painting a portrait from life.

"How beautifully he poses," said a woman one day, as she stood watching Charles R. Knight, the foremost American painter of wild animals, put the finishing touches on a life-size head of Sultan, the famous lion of the Bronx zoological park. She referred to the lion. "I'll bet he'd like to get out and eat us all up, though," answered another.

After his work was done, Mr. Knight talked some of wild animals he had known.

"The woman who said the lion posed beautifully was just as absurd as the one who thought he wanted to get out and eat us. And I must say that in all the hours and days I've spent before the cages of wild animals I have never yet heard a human being make a sensible remark about the animals. They do not seem to understand them any more than they understand the character of the supposed inhabitants of Mars.

Animals Do Not Pose.

"Sultan wasn't posing. If he had thought I wanted him to sit that way he probably wouldn't have done it. There isn't a poser among the cat animals. They differ in that respect from animals like the elk and deer, and from birds. These have their regular parades. The buck, when he gets his new antlers in the fall goes on a parade before the doe. The male prairie chicken fluffs up his feathers and struts before the hen, and many other birds and beasts display self-consciousness and more or less spirit. But the big felines have no spirit except when they want something to eat. They have absolutely no style, no carriage—neither cat animals nor dogs. A lion's mane may be magnificent, his tail have a fine big ball and his back just the proper slope, yet the lion is always unconscious of it; and as for posing, he is too stupid; he wouldn't do it if he could.

"When a lion paces about his cage he is not wanting to get out and eat us up, as the woman suggested. As a matter of fact, he paces up and down merely for exercise. People weary caged animals and fret them, and it is a most grateful arrangement in its way, when there is a place where they can retire from the barred part of the cage and be free from the gaze of people. They hate to be always in sight. Perhaps no animal hates it so heartily as the black leopard. He is more restless under it than the rest. He slouches back and forth in his cage and never looks into the eye of a human, though when he is treated to the limit of his endurance he sometimes bares his teeth and snarls in the direction of his tormentors.

"But while captivity and people fret lions and other caged cats, they never escape because they have tried to. They are too stupid to try. They are stubborn, quick-scented, active, but not intelligent as animals go. And if they by accident found their way out of a cage, they would not stop to devour any one who happened to be standing there—they would simply make a break for freedom."

A Narrow Escape.

The big cats are perhaps the most popular animal models among both painters and sculptors. A. Phinister Proctor and Eli Harvey, two of the leading sculptors of wild animals, make quite a specialty of cats, while Anna Vaughn Hyatt, the one woman sculptor who makes a specialty of wild animals, gives a fair share of her attention to them. Miss Hyatt's favorite cats are the tigers, and while modeling a tiger at the Bronx she had one of many half-breed escapes by which she has cheated some of her ill-natured models.

Miss Hyatt had placed her modeling stand close to the cage of Rajah, the royal Bengal tiger that is one of the chief attractions in the lion house of the Bronx Park. The great creature was sprawled upon the floor close to the bars, apparently asleep. The guard had walked away, leaving Miss Hyatt absorbed in her work. Suddenly, not knowing why, she jumped back, and just in time, for without a warning sound Rajah raised his great forepaw and brought it down with a blow that sent the wooden stand crashing in splinters to the floor, and the clay model of himself in little wads scattered far and wide.

"I don't know how I knew it," says

Miss Hyatt, in recounting the occurrence. "But without seeing him raise his paw I knew he intended to strike. It is a sort of sixth sense one develops in working about wild animals.

No Making Friends With Them.

"There is no such thing as making friends with wild animals," Miss Hyatt declares. "And the more pretense of friendship a wild animal makes the more he is to be feared, as he will take advantage of man when he least expects it. Elephants seem so gentle and tractable, and yet one of the Hazenback elephants knocked me and my modeling-stand clear out of his stall one day without a sign of warning. In the same way bears often seem to have a kindly feeling for their keepers, and yet the owner of a bear I once modeled told me he never knew whether he would come out of his rough-and-tumble act with the bear alive, so treacherous is the bear nature.

"Why, one can't even trust the goats in Central Park," added Miss Hyatt. "One minute they come up and try to chew my sketch pad or the clay in my hands, and then as soon as my back is turned they try to howl me over." Mr. Proctor has spent most of his time on lions during the past two years, and he was awarded the contract for four lions in heroic size for the base of the great marble shaft which is to stand in Buffalo in memory of President McKinley. Mr. Proctor has become a familiar figure to the frequenters of the Bronx Park zoo, as he had to make two complete models exactly alike for the right and left sides of the monument, and Sultan was the model used. The final models are

eight times natural size, and have been completed but recently.

Lost His Taste for Killing.

Mr. Proctor hopes to some day have a collection of models of his own. He has bought a sixty-acre "ranch" not far from New York, and is already stocking it with cats of different kinds. His particular favorite is the cougar, for he is a Westerner and his early years spent in the Rocky Mountains seem to come back to him when he is modeling the mountain lion.

In the days before he became a sculptor he spent most of his time hunting big game, and to quote him: "I've shot everything wild in the West but a buffalo and an Indian. There was a time when I would have killed an Indian, back in the old Crook days, but I wouldn't do it now. The Indian is splendid—best to wild beasts I like the Indian. He has the spirit of the wild. I don't want any tame animals around. Even the common cats that I have I keep wild by putting their meat on a wire and making them fight for it."

But Mr. Proctor wants all of his wild animals alive. He has lost the lust for killing them since he has become devoted to his art, and his hunting jacket hangs unused on his studio wall.

His idea in having a collection of animals of his own is that wild animals confined in cages are never the real thing. He believes further that no artist can deal truly with animal life who only knows animals in captivity.

On this point Mr. Knight would take issue with the sculptor. Mr. Knight has never hunted or killed a wild animal in his life, and has seen very few of them

in their native haunts, and yet the chief criticism of his fellow artists is that he is too realistic.

Need for a Good Subject.

"It is not necessary to go into the wilds to paint wild animals," is Mr. Knight's claim. "I doubt if the greatest of all the European wild animal men was ever out of Berlin. To have shot a bear or a moose does not mean that a man can paint or model one any better. It is understanding the nature and character of animals that enables one to paint them. From books and from naturalists one may gather the facts as to habits of animals, and before the bars of a menagerie one gets the form and color, but within one's self must be the power to understand their nature.

"One trouble with many animal painters is that they consider any animal of its kind will do for a model. If they want to paint a lion they go and paint the first lion they come across. That lion may not be a lion at all. Sultan and some of the other lions in the Bronx are no more alike than though they bore different names.

"When a man paints a lion he should paint a good one, and the first thing necessary is to know what constitutes a good lion. To begin with, it should be perfect anatomically, which few lions bred in captivity are. They have often been injured in transit and confinement, their backs are bent and their legs crooked. The perfect lion has a fine tone head, a slight upward curve in the back and a big ball of hair at the end of the tail. Often the lion in captivity has a

fluen mane that the one whose fights through the jungle have torn his bushy hair and given it a scraggly appearance."

Impressions, Not Facts, Wanted

J. M. Gleason, another painter of wild animals, also holds that too much knowledge of the wild animal at home is a dangerous thing to artists. He believes that the province of art is to give impressions and not to state facts. He has camped many Summers in the woods where wild animals roam, and feels that it has been of little benefit to him.

"The animals always get away so fast," he says, "unless they are standing still feeding and one can get them standing still in a cage." And so Mr. Gleason goes with his easel and his paint box to Central Park or the Bronx, and at one time or another he has painted everything wild animals in school text books.

Another of the artists often seen sketching before the animal cages in New

York is F. G. R. Roth, whose small bronzes show the humorous side of animal life. And still another is Charles Livingston Bull, whose animal pictures have been in almost every magazine during the past two or three years, and whose assistance has been sought by the best writers of animal stories in the preparation of their books.

Gave Up the Rifle for the Brush.

Carl Rungius is a young German who came over to America some years ago to hunt his game, having signed an agreement to accompany the German Emperor on his next hunting trip to make some paintings of the Emperor as a hunter.

But by the time Mr. Rungius had spent a season hunting in the Northwest he was ready to pass up the German Emperor's hunting party and settle down in a studio in Brooklyn. Each year since then he has spent several months in

Life-Saving Exploits of Prince Henry of Holland

THE LIFE-SAVING exploits of Prince Henry of Holland in connection with the wreck of the Berlin adds yet another name to the long roll of royalties whose efforts in this direction have been crowned with success.

Princes who value popularity—and most Princes do value popularity, being much like other people in this respect—cannot perform these sort of acts too soon or too often.

The present Czar of Russia early recognized this. Indeed, he was barely 15 when he saved a poor moujik's child from drowning in the icy waters of the Neva. Later, during the terrible fever-famine years of 1892-3, he volunteered for service on the relief committee and personally visited some hundreds of infected families at the imminent risk of contracting the contagion.

Nicholas the Czar was then, of course, Nicholas the Czarowitz, or, as he was called in Russian peasant argot, the "Nashidnik," and his popularity was unbounded. How great and terrible must be to him the change from those days to these!

Gallant Prince George.

And, by the way, the Czar was himself upon one occasion saved from imminent death by his cousin, Prince George of Greece, a unique instance of royalty rescuing royalty. The affair occurred in Tokio during the heir apparent's tour round the world.

Nicholas was attacked by an infuriated Japanese policeman, who tried to

slice off his head with a double-handed sword, and who did actually succeed in pretty severely wounding him. Then, luckily, Prince George ran to his assistance, and knocked the man down with his walking-stick.

The Queen of Portugal and Queen Maria Christina of Spain are also among the distinguished ones. The former once threw herself into the Tago to save her children from drowning, and received a medal in recognition of her bravery. Queen Maria of Spain rescued a little girl from under the wheels of an express train at the imminent risk of her own life, a portion of her dress being torn off by the footplate of the locomotive.

King Victor Emmanuel's popularity among his people has greatly increased since September, 1905, when he hastened from his castle of Racconigi to the earthquake-stricken province of Calabria. The shocks continued for some time after his arrival on the scene and his majesty, donning his coat, worked as hard as any of his subjects in rescuing the wounded from under ruined walls and toppling buildings.

"It is my trade," he remarked grimly, when remonstrated with for exposing himself too rashly to imminent danger. An enigmatical remark, seemingly, but one, in reality, not at all difficult of interpretation. Fires have always had a peculiar fascination for King Edward of England, and it was during a serious one which occurred many years back at Marlborough House that he performed his one and only life-saving exploit. He came near to losing his own life, too, upon this occasion, for a burning

beam in one of the upper floors gave way as he was crossing it and only by the exercise of the utmost agility did he avoid being precipitated into the blazing inferno below.

Curiously enough, an almost precisely similar accident befell upon an occasion Princess Waldemar, who one day crashed through the charred floor of a house in a suburb of Copenhagen, as she was crossing it with a rescued child in her arms. But then her highness was in those days a most enthusiastic amateur firewoman, who saved after this fashion not one only but several lives, and even went to the length of having her photograph taken in uniform, with helmet and ax complete.

Cures for Blushing.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.) "A great many men blush," said a physician, "some so painfully that they come to me to be cured."

"The cure I recommend is an odd one. It is the abandonment of overheavy clothing, especially of woolen socks. Amazing it is how many male bluishers have a predilection for thick socks of wool."

"But some bluishers wear light enough clothes. To them I can only recommend a nerve treatment. I advise them to make speeches at banquets, to be witnesses in murder trials, to go to teas and dances, to develop, in short, the nerve as a wrestler develops his muscle. Blushing is a difficult disorder to cure. As a rule it passes away of itself when the victim reaches his thirty-fifth year."