



STATUARY ON THE BROAD-ST. FACADE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE. J. Q. A. WARD, SCULPTOR.
Many persons have criticised the male figures as too frank in their nudity.

THE NUDE IN ART.

Old Topic Revived by Recent Happenings Here.

The ancient but ever new discussion about the nude in art has been revived here recently by the unveiling of J. Q. A. Ward's statuary on the Broad-st. front of the Stock Exchange, and by the fact that Biondi's "Saturnalia" is not in the prominent place at the Metropolitan Museum of Art the sculptor expected it to occupy. But this great metropolis is not the only place where art critics differ. Stratford, Conn., is another centre of population where the nude in art is not wholly appreciated, if an indignity offered to a statue of Venus, owned by ex-Judge Andrew Selleck, may be taken as an expression of artistic temperament. Judge Selleck, whose house is surrounded by spacious grounds, has on his lawn a Venus de Medici that has basked there in the sun and shivered in the snow for about fourteen years. The Venus is stationed some distance from the street, and has altogether borne herself in as ladylike a manner as possible, considering the scant wardrobe allotted her. Judge Selleck says he did not suppose his Venus had an enemy in Stratford, but he awoke one morning recently to find that in the night some miscreants had treated her shamefully. On her head was a boy's hat of rough straw. About her body had been fastened a portion of a gaudy bathing suit, while an old horse blanket had been fashioned into a skirt and fastened around her. A sign attached to the statue bore this legend: "Ain't it a shame?" The judge answers the question in the affirmative. He thinks it is a shame, not so much that practical jokers should have wished to dress up the statue, but because they signed to the painted sign the name of a man whom Judge Selleck is convinced had nothing whatever to do with the affair.

Judge Selleck's Venus has had a hard time of it since coming to this country from Italy

many years ago. The statue was originally the property of E. A. Woodward, at one time private secretary to "Boss" Tweed. The statue is heroic in size, and the marble is of fine quality, though it now shows the effects of exposure to the weather. When new the Venus is said to have cost \$500, and the duty paid on the statue amounted to as much more. When first brought to this country she was set up at Mr. Woodward's summer place on Long Island Sound. Then her troubles began. She was either blown over or fell over in some way, and one leg was cracked in such a manner as to make necessary a wire support. It was some time after this accident that the Venus passed into Judge Selleck's hands. The judge was then living in Norwalk, and he erected the statue on his property there. But certain art critics of Norwalk evinced no more regard for the unconventional statue than certain residents of Stratford have now shown. Her lack of costume was freely criticised, and finally one morning the judge awoke and looking from his window was astonished to find his Venus aglow in what appeared to be one gigantic blush. Investigation showed it to be red paint, and sticky paint at that. A turpentine bath restored the Venus to her natural state, however. The Venus was also dressed up by the judge's neighbors during her stay in Norwalk, much as she was in Stratford the other day, except that much better taste was displayed by the unknown costumers in Norwalk.

When Judge Selleck sold his property in Norwalk, the purchaser declined to take the Venus, and the judge shipped her to Stratford. In transportation the statue's beauty suffered somewhat, and a stonecutter had to do some work before it was put in place on the judge's grounds in Stratford. That was about fourteen years ago. Weather stains have disfigured the features a trifle, and a slipping away of the earth foundation has given a lurch of the figure to one side, suggesting that it is about to scamper across the lawn to the sheltering shadow of the judge's porch.

The judge insists that it has a right to be where it is, and that it must have protection. His young bulldog, Foxy, is being reared in that belief also.

JULY BIRD HOMES.

A Variety of Feathered Folk Within the Zoo's Wire Boundary.

By C. William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology, New-York Zoological Society.

With July we round out our twelfth month glimpse of the bird world near New-York. Last month we watched the courtships and love-making. We listened to the passion songs, and saw the patient mothers begin their long vigils. July is the month of young birds, hatched often late in June, but struggling for weeks with the problems which face them of obtaining food and of avoiding their legion of enemies.

Within the bounds of the Zoological Park are included some two hundred and seventy acres, part of which is in a wild, wooded condition, while much is given up to the collection of animals and birds. The wild feathered creatures, seeing the contentment of the captive birds in their ample cages and ranges, respond at once. It is as if they said, "Go to, our brethren are safe and happy. This is the best home for us, near them," and thereupon they choose mates and make their home within the protection of the park's wire boundary.

With the help of a friend, a true lover of birds, I have made as complete a census as possible, not of the birds which we shot during the summer, nor of the nests and eggs which we collected, for we did neither; but a list of the wild birds which build their nests and successfully rear their young in the Zoological Park. Our list numbers exactly sixty-one species of birds—a remarkable number to be found breeding within the limits of so small an area, and especially as it is in New-York City itself. This shows what protection will accomplish, while many other places of equal area near by



THE VENUS DE MEDICI.

Neighbors clothed her in cast off garments recently by night as she stood on the lawn of Andrew Selleck, at Stratford, Conn.

are tenanted by a scant dozen species of birds.

Let us see what a walk in late June, or especially in July, will show of interesting young birds. The wild wood ducks frequently decoy to the flocks of pinioned birds, and occasionally mate with one of them. This year a wild duck mated with one in the park, and would not desert the brood even when the little downy birds were being caught and pinioned. Such devotion is rare indeed. In the top of one of the most inaccessible trees in the park a pair of black crowned night herons have built their rough nest of sticks for several years, and from the pale green eggs hatch the most awkward of nestlings, which nevertheless flourish on a diet of small fish. When they are able to fly they pay frequent visits to their friends in the great flying cage, perching on the top and gazing with longing at the abundant feasts of fish which the birds inside are enjoying. This is the only duck and heron thus to honor the park, although many other species are common at the time of the migrations.

Of the birds which in the spring and fall teeter along the edge of the Bronx River, a pair or two of spotted sandpipers remain throughout the summer, content to lay their eggs in some retired place where there is little danger to them or to the fluffy balls of long legged down which later emerge. Formerly the red tailed hawk and the great horned owl nested in the park, but of late they have retreated to more isolated places and of their families there remain only the sparrow hawk and the little screech owl. The former is a most valuable bird if people only knew it, as most of his food



BIONDI'S SATURNALIA AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

Critics differ as to the good taste of displaying this group to the gaze of the general public.

(Photograph by Charles Balliard.)