

THE ORANG-OUTANG SITS FOR A SCULPTOR.

Papillon become when he realized that he at last bore the seal of official approval that he essayed the other day to whip a cat twice his size. It is the hope of his mistress that he will recover in time to appear at the show.

The women in this city who, for the most part, are the owners of these little dogs are naturally delighted over the recognition their pets have received. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who was among the first to bring the Papillons to this country, is now in Europe. Mrs. Belmont first exhibited her Papillons at the Toy Spaniel Club show at the Waldorf-Astoria in 1904. Mrs. Burke-Roche is a lover of the cunning little Papillons, and for some time was the owner of three that are now owned by her sister, Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt. These little dogs are fine types of the Papillon. Lili is three years old, Mirza two and Bijou only eighteen months. They possess every characteristic of the full blooded Papillon. This breed of spaniel is sometimes called the butterfly and sometimes the squirrel spaniel—butterfly because their large ears stand out from the head like the wings of a butterfly, papillon being the French for butterfly, and squirrel because the tail, carried over the back in a sharp curve, feathered with fine, bushy hair, reminds one of the tail of a squirrel. These little dogs range from five to eight pounds in weight and stand from eight to ten inches high at the shoulders. The head is small and slightly domed, and the coat, which is abundant, is usually mahogany red, chestnut or parti-colored. Mrs. Edward Wharton, of No. 884 Park-ave., owns some fine full blooded Papillons, but they are not to be entered at the coming show.

Mrs. A. S. Alexander, of Castle Point, Hoboken, N. J., is the owner of two fine types of the Rose-neath terrier which are entered in the new class for these dogs. Pixie is a long haired dog and Captain is short haired. Both have all the marks of the terrier and resemble the Scottish terriers, except that their coats are white. H. D. MacDona, their former owner, says that the person who will take the pains to investigate the claims of the Roseneath terrier to a separate classification will find that, aside from the color of the coat, the ears are more transparent and piglike than the ears of any other terrier, and that in other little points they differ from the other breeds. Upon good authority it is said that the Roseneath terrier is a family or strain of the dog which under the general classification of white Scottish terriers has been shown for years at English shows by Colonel Malcolm, of Lochgilphead, Argyll, and for many years has been kept in the family of the Malcolms, of Poltalloch.

George Clarke, who for fifty years was head keeper on various Scottish estates of the Argyles, is said to have bred the Roseneath from two or three terriers he brought from Mull. There soon arose such a demand for these dogs in England that dogs were sold to unsuspecting tourists that were not of the Clarke strain, but instead white or pale fawn Scottish terriers. From this practice is said to have arisen all the discussion as to the rights of the Roseneath terrier to separate classification. Among the owners of these dogs in this city are Mrs. Herbert M. Harriman and E. S. Woodward.

In addition to the new classes opened this year for the Roseneaths and Papillons, the Westminster Club has also opened new classes among the bulldogs and the collies. These are to be known as junior classes and are for dogs over six months and not exceeding eighteen months old. This is done that dogs not fully matured and yet ineligible for the puppy classes may be shown without having to go in competition with fully matured dogs. Especial attention is to be paid to bulldogs. Mrs. Burke-Roche, who has some exceptionally fine toy bull terriers, as well as heavy and lightweight bull terriers, has entered Elm Court Fort Lid, heavyweight; Elm Court Lynch and Elm Court Mollie Bayn, lightweights, and Elm Court Daphne, toy bull terrier. Mrs. Roche's Flossie is the foundation of the toy bull terrier's stock in America.

PAINTING WILD BEASTS.

Work of Artists in Zoological Park Often Difficult.

Intrepid are the artists who dare the wrath of wild beasts in the New-York Zoological Park. They stand bravely with their easels



ARTIST MAKING FRIENDS WITH A BISON.

before the roaring lion and the teeth-clenched hyena; they enter the buffalo range (with a keeper and pitchfork in the background), and think nothing of modelling the ferocious camel within touching distance. They draw, paint and model from dawn to dark, regardless of consequences.

It is not that the beasts are naturally wild. In their native jungles they are probably gentle and kind; but this constant toil of posing has made them desperate, it is said, and no animal jury would call it murder if an artist chanced to be consumed.

The brave artist confronts the raging beast. 'Tis a dramatic situation. It would be more dramatic if steel wires gave way and claws met mahlstick. Then, and not till then, would the world know the facts of courage on one side and criticism on the other.

There are half a dozen painters and sculptors, including two women, who go to the park regularly, and many more who pay intermittent visits. Some of them have their homes and studios near the park, which is worse for the beasts. Being in league with the authorities, they store their models, stools and utensils in the gatekeepers' rooms, or in a special chamber within the lion house. They come generally on pay days, when the populace is not present to interfere with the duel between art and the animal.

The larger cats, the elephants, camels and bison are known as the best posers. However, there are times when each of these flings reputation to the winds. Miss Anna V. Hyatt, a sculptress, has been knocked down by an elephant and charged through the fence by a buffalo. A lion demolished her model by reaching under the bars of his cage. But this happened elsewhere, and here she has been modelling the buffaloes without mishap. A handful of grass and a few coaxing words seem to have a great effect on these shaggy creatures.

Strong colors in dress, loud talk and sudden motions exasperate any animal; while a sober costume and manner on the part of the artist go far to mitigate the mental anguish of the sitter. Also, it suits the animal better to have the artist wear the same clothes every day; a new necktie or a different hat may cause serious trouble.

The intelligent Indian elephant is a more satisfactory subject than the baby African. He will keep one position for a half hour at a time when F. G. R. Roth is working on a clay likeness. The calculating spirit of the pachyderm is shown when he receives pennies from visitors and places them in a box. He always holds the coin in his trunk and does not deposit it till the keeper sees him, knowing thereby that he will get a reward.

The deer, especially in their fall amorous season, have no use for art. A model stand or a sketch book sends them into a fury, and they dart their long horns through the wire fences in an endeavor to puncture the visitor. The new Tashkend wapiti, who lately attacked a keeper and, though his horns are sawed off, wildly battled with another deer through a fence, is the delight and despair of the artists. He is a rare specimen, but he is always moving around and trying to fight something. Charles Livingston Bull often sketches this pugnacious character. Otherwise Mr. Bull's specialty is the striped and spotted cats, zebras and giraffes for decorative purposes. He has also worked along the new line of bird decoration.

One might think the llama of the Andes a meek, poetic beast, but E. R. Sanborn, the official photographer of the park, can tell how the llama once knocked him senseless, danced on his chest and broke several of his teeth. Since then the sculptors and painters have been respectful to the llama. It seems more natural that Mr. Sanborn, entering the leopard's cage with his picture machine, should have had his leg sampled by the angry feline.

Rajah and Rane, the Bengal tigers, usually consent to pose without making a fuss. A little prodding or a bribe of half a pound of tenderloin steak is sometimes required.

gains the confidence of the monkeys by talking a dialect of Sanscrit to them.

Sultan, the lion, however, responds to his name in plain English, and will roll over or change his pose at a reasonable remuneration of raw steak. A camera vexes him as being beneath his dignity. He may be asleep, but wakes instantly when a camera comes along, and if he does not turn his back he closes his eyes at the first click of the shutter. So it is difficult to get a time exposure, and a snapshot within the building is, of course, impossible.

Eli Harvey is a sculptor who spends much time modelling the lions and tigers, but lacks the advantage of Mr. Proctor in having a studio near the park. A sample of the oil work of W. H. Drake is hung up in the artists' room in the lion house. This large picture, entitled "Victor and Vanquished," shows on a river bank a sheep killed by a wolf and the wolf killed by a Bengal tiger.

Opposite this room is the studio where individual animals are brought in to pose. In the rear there is a cage of the usual size, lighted from above and with curtains at the back windows that may be adjusted to give any degree and kind of illumination. Here the hapless beast is at the mercy of sketchers, painters and sculptors; he may roar, weep and cavort without avail. If he lies down in sullen despair, they paint him as a bereaved husband; if he struggles and gnashes his teeth, they get his anatomy for a dramatic scene. There is no dark corner of escape as in the outside cages.

One wonders how the beast is trapped into this fatal position, until he goes below the lion house and sees the travelling cage that fits underneath to a trap door in each animal apartment. The keeper entices the lion or tiger into the travelling cage, which is then moved to the studio, and the doleful subject ascends from below, like Mephistopheles rising from the pit.

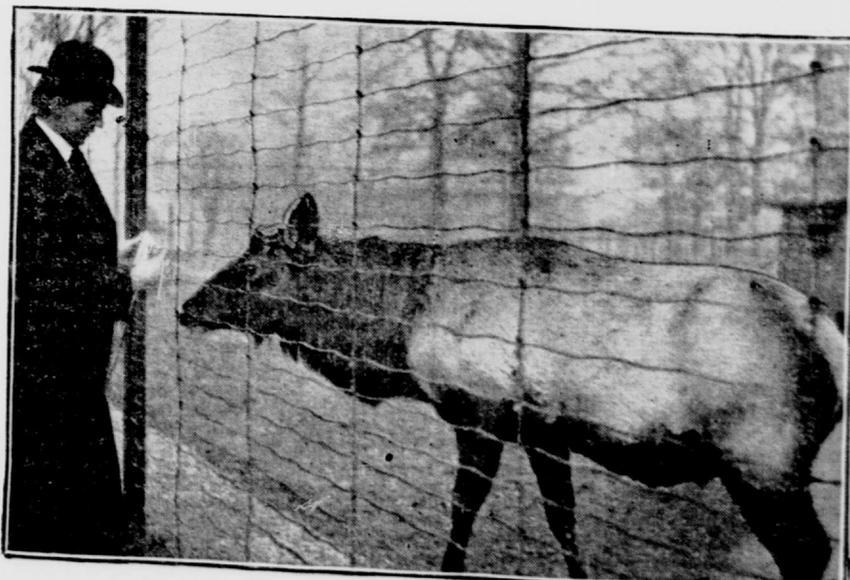
CHARITY IN PARIS.

How "The Mouthful of Bread" Makes Distributions.

Paris, January 22.

To give bread to all the hungry—this is the object of the oldest private charity in Paris. The name by which it is known here expresses just that and no more. The "Bouchée de Pain" (Mouthful of Bread) would at least make it impossible for any one in the great city to die of hunger, and to this aim M. Bourreiff devoted the small fortune he had made in business. Himself originally a very poor lad who had his own way to make entirely unassisted, he had often known the pinch of hunger, and when at last in his old age he found himself in possession of a small capital, more than sufficient for his own needs, he took a room in a poor quarter and announced his intention of giving bread to all who cared to come and ask for it. Unfortunately, he was so indifferent a financier that to meet the ever increasing calls on his benevolence he in a short time reduced himself to almost his original penury. Happily, he had interested some friends in his good work, and at his death subscriptions were forthcoming, not in any considerable amount, but enough to prevent the work from ceasing.

This was twenty-two years ago, and the "Bouchée de Pain" has seen many more vicissitudes since its foundation. Yet it is a fact that never once has a poor applicant been sent away hungry from the door of the distributing office. Driven out of its first abode by the complaints of the neighbors who disliked the long train of visitors coming daily for their ration, the work was next for twelve prosperous years carried on in a convenient house lent by the late Baron Hirsch. A fair-sized piece of ground was attached to the house, and here a kitchen garden was planted to supply vegetables for the soup—lately added to the menu. In the cold winter mornings this soup was thankfully received, and with the limited funds at the disposal of the little committee now directing the charitable work it had been hard enough to get together the necessary ingredients. On many a cold, dark morning, long before the winter dawn, the old directress had taken a wheelbarrow to the Central Market to beg broken



A PUGNACIOUS WAPITI, WHO GENERALLY RESENTS BEING SKETCHED.