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AN ARTIST'S  
MODELS

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# AN ARTIST'S MODELS









CRACKER AS A SILLY ASS

AN  
I'S MODELS

BY  
J. M. M. M.

BY  
J. M. WITHERBY  
10, HOLBORN, W.C.



AS A

AN  
ARTIST'S MODELS

*by*  
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LONDON  
H. F. & G. WITHERBY  
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## PREFACE

I HAD better state at once that this is not, as the title might suggest, a collection of pictures of lovely ladies in various stages of deshabille.

Much as I might in my youth have admired, and endeavoured to paint, pictures of that description when studying painting with Albert Moore, my lot as an artist has unfortunately not been cast in such pleasant places.

My workshop, acquaintances tell me, is more like a dog-kennel than a portrait-painter's studio, but my canine friends impress upon me in their own way that it is the perfect studio.

Being "one of those people" who cannot understand a home without a dog it is necessary for me to have a workshop suitable for my sitters, and for that reason a sixty-foot ex-army hut, with a studio-light, houses my friends when at work; but no costly rugs or articles of "bigotry and virtue" form part of its decoration. Rather my studio is a receptacle for all the old and odd carpets, tables, and cushions, long discarded from the house, with one big bench upon which all my canine personalities can take their leisure, and at the same time fall into graceful or grotesque poses for the benefit, or otherwise, of their artist host.

In this workshop are housed over two thousand

## P R E F A C E

sketches of dogs—dogs standing, sitting, sprawling, crawling and snarling; dogs in black coats, red coats, white coats and spotted coats; white dogs and pink dogs; dogs in puppydom and dogs in dotage—sketches, the result of forty years' work, which are never sold, and which only under exceptional circumstances ever leave their workshop folios.

It is with these sketches before me that I propose to tell you some stories of an artist's models.

In making these notes I have always endeavoured to get at the character of my sitters in expression and feature (allowing them to pose themselves naturally without the aid of unnecessary collars and chains), and not to produce a hard, side-view presentation of them as they might be if they were perfect specimens of the breed they are supposed to represent.

If my models like to lie on their backs for their portraits, with all four feet in the air, they can do so here. Or, if they prefer to rest on their tummies, with their hind legs flat out behind them, in my studio there is no law even against that. We have plenty of time, for when they come to have their portraits painted I like them to stay a week.

I endeavour to get the characteristics of each dog in natural poses, as in that way only can one get the character of the sitter.

A few weeks ago I saw hanging in a room belonging to a well-known exhibitor of show terriers some wonderfully "doctored" photographs of his dogs. It is marvellous what a carefully "doctored" photograph—

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*i.e.* retouched by a camera-man dog-fancier—can do with a poor specimen of any breed. A little straightening of the back and thinning of the neck, a mere trifle off the ears, and a little more hair on the nose, eye and legs, and the photograph of your “no good at all” becomes a picture of a wonderful show terrier.

But that is an art to which I have never aspired. If my model is plain Jane, she has to stay plain Jane in her picture and not become Champion Jeannette. For that reason, with many show dog-breeders, I know my name is MUD!

These models of mine I divide into two classes, the Professionals and the Amateurs.

Under the heading of the former are the two partners of the firm, of which I am supposed to be the Managing Director, and sundry others (shall we call them semi-permanent visitors) who rest awhile in my studio purlieus on account of comicality, eccentricity, or domesticity, but who are not supposed to be permanent members of my staff, although they generally seem to stay until “the happy hunting-ground” call.

The two partners are my bull-terrier, Cracker, and his life-long friend, an Irish wolfhound, Micky.

What these two dogs don't know about the business of an artist's model is not worth knowing, and as for character! Are they not the heroes of *Dogs of Character*?

The other professionals are Loopy, a dalmatian, Von Tirpitz, a rough-haired dachshund puppy (a recent acquisition and apprentice at his work), and Bogey, the “er-er-terrier!” together with many other sundry



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“mongrel puppy, whelp and hound” that have been members of the firm in question from time to time.

There are also many folios of sketches of Amateurs, some of which I shall put before you; but I have so many to select from that I propose to include only those who have a story to tell, or whose characteristics contained some special feature which impressed itself on my memory when they were staying with me.

CECIL ALDIN

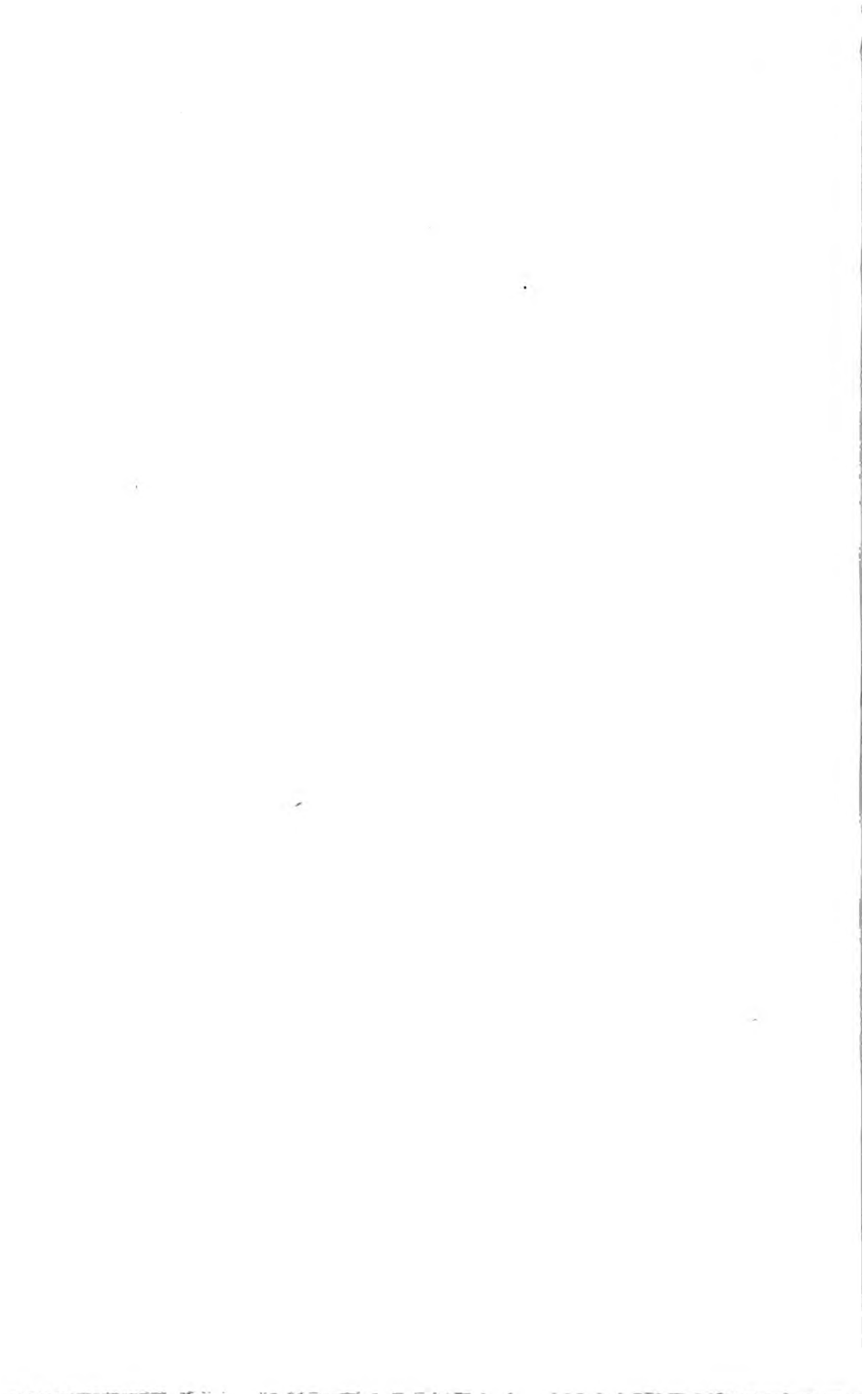
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# PART I



## THE PROFESSIONALS

A PROFESSIONAL artist's model is generally paid by the day or hour in coin or paper of the realm. My professionals are paid for their work with free board and lodging, two walks a day, and an annual holiday on Exmoor. For this they have to pose when required, and to remain quiet in the workshop when other visiting models are sitting. On no account are they allowed to be unpleasant to any canine strangers who may appear in the studio for business purposes. This, as partners in the firm, they fully understand.

Cracker, my bull-terrier, has posed in many parts, and he is equally good as a calf's head, a sucking-pig, a silly ass, a dalmatian without the spots, an old lady's lap-dog (sixty pounds), a bad bull-dog or worse bull-terrier, and a bedfellow for Micky.

I give you but a few of his chief parts.

Micky, on the other hand, owing to his hairy coat, can pose only in one part—as a mattress, or bed, for Cracker.

A smooth-haired model is I think generally more useful to the artist than a rough-haired one. After all, beauty is only skin-deep.

Micky has, however, one other part, his celebrated imitation of a pug; but it is a part we do not, as a rule, mention.

On two or three occasions he has been shown at dog shows; but at the last two experiments he has given



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such a life-like imitation of a pug, when other Irish wolfhounds were paraded in the ring with him, that his show career has definitely finished: the tightly curled tail set on well over the back not being generally favoured by Irish wolfhound judges.

On the last occasion, at Windsor Show, he was well schooled with a riding-cane on his caudal appendage before entering the ring, but the sight of eight or ten other wolfhounds immediately drove all thoughts of the riding-switch from his mind, and nothing would prevent him from showing off, and once again giving his celebrated pug imitation.

Micky has the true actor spirit.

This story is told in confidence. Please do not mention it. Perhaps he has a pug ancestor, and at moments of excitement blood *will* tell.

After these few unkind words we will continue.

My brother artists tell me that professional models have either beautiful faces or figures, but have not, as a rule, much brain. I stand corrected if I am wrong, but that is what I have been told.

Cracker follows the usual characteristics of models in the reverse ratio. He has a brain like the diagrams one used to see in the phrenologist's shop window at the bottom of Ludgate Hill.

If you took the skin and hair off Cracker's head I am sure you would find it marked out in diagrams with

**AFFECTION! OBEDIENCE! SAGACITY!**

printed upon it in large, clear type.



CC.  
ALDIN.

CRACKER CATCHES THE HARE



## THE PROFESSIONALS

On the other hand, his face with the skin on resembles a calf's head in a butcher's shop more than anything else, and as far as his figure goes—the less said about it the better. Suffice it to say that it is of ample proportions but muscular withal.

I would rather have six wolfhounds attack me than one Cracker.

Some time ago, when greyhound racing first appeared, I invented a greyhound racing-machine to act as a quick and easy method for dog-exercising.

This machine was made by my local motor-engineer, and consisted of the back wheel, gears, and pedal-bars of an ordinary high-gear'd bicycle, to which a handle for winding was added. These were fixed as in the illustration, and a toy hare was attached to the two or three hundred yards of fishing-line which worked from the wheel.

The hare was taken out to the full length of the line and then hidden in the long grass, or it emerged from a rabbit-hutch when the operator at the other end started winding the handle. My dogs were entered in pairs according to size and physical capabilities, and without hesitation they all ran the hare as she bounced over the grass; the winder of the machine, owing to the high gear used, being able to arrange so that the quarry could always be kept just out of reach of the dogs.

At the first few trials all went well and the hare was duly "saved" on each occasion.

Then came Cracker's turn.

Up to that time he had been getting more and more

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excited as each course took place, being held at some distance away by my groom.

Owing to this excitability we decided to run Cracker's first course alone, and not with one of the other dogs.

Now Cracker, when he runs after anything, has a method of his own. First of all he fixes his eye on the object he wishes to catch, and, when once he has started, no obstacle in the shape of a dog, fence, house, human being, or elephant will stop him hurling his sixty solid pounds after it.

He has no animosity against any dog or elephant or anything in his way, but they are simply knocked over—they are not there so far as Cracker is concerned—that is all there is to it.

If you are in the line of vision he hits you with his shoulder just below the knee, and you go over like a shot rabbit.

Knowing this, we had to make some preparations before allowing him to run his first course.

First of all two strong men were placed at the machine to prevent it being smashed to atoms when Cracker arrived; then other braver and even stronger men were posted just in front of the winder to pick up the hare. After some difficulty I persuaded some innocent friends to do this.

Having posted my innocents, Cracker was taken to the spot where the hare was concealed, and the winder started moving it slowly in the grass as he had done when starting the other dogs. At the first movement our "greyhound" uttered a series of canine view-halloas,

## THE PROFESSIONALS

and as the hare moved away dragged the man, attempting to hold him, flat on to his face.

Away went Cracker. Away even faster went the hare towards her rescuers, a hundred and fifty yards down the course, and waiting in front of the winder. As she reached them they attempted to snatch her from the jaws of her pursuer, but both of the would-be rescuers were immediately hurled to the ground by the impact of the dog.

Crash into the machine, which crumpled up like paper, went the bull-terrier, and the hare was flung high in the air by the sudden snapping of the string where it joined the wheel.

Never taking his eyes off her, Cracker had knocked over, without seeing them at all, the various impedimenta which had come in his way, and then, as the hare fell to the ground, he caught her dexterously in his capacious jaws.

Before anyone could recover consciousness, or get on to their feet, he had the inside of that hare strewn all over the field.

That was his first course and that hare's last public performance.

Every time he has run, whatever precautions we have taken, Cracker has "killed" his hare, and nearly killed half-a-dozen helpers.

On the only occasion in which he appeared in public he competed at Oxford in a mixed class of all sorts and sizes of dogs, "with owners attached." Not being a heavyweight myself I procured the services of one of the heaviest and most determined-looking undergraduates I could find to act as his anchor.

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

By this time Cracker knew exactly what he was out to do, and when he caught sight of the racing-machine had fully made up his mind to do it. At the starting-post my attached undergraduate became a nonentity—just a ball of fluff attached to a dog—and the starter had to signal to the winder to begin, or Cracker would have had the quarry sitting.

Away went the crowd of dogs with “ attached owners.” Away went Cracker, pulling my friend’s sixteen stone faster than it had ever been pulled before. Greyhounds, terriers, St Bernards, whippets, in one yapping mass were bowled over as the bull-terrier hit them or cannoned into them, and then, as one whippet faster than the rest was almost snatching the hare, the string snapped and the hare—squatted! The pace was so fast, and the excitement and noise so great, that not a single one of the other competitors noticed that the hare *had* squatted. Not so Cracker however; in the middle of the crowd his eyes had never left the hare for one second. With a swerve which mowed down many runners and competitors he hurled himself through dogs and men towards her, leaving his “ owner attached ” on his face on the ground like a rapidly deflating balloon. Then he snatched up the hare and proceeded immediately to disembowel her, while the other competitors still continued racing towards the winning-post.

It was lucky that the show was held on a hospital ground, because most of the audience were probably used to that sort of thing.

That is why I would rather have six wolfhounds



TURPS FINDS A NEW USE FOR BULL TERRIERS





## THE PROFESSIONALS

attack me than one Cracker, for when he makes up his mind to do a thing he does it thoroughly.

For all that, he is one of the mildest and sweetest-tempered dogs imaginable: every puppy and casual visitor makes friends with Cracker at once, and his own particular canine friends can do what they will with him. Even Tirpitz, the dachshund puppy, will make a feather-bed of him when he wishes to sleep in his chair.

To Micky, his legitimate feather-bed and mess-room companion, he never retaliates, whatever he may do, nightly allowing the wolfhound to take the crunched-up pieces of bones which he, with his more powerful jaws, breaks up for his big friend. But that is the character of the bull-terrier breed. If they make a friend they make one for life, and nothing that friend may do will make them object or retaliate; but if they settle to do a thing they *do* it, and generally finish the job.

Nothing would make Cracker turn on his master; no beating, rating or ill-treatment, however unnecessary or undeserved. I have never heard Cracker growl nor seen him raise his upper lip in a snarl.

On the other hand the character of the Irish wolfhound is quite different. Sometimes in hot weather, when the bull-terrier wishes to loll up against him, he will give forth his low, ominous lion's growl, and at other times, when Cracker has been away for an hour or so, and the others have been left in kennel, he will growl at him on his return. This is what is known as a jealous growl, in the same way that a dog hound will growl and

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

be growled at if he returns to the pack after having been away by himself, or when he is replaced in the kennel-yard.

It is a rather peculiar thing this "jealous" growl between dogs, who are at other times the greatest of friends, simply because they have been separated for an hour or two. But the bull-terrier never does this; just the opposite: on reunion he is delighted, and if Micky has been away for a time, all he wants to do on his return is to lick his face and jump round him with ecstatic pleasure.

The wolfhound is more like a big dog foxhound in disposition; if you hurt him he growls, and although he has never been known to snap at anyone, I am sure he would do so to me if he had a bad thorn in his foot and I had to hurt him in pulling it out. In all probability he would have to be tape-muzzled should this be necessary, in the same way that we sometimes have to muzzle a hound.

One trait in Micky's character is very pronounced: he never forgets.

Once when playing with him I accidentally pinched one of his toes, which, unknown to me, was sore. Often in the evening, when he is almost asleep on the dogs' sofa, I will sit by his side and play with him, and he will thump, thump, thump his tail all the time in a half-drowsy way; but if I take hold of the particular foot in question, although the incident referred to took place a year or more ago, and his erstwhile sore toe has been normal for many months, he immediately raises his

## THE PROFESSIONALS

head and gazes at me warningly. If I continue holding it he gives out his lion's growl. It is only in the case of this one particular foot. I may hold the others as long as I like at any time without objection.

I am not a believer in letting your dogs growl at you whenever they think fit, but this is a case where, according to his mentality, he is in the right, for he fears he will be hurt as he was before.

One breed of dogs he hates, and one particular dog he loathes; to all the rest of the canine world he is a very friendly disposed person.

Both these cases also illustrate his memory for anything unpleasant.

When he was a half-grown puppy he was taken to a show by his previous owner, who has a celebrated kennel of Irish wolfhounds and Irish setters.

With him to that show travelled a red Irish setter, and all the time during the train journey that setter was trying to get at Micky.

Every time the then inoffensive Micky moved, when they were tied up on opposite sides of the guard's van, that setter flew at him.

Micky's journey was—hell, and he has never forgotten it.

Now if he sees an Irish setter, a red setter, there is a fight unless you grasp his collar in time.

Just that one red breed is anathema to him.

To any other breed of setter he will say, "How do you do?" in quite a friendly manner.

The other dog was a particular dog, and not a breed in general.

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When staying at Porlock a few years ago a friend unexpectedly brought his wheaten Irish wolfhound with him in his car to stay with us.

This dog objected to Micky, and I must say Micky objected to the other wolfhound at sight.

They slept in separate loose-boxes, but were taken out for walks together under the strictest surveillance owing to their continued armed neutrality.

If the visiting dog so much as brushed against Micky he growled, and vice versa.

There was no doubt about their intentions; they hated each other cordially and refused to make friends.

Although they growled if they touched each other it never came to a fight.

The climax was reached when the yellow dog—he was only a year old—chased and killed a chicken in front of the horror-stricken Micky, who knew all chickens as “ ’Ware wing!” The dog’s owner caught and gave his dog a hiding, and only with the greatest difficulty were we able to stop my wolfhound helping in this.

Both owner and dog left that afternoon.

Since that time my friend sometimes comes to dine, and brings his dog with him, leaving him outside in the car, and sometimes he comes to see us *without* his wolfhound; but Micky has never forgotten and never will: that car, owner, and everything that smells of the detested wolfhound he loathes.

The owner, whether he has the dog with him or not, is always received with growls and raised hackles, and Micky has to be banished to his loose-box for the evening.



“TURPS”



## THE PROFESSIONALS

There are things, according to Micky's way of thinking, one never forgets.

On the other hand he is friendly, and gives a wagging welcome, to everyone else who visits me, whether a stranger or old-time visitor, and he is always friendly with models who come to stay to have their portraits painted.

That my dogs have to work for their living does not, I think, make them unhappy.

Everyone is better for work, both dogs and men.

Some of them really seem to enjoy the posing and the extra fuss that is made with them for doing so.

When things are quiet in the model line they are kept up to concert-pitch by being given little rehearsals when out with me for their afternoon walk in the fields at the back of my home.

Calling them all together, I raise my hand to indicate to them that they are all to lie down and wait until told to move, then I continue my walk round the field.

Presently I whistle to them, and each dog jumps to his feet and gallops delightedly to me, including the wire-haired dachshund, Von Tirpitz, who, novice and puppy though he is, is becoming one of the most intelligent of them all.

It has been suggested that it is unkind of me to make them do their lessons when out for exercise and play, but by the manner of their welcome when they reach me, and their delight at being patted and made a fuss with, I am sure they enjoy it thoroughly, and delight in doing what they understand they are told to do.



## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

My grandchildren love this game, and call it "The Lying-down Game." When *they* are staying with me my pack are kept well schooled, for the youngsters never tire of this performance.

In training dogs of any sort you must obviously first convey distinctly to their minds what it is you want them to do. This should never be done by making them cowed and frightened; we must make them feel that they enjoy their work.

The example of one or two good canine schoolmasters is invaluable in teaching obedience, but this simple trick or act is so easily taught to even a large collection of dogs that the method of doing so is perhaps hardly worth telling.

In my case I take out five dogs of widely different breeds and characters.

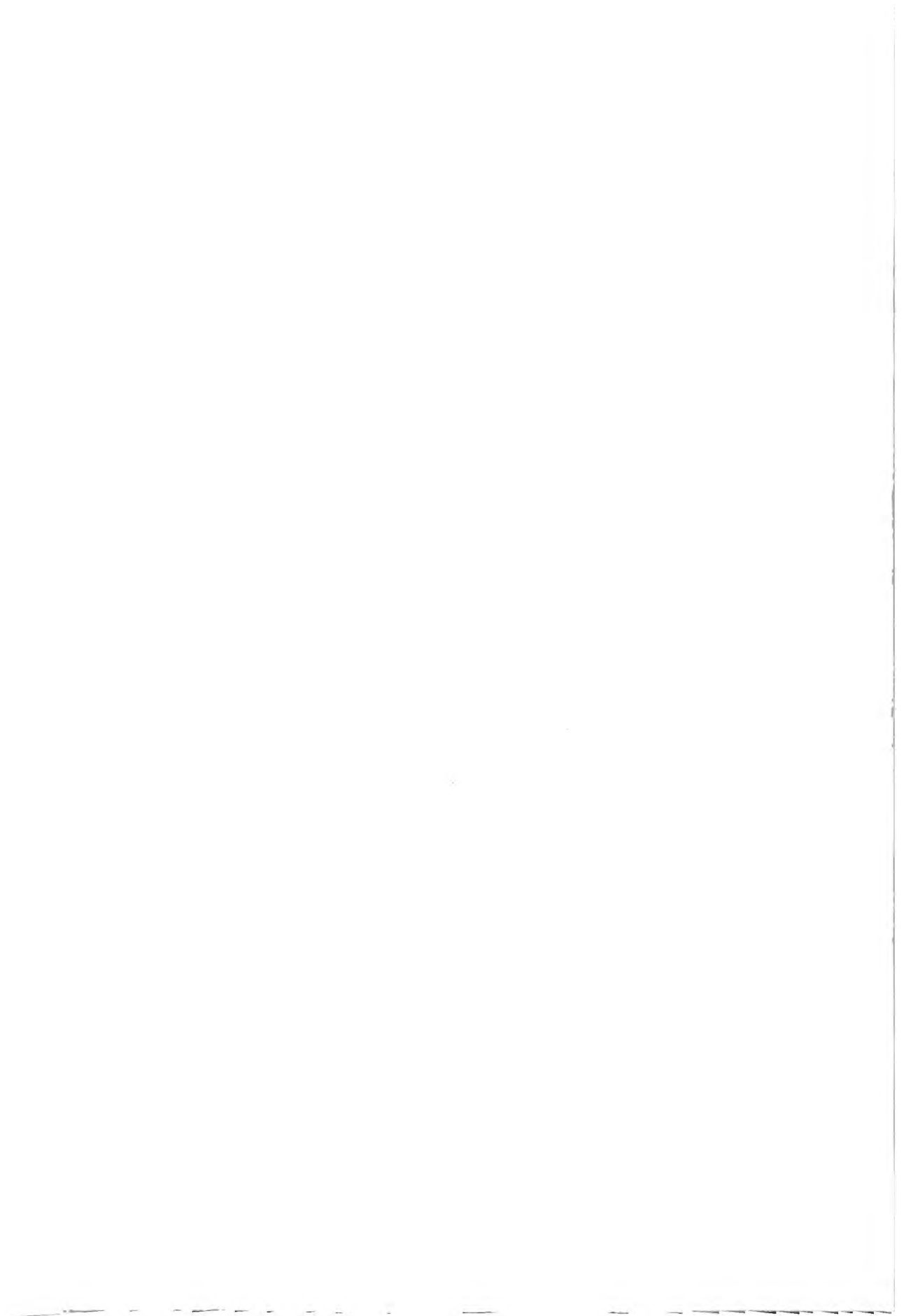
Cracker had to be very carefully handled when his first lessons were given. Bull-terriers when youngsters are very easily cowed. A harsh word, a rate, or a flick with a whip will make them miserable for hours; and although I always carry a whip (for exhibition purposes only) when taking out my pack, it has never yet had to be used seriously: in fact it is more a sign to them that I am going to take them out than an instrument of punishment. This is obvious, because when Cracker thinks it is time for me to take them for a walk (that is, at three P.M.) he always brings me my whip.

Before attempting to teach dogs to lie down out-of-doors at an order I train them to do it in the house, where there are not so many distractions.



ALVIN

LOOPY THE UGLY PUPPY



## THE PROFESSIONALS

Always give a few lessons indoors and for very short spells. Tea-time is the best time to do this, because they can lie round you in a semicircle and you can feed them with a little piece of stale cake as reward when they *are* lying down, but not otherwise.

As my dogs file into the house for tea they all lie down, for they fully realize that standing up doesn't pay, and isn't done at meal-times.

When your dogs automatically all lie down when told you can then take them outside to train, taking one or two at first until they understand that they must also lie down outside the house at the word of command as well as inside.

Micky took longer than Cracker to teach to do this, partly because he lies down in sections, like a camel, and takes so long about it.

Loopy, the dalmatian, was extraordinarily quick at learning, and is the quickest at obeying an order at any time.

You can walk across a field with her and every time you raise your hand she will "drop" like a gun-dog, but I fancy little Von Tirpitz will eclipse them all.

He learned to lie down, with the help of his school-masters, in two "tea-times," and in two more days realized he must do the same out-of-doors at the word of command.

I am told these rough-haired dachshunds are a very old breed in Germany. That may be, but when puppies, and sometimes when full grown, I always feel that they are the nearest approach in looks to a "Battersea Dogs'

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

Home" dog that I have ever seen; but then my dogs are all of the "plain but pleasant variety."

Every time I look at Tirpitz I think that, on most days in the stray season, I could find half-a-dozen like him at any dogs' home, but just as I have made up my mind about this I generally see in one of the picture papers a photograph of a champion rough-haired dachshund, and my whole theory about Von Tirpitz crashes to the ground, for it is an exact replica of him. I give it up! Also, he has the keen intelligence as well as the looks of a mongrel.

A friend of mine, a few days ago, proposed to me a most fascinating idea. He wanted to start a "Companionable Dogs Ltd." company.

His scheme was rather ingenious, and his training home was to be a derelict fort which he had taken, with moat and drawbridge, and a ten-foot wall surrounding ten acres of grass inside.

Within this fort he was to live and his dogs were to be housed. They were all to be trained to the house, and to do simple little tricks such as I have described: "die for their country"; learn to sit up and beg; fetch and carry sticks and parcels, etc.

I told him it all sounded very nice, but if he wanted to teach them all to beg he must keep away from the hound breeds. A foxhound begging at a meet might look out of place.

Ye gods! I once saw it happen!

A puppy had gone out to walk about a year before. It was a very good "walk," and the farmer's wife and all his children were very fond of their puppy.

## THE PROFESSIONALS

As he grew up the children taught him to sit up by holding him against a wall and then giving him a tit-bit.

As time went on he began to sit up by himself for food, or whenever he saw any of the children.

All of which I may add was unknown of course to the Master or Huntsman, both of whom would naturally have gone off into a dead faint had they had any idea of Galloper's accomplishment.

Then came the sad day for the children when their puppy, now a hobbledehoy foxhound, had to be returned to kennel to be taught the reason for his existence.

Never once in kennel did he show his trick, but one cub-hunting morning, in late October, the meet was at the farm of his puppyhood.

As soon as the hounds arrived out rushed the children to pick out their " Galloper," now a fully entered foxhound.

" There he is, Miss. Galloper! Galloper!" said the Huntsman as he pointed him out. " See, he knows you."

And, by gad, he did!

At the sound of his little mistress's voice up went Galloper—the pride of the young entry, and the winner of the puppy show—on to his haunches, head well back, front paws hanging down in front of him, and stern out behind for balance, in the orthodox fashion of beggars, amid shrieks of laughter from the onlookers.

It took some time to bring the Huntsman round from his apoplectic fit. Galloper never did his trick again.

You see, I explained to my friend, it would never do to train all your dogs to beg, and I had in my mind at

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

the moment, besides this foxhound, a vision of Micky and Cracker begging, which almost made me faint like the Huntsman, case-hardened as I am.

I suppose if we could all take "derelict forts" with "moat, drawbridge, and ten-foot wall enclosing ten acres of Downland grass," they would be ideal places in which to keep dogs.

I would like to take one myself.

I haven't the moat or drawbridge at my house, but I have a fortress studio, standing alone in the centre of a grass-plot which is completely surrounded by a high wall, and it is here that my models and myself spend most of our time.

I would prefer the fort, but there it is, I am not to have it. My wife says she has had to stand most things, but she does draw the line at a derelict fort.

I suppose she is right, but still I like the idea of the fort.

So far I have not told you what poses my professional models take when sitting to me, but, to be perfectly honest with you, they do not *take* any. They are just told to get up on to the dogs' bench, and they are sketched as they fall, so to speak.

I once had a hunt servant down to my studio to hold a foxhound. I explained to this whipper-in the direction in which I wanted the hound's head, and he immediately proceeded to take the wretched animal firmly by each jowl as in a vice and endeavour to hold his head in the position indicated.

## THE PROFESSIONALS

Some people imagine that that is the way it is done, as the conjurer says; but perhaps I had better tell you how I endeavour to portray a dog.

I have often been asked, "Where do you start to make a drawing of an animal?" I will tell you, because I know the place where I begin is against all the approved methods and the wrong place altogether.

Every art master in the world will say I am wrong, and of course I know I am, in the same way that my wife tells me I should be wrong if I took a fort with a drawbridge and a moat, etc. We will surmise that Loopy, the spotted dalmatian, has jumped up on to the bench in my studio to be sketched, and if you have ever seen a *première danseuse* dance on to the stage that is how she would do it.

Does one take a large canvas and begin feverishly putting black spots all over it, as she sinks gracefully down waiting for further orders? To your surprise, no doubt, one does nothing of the sort.

For a quarter of an hour I let her just lie about as she likes while I look at her, in the same way that you ask a professional model for a "pose."

Then, presently, at one particular angle, I see the pose I want. Having found this out we both have a rest, whilst I have a pipe, and think over once more the joys of a fort as a home for myself and for my dogs.

At the next sitting I have sketch-books, etc., all ready. My model is arranged as near as possible in the pose required, which we will surmise in this case is one in which she is lying down with her head between her paws.



## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

As soon as she does this I immediately start on the two eyes, drawing both these very carefully in outline as she gazes at me, taking especial care to draw the exact shape and position of the high lights on each eye.

After this is done there is no great hurry, and I have only to see that she drops off to sleep in the necessary position. All my professional models are used to this—used to having their bodies, heads, and legs gently placed in the position I require as they get drowsy—and I find it acts as an incentive to sleep, this gently pushing heads or feet in the necessary pose, like babies, for they do not wake if I readjust limbs in the correct position.

There must not be a sound in the studio when my baby slumbers, and then I begin to work feverishly on the sketch.

I do many drawings in this way, in just slightly varied positions and angles, until I get the right one.

Of course, as I have said, this method is all wrong, but it is the way I start whenever I am drawing a dog in a lying-down position, and very often when he is to be done sitting or standing.

Most dog models will look at something, concentrate on something, for a considerable period of time, if one can only discover that *one thing* which will keep them interested.

Many and varied are the tricks and contraptions to do this which I have to invent, for, until one finds an attraction, it is difficult to keep the model steady in one pose for even a few seconds.

There are many ways of getting expression into



CRACKER ON THE WALL



## THE PROFESSIONALS

Cracker's ugly face. If I want him to look excited, and at the same time look at me, I simply have to put on my hat and talk to him about going for a "walk."

Food has very little effect on him.

If, on the other hand, I do not want him to gaze in my direction, my man will lead out one of the horses into the yard surrounding my studio, and Cracker's head will always be in a direct line with the horse.

Although Micky never chases cats, and is never allowed to do so, a cat held in the arms of my man *outside* my studio window always gives me what I want. A cat seen through glass seems to have a great fascination for him. Micky will "freeze" at any cat so held, even if it is only his friend the harmless feline of his own stable.

One or two cats form part of my studio properties.

I think I have said before that my studio yard is surrounded by a high wall. In most places it is six feet high, but at one part it is only four feet six inches to five feet. On this wall Cracker loves to jump, balancing himself on the top of it. Here he will stand for an hour each evening waiting for his supper, gazing at the door from which it usually appears. As soon as that door opens he will give notice to the others standing below by giving forth vociferous barks.

Although this wall is five feet high on his side it is only about three feet six inches to the ground on the other or outer side, yet my companion never attempts to jump down, but contents himself by doing "sentry go" backwards and forwards along the top of it. This hour or half-hour is always a good sketching time.

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

There is always *something* a dog will look at.

Some dogs of course prefer food, but all are not like that.

When a model comes to stay with me it is necessary before starting to make friends with him.

He has to get over his shyness, and I have to conform to his idea of friendliness. Some prefer having a lot of fuss made with them from the first, but with others you must take a considerable amount of time, and often give them long walks, before they are really "matey."

Most dogs, unless they are exceptionally shy, like walks with a pack, and my pack is a non-quarrelsome one.

Then every dog loves a walk in the fields, where there are no motor-cars but lots of enticing smells.

What a wonderful thing for a naturalist it would be if only he had the smelling powers of a dog!

How delightful for a student of nature to be able to smell rabbit or stoat or weasel in the same way that he is sometimes able to smell fox.

I always envy my dogs the knowledge they have which tells them by smell what animal has crossed their path.

Have you ever noticed how dogs delight in a walk in the country on a still evening just before it is dark, when all smells are stronger and animal life of all sorts is on the move coming out to feed?

But I fear I am rather drifting away from "my models."

Years ago I illustrated a book called *A Dog's Day*.

## THE PROFESSIONALS

My own dogs' days are not exactly like the one in that book, but it might be of interest to you to know the routine of work and play of my professional models.

At nine A.M. they are all called from their various sleeping-quarters by my man, who takes them out for a quarter of an hour in the fields, and by the time they return I am in my studio. They then have a few dry biscuits (varied daily, please, there are such numerous sorts), and can play in the yard in the summer, or dry round my studio fire if it is in winter.

If I have a shy model sitting, my professionals sometimes have to be exiled to their loose-boxes in order that my sitter may not be disturbed, but, as a rule, those not doing their professional work can be relied upon to keep absolutely quiet during most of the morning.

They all stay in the studio at luncheon-time, only visitors coming in to luncheon.

It would of course be unsafe to leave fresh arrivals alone with my pack, as quarrels might then easily arise.

At about a quarter to two we all go into the paddock and have one or two exercises at lying down at the word of command, and, for relaxation and exercise, ball-games for a quarter of an hour.

Then comes an hour's work, and after that, at three o'clock precisely by Cracker's clock, comes the afternoon walk with Master. At half-past three they are back in the studio again, and at four-thirty the tea bell rings from the house. There is something rather interesting about this tea-time bell.

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

At one o'clock the *same* bell rings for luncheon, but at that time it has no thrill for my models; they never move. At the four-thirty bell every dog is on his feet, jumping round me, for that is the signal for their first appearance of the day inside the house, and tea to them, therefore, is a great function, however uninteresting a meal it may be to me.

All five troop in behind me, and, on my order, lie down in a semicircle in front of the tea-stand.

No standing up is allowed until tea is over.

This is necessary, as it certainly would be soon "over" if Micky started wagging his tail, or Cracker began his favourite game of "touch-last."

During tea my wife will give a small piece of outside of cake or bread-and-butter to each one in turn, but he must not move to get it, and she has become quite an expert at throwing these morsels exactly between the paws of each dog as his name is mentioned. Then, when everyone else has finished, a small dish of weak tea, milk, and sugar is divided up into separate saucers or their own tea-bowls.

There is also a rule about this, another law of the Medes and Persians.

One at a time, in the order of ladies, visitors, and youngest first, they are called by name to the tea-stand to lap up his own portion, and as each one finishes he returns to his own "lying down" place and another dog is called up; but Cracker and Micky do not receive their tea until last of all. Mine are not valuable carpets, but large dogs, and ugly dogs with large lapsome mouths,

## THE PROFESSIONALS

are apt to splash liquid refreshment, where their smaller friends do not do so.

Cracker and Micky, therefore, have their tea each day outside in the stone passage.

At five o'clock, when tea is finished, we all return to the studio, as there are generally letters to be answered or writing to be done.

At six in the summer Cracker begins the sentry duty on the wall which I have mentioned earlier, and between six-thirty and seven supper appears out from the house-door.

Here again they have more nightly training, which, even if they are new to professional modeldom, they very soon learn.

Shutting off the grass portion of the yard surrounding my studio from the other part is a low fence, made of wattle hurdles—Home Industries Fencing I think it is called—and in this fence is a gate.

As soon as Cracker on the wall gives the warning that supper is coming out all dogs are put through this gate, and there they must stay and not jump over it until their dishes are placed in their appointed places in the stable opposite, and their names are called.

When all is ready the main gate of the yard is opened (not the small gate in the wattle fence), and at this point I stand and consider which dog's name shall be called first, as I make them vary each evening.

Nobody knows who will be first to dine.

The moment I call the name of Loopy, or whichever one it may be, that dog jumps the wattle fence and races



## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

past me out of the yard to fall upon *his own dish* inside the stable-door.

As soon as one has arrived at his dish another name is called, and so on until all are feeding.

They are fed in large, round bowls about the size of a small basin, but no dog is allowed to touch the other's dish, each having his own about a yard apart from the other feeders.

They are trained to do this because it teaches dogs to answer to their names, and to wait until their names are called, even under the most trying conditions.

Foxhounds are fed in a somewhat similar way.

Directly after supper, summer or winter (when I carry a lamp), we all walk once round the garden, and then the bone-parties commence.

Now these bone-parties are as much a part of the routine as our own pudding will nightly follow meat, with the difference that my models have a walk between their courses.

Just inside the side entrance to my house there is a small lobby, and here are two ordinary doormats.

At this time in the evening one belongs to Cracker and the other to Micky, and upon these mats, as they pass them for their walk, their second course is already displayed.

This they know perfectly well from nightly experience.

When they leave the stable with me they have to pass this house-door, which is often wide open, and the large bones are temptingly laid out, but all my dogs know that only *after* their walk in the garden are bone-parties allowed to begin.

## THE PROFESSIONALS

Each dog is fully conscious that he is not allowed to take possession of his particular "bone-party" mat until the garden stroll has been completed.

From then onwards, for a quarter to half-an-hour, Micky and Cracker continue their meal on their two mats in the house, while the rest of my family have their bones in the stable.

Now, most dogs would object strongly to another member of the canine species eating bones but one foot away from him in so close a position as these two friends; not so, however, Cracker and Micky.

Bones that will beat the jaws of the wolfhound have no terrors for the bull-terrier, and Micky will watch Cracker with envy as he swallows the last portions of his own second course, for then is the time when Cracker becomes truly useful to the wolfhound.

"All by himself," as the children say, Micky has thought out a plan by which his pal can help him, for as soon as Cracker has finished his own bone he will move to the wolfhound's mat and proceed seriously to crush, in his steam-hammer jaws, any bone that has defeated Micky.

As soon as this move is made to the wolfhound's mat Micky will stand over the bull-terrier, or lie down beside him, his ears well forward—noses almost touching—watching intently for the small morsels of chewed bone which fall from the sides of his friend's mouth, and which he will now be able to pick up.

All of which is quite friendly, with never a growl or snarl. "You chew my bone up for me, and I will let

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

you come on my mat," is evidently what the big dog thinks.

It is an extraordinary trait in the character of these two dogs, and quite unlike most of the species.

I have never known any of my other models allow this at meal-times.

After supper they both come into the house and stay with us until bed-time, often posing during the evening, and so earning their meal.

In *Sleeping Partners* I have given many of the poses of their after-supper siestas.

That, then, is roughly the day of an artist's model as it takes place in the home of Micky and Cracker.

Among my professional models I have an old maid, and she came to me in this way.

Some years ago, when out cub-hunting, I saw what I thought was a nice, three-parts-grown, wire-haired terrier puppy.

It was being led about by a man on foot.

I liked the look of the puppy so much, it being wonderfully straight in front and well up on its toes, that I bought it there and then, and my man rode home with it under his arm.

A few months went by and then the beautiful wire coat changed to a curly retriever coat, and my model show terrier had to degenerate into sitting as a model for dogs'-home terriers and other mongrels.

That is many years ago, but my er-er-terrier is still a member of my staff, and she is now the complete old maid in manners and disposition. Very self-effacing,

## THE PROFESSIONALS

very nervous, but she always "mothers" at once any young dogs or puppies that may come to my studio.

Von Tirpitz, or Turps, my latest apprentice, is a rough-haired dachshund, so I am told, but Bogey thinks otherwise, for she is convinced that in some mysterious way he is *her* puppy.

She washes him and cleans him at every available moment, nibbles at his coat for burrs and, I suppose, other things, and sees that he is kept clean and sweet, as a puppy should be.

For hours she will do this gentle nibbling at the skin all over his body while Turps sleeps, and no doubt dreams of his own mother.

As models both he and his adopted nurse are unique, and each have their own particular flair as sitters.

Bogey's chief claim to fame as an artist's model is that she will sleep in an armchair while Cracker sleeps above her on the same seat, but this is perhaps more the performance of a "strong man" than an artist's model.

Rather than make a murmur she will support the weight of the bull-terrier for long periods, and I am sure that if she had lived in Henry VIII.'s time she would cheerfully have suffered being broken on the wheel, or the ordeal by fire, if it would have given any pleasure to her friends.

Turps has developed a pose of his own, and a very useful one to any artist, for he will sleep, or remain posed in one position, for a long time, provided he may lie flat on his back. If he moves his head or legs you

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

may put them back into the first pose, and he holds it for longer than most human models will do.

I think in time, and as he grows up, he will become one of my leading performers, for of course I only have to frame upside down the sketches I have made from him to make them into portraits of him standing up.

The dalmatian's forte is taking poses of grace and elegance. In any pose she takes one always gets beauty of line; so that all and each of my professional models fill separate parts in this manufactory of dog-pictures.

## PART II





JEMIMA





## THE AMATEURS

IT would be invidious, and even dangerous, for me to say which I considered the nicest dog among my many amateur sitters; but I must tell, first of all, of two of my more recent models, Jemima and Dick Turpin.

Jemima was a Sealyham; she had a very delightful and affectionate disposition, and a natural aptitude for the artist's-model business, although I believe she had never experienced it before.

She had no objection to sitting for her portrait; in fact, being a lady, she rather liked it.

Every time I looked at her, when posing, she would coyly "sit up and look pleasant," as the photographers say, and always seemed very sad when told to get down from the model's throne if another dog was wanted to take her place.

Jemima came to stay with me for a week and remained nearly three weeks.

This was not because her picture was unfinished, but because I became so attached to her, and made numerous excuses to her owner, in order to keep her longer at my studio. Had I been a dog-stealer it is doubtful whether he would have seen her again.

From the day she came Jemima never left my heels. At night she slept at the foot of my bed, and if Cracker had not had the angelic disposition he has he would have been consumed with an almighty jealousy.

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

Now Jemima was a Sealyham by breed, but would not, I think, have won prizes in a show-ring, and I am sure my Sealyham-showing friends will turn up their noses at her when they see her picture. But she had character, which many show specimens have not; and she certainly greatly admired the beautiful male who was painting her portrait, which in itself was rather a sign to me of her intelligence.

Some day I want to open a home for Dogs of Sense and Character like Jemima, or start that business (in a fort), Plain but Companionable Dogs Ltd., about which I have told you earlier.

The only drawback would be that I am sure I should never want to sell any of my stock-in-trade, which of course is rather a drawback to any business.

But wouldn't it be nice for you to be able to come to a dog-dealer and say, "Now I want a companionable dog, of honest, clean, sober, and affectionate disposition," etc., instead of asking for pedigrees, and picking out show points?

Yes, some day I must have that fort and put up that sign "Dealer in Companionable Dogs" over the drawbridge.

I wonder if you have ever seen Stokesay Castle, in Shropshire: there is my ideal fortress, or fortified manor-house, as a home for myself and my dogs, but I fear the owner, and the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, would object, and in the end I should have to take one of the derelict forts on the top of Portsdown Hill, in Hampshire; but Stokesay is the fortress I should like.



© 1910  
LADIN

TURPIN AND HIS FRIEND



## THE AMATEURS

Much of Jemima's life had been passed in London (she lives in South Audley Street, so watch out for her, you dwellers in Mayfair), and the country, the grass fields and woodland paths were heaven to Jemima.

Whatever the reason was for sending her to me to have her portrait painted—whether it was that, in the somewhat near future, she was about to have a family, and her bachelor owner, not knowing much about such things, felt rather nervous, I do not know; but of one thing I am quite convinced, Jemima herself had no doubt about the coming event, or the reason for her visit. In her feminine mind she had settled that my house was the correct place in which the little strangers ought first to appear.

As time went on, and days went by, I, being a family man, also began to get nervous, and Jemima one sad and dismal day had to be hurriedly motored back to Town and reluctantly deposited with her owner, my wife telling me that I must draw the line at turning my studio into a Queen Charlotte's Hospital for lady dogs. I never saw disappointment *and astonishment* more clearly depicted on an animal's face than they were in Jemima's eyes on her arrival in London.

I expect you have seen the photographs in the papers of beautiful brides being accompanied to church on their wedding day by their pet dogs. These pictures are fairly common, but you may not know that many of these dogs have come on a visit to me before the wedding.

Just before these ceremonies take place delightful

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

brides-elect arrive at my studio with their "greatest treasures" to be painted, for wedding presents, and one of the more recent and charming ones brought an Alsatian named Dick Turpin.

Now Alsations are rather notorious. The Press love to hear of an Alsatian who has bitten someone; it is "good copy" for any sub-editor.

I was not looking for any Press publicity of this sort, and felt rather nervous about Turpin coming to stay with such a total stranger as myself.

His charming mistress, however, duly arrived with him, had five minutes' conversation with me, and then "dashed off," as young people do nowadays, leaving me "holding the baby," Turpin. She just had time to say, "He's quite all right and won't mind your dogs. I often leave him at friends' houses with other dogs, and I have brought his Keeshond puppy to keep him company."

I was, therefore, prepared for the worst, and the only thing to do, as she drove away, was to sit down by Turpin's side and try to make friends with him and his Keeshond companion.

His owner's statement as to Turpin's character, however, was a correct one—Turpin *had* a star character. In five minutes we were friends, and in a quarter of an hour my pack, Turpin and his friend went for a walk.

He also slept in my bedroom.

Turpin was a good sitter, but always had to have his Keeshond puppy sitting by his side. If the puppy was there he was happy, but if it was away he refused



SUSAN THE HUNTRESS





## THE AMATEURS

to do anything but look miserable, and neither food nor anything else would tempt him to "sit up and look pleasant."

I have had only two Alsatians to stay with me, but both of them have had the most amiable dispositions.

That at any rate has been my experience of the breed.

Another bridal portrait-dog was a bull-terrier, in many ways very much like Cracker. These two dogs admired each other very much, and were the best of friends, for they both had the same sloppy dispositions.

A third "bridal present" pair of dogs was a Peke and an Irish wolfhound. These two were owned, one by the bride-elect and the other by her future husband. They, the dogs, were inseparable, and this was as it should be. But they were also linked together by the great spirit of hunting, and the greater hunter of the two was the Peke. Susan was this small lady's name, but she should certainly have been christened Diana instead of the wolfhound, for I never met a more inveterate hunter after rabbits, moles, mice, hedgehogs, or any other canine field-game.

They hunted together, these two: Susan worked the hedgerows whilst the wolfhound waited outside, ready to pounce on any luckless live thing that darted out.

I show you Susan lying down because that is the only way in which she is fit to be shown, having completely worn all the hair off her beautiful Pekinese tail and legs by scrambling through gorse, briars, and thorn-bushes.

I had a terrible fright one day when Susan and Diana the wolfhound were not to be found. My yard-gate

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

was shut, but somehow or other both dogs had managed to get out. It was a terrible discovery, and the only time visiting models had ever got out alone. Search-parties were immediately sent out to scour the country in every direction.

After half-an-hour all returned and the models were still away. Across the Oxford Road, and about five hundred yards from my house, there is a Great Western Railway cutting, and remembering this, and the rabbit sanctuary that it was, I hastened to the nearest bridge to see if I could see either of the dogs below.

As I approached the bridge I heard Susan's familiar hunting "Yap! Yap! Yap!" and saw Diana rushing over the bridge, seemingly about to jump the parapet with a hundred-foot drop below.

I yelled at her as I rushed forward, and, on reaching her, was luckily able to secure a hold on her collar before she joined the Peke.

All this time Susan was yap, yapping below, rushing first up one slope of the cutting and then the other, rabbits bolting in all directions.

Hastily securing the wolfhound to a rail with my handkerchief, I ran down the steep sides of the line to where the Pekinese was now having the time of her life.

Luckily no train passed until she was safely caught, and both were brought home, but the shock of their escapade has considerably shortened my life.

That "get-away" taught me a lesson: never trust a hunting Peke, for he will always slip out somehow. If they once take to hunting they think and dream of nothing else.



© 1911  
ALDIN

JOHN AND HIS SCOTTIE FRIEND



## THE AMATEURS

You only had to show Susan a child's toy-rabbit and she would sit watching it for hours.

We never had much trouble to get her to pose, but I was relieved when she was safely returned to her owner.

Three very different little fellows came soon afterwards. They arrived, two Sealyhams and a Scottie, by car from Warwickshire, their mistress journeying on to Sussex almost immediately.

Now, two very "fresh" Sealyhams and an Aberdeen terrier were rather a handful to plant suddenly among my collection, especially as the older of the two white-faced terriers was prepared to fight anything or anybody who touched him or his friend the Scottie.

This was a difficulty which took some little time to overcome, and I could quite well understand his feelings as the Scottie's protector. To be suddenly motored up from Warwickshire, and, almost as soon as you had jumped out of the car, to be left in a room with a strange man when you have always been a lady's pet, is rather trying, and as the Sealyham was not of the nervous sort he at once became very independent and truculent, and, if necessary, pugnacious.

The Scotch terrier *was* nervous. "John," his protector, knew that, and as he had always constituted himself the Aberdonian's bodyguard he strongly objected to his friend being picked up or handled by any stranger.

Having coaxed my little pugnacious friend on to the dogs' sofa, at some risk to myself, I tied him up, and then, turning my back to him, sat down touching him, but not with my hands. He held a rather heated

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

conversation with me, but, so far so good, he did not bite my back. Very few dogs will bite you in the back unless you are running away from them.

For about a quarter of an hour we sat and chatted, quite close together, he often with his lip drawn back, but always with my back touching him.

Then I tried handling the Tartar, and finally he allowed me to stroke him without open hostility.

As soon as this was accomplished we all went for a walk in the fields, on leads. After half-an-hour of this we were much better friends, and I thought I would try the little Scotchman in a pose. But John still most decisively and forcibly objected to his friend being picked up by me, and in the end they both had to sit together. By the close of the first day we had all become "matey"; but from this you will gather that there are some risks attached to even the peaceful profession of a portrayer of dogs.

If you stay all day in the same room with almost any dog, and do not over-force your friendship upon him, the most pugnacious will generally treat you with toleration after a few hours; but if you take him for walks he will soon allow you to handle him. I am sure the secret of getting friendly is the walk.

These three little terriers were very great pets, the apple of the eye of their mistress, and had, I think, been a little bit spoilt.

The two younger ones soon came to hand, but the old dog had set ideas, like all old people, the chief of which was that no stranger should touch *his* Scottie.

I soon discovered that the nervous Aberdonian was

## THE AMATEURS

fond of the good things of this world, and the quickest and most direct way of getting his affection was through his tummy. Hand-feeding very soon got over his nervousness, and by the next morning all three dogs were jumping round me with delight on my arrival in the studio.

To the last hour of his visit John was not quite sure that I ought to be allowed to pick up his little friend, but, although he watched me keenly to see that I did not hurt the Scot in doing so, no attack ever matured.

Another very "parfait gentleman" dog, and a very brainy one, was one of the worst mongrels I have ever seen.

Somehow or other more wise mongrels seem to come my way than show dogs.

This dog was a cross between—well, there was a sheep-dog who knew his mother, who obviously was no better than she should have been; in fact, I think she must have been a very bad lot. What breed she was I never knew, and perhaps it is better that her matrimonial and his parental ventures should be "wrop in mystery."

Giles, my friend, belongs to Lady Manton at Compton Verney, and I think his mistress is more fond of Giles than any other animal on the Compton Verney estate, which is saying a good deal. Giles's mistress could not spare him to come to me for a few days, so I went down and stayed with Giles.

Now, when I go away to paint a portrait I stay with the dog, and not with his master or mistress; we—that is, the model and myself—live together; we go out together; we play together: and from breakfast-time to dinner-time we never leave each other. The first day,



## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

perhaps, very little real spade-work is done by either of us, but we are getting to know each other. Some sketches possibly have been made; some poses have been rapidly caught; some characteristic expression has been noted: but that is all—the paper itself is very often bare. On the second day my models generally begin to know what is wanted of them, and the artist has discovered what particular brand of food, or tennis-ball, toy-rabbit, or rubber-bone interests *them*.

None of these things, however, interested Giles, but I noticed that whenever his mistress was out in the car, or walking in the park, Giles would sit at the window, listening for his “best beloved” to return.

This made it easy for me, although perhaps, as the sequel shows, a little monotonous for the owner, who had apologized for leaving me alone all the first day, while I could only reply rudely, if truthfully, “Delighted!”

The second day Giles was posed in a comfortable chair by the hall-window and the rest was easy. His owner was asked to go in and out of the house all day long until the picture was finished. The more she walked in and out of the front door the sooner would the picture be done.

In reality, perhaps, it was not quite like that, but that was the way Giles was “caught”; for, by using the knowledge gained the first day, my model unconsciously held the pose required, and gave me the “best beloved” expression I wanted on Giles’s face.

Another model at Compton Verney was old “Tally-Ho,” a favourite hunter.

I spent an afternoon looking at Tally-Ho, with no

## THE AMATEURS

result at all pictorially, and then the following morning saw him looking out of his horse-box door, waiting for his mistress to bring him an apple.

A rather unconventional way to paint the portrait of a horse, but at that moment he had the expression on his wise old face that I wanted.

One could imagine him listening to hounds running across the park. That, in the end, was how he *was* pictured; just a life-size head looking out of his loose-box door.

For an old hunter who does not always look his best when stripped (like so many of us old ones), that, I think, is the most satisfactory way to have him portrayed.

The hollow back, the gummy old legs—perhaps a little bit shaky in front—are then hidden, and only the old life and fire still shine in his eyes when he dreams of hunting the fox.

I am of course referring to Tally-Ho and not to myself.

I suppose every artist has his days of depression, I mean depression over his work—when things seem hopeless and nothing seems to “come”—but the worst morning I ever spent, and the only model which I had to give up as hopeless, was but a year ago. It took weeks to get over the depression of that black Monday morning, and I nearly gave up art to take to dog-dealing in consequence.

Little does the owner of that wretched model know of the aftermath of her luckless visit; but I will tell the story.

One day, when out hunting, a lady had ridden up beside me, asking me if I would paint a portrait of her dog. It was a rather inopportune moment. We were

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

just drawing a likely covert: hounds had just opened; a fox was expected to go away at any moment, and I am afraid I was not any too polite, nor showed the interest I should have done in a prospective commission.

Just as the hounds went away I called out to her to send the dog over on Monday at eleven, and did not see her again that day.

On the following Monday, at the appointed time, a large and impressive car arrived. The lady was shown in, followed by her chauffeur carrying on a cushion an over-fat Peke. This, with a great deal of fuss, was placed on my sofa while my client and myself discussed details as to how she would like the picture arranged.

I suggested that the dog might be sitting up on his cushion, but on going to lift him up he immediately snapped viciously at my hands. His mistress then attempted to do the same thing, with a similar result, making the remark to me that he was about to have his morning sleep and that we must not disturb him.

Making allowances for this we talked of other things and waited patiently for half-an-hour. At the end of that time, being rather busy myself, I suggested that possibly now he might be coaxed to sit up; this being necessary, as I had, so far, not had a view of his face.

I have, in my time, seen many dogs, but this little fellow had the most cross-grained-looking face I have ever seen; moreover, he continued to live up to the expression on his rather unpleasant countenance, for whenever he was touched he immediately flew at the hand that touched

## THE AMATEURS

him, whether that of his mistress or my own, and so he continued to do until he left my studio.

I had never had an *impasse* quite like this, and although I rather laughed at it, and proposed that I should sit him up, his mistress would not hear of it.

“ You mustn't wake him; he *must* have his sleep out.”

We waited for another half-hour, and then my patience began to give out; so I picked him up, amidst a volley of furious snappings and growlings, all of which were quite ineffectual, as I soon discovered that he was very old and quite devoid of teeth. The owner in the meantime strongly objected to her spoilt pet being disturbed at all.

At last I told her that it was obvious I could not paint the dog's portrait unless he could be raised from the curled-up-on-the-cushion position in which he preferred to remain, and as the lady made it quite clear that he was not to be moved, I had to tell her that I could not do the picture.

“ Do you mean to say that you will not paint my little Fido?” And I had to say that, so far as I could see, it was an impossibility. That was that!

At my request Fido was once more carried safely out on his cushion by the chauffeur and placed in the car, and his fond owner, extremely annoyed with me, drove away. That was the only time I have ever failed to make a beginning, at any rate, when a model has come to sit for me.

I do not blame Fido: it was probably a case of overfeeding and indigestion, coupled with being a completely spoilt darling, on his part, and an owner who

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

by this overfeeding thought she was being kind to her dog, and through it had so soured his disposition as to completely spoil his temper.

One does not often hear of a dog seriously damaging his tail through wagging it, but I once had to go to a veterinary hospital in Surrey and sketch a boarhound who had done so.

The ingenious arrangement for keeping him from doing further damage to the injured part, and still allowing movement of it, is rather interesting, and may be of use and interest to those who have to use a tail-sling; so I include the boarhound in his surgical bandages among my models.

At the same hospital was a most pathetic little fellow, a smooth fox-terrier who was partly paralysed, and the expression of helplessness on his face so impressed me that I made a sketch of him on the spot.

But this is the sad side of my collection, a children's hospital and a dogs' sanatorium being two of the saddest sights in the world.

A few days ago I saw a film at one of the London cinemas in which two small children were featured with various animals at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. A most wonderful series of pictures, which every child should see. I think it was a Gaumont or Pathé picture.

It reminded me of many of the friends I had at the Zoo when I spent many months as a student in the Regent's Park Gardens.

Chimpanzees are most friendly, and even the timid giraffe will soon recognize the constant visitor. One great



PARALYSED



A BROKEN TAIL

AT THE DOGS' HOSPITAL



## THE AMATEURS

friend I had was an old wolf who would always come to the bars of his cage, when called, to be scratched and patted.

The Samoyede dog and dingo, in adjoining cages, were also great friends of mine.

Really to enjoy the Zoological Gardens one wants to go constantly, and even daily, as I did. Then one soon gets to know friends in almost every cage; and to go behind the scenes with a keeper is much more interesting than to remain at the front of the house.

It is there that one often finds the baby animals, too young for exhibition to the public, and there that one hears from the keepers who have charge of the cages about the true character of the animals confined in them.

I always understood that the most difficult animals to become friendly with were the leopards, and yet in the film above mentioned the children were seen feeding one, apparently inside his cage with him; and a keeper was playing with another; while the baby hippopotamus was pictured as taking food from the mouth of one of the little girls, both apparently enjoying it immensely.

Monkeys, of course, are almost invariably friendly with dogs, and I have kept two at various times in my life with my professional models.

The dogs, I fancy, take monkeys for a lower species of human being, which, according to Darwin, they are. Their hands and feet have the same feel as human extremities, and they hold a dog in the same way.

I believe that in hot climates dogs will attack and kill monkeys in their wild state, but my collection of canines have never shown any disposition to molest them.



## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

Both the monkeys I had would lie down among my dogs in front of the fire in my studio, the dogs showing, by tail-wagging, grateful appreciation if the monkeys would search their coats for imaginary parasites. If you hold out your hand to a monkey he will always seem to find parasites upon it, and yet monkeys themselves never have fleas or other unpleasant beasts; probably, I think, because the monkey tribe are such indefatigable hunters that no insect could dwell long upon them without being caught.

But to return to more inviting subjects—my dogs.

Here are two rough basset hounds which once belonged to King Edward VII. when Prince of Wales, but which unfortunately show “how old I be,” and how long ago the sketches must have been made. Rough basset hounds are very seldom seen now, although a most interesting breed.

For some reason or other (with apologies to Cracker) I always like a rough-haired breed of dog better than a smooth one.

Some years ago I had a pack of smooth basset hounds for two seasons, while the owner was in India, hunting the Outy Hounds, and great fun we used to have with them: not too fast for the two masters whose combined ages reached one hundred and four years.

Just out for a walk, you can keep with them all day, and they are exceptionally handy little fellows to hunt if you don't try to “lift” them, and have your whippers-in carrying whips, which are never, on any provocation, to be used. Such shy little hounds should never be touched with thong, a rate being always more than sufficient.

Champion Merryman, an enormous, heavily built



BASSET HOUNDS OWNED BY KING EDWARD VII.



## THE AMATEURS

basset hound, was among this pack left in my charge, and his value, so his owner impressed upon me on leaving, was nearly £300.

As Merryman could never clamber out of a deep-cut ditch if he got into one he was a bit of a responsibility, and I always had to detail someone, when out hunting, to watch Merryman all day, and give him the necessary hoist as occasion arose.

Again with apologies to Cracker, one of the most comical-looking dogs I ever had in my studio was what, at that time, some thirty years ago, was called an Afghan Borouksi hound, but which I believe is known now by another name. Here he is, and if anyone can produce a more comic-looking customer I shall be delighted to see it, although I suppose to the Afghans even Cracker would look comic.

Then there was the bloodhound, who never could quite get into my studio chairs, although he made many attempts, which I tried to portray.

Always a leg or some part of him had to be left behind, so to speak, and yet he was never happy unless trying to get repose in a chair too small for him.

At the same time at which he was a model two red dachshund puppies, very much like elongated sausages with four short legs, were also inhabitants of my abode.

Then there was the author of *A Dog's Day*, the late Walter Emanuel, who had a dog which he averred had a design on him depicting a pair of turtle-doves kissing each other—a fat and portly gentleman (I am referring of course to the dog) who was rather proud of showing this design to visitors by turning his back upon them.

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

And here is one of the Meynell Hunt terriers, who for varminty comicality in looks almost makes Cracker into a back number. Soiled and faded sketches these, but all holding reminiscences for me of friends long passed to other hunting-grounds.

I have frequently been accused of never including the popular breed of spaniels in my pictures, but as a matter of fact I have had many spaniel friends in my studio at different times, although they have not often been included in published work.

Here are a few of my visitors in various poses, grotesque and graceful.

A friend of mine has a most ingenious idea for keeping his spaniels' ears out of the feeding plate, which, as all spaniel lovers know, to the cost of their carpets and rugs, is not an easy thing to do.

When feeding, his dogs have a wide, knitted band put round their necks just behind the ears, and this band, when the long, feathered ears are tucked inside it, keeps these from getting wet and greasy on the plate.

The baby-has-his-bib-put-on kind of idea! A simple but effective remedy.

Another rather ingenious idea for dogs, an advertisement of which arrived by this morning's post, goes by the name of "The Dirty Dog Bag."

It is so much quicker for an artist to explain by diagram than by written word that I give an explanation of these bags by picture in preference to any other method.

Rather nice for wet weather I think, if you keep long-haired dogs, such as spaniels and Pokes, in the house



A MEYNELL HUNT TERRIER



## THE AMATEURS

or car. To my mind a great charm of this invention (Reg. No. 743932) is that it has endless possibilities for humour. Fancy my models sitting in rows in their little "Dirty Dog Bags" waiting to be sketched, and getting clean, warm and dry at the same time! But I am not sure how Cracker would take to it.

Zip! and your dog is in a warm strait-jacket so far as moving from place to place is concerned.

Then again, what possibilities for the Comic Dog-Show!

A dogs' sack-race immediately occurs to me: you place your dogs in the "Dirty Dog Bags" and then their owners call them!

Then again, imagine my fort with all the little chaps sitting round for inspection!

Yes, I certainly like the bags, and sent a large order at once, with an outsize one for Micky, and the first thing we shall do on their arrival will be to have sack-races.

The most picturesque spaniel is what I call the tortoiseshell variety. Some of these little fellows have at different times been sent to me to be painted. They are rather rare, as this special colouring is difficult to breed true. Their colour consists of black markings on the body, head, and neck, intermixed with white flecked with blue-grey.

The coat is of a beautiful silky texture, and the great feature, which gives added beauty to this colour scheme, is the deep, rich Belvoir tan markings over the eyes, cheeks, and feet. I have tried to get one of these tricolours for my own staff for some time, but so far have failed.

Black and red cockers are very affectionate and



## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

friendly little people. Those who have come to me have always "palled up" at once, and become part of the family party in a very short space of time.

One Eye and Two Eyes I stayed with in Sussex, and I remember them particularly on account of their names—One Eye, of course, having only one eye.

Some little time ago I went to stay with a large family of Cairns and White West Highlanders. They had a very comfortable house, and there were some thirty of them in and out of it.

I enjoyed my visit so much that a selection of them, three in number, paid a return visit to me. One West Highlander, which I called Funny Face, but which was probably christened Rhoderich Dhu, Macallum More of Pennycuik, or something of that sort, was a great favourite of mine. Here he is, and I think you will agree with me that he has a "funny face." Without wishing to be rude I gave the original drawing to Miss Adèle Astaire.

Two West Highlanders and a Cairn came on this visit, bringing with them their smart little overcoats, which they wore when motoring, and their little basket-beds, which they had placed at night at the foot of my own.

The Cairn was a little, shy, old man, wistfully thinking of his mistress most of the time, but "Funny Face" lived up to his nomenclature, and was the comic lead in all games.

Instead of doing one picture of each I did a long series of sketches, so that the owner had her pets in many varied positions, with many expressions; and I rather think this is the best way to have your dogs' portraits.

One finished picture only gives you a remembrance of

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TORTOISESHELL SPANIELS



## THE AMATEURS

him in one position or expression, while numerous sketches give, to the owner, his dog in endless characteristic poses.

If I commissioned an artist to paint Cracker I should ask him to do it in this way. ("Lie down, my boy, I'm not going to. I said 'if.'")

One little dachshund puppy was rather unwell—indigestion, I fancy—for a day or two, while staying in my house, and had to be nursed.

I show him to you here because he really rather enjoyed the nursing operation, and, even after his recovery, refused to rest on the floor, and always preferred a position on his back in a lap.

Two other dachshunds I had at another time—it was when staying at a farm. These two were certainly full of vim, and thoroughly enjoyed farm-life, especially chasing and playing with the numerous large litters of little pigs with which the farmyard and fields abounded.

On looking at these old dachshund sketches I look at Von Tirpitz on my sofa, and cannot help wondering if he is a dachshund at all. ("Tirpitz, you would be a mongrel if it were not for your very long pedigree! And you are rather difficult to explain, when everyone who comes into my studio remarks, 'What is that mongrel?'"")

In my heart of hearts I rather hope you are a mongrel, because the intelligent mongrel is my special favourite.

After all, some of our greatest men in history would be called mongrels in canine parlance.

Here is a funny little pimple who hopped into my studio one day at Porlock. Is he a pug or a parakeet? I give it up, but ask you to decide for me.

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

I made a sketch of him as an example of what might happen to Cracker in a future life.

A friend of the pimple's, who came in a few hours later, was not much better, although one was able to trace a Chinese pedigree in *his* physiognomy.

The night before I had had rather a late night, and these two apparitions, one following the other, did certainly make me feel all-overish.

Now here is a Dandie puppy which might easily be own brother to Von Tirpitz, the only difference being that the gentleman with the Von before his name (called Turpentine for short) is always on his back, and a Dandie stands on four stout legs.

Again running through my portfolios.

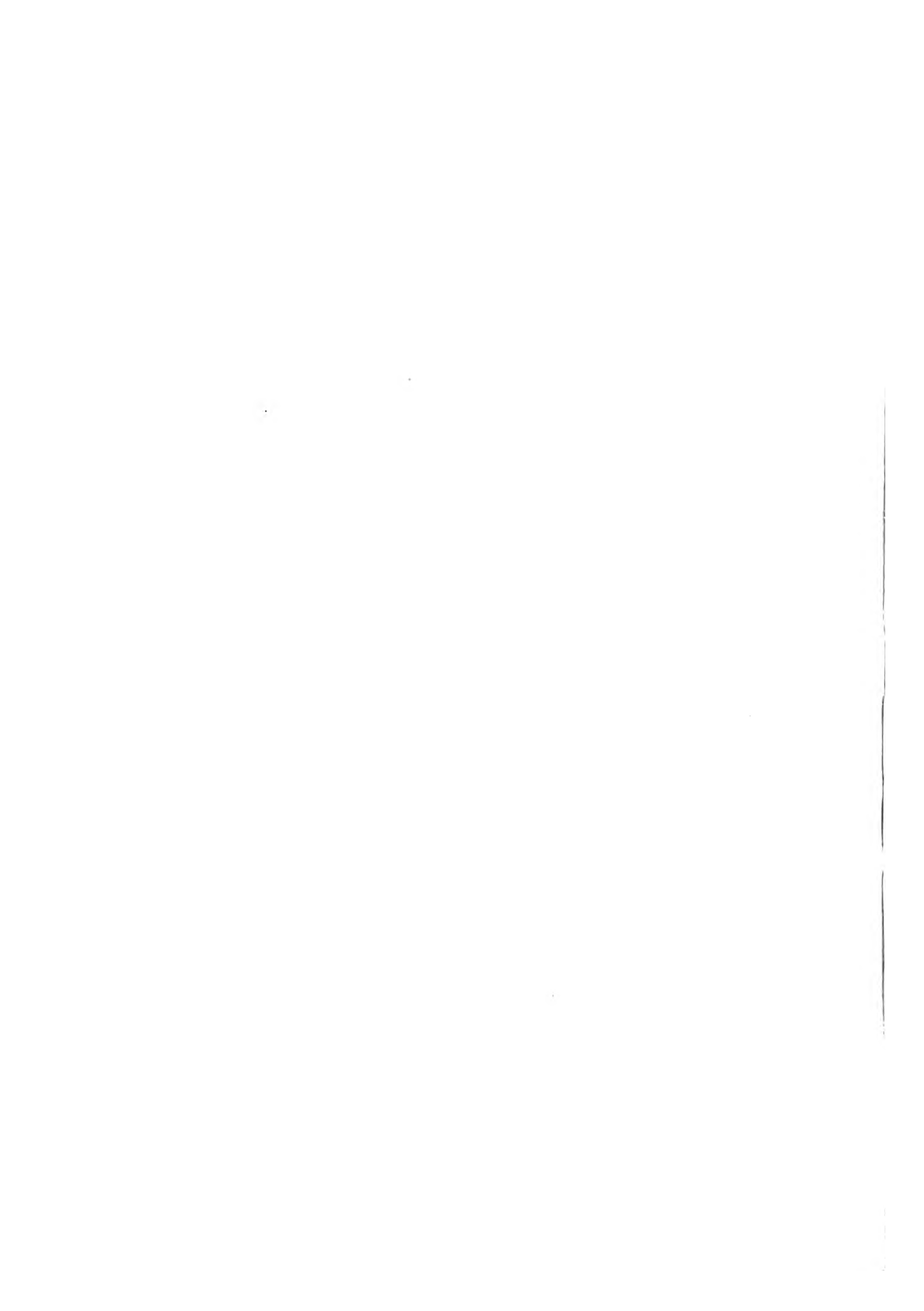
Poor little wizened old Eve was somebody's darling, although not quite a Champion Scotch terrier. But what does it matter? You love a dog for his character and affection for you, and not for his points and angles. Remember that, Cracker, for you have no points or angles.

Of all the most angular, point-and-angle dogs, Loopy, the dalmatian, was the ugliest as a puppy, and yet now gracefulness is her great characteristic. So remember, my friend, that even you may in time develop into a thing of beauty with spots upon it, although you have now only one black spot.

A near neighbour of mine, and a great character, is Slickson. He will sit on his haunches through æons of time. He sat to me for all the three Sealyhams in the Christmas Number Plate of *Illustrated London News* of 1929, and, when I told him he could get down, looked very annoyed



**A BAD ATTACK OF INDIGESTION**



## THE AMATEURS

that he was not allowed to remain posed for a longer period.

At home, if Slickson is shut outside the front door of his house he will sit up alone and beg at that door.

Half of his life he has spent on his hinder-end, and it is as natural for him to sit on that part as it is for us. Also, Slickson has the correct conformation for it.

First of all, he has very short legs and a tubby body, and at the end of his body he sports (sports is the correct word) just one inch of stump to act as a lever in balancing.

You've only got to speak to Slickson and he says, "How do you do?" to you, by begging. No food is necessary; he does it for convenience and not for food.

I have met only one or two dogs at all like him in this respect, but never one to beat him.

Slickson is the Champion Beggar.

I once owned a terrier who was discovered begging alone in front of the tea-cake stand, and another, very, very much in love with a lady of his acquaintance (who had been meeting his advances with snaps and growls), was discovered in my studio sitting up begging in front of her; but none of them has ever equalled Slickson, who comes in a class above them all.

I have already mentioned an equine model, and am now going to refer to two of my own, both of which will stay in my stable until they make their last journey to the adjoining hunt kennels. As both of them have a story, although they are not dogs they may be included in this book.



## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

Oliver is a chestnut hunter, bought some four years ago from a well-known dealer whose name I must not mention. One day a telephone call came through to me from this dealer to say that he had a hunter that might suit me, which, well knowing that my price was always a low one, was the way in which we had had our business transactions before.

On going to his yard the next day I saw Oliver, and knew at once, had I not been told, that there must be some "if," as we say in horsey parlance, if he was to come to me at my price. The rough rider gave a show and I tried the horse, liking him immensely, but feeling that he might be a little "hot" with hounds. We then adjourned to the office.

Books were opened which showed that the chestnut had been sold twice shortly before, and returned to be exchanged for another horse, but not returned for unsoundness. I must not explain, however, all the complications of a dealer's business.

In the end, knowing all about him, I bought the horse. I was told very clearly what I was purchasing, and why he came to me at my own figure.

I always place myself entirely in this dealer's hands and have never yet been let down. I knew exactly what I was to expect.

Oliver *was* "hot" with hounds, and if only he could be made to jump out hunting with the certainty he did in cold blood he would be an ideal hunter.

My new purchase came home, and we at once discovered that he was very nervous in his box, the slightest



FUNNY FACE



## THE AMATEURS

movement of anyone being enough to send him shying away. First of all this had to be overcome, and in time carrots and apples, together with quiet grooming, made him much more friendly.

Out hunting he remained what most people would call an excitable, fly-jumping brute, but when once we could find the bit for him, of the easiest and lightest description, I was sure he would, in the words of my horsey friends, "come back."

Rubber snaffles, steel snaffles, every kind of bit was tried unsuccessfully, for Oliver was what is known as a very keen "light-mouthed puller"; the slightest touch on his mouth would set him fly-jumping, and make him break out in a sweat. For three weeks I hunted him and came home dripping wet myself, with Oliver in a similar condition.

Then I rode him in a Hunt Open Race, which I knew full well was a very foolish thing to do, and when leading about a mile from home took "one of the best" over some timber, and was brought home in an ambulance.

In the early part of that summer we found the bit for my little friend, took him down to the Devon and Somerset country, and there let him have his gallop out up the side of Dunkerry. Since then he has become the best of hunters, and, from being the highly strung, nervous horse that he was, has developed, although still a keen fox-hunter, into the friendliest animal possible in the stable, and the best and safest hunter in the field.

So long as you can be where you ought to be out fox-hunting, Oliver will give you the very best of rides; but get hemmed in by a crowd and he will probably, in

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

his keenness, fly-jump at a fence, and as likely as not jump into it. I have had him four years now, and he has had a varied experience hunting in many counties, including Leicestershire, but he has never given me an uncomfortable ride, or a serious toss, since the right bit was found for him. Now, if hounds kill and I dismount, he will walk or trot by my side without being held in any way, and knows a fox when he sees one almost as well as a foxhound.

I should hate to be a rich man with a string of hunters, most of which he never sees except at the meet.

My stable door is twenty yards from my house door, and every night my horses are given carrots and apples from their master's hand when dog-feeding-time arrives.

This, when I am at home, is as much a ritual as taking off my clothes to go to bed. Visitors or no visitors, time has to be made for this, because if you want to know your horses, and want them to know you, you must meet them in the stable as well as in the field.

There are many things when out hunting besides galloping and jumping that add to the enjoyment.

First of all, your hunter should know the "aids" like a perfect show hack.

Very few people seem nowadays to trouble about a hunter answering to the leg, and yet the essence of getting through a crowd in the field, or on the road, is for your mount to answer sharply and quickly to the "aids."

Hunters should be able to passage across a road like a policeman's horse, and should, of course, be as handy working through a crowd of other horses going in the



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SOMEBODY'S DARLING



## THE AMATEURS

opposite direction as if they were following the flow of the stream instead of going against it. I always teach my horses to walk in the dry ditches at the side of the road without attempting to clamber out unless I give them "the office" to do so.

A horse that will do this, even if he is two or three feet below the level of the horses on the road, will allow you to go through a crowd without inconvenience if, as so often happens, they are held up in a lane or other confined space. Also, a hunter should, as often as possible, be ridden along the grass-tracks beside the tarmac or lanes, and learn not to try to get back on to the road. All the little drainage-gutters are such good training for him in making him look where he is going; that grass "side walk," however irregular and narrow it may be, should never be passed by, for it is a wonderful training ground for handiness.

All these little things make the pleasure of riding out hunting so much greater, and if your mount knows the moment he is to take off by the squeeze of your heels he is in rhythm with his rider.

The other occupant of my stable also has a character and a history. Of the latter I know very little, but the story of his purchase is perhaps interesting.

When staying at Le Touquet I used to hack every morning before breakfast, riding hirelings from a local jobmaster. After riding many of these hacks, some of which bridled nicely and had been very well schooled, the owner one morning asked me if I would look at a horse he had just bought in Paris and had had sent to



## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

Le Touquet the day before; but he warned me that he was a little "funny" in the stable. Knowing what that meant I went warily to the end box, and there saw a great big raking seventeen-hand, fifteen-stone hunter type of horse, with his ears flat back, and as poor as a herring. Evidently he had gone through purgatory, for his neck was smothered with horse-bites and he had scars all over his legs and body.

"A good frame, but almost too poor to do anything with for some time," was my comment.

"I just want you to throw your leg across him and I'll tell you exactly how I bought him," said the dealer.

In the end I agreed to try him the next morning, and I never sat on a more perfect hack, with the fullest knowledge of all the "aids," a seventeen-hand horse that rode like a trained polo pony.

Every morning early I took him out on the dunes and sands, and found that he knew all the Haute École business from A to Z. I then had a gallop with him with the drag and was equally pleased, although I own I was somewhat of a passenger. Shortly afterwards his owner told me what he had given for the horse, which was the enormous sum of four pounds, as he was being led over the Bridge of Sighs into a Paris abattoir to have his head off and be made into sausages.

Before I left Le Touquet I bought "Sausages," to save him from the hard life of a French hireling hack, giving a very small profit upon the four pounds to his then owner. Two months in my stable on the best "green meat"—sainfoin and clover—made an enormous



THE PIMPLE AND HIS FRIEND



## THE AMATEURS

difference to him, and that season he hunted with the Devon and Somerset, was hacked about by all my friends, and cub-hunted and fox-hunted on his return.

He is still in my stable, and does all the stag-hunting and fox-hunting necessary each season, and is never turned out. Hacking, he has a perfect mouth; hunting, I am a passenger when hounds are running; but as he knows all about it, and cannot gallop fast enough to do any serious damage, stopping of his own accord when he is in the same field with hounds, it really is more of an advantage than otherwise. One just drops the reins and lets him go on.

With a horse that is as handy as a polo pony this keenness to get to hounds does not matter, for I am quite sure that at some period of his life he has been ridden by a hunt servant. I am also fully convinced that he has been schooled in the Saumur Cavalry School.

That is the story of Sausages, who stays in my stable until he goes up to the kennels adjoining for his last walk to meet the humane killer.

I only bought him to give him a peaceful end to his life, and he has well repaid me.

Many people no doubt have experiences of this sort, but I should like to know the complete history of Sausages, and how he came down to that gutter of horses, a Continental hireling stable.

And here, perhaps, as a brother brush, well advanced in years, I might be allowed to give a few suggestions to those students who may think of studying animal painting.

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

Hardly a month passes but I receive communications from parents of budding animal artists asking for advice, and enclosing specimens of their children's work.

I can truthfully say that in almost every case the work sent shows much more promise than my own at a similar age, dated specimens of which my fond parents, for some extraordinary reason, always kept.

My answer to these letters is invariably the same: study from *nature* all the time, create your own impressions of the animals you portray, and do not slavishly copy the technique of any other artist; study animal anatomy, especially the skeleton, and the superficial muscles and tendons. Originality is the essence of success.

Remember that an artist, however young or old he may be, is always learning his craft, and that there are many mediums, each one of which is more interesting than the last.

Besides these few suggestions I always ask that a further selection of sketches may be sent to me in a year's time, and here is where the student is generally disappointing.

I have seen wonderful sketches by children of fourteen years of age who when they are fifteen or sixteen years old have shown no improvement whatever. It is this improvement only which shows the budding artist.

Animal sketches that may show promise at fourteen or fifteen years of age, if no better in technique and drawing at twenty, immediately tell me that the student is not heart and soul wrapped up in his art, and is, and will probably always remain, a mediocre amateur.



A DANDY DINMONT PUPPY



## PART III





## MODEL DISCIPLINE

FINALLY, perhaps, I might give a few hints or suggestions to those children, and ladies, among my readers who keep dogs.

First of all, do not overfeed your pets, for overfeeding is as injurious to them as underfeeding. One good meal a day, and a small biscuit in the morning, is enough for most full-grown dogs, although puppies should be fed in just the opposite way, little and often.

Remember that more dogs die from overfeeding, and its resultant effects, than underfeeding, and much more dog disease is caused from the former than the latter.

The best time to feed dogs is in the evening, giving them a few minutes' run outside afterwards. They will then sleep well and comfortably, and thoroughly digest their food.

Another very necessary lesson for a dog in these motor days is to teach him to walk at heel when told to do so.

I know you will think that your pet looks and feels miserable when you first make him do this, but then most of us are miserable as a result of our first few lessons. After a time we come to like the work, and it is the same with a dog.

In a very short space of time you will find your pet walking gaily behind you, with his tail and head up, but

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

with his nose dodging your heels as each one is raised in walking.

A dog always seems to me rather proud of this position of responsibility.

Take as an example a drover's dog. Seldom, unless told to do so, are they allowed to leave their master's heels, and yet a shepherd's dog is always a happy dog and delighted to do his work, which has become to him a jolly game in which, on occasions, he is allowed to partake.

Another point in the training of a dog in obedience is not to be incessantly talking to him when out for a walk. The only conversation you should have with him at that time should be orders—orders distinct, clear and sharp, with no doubt shown in your method of voicing those orders as to whether they are to be obeyed or not.

The smaller your vocabulary in dog conversation the better, always using exactly the same words to indicate that he is to do, or not to do, a particular thing. In this way a dog does not get confused, or fail to understand your meaning.

In order to shorten this vocabulary everything my dogs may not chase, whether it is an elephant or a tomtit, is contained in two words in my dog language—"Ware wing!" It is easy to say, has a distinctive sound with it, and is easily recognized at once. The one word "Heel!" is sufficient to call them to heel, and "Lie down!" enough to make them lie down on their tummies, "Down!" being used only if they should jump up in exuberance of spirits.



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ALPIN

SLICKSON THE CHAMPION BEGGAR



## MODEL DISCIPLINE

Always, however, make much of a dog when he obeys you at once, and remember that the intonation of the voice should be enough to tell them whether they are doing wrong, badly wrong, or so badly that the whip may have to follow.

I shall never forget the story of the Chinaman and the ducks. I am quoting this only from memory, but I think the story goes that for centuries Chinamen have taken, daily in boats, to some delectable rice-field, ducks for fattening for the table. They are shipped down the river in the morning in these boats and turned loose on the feeding-grounds.

At sunset the boats again reappear, and long planks are set down from their decks to the marsh-land below, while a Chinaman with a heavy whip stands at the end of this plank. A loud horn is then blown and every duck on land waddles as fast as his legs can carry him to the waiting boats, the last duck up the plank, and only the last one, receiving an almighty cut with the whip from the Chinaman waiting in readiness.

This system has been going on for centuries, and the ducks apparently have it bred in them, or are told about it by their parents, that the last one up the plank each night receives punishment.

This, of course, is rather drastic, and I do not want you to always practise it on your dogs if they fail to come when called.

I have, however, found it a very effective system in a much milder form than that of the Chinese ducks.

Whenever I come in from a walk, "Yeu-in" means

## AN ARTIST'S MODELS

that every dog must go through the gate into my yard. Occasionally one may hang back with a bone or some other choice morsel he has picked up, and sometimes one may find a dog who would, if he had the chance, make a habit of not coming in directly he is called. The duck system here is excellent, but with only the point of the lash just swinging against his side as he dives through the gate, knowing full well he has been disobedient. This mild method will emphasize his fault, and make him just give a little squeak of fear, although he has had nothing really to hurt him.

The duck system in moderation, for those who take out a lot of dogs as I do, will bring all your charges into their home as you arrive at it, no matter what temptation they may have to stay outside.









