

## Home Artist Paints Portrait For State of Utah.

**E**IGHTEEN years ago a Utah boy, born in the Beehive house when it was still new, and still the finest house in all the mountain country, determined upon a life dedicated to art. Of all the boys born in the frontier town of Salt Lake he was the first group to seek an education and a career abroad.

With a few of his friends who thought as he did he made up an expedition to Paris in 1890, and three years later, in 1893, was back in Utah, and the studio of J. Will Clawson was opened. To it came the few who cared for art, and who appreciated high class portraiture,

he went away, a portrait of the man who served for eight of those years as its first governor.

### TEMPORARY VISIT.

Mr. Clawson's homecoming, however, is not a permanent return. Important work was left by him on the coast to come here to paint the portrait of Gov. H. M. Wells in accordance with a commission extended by an act of the last legislature, and to this work he will return after a short visit among his many friends and acquaintances. With Mrs. Clawson, the artist is a guest of Gen. C. S. Burton while in Salt Lake.

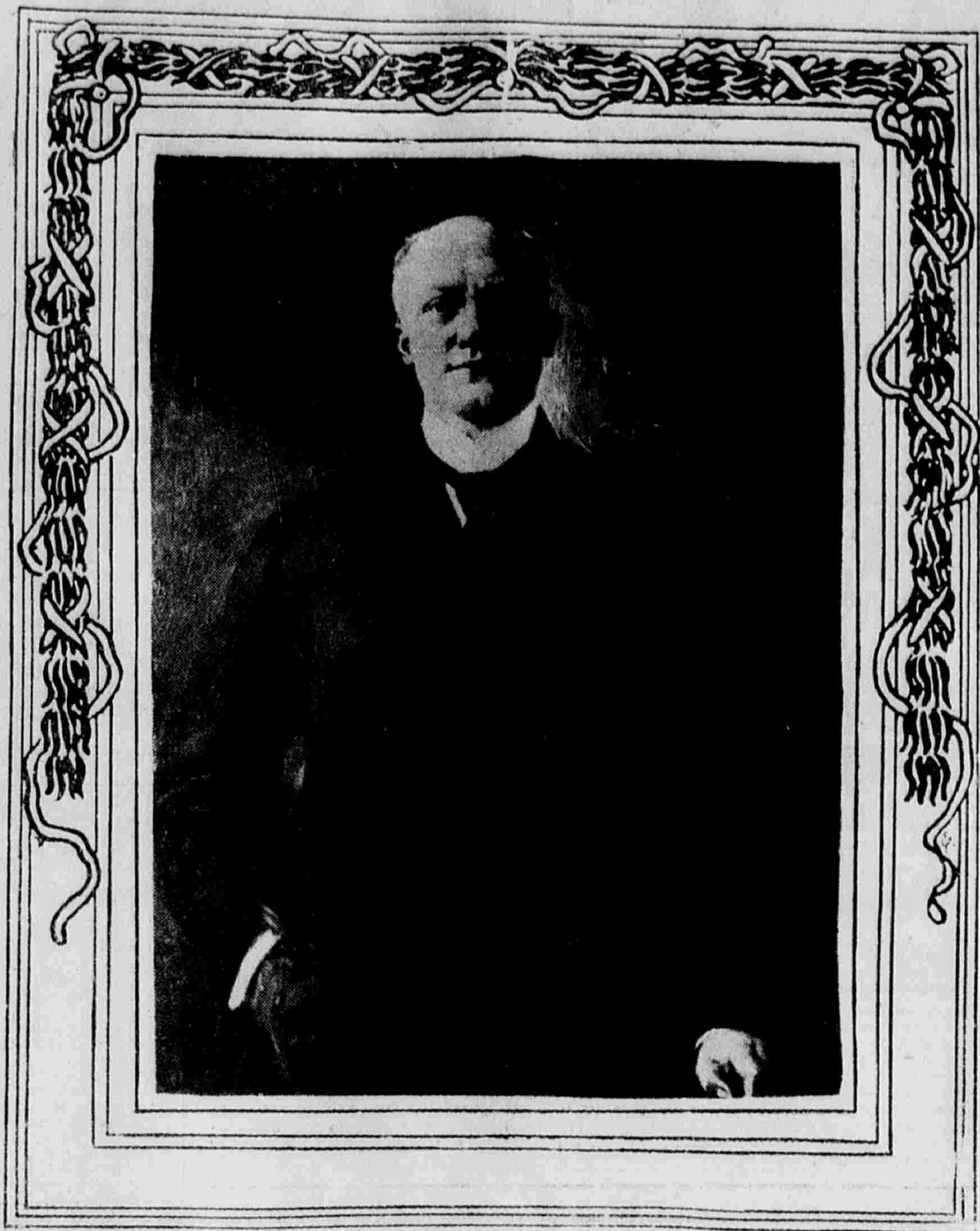


Photo by Johnson.

HON. HEBER M. WELLS BY CLAWSON.

explained, "at the Jonathan club in Los Angeles. The proposition that he have his portrait painted was made by the club, which wanted a picture for the rooms. At first he was a very reluctant sitter, promising me ten minutes at a sitting, twice a week, and refusing to make longer appointments. However, as it afterwards turned out, he remained at the first sitting for several hours, and was back again on the same day to watch the work progress.

"Within two days he had been in the studio for ten hours, and I was through with him, having had all the opportunities I wished to finish the work. He said as the last sitting was ended, 'I'm sorry, for it has been the most agreeable rest and diversion I have had in months!'

"Mr. Huntington was apologetic at first in the thought of having a portrait, declaring that it was the club's doing and none of his. 'When I was through, he gave me commissions to paint both of his daughters, and this work is still to be done on my return to California.'

### MRS. M. H. WALKER.

Another photograph was a portrait of Mrs. M. H. Walker. This recalled a Christmas visit that Mr. Clawson made to Gen. C. S. Burton at Pacific Grove to see the old year out and the new year in at the close of 1900. To the same watching party came Mr. and Mrs. Walker from Del Monte, and from the conversation over the egg-nogs in which the health of the new year was drunk grew a commission for the portrait which was completed a short time

later at the Del Monte hotel, and now hangs in the beautiful Walker home on east South Temple.

David Keith, Jr., standing in a typical boyhood pose, was a work of Mr. Clawson's Pasadena era, which now adorns the Salt Lake home of Mr. and Mrs. Keith.

### AMONG THE ARGONAUTS.

Of the San Francisco people famous since the days of gold first made millions of forty-niners, there was a portrait showing Mary Belle Gwin, granddaughter of California's first United States senator, when she was a charming miss of sixteen.

"This was my first commission on the coast," said Mr. Clawson, and came some time after I established myself in San Francisco. She was of proud, southern lineage, and the painting brought me many more commissions, for she was most popular of all the younger buds. She was dressed in a gown for the portrait in which her grandmother had been presented to Washington, and the work when finished was regarded with much interest by all who knew her."

Another picture was of the children of J. A. Foulger, who inherited the Looming fortune of \$25,000,000, and then the list ran on past names well known to all who know the coast, including a sister of former Mayor Phelan.

### THE FIRST STUDENTS.

In the group of Utah men who were young in 1890 and are now well on their way through the mature years of their careers are a number who studied in Paris at the time of Mr. Clawson's

visit, who have since become as well known as their companion who went westward to the coast. Among them is John Hafen, who took to landscapes and mountains on his return, and who with deep poetic feeling has reproduced most of the grander views of the Wasatch canyons, to take them away this summer to Boston and Chicago exhibitions, where he is winning decided recognition.

"Another of them is Edwin Evans, who is now teacher of art at the University of Utah after an active career in which some splendid large canvases have been done. Herman Haag came home to have a promising career cut short by death. Lorus Pratt to become a portrait painter who is still following that calling in Salt Lake, while J. B. Fairbanks became the 'farmer painter' through his selection of favorite themes among the harvest fields and growing crops. J. T. Harwood, a man gentle in touch and in his outward life, who dwells much within his own studio in a remote part of Salt Lake has become well known through his paintings, often portraits, utilized in the composing of pictures of attractive themes. In gentle twilight hues he has done a great many paintings, now well known through the eastern cities.

### EARLY EFFORTS.

In many homes hang samples of Mr. Clawson's early work, done while still striving for a foothold, and in the Deseret National Bank building hangs a group of portraits which were ordered from him after he sought success in the city to the westward, where con-

ditions were far enough removed from those of frontier life to enable it to do more for art than could Salt Lake City.

### THE NEWER GENERATION.

In the dozen years between Mr. Clawson's last Salt Lake work and his present tasks, a new generation of artists has grown up, gone to the world's schools, returned, and is now at work to prove whether Salt Lake is yet large enough for an artist to live by selling his products as the business man lives by selling his goods. Most prominent among them is M. M. Young who now has the gratitude of the community for giving it at last a figure of the

its race pleasures is to record the work of a man like Mr. Clawson for instance, mostly done in another state and resulting in a success he was able to achieve among other peoples.

For Utah the day of her opportunities in art will arrive only when her men of wealth appreciate the loyalty and enthusiasm of those devoted to art, and realize that in seeking their work at insignificant figures they devastate the life of the artist just as they would devastate a stock or merchandise by taking it away at a third of its cost to produce.

The fact that the Utah legislature



Photo by Johnson.

PORTRAIT OF DAVID KEITH, JR.

Prophet Joseph having the character, vigor and manhood for which he was loved among his companions and friends, and which no picture or portrait bust has ever yet given to those who have had to learn of him through his work. Another younger artist is Lee Greene Richards, who has followed Mr. Clawson's chosen line of portraiture, and who is leaving in August for Paris to be a judge of paintings in the autumn salon.

Taken together the little family of Utah's artists have had to make a vow of poverty before beginning their work, and have remained devoted to it totally, regardless of such little things as starvation, and the attitude of men who would bid in their work as they bid for the service of building contractors, figuring that the split of getting all that can be gotten for the least pay forced in return, is the proper attitude to assume.

Some day the career of a Utah born artist will begin with the opening of a studio in Utah after his return from school, and close with the story of success attained through years of steady growth. Whether it shall be in the case of Mr. Richards or Mr. Young, they are now struggling to prove, and while the game goes forward, one of

was generous enough to make an appropriation of a suitable price for the portrait of the state's first governor, and that the present governor should call back to the state one of its sons to execute the portrait, form hopeful signs of an art awakening that should cheer the hearts of all who are striving in that branch of cultural growth.

### HORSE FED BY CLOCK.

A merchant of Oldham, England, has devised a neat scheme to avoid getting up in the morning to feed his horse. He has had a feed box made with a clock attachment so that every morning when the horse gets hungry and begins to think about breakfast, and the merchant rolls over and begins to think how comfortable the bed is, the clock goes off with a whirr, the mechanism pulls the bottom out of the box suspended above the stall and down in the feed box comes a nicely-apportioned feed for the animal.

The horse has got so used to the arrangement that whenever he hears the clock begin to whirr up in the loft, he rises and gets ready for breakfast. The use of the automatic horse feeders is spreading to other busy merchants of Oldham, and is getting to be quite the thing.—Boston Post.



Photo by Johnson.

MRS. M. H. WALKER.

while having the means necessary to secure it.

Three years of hardship and struggle, and then Utah knew the artist no more until two weeks ago. In the dozen years that passed between his going away and his return to work at his chosen profession, he built up a name and a widespread fame on the Pacific coast. His studio in San Francisco was sought by the famous men of the Argonautic age. Into the finest mansions of Knob Hill went the product of his brush and pencil, and with his upward progress came fortune and a studio filled with invaluable material.

Then also came the earthquake, tumbling his canvases in a jumble at the bottom of a tall building opposite the Palace hotel, when roof and cellar became one, and the fire took all that had been between.

From refuge camp at Golden Gate park to Los Angeles and on out to Ocean Park the trail of recovering a foothold in his chosen profession took its course. In southern California the success of central California duplicated itself, and now, 12 years after he went away, Mr. Clawson finds himself back at work in his native city, painting for a state which was just being born when

The work on the Gov. Wells portrait, which has been going on for two weeks, has been done at a studio in the Utah Savings & Trust company building and it was while at work on the portrait's finishing touches that a reporter in search of an interview, located Mr. Clawson.

With his larger brushes he was laying on the deep reds of the Prince Albert coat, which at a little distance give the tone of dressy black, and with finer touch was finishing the blues of the shadow work which the untechnical observer knows only as other shades of black.

### SOME CALIFORNIA WORK.

On the table were photographs of paintings of the past decade. "I prize them highly," explained Mr. Clawson, when asked for their use to reproduce in the "News," "for they are the only prints in existence. The earthquake destroyed my photographic plates, and I have no prints but these."

### HUNTINGTON PORTRAIT.

Among them was a portrait of H. E. Huntington, of the family of the great railroad magnate and inheritor of his score or more of millions. To him the conversation turned.

"I met Mr. Huntington," the artist

## How King Edward is Guarded.

**N**O MONARCH is more popular in his own country than King Edward, yet, except when he is in bed, he is rarely out of sight of the detectives, whose special duty it is to safeguard his person. There are 12 detectives always on what is called "royal duty," under the charge of a special detective officer. Three of them keep constant watch over the sovereign, while the others are detailed for various duties, according to the requirements of the moment. The work of the first three detectives is termed "personal service," and they receive their instructions every night at Biarritz, as in England, as to the manner in which they are to attend the king.

During a review of the troops by the king, at Aldershot, his majesty was closely accompanied by an officer wearing the uniform of the Seventeenth Lancers. As a matter of fact, this officer was a detective, and the guise of the uniform was adopted simply because on such an occasion it naturally attracted little or no public attention. Often the individual sitting beside the coachman on the king's carriage is not, as the public thinks, one of the royal footmen, but a detective on "personal service." Anyone who has followed the king's movements at all closely in London, may have noticed that frequently after his majesty has left Buckingham palace in his carriage a hansom cab containing two men has suddenly appeared from somewhere, and rapidly followed in the wake of the royal carriage. Wherever the carriage may go that cab with the two men, fol-

lows. It looks like an ordinary cab, and the driver looks like an ordinary driver, and wears a number in the ordinary way. But he is really a detective and so are his two fares, and the cab is the property of the king.

Elaborate precautions are taken for guarding the king at the big shoots at Windsor or Sandringham. Two detectives then always follow his majesty at close quarters. They are arrayed in shooting costume, but they are out for a very different object. They are charged with the duty of preventing any stranger approaching near his majesty. Before being put on this duty a detective has to become familiar with the appearance, not only of the king's guests, but also with the game-keepers and servants, who, during the shoot, may in the course of their work have to come in close proximity to the king; otherwise very awkward mistakes might arise. In addition to the two detectives on "personal service" on such occasions there are also some half dozen others who keep more distant watch over his majesty. These form a sort of cordon around the king, which it would be impossible for a stranger to pass.

Elaborate as is the system at work for guarding the king, it works so smoothly and is so thoroughly well organized that it really does not appear to exist. It is the most unobtrusive detective system in the world and yet at the same time the most effective. For example, when the king visits a theater, there are always a number of detectives about the entrance to it while he is entering and leaving the house; but they are never seen, nor are apparently any precautions taken to prevent the crowd that always gathers on such occasions coming near the king. It would be quite contrary to his majesty's wishes that any such precautions should be taken, and there is no necessity

for them. No dangerous character could possibly get into the crowd without being "spotted" by the detectives, and from that moment he would be a marked man, as helpless as if he were handcuffed, until the king had driven away.—London P. T. O.

### FINGERS FOREMOST.

Trades in Which Mechanical Contrivances Have Not Ousted Man.

We seem to think that machinery can do anything, but there are numerous important trades which are carried on in much the same way as they were ages ago, trades in which machinery has not ousted man.

The articles of cutlery, which are everywhere so common, are made in exactly the same way as they were hundreds of years ago. Go through any great cutlery manufactory at Sheffield and you will find that there is almost an entire absence of machinery, so far as regards the best articles, and that the tools and instruments used are practically the same as were used in the days of Chaucer.

Take the case of a razor. One man will make the whole of the blade, simply with the aid of a hammer and a block of steel. With lightning-like rapidity he will quickly forge a rough piece of steel into shape of a razor without the use of any anvil or patterns. He works by his eye alone, masterfully placing every blow just where it is wanted.

In foreign countries, it is true, machinery has been invented to stamp out razor, knife, scissor, and other blades, but the finished article cannot compare to those made by the Sheffield workman with his hammer and anvil. It is the case that many such machines are used in the cutlery city itself, making cheap goods, but no machine is able to judge exactly where each blow should be placed, nor can it "humor" the blade.

Much the same applies to grinding. The cutting grinding of today is carried on in the most primitive manner.

Gold leaf is another example. Today it is made in probably the identical manner it has been made ever since man first made a piece of gold leaf. Strips of gold are beaten entirely by hand, for the reason that no machine can think before each blow is given. The goldleaf becomes so delicate that a single wrong blow would entirely spoil it.

Each strip of gold requires special treatment, and a machine would give exactly the same treatment to every strip. Then no machine has been invented so delicate that it can lift up and pack the finished product.

Pottery is still made by the same simple process followed since the earliest times. It is true numerous advances have been made in details, but man still reigns supreme in the pottery. The implements used are of the simplest, still, machinery has little to do. Here, again, no machine can be trusted to exercise the discrimination which is necessary in dealing with greatly varying materials.

The glass trade is another trade in which machinery plays only a small part. The visitor to a glassworks is impressed with the antiquity of the process followed. Many machines have endeavored to oust the glass blower's lungs, but the man is still superior to the machine.

Glovesmaking is purely a hand trade. No machine could cut out a glove properly, for the simple reason that it could not distinguish between good and bad, thick and thin, pieces of leather. Each piece of leather requires special treatment in shaping, and therefore the cutting can never be mechanical.

In much the same way cutting of cigar covers from the tobacco leaf is done by hand. In fact, the best brands of cigars, and also cigarettes, are entirely hand-made, as a brain is needed, and no machine is provided with the power of a machine to discriminate.

The manufacture of the best kind of

corks, those made for champagne bottles, are never entrusted to machines. The ordinary common cork is made by machinery, but the best work invariably is done by human hands, and the champagne cork cannot be trusted to a machine. All the blemishes in the cork have to be taken into consideration, so this work is done by hand labor.

The leather from which the best boxing gloves are manufactured is another article which is made entirely by hand, or, rather, by hands and feet. Machinery is useless for the purpose. In the manufacture of parchment, man labor has no rival.

The black edges of mourning note-paper are the product of direct human labor. The worker sits at a table, and with a deft movement of the hand spreads out a score of sheets of paper, so that an even depth of edge shows along two sides. Then, with a broad, flat brush dipped in black pigment, she rapidly covers two sides in the same manner.

The manufacture of straw hats, Panama hats, and the like articles cannot be trusted to a machine; while the same applies to basket-making, and to the weaving of wicker covers around jars and bottles.—Pearson's Weekly.

### JAMAICA'S GREEN TURTLES.

An official of Jamaica in a report on turtle fishing, which is the chief industry of the Cayman Islands, says that green turtles display an extraordinary sense of locality. It has happened more than once that turtles marked with the initials of the captors have escaped from their crawls in Grand Cayman and within three months have been recaptured at the fishing grounds, a distance of over 300 miles. The last instance of this was when a crawl was cut down and 200 turtles escaped. Within three months thirty of them were caught by different fishing boats off the Nicaraguan coast.

## Cost of Living in New York.

**E**CONOMY is nothing but poverty in New York, by contrast with the abnormal demands that living involves. Spending 50 cents for breakfast, going without luncheon, and paying a dollar for dinner is economy for a single man. A breakfast that costs 20 cents and a dinner 40 cents is poverty. The boarding house life is poverty; the lodging house life is something worse; and the ordinary life in a flat is voluntary servitude.

Sociologists claim that the lowest possible yearly expense for a workingman with a wife and three children, embodying a normal standard of living, is \$500. The statement was made recently by the New York department of charities that the average laborer's family in New York is existing on about \$400 a year. The minimum rate of rent on the East Side for the barest necessities is \$4 a month. Coal costs from 10 to 15 cents a pile, a fabulous price when estimated by the ton.

Yet between this poverty and the "economy" of the small-salaried employee who is compelled to adjust his earnings to the demands of his occupation there is small difference. We live in New York by the cost, rather than value of things. An apple purchased on Fifth avenue costs twice as much as the same apple bought on Fourteenth street. The dollar Bovey shirt costs twice as much on Broadway. This is the city where they "pay the price."

The self-indulgent man who spends \$300 a day has not saved his money out of his wages. The woman who could not manage her household for a season on less than \$75,000 is not the daughter or the wife of a wage-earner. Economical beginners really have no actual relation to the existing problem of living in New York.

What does it cost to live in New York? More than you can ever hope to earn. In wages; and, so far as the chances of speculation are concerned, that infers the necessity of "pull." If you haven't a "pull," social or political or financial, your speculative chances are slight. Obviously this state of real-estate is demoralizing. It undermines character. Presently you find yourself following the procession of people who are living beyond their means, because they seem to be enjoying themselves at it.

The only way to live within your income in New York is to become blind to the very extravagances and allurements that make this the metropolis, and to sacrifice the pleasures of temptation for the comforts of an honorable old age.

**NOW FOR THE TOURIST FAKER.**  
A workman was burning on an alpenstock the words "Jungfrau," "Matterhorn," "Einsiedeln," and "Elger." As soon as he had finished that task he applied a coat of varnish to a suitcase covered with red and yellow hotel labels.

"The explanation," he said, "is that travelers, like fishermen, take and blow. If the owner of those alpenstocks had really ascended all those mountains, he'd have burnt their names in at the time. The varnish on his suitcase? Oh, that is to keep the labels from peeling off."

"Summer is upon us, and till the late autumn I'll burn on alpenstocks the names of the 'inaccessible peaks,' and I'll varnish suitcases covered with labels of the costliest hotels in Europe. It's odd how the poorest of us, when abroad, stop, according to our labels, at 'charades' in London and the Ritz in Paris."—Los Angeles Times.