HOW I PAINT MY DOGS.

Continued from first page.

if you ask him in a proper way. respect them very much. I don't keep any dogs in London because one is constantly hurting their feelings.



As gentle as a lamb.

They want to go out, but perhaps generally indeed, it is impossible to take them, and then how crestfallen they are. Fox-terriers are of course. best; they

rendy for anything, from pitch and toss to manslaughter. One great aim of my pictures is to help people to love and understand dogs better.

'Pray tell me about some of your best known pictures, Mr. Barber, and how you came to paint them.' 'Well, let us take "The Order of the Bath," in which I represent a dog undergoing his Saturday night's bath and struggling in his little mistress's arms. I imagined that to myself, and knowing exactly how wretched a dog would look under such circumstances I first

of all made a rough sketch by guess; then my little girl and I coaxed the dog into that very position, and I made my sketch in full.



My sweetheart 'Lassic.

At one time I tried instantaneous photography, but I didn't find it much good. One day my little girl, three years old, rushed my little girl, three years old, rushed into my studio, dressed up in a red hunting coat, and with the black velvet cap above her golden curls and a whip in her hand. There at once was my picture, "The New Whip," that was very popular. It was hung very badly at the Academy, but before the day was out I was besieved. fore the day was out I was besieged by dealers and people wanting to buy

We then wandered into a discussion



on the public taste. 'We must grespect it,' said Mr. Barber. picture buyer often knows nothing about art in the abstract; all he asks for is a good subject and a story,

and it must not be A desperate character. too sorrowful.

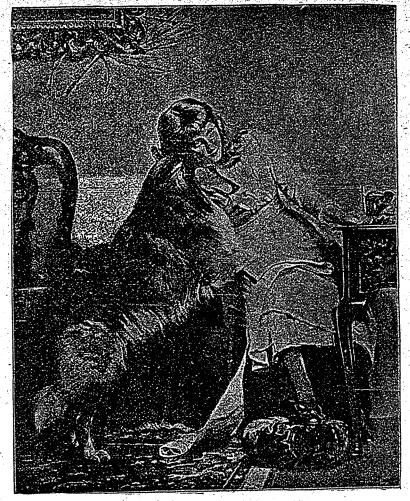
really am by nature cut out for pathos, not humor. Sometimes I try and combine the two, as I did in "In Diswhere the little girl and her grace," where the fittle girl and her playfellow, the little dog, are in disgrace for tearing up some papers. But after all it is only an "April shower" picture, and we know it will be all right soon. You can't live with a picture of hopeless grief. Péople are really grateful to anyone who can make them laugh in these days of drive and worry.

'The Queen is one of my best pat-

rons,' continued Mr. Barber, 'and I have painted hundreds of pictures for her, and I have had absolutely hundreds of interviews with



her. Perhaps you The Queen's old favorite. may like to hear a little about them. I often go to Windsor or Osborne, and her Majesty always comes in and has long talks with me, showing great knowledge of dogs and how to pose them. She is very particular and considerate even in trifles. I remember on the first occasion of my going to Windsor I was painting a pair of her gloves—for she always stipulates that some little article of hers shall appear in the picture—and suddenly she and John Brown came in. I had placed She wanted the them on a chair. collie "posed," and John Brown started forward to move the gloves and to place the dog there. At once the Queen stopped him. "Have you quite finished, Mr. Burton-Barber would you like them left there still?" she said. Few people are so considerate as that in a studio. other occasion I was at Osborne the very April in which Lord Beacons-



SWEETHEARTS-By Mr. C. Burton-Barber.

The Queen had fields full field died. of primroses, and every day she employed twenty-five people to pluck them, and she would send a basket to him and to her family abroad daily, She asked me to paint a picture of these fields, which I did rather unwillingly, as flowers are not my forte. She was delighted with the result, and placed the picture in the panel of her bedroom door at Windsor, giving me a signed portrait of herself in ex-She is a great picture colchange. lector, and I have to paint smaller and smaller, as she has scarcely room to stow away all she buys. Lately I have been painting all her grand-The Duke of Connaught's children. little ones always play in the Queen's room before going to bed, and I have painted them in the act of kissing her old dog "good night." At the Queen's special request I have reproduced the room and all that is in it exactly. Whilst I painted the Duchess of Albany's children in the hall the Duchess sat on the stairs and read Hans Andersen to them. "Sharp," the Queen's collie, whose head I sketch for you, is a very ill-tempered dog to everyone but the Queen's whose exact position he Queen, whose exact position he knows, and recognizes as fully as you and I would do. I give you also my collie, "Lassie," of whom I was very fond, and who had an extravagant affection for me; a famous bulldog, whose ferocious appearance quite belied his really gentle character; and "Tarquin," a notorious savage, who killed a postman among other things, and who, though quite friendly to me whilst I was taking his portrait, would allow no one else to enter my studio.'

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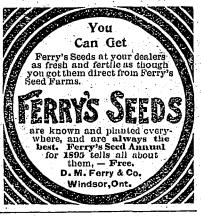
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