

AN INDIAN'S NOVEL ROLE.

Sanguinary Kicking Bear Sitting as the Model of a Life Saver.

Vanity is undoubtedly a universal human attribute. It is not confined to the dainty belle of the ballroom or her faultlessly attired beau. Poor Lo is as much its victim as his civilized brothers and sisters of the Caucasian race.



C. Rohl Smith,

a Chicago sculptor, is at present engaged upon a typical Indian group commemorating the massacre of 1812.

This will show one heroic looking savage saving the life of Mrs. Helm, a white woman, who is

KICKING BEAR IN CLAY. about to be killed by an Indian. The event sought to be commemorated is a historic one, and Mrs. Helm's preserver bore the name of Black Partridge.

Black Partridge is reputed to have been a man of remarkably fine physique, and Sculptor Smith might have been put to his trumps to find a model were it not for the fact that there is at present in Fort Sheridan a very bad Indian named Kicking Bear, who it was found upon investigation would answer the purpose admirably. So he was engaged for an entirely new role—that of a real good, humane Indian. The humor or irony of this arrangement seems to have struck Kicking Bear with a good deal of force, not unmixed with pleasure. He was one of the most prominent figures in the Wounded Knee Creek fight and had much to do with spilling the blood of the United States soldiers on that occasion.

When Kicking Bear was summoned to Mr. Smith's studio he decked himself out in his best toggery, not even forgetting to hang upon the back of his boiled shirt half a dozen scalps. When Mr. Smith informed Kicking Bear that he was to be the good Indian in the group, that worthy was delighted and immediately began to pose across a heavy rug. He has a magnificent figure and is fully aware of the fact, although he seems to have fallen into the very grievous error of imagining that a cigarette firmly implanted between his lips accentuates the dignity of his appearance.

On the occasion of his first sitting for Mr. Smith, Kicking Bear prepared himself for luncheon by applying an extra dab of red paint to his prominent cheekbones, and he appeared at table wearing nothing but an elaborate breechclout, a pair of moccasins and a smile of supreme self satisfaction. He carried dismay to the heart of Mrs. Smith by the manner in which he attacked the viands. When a piece of watermelon was put before him he took it from the plate, and placing it against his abdomen gave a grunt of satisfaction, and immediately proceeded to bring about the disappearance of the fruit. He explained incidentally that he had made the measurement to learn whether he had room enough left to accommodate it. Mr. Smith's group will be ready to cast in a couple of months.

Illustration by the St. Clair Traveler.