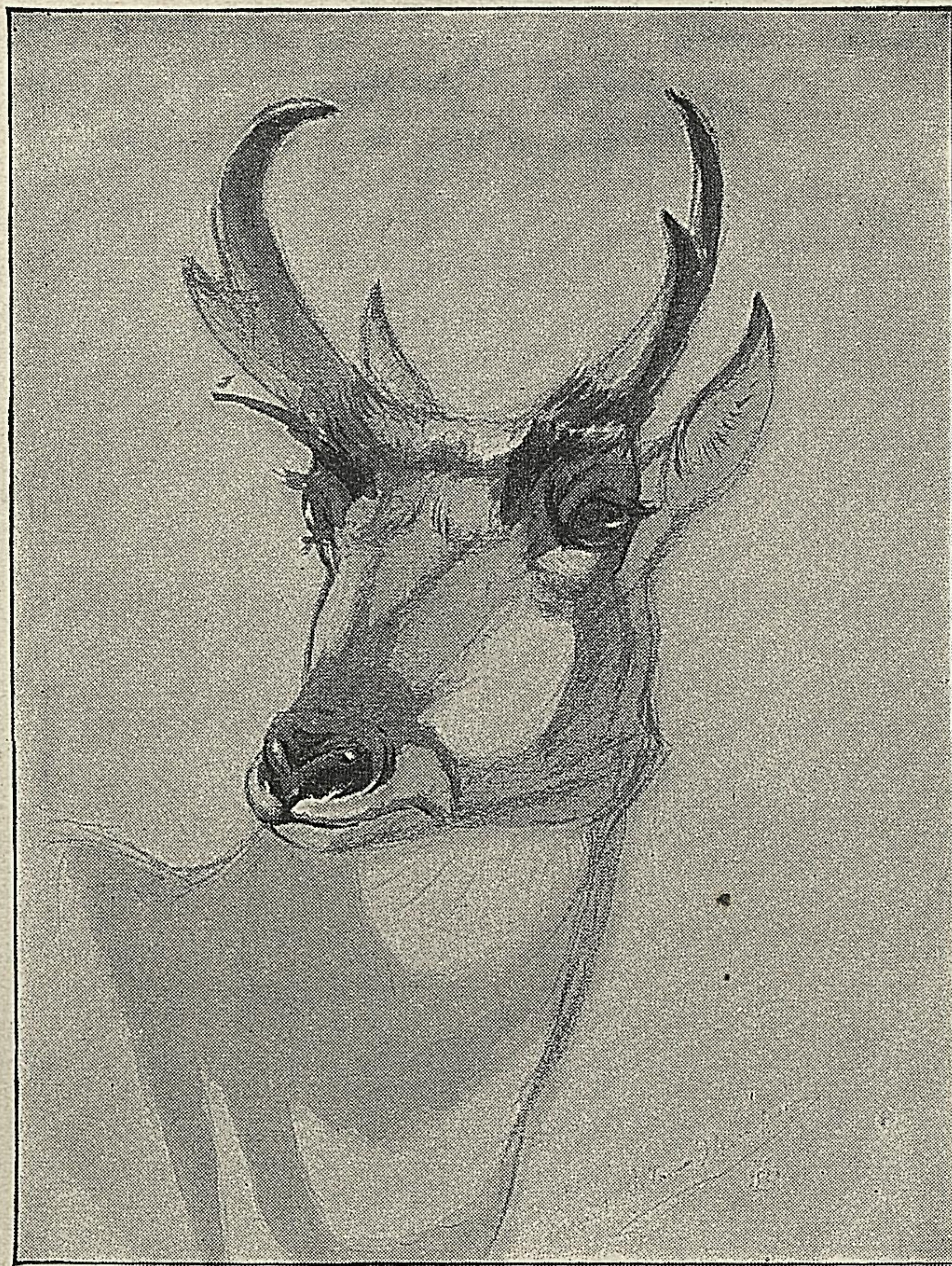


DEER'S HEAD—AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.



Ernest Seton-Thompson at Home.

By Hutchins Hapgood.

With portraits, and several sketches by Mr. Thompson, hitherto unpublished.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON is a picturesque-looking man in the late thirties. His hair is long, black, and wavy; his face pale and regular, with emphatic, dark eyes. He looks as much like the great Polish pianist, Paderewski, as is possible for an Englishman.

But the obviously æsthetic ceases with Mr. Seton-Thompson's looks. In manner he is direct and simple, unaffected, does not talk "art," and is interested primarily in facts.

An interview, in which the talk was carried on sometimes by Mrs. Seton-Thompson, sometimes by the artist himself, bore mainly upon the elucidation of the two prime qualities of the man—his tenacity of purpose and his love of truth.

"There is only one way to succeed," he said, in answer to a question, "and that is to keep at it." The autobiographical detail he told illustrated his ability in that line without his intending it. As a very young boy he was interested in animals, and when ten years old was at the head of a circus, where the boys impersonated Indians, buffaloes, etc., and had sham battles, much in the manner of Buffalo Bill. He even edited a newspaper at that tender age, in order, as he expressed it, "to advertise my show." He wrote, as well as set up, illustrated, and printed all of the paper himself, and one day published a poem on the king-bird, which was always a favorite with him.

"Was it a sentimental poem?"