

TATTERED GENIUS OF STUDIOS MARRIES HEIRESS CUPID PUTS HIS FETTERS ON UNTRAMMELED ART

Polish Sculptor, Whose Bizarre Statues Made Fellow-Artists Gasp, Wins Bride on Chicago's Gold Coast and Now Bows to Conventions of Dress and Living He Scorned When in "Bohemia"

UNTAMED LION OF ATELIERS CLIPS SHAGGY MANE WHEN WEALTHY GIRL SAYS "YES"

Studied Anatomy From His Father's Cadaver and Nibbled Stale Bread Rather Than Sell Work to "Unworthy Patrons"—Now Society Is Asking if Romance Has Won Victory Over "Temperament"

The Rampaging Lion and the Bridal Lamb

BEFORE marriage Szukalski—
Wore tattered clothes and long, flowing, unkempt locks. Nibbled on stale bread or went hungry. Paraded Chicago's Bowl' Mich in his weird attire. Nearly wrecked the Art Institute in a wild rage after a dispute with a director.

AFTER marriage Szukalski—
Got a hair cut! Darted into alleyways to escape reporters when calling on his fiancée. Announced he was going to live on a farm and raise pigs. Said "yes" meekly when his bride vetoed this plan and announced he would continue his art.

UNTRAMMELED art, with baggy tam o' shanter slanting across forehead, long hair peeping from beneath, strode to the sheltered entrance of Chicago's exclusive "Gold Coast," hammered briskly on the commonplace knocker and entered through wide-awing doors.

Thus, almost allegorically, Stanislaus Szukalski, temperamental and unemphatic Polish sculptor, went back to Chicago to claim his bride, Miss Helen Louise Walker, heiress and one of the city's foremost society belles.

And thus did untrammelled art become fettered matrimony. Because, so far, Stanislaus has been absolutely conventional in everything—in the taking out of the marriage license, the "quiet wedding" at the home of the parents, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Walker, and the regular honeymoon.

One knowing Stanislaus as of old would exclaim in astonishment, "It is impossible! That fellow would never marry in that way. He is too free—he preaches nothing but freedom. If he married, it would be in some outlandish, ultra-unconventional fashion."

But, alas! 'tis true that Stanislaus, the man who has startled New York and Chicago by his "horribly perfect" statues—statues which were unlike anything ever seen before—has accepted the marital yoke in the same way as the clerk in the store or the most unimaginative man imaginable.

Bride Says "Nay! Nay!" And He Says "Nay! Nay!"
When the ceremony had been performed in the Walker home the bride said:

"We are leaving for Toronto for a short honeymoon. We will return to New York and live in Stanley's studio at 428 Lafayette street. Stanley will have to work alone. I am not going to interfere with him. And then her voice had a higher inflection. "Do you think that I am going to give up my painting? No, indeed."

The husband nodded his head in a docile manner. The wife was speaking. And the terrible Stanislaus, who nearly wrecked the Chicago Art Institute once when he had an argument about the placing of some of his work, who walked the streets in rags and hungry, refusing to accept the aid even of friends, and who calmly took the body of his father to further his study of anatomy, as he did not have the money to buy the cadavers of other men—this same Stanislaus who has scorned his wealthy patrons because like all other husbands, gentle and docile. And so they left on their honeymoon.

Even if Stanislaus has changed some of his ideas about freedom—no one knows, maybe he hasn't—one could never say that he was a "gold digger," that he married so that he would not have to suffer the pangs of hunger, as he did even recently in New York.

What Scorned Wealth It Meant "Toadying"
There were vague apprehensions in the society concerning the match

of the modernly furnished drawing-room.

Has His Locks Shorn At Request of Charmer

But a change had come over Stanislaus. He tried being unconventional for a time, going up the alleyway and through the kitchen to see Miss Walker, but he finally gave it up, and horrors! clipped his locks, put on a collar and tie, and appeared at the Marriage License Bureau attired like

quietly told to be sure, which illustrates the temperament of the sculptor. He was in indigent circumstances. A friend suggested that he do a bust of a prominent society woman, a woman whose husband is one of the foremost millionaires of Chicago.

Stanislaus Szukalski seeks in his art to portray by a certain caricature the true nature of the subject. He was afraid that he would be unable to control this desire in "sculpting" the so-

and begged the woman's pardon, and indicated by his manner that the thing was at an end.

That night he dined on tea and some of the stale rye bread in his studio. He always used rye bread, he told his friends, because it kept longer than white bread. He would purchase a loaf and sometimes nibble on it for weeks.

He was extremely proud in those days, as his Chicago friends knew him. "Little Bohemia," which lies in that section of Chicago just north of the



Miss Helen Walker



Stanislaus Szukalski

Poverty and Hunger Were Pals of Sculptor

SZUKALSKI, although penniless and hungry, broke a statue into bits and rejected a check for \$1000 because the work did not suit him, although the sitter was satisfied.
He refused to work in a studio provided by a wealthy patron, where he had light and comfort and food because the "atmosphere" was un congenial and went back to his old garret and his diet of nibbled stale bread.
Offers to join dinner parties were rejected even when hunger was gnawing, because the artist feared he was being given "charity."



One of Szukalski's statues

other men. He stood in line like others, instead of rushing impulsively to the window and demanding a license. And then he put his famed signature to a new work of art when, in liquid characters, he put his name to the application for a license.

It was the same signature that had graced the bizarre statues; those same statues which caused a New York sculptor of fame to exclaim: "All of this artist's work should be cast in pure gold. After seeing it, I never want to take up a mallet and chisel again."

When he had obtained his license, Stanislaus smiled and said: "I don't know when we are going to be married. The Outfit board ought to know. Anyway, we are going to live on a farm and raise pigs."

But Miss Walker, who was standing outside in the corridor, rubbing elbows with a score of other brides-to-be, shied at the idea of a farm and pigs, and then Stanislaus—the terrible Stanislaus—smiled meekly and said, "Yes, dear."

It was all so conventional, the way Stanislaus got married.

It is interesting to study the marked antithesis of the pair.
Miss Walker had lived her life in ease and luxury. Stanislaus Szukalski had been ill from hunger even in the last year. Miss Walker had had entire into the best of homes by right of her family position, since she was old enough to go about and she had been inclined to a thorough appreciation of caste.

She was bridesmaid-to-have-been in the Mary Landon Baker near-marriage to Allister McCormick, when all society was kept "waiting at the church." Her father is one of the most prominent physicians in Chicago. He was a major in the Red Cross during the war and gained fame by stemming the typhus epidemic in Macedonia. He is chief of staff at the Children's Memorial Hospital.

Dr. Walker is the son of a pioneer Chicagoan and was graduated from Yale. He is a brother of the late Judge Charles M. Walker. He has been president of the Yale Club in Chicago.

Dr. Walker's other daughter, Harriet, married Paul Welling, son of the former president of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Stanislaus Szukalski's father was a blacksmith.
Although recognized by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, John Sloan, Robert Henri, Peter Larson, Walter Dean Goldbeck and the upper social element in both Chicago and New York, he has sneered at society and refused to sell any of his work for private collections.

Hungry But He Refused To Sell "Poor" Statue

There is still a story in Chicago.

Used Father's Cadaver for Anatomy Studies

WHEN the artist's father died he appeared and asked for the body.
"I want to dissect it," he announced calmly. "I'm too poor to buy a cadaver for anatomical studies. I know my father would wish it."
He got the body.
The anatomical exactness of Szukalski's statues are the sensation of the artistic world.



An example of Szukalski's prowess as sculptor

Chicago River, saw much of him. He went abroad in the most pathetic attire, his hair long, his clothes ragged and his toes sticking out of his shoes.
And all this time society people who had seen his work were clamoring for him to sell some of it or at least allow them to help him. But even the aid of his own personal friends was scorned.

One afternoon a writer in Chicago who has since made a name for himself saw the sculptor on the street, noted his unattractive appearance and asked him to come for supper.
"No," said Stanislaus Szukalski. "I cannot come for supper, but I shall be glad to come around after supper."
He was afraid that this friend was pitying him and invited him only to feed him. He confessed as much later and added that he had gone three days without food.

There is an engraver in Chicago who took a particular interest in the sculptor and approached "him" through friends. It was urged that the sculptor go to the South Side and work in a newly equipped studio.
His friends showed him how he could further his art, how much better he could work in such a place, and finally

he consented. The studio was ideally equipped for a sculptor, had living quarters and everything was provided, even to food.

"Charity Atmosphere" Chilled Fires of Genius

For three weeks Stanislaus Szukalski worked in the studio. Then one day he threw down his mallet and chisel and exclaimed:

"I don't seem to be able to work here. I am not in the proper atmosphere. I have lost something." To the astonishment of his benefactor, he walked from the place and never returned.
He went back to the North Side to a cheap little studio. His place was the rendezvous of artists and writers, and for a time he held a class there.

Miss Walker, who had won certain honors herself in drawing and painting, first met him there. This was before America's entry into the war. She became a student in his class. He is said to have been a thorough teacher, and when illustrating to his class where he thought certain muscles should be he would take the muscle of the model in his hand and jerk it into that position.

Those who know him say he never worked from a model himself. In all his "grotesque" critics have admitted that his anatomy was correct in every detail. At first sight his figures seem to be terribly distorted, but on close study it is found that everything is strangely correct.

He often said, "I learned my anatomy from my father."
Those who knew the story naturally found this a rather unconvincing expression. His father was killed in a street car accident. Stanislaus found the body in the morgue. He showed no emotion. He went to the officials and asked for a permit to keep the body. When they asked him what he wanted with it, he replied:

"I want to dissect it. I want to learn anatomy. I am too poor to buy the cadavers of other men. My father would wish it."
It was thus by dissecting the body of his own father that young Szukalski acquired that knowledge of the structure of the human, which, even in his most bizarre conception, is startlingly accurate.

Chased Art Director Who Had Offended Him

Stanislaus recently exhibited at the Art Institute in Chicago. A whole room was given him. One conception, which is supposed to have been slightly anti-British, was placed in a corner. He saw the change, flew into a violent rage and chased one of the directors of the institute through several rooms.

That peculiar conception showed how Poland had been down-trodden. He has declared that his love for Poland and his grief at her deplorable condition have been among the great inspirations in his art.
The members of his class, the one that Miss Walker attended, were taught that they must hold uppermost in their minds some major emotion to inspire them in their work.
Szukalski at sixteen was the infant phenomenon of the Art Museum of Cracow, Poland. Artists went from Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg and Vienna to see his perfect creations in clay and bronze. Then his father emigrated to Chicago and set up a blacksmith shop.
Helen Walker at eleven won a silver badge in a drawing contest open to the juvenile readers of a children's magazine. Last year at an exhibition for American artists at the Art Institute she offered a painting to the directors, but it was rejected. It was later shown at a department store exhibit arranged by insurgent artists, an organization headed by Rudolph Weisenborn.

At the time Miss Walker became a member of the rebels and since has been active in the work.

Szukalski has been an exhibitor at the institute since he was eighteen. Arthur J. Eddy "discovered" him as far back as 1914, when futurist sculpture was something of aogue. He is but twenty-six. A couple of years ago he saw his father killed. His mother

is starting in Poland. His sister, a girl of nineteen, is in the same terrible district.

Eight Uncles Killed or Sent Into Siberia

"When sympathy was expressed for such tragic afflictions he said: 'Oh, we are used to sorrow in my family. My grandfather had nine sons. Eight were either executed or sent to Siberia as revolutionists. My father was the only one to escape.'

"This long-haired, rather under-sized Polish lad, with the face of a poet, has undeniable genius—and don't forget that the difference between genius and talent is that genius lights its own fires."

So much for the history of Stanislaus and his bride.

There was at one time talk of parental objection. But that was overcome. A week before last, when Stanislaus was carrying the marriage license around in his pocket and calling on Miss Walker every day he was noticed going up an alley.

He did this to avoid reporters. For since he went to Chicago he has said: "I have nothing to say. Our romance is three years old. Why do the newspapers bother us now?"
But anyway on this particular day as he went in the kitchen way, by giving a password to the cook, he went upstairs where only Dr. and Mrs. Walker were to be found. He told reporters that Miss Walker was not at home—that she had gone out at 6 A. M. and the reporters knew that this was true. The fact that he visited strictly private at a time when the daughter was not home gave a different impression of the supposed parental objection.

ZITA'S BABY IS CHRISTENED

Girl is Named After Two Spanish Queens
Madrid, June 6.—Ex-Empress Zita's baby was baptized in the Prado Palace yesterday as Maria Cristina Victoria Eugenia. This name was given to the child in accordance with the former Austrian monarch's special desire to commemorate the hospitality of the Spanish royal family in the hours of misfortune.

The Papal Nuncio officiated at the ceremony, which was strictly private, only a few persons of high rank being present. The Spanish sovereigns acted as sponsors. The others present included Archduchess Maria Theresa, the Duchess of Parma and Archdukes Maximilian and Otto.

GASPARRI IN POOR HEALTH

Papal Secretary of State Takes Early Vacation This Year
Rome, June 6.—Cardinal Gasparri, papal secretary of state, left Rome yesterday to take the cure at Monte Cattini, near Florence.
The Cardinal usually takes his vacation in September. This year he has suffered from erysipelas and also is run-down following his hard work in the recent conclave and later in making arrangements for the Rinchiariste Congress. His physician ordered him to go to Monte Cattini.



Dr. Samuel J. Walker, father of bride