

On My Way



Art Young

ON

MY

WAY

Mr

Young



HORACE
LIVERIGHT

Madison

Monroe

Born about here

WISCONSIN

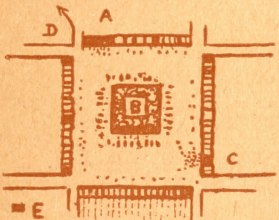
ILLINOIS



THE VILLAGE SQUARE

Monroe Wis. - 1880 -

SCENE OF BAND-CONCERTS PARADES, MARKETING &C.



- A. D. S. YOUNG'S STORE.
- B. COURT HOUSE & PARK
- C. POST OFFICE.
- D. ROAD TO POOR HOUSE.
- E. JAIL.

CHICAGO

PHILADELPHIA

WASHINGTON

Turn Compass to suit

CATSKILLS

BERKSHIRES

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING A BOOK BY ART YOUNG - COME AGAIN

N.Y. CONN.

Bethel

MAP OF MY WAY

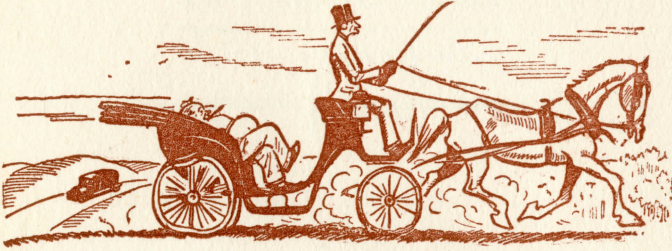
NEW YORK

Long Isl

But not strictly accurate for young cartographers

ON MY WAY

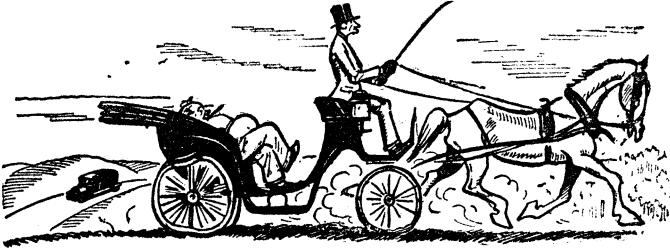
Mr Young



On My Way:
Being the Book
of ART YOUNG in
Text and Picture

New York
Horace Liveright

1928



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FOREWORD

As the years continue, a man's ego has a way of diminishing to that pathetic point where all things seem futile. His memory also may become clouded and elusive. Thinking my ego and my memory still intact in spite of passing years, I took my pen in hand, the same pen so much addicted to the easier task of drawing, and wrote this book.

It was written in my New York studio and my home in Connecticut, where I looked over my published and unpublished drawings, memoranda, correspondence, and found much of the material out of which the book developed into its present form.

I wrote in the manner of a diarist, feeling that a daily bit of recollection, opinion, or confession, with occasional comment on an event of the day, was the best way to express my interest in the past, present, and future. I wrote something every day for six months, afterwards adding a few more notes throughout the pages. You might call it a rambling record (not neglecting the criminal record) of one who has journeyed through the years observing political, artistic and other human affairs, while concerned with advanced theories for life's fulfillment as well as the immediate problems that confront all of us—on our way.

ART YOUNG.

P.S.—(To whom it may concern): I was registered in the family Bible: Henry Arthur Young. Henry never had a chance. Dignity fought a few times for the preservation of Arthur—but brevity won.

ON MY WAY

ON MY WAY

I

September 1st: As I begin these notes, I am where I ought to be in the summer, at my home among the stone-fenced hills of Connecticut. I will be 60 years of age January next.

Three things are worshipful—the Sun, giver of life; a Human Being who believes something worth while and will die for it if need be, and Art, the recreator of life.

I walked to the village to-day and noted a gentle rise of my spirits as I watched the butterflies careen through the fields of goldenrod.

September 2nd: I look out over the hills this beautiful forenoon. It ought to be a day care free. Nevertheless, a taint of anxiety is in my mind. The rural postman has not brought the right letter. One with a check in it. The thought of expenses and inadequate income persists. This is the blot that is ever before the beauty of the world in the lives of most of us: anxiety that disturbs the harmony with our inner selves over money matters. There is a divine discontent that a humble man of understanding accepts gracefully, but this dollar discontent, this adjustment to a commercial age, is what prevents the artist-soul in all people from expanding.

A neighbor's dog barks unseen but noisily for ten minutes. "Whose dog is that?" says Walter. "That's Mar-

tin's," I reply. He takes a puff at his pipe and says as one convinced from deep contemplation, "I am against dogs." Yesterday he announced that he was against cows. I get amusement out of this gentle protester—whose ideal is oneness with Nature and the elimination of discordant sounds, ugly forms and disease. I call him "Old Rhythm." He eats garlic, but insists that this odor also belongs in his scheme of harmony.



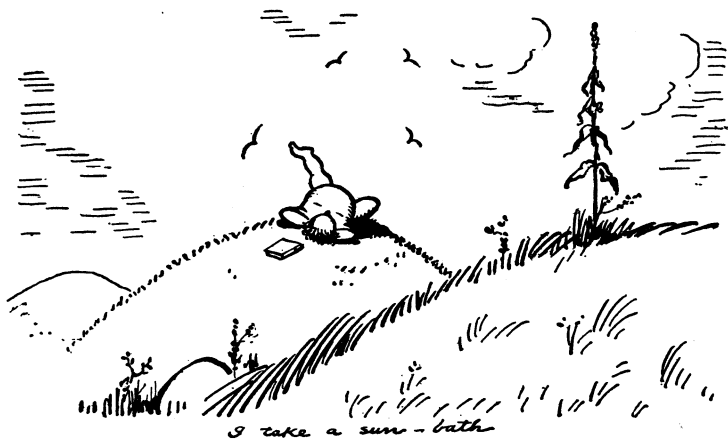
The Cloud

In the evening, a big cloud, shaped like a gigantic camel, came up beyond the orchard hill.

September 3rd: After a night of cool wind and rain, the first autumn leaves fall. On the road to the village lies a branch of the elm that was green yesterday, now turned a beautiful orange yellow. I halt a moment to note this design and color lying against the gray mud of the road. Along the way is a little girl with a doll singing a refrain about "My baby." And she just out of babyhood herself. A five minutes' look at a child with its dream eyes makes the day worth while.

ON MY WAY

September 4th: A half hour on the orchard hill almost naked, taking the sun. Instead of my usual prone sleeping posture, I rolled around. I have been told that a distant neighbor with a field glass sees me. If I were as scantily dressed at the seacoast I would look proper enough, but this sunbathing on a hill undressed stimulates the neighbors'



curiosity. I resent enthusiasm about our physical emotions, like smacking lips and exulting at the thought of a succulent dinner of several courses. To write wild rapture about our material sensations has never seemed to me the highest form of literature. I have heard people say that it made them hungry to read Charles Lamb on "roast pig." Literature and art ought to make people soul hungry. But describing our physical sensations I say is vastly overdone and trivial.

A poet who exults over the feel of his loved one's body is tiresome. He is just having a good time and is so self-centered, he rhapsodizes over the obvious. But in spite of this belief I must say that the caress of the sun as you lol

around in the generous lap of mother nature is a delight.

September 5th: A trip to New York for the day. In a Greenwich Village restaurant, I met M. W., the actress. She had played star parts and had achieved notable success. "What are you doing now?" I inquired. And she replied, "Looking for a job." Past achievement counts for little in the player's profession. Indeed it counts little in any of the arts throughout our country. Fame is turned on and off like gas. Each year if you get a job you are defending your past reputation like a prize fighter. If you don't get the job, you are slipping into the class of "has-beens." Per-



haps it is better so. But it is an art in itself to one who is used to public acclamation to be content to subside gracefully into permanent or even temporary obscurity.

I like dogs and I think that I will have one on my farm next summer, but he will not be a barking dog. Is there any sound less friendly than the bark of a dog at his master's gate? I may like a man very much but it takes me a long time to get into a companionable frame of mind

if his dog has barked at me as I enter his home. "It's our house. What right have you here?" This is what a barking dog always means to me. His master may not feel that way about it, but it is his dog and he is an accessory before the fact. Another sound that I resent is a person shouting in an acidulous voice down the stairway of an apartment house, "Who is it?" when I am merely trying to make a friendly call. Just as repugnant is having to shout back my name—self-trumpeting my advance as if I were important. But the barking dog remains the symbol of property rights and seclusion.



Corn, pumpkins and crowd.

September 6th: Most of the day has been spent at my drawing table. But late in the afternoon I decided to get sweet corn for dinner. One of the richest sensations of my boyhood was walking through a field of corn, my arm outstretched to cleave aside the long rustling leaves. The cornfields and the pumpkins that I thought so decorative in the days of youth are here this day and I sketched them as typical of the American scene.

Crows don't belong in the country. Their place is in the city. They are so busy and fret so much and are so noisy about it they break the peace. But it is interesting to watch the crows hold a convention on a dead tree near my home. Dead leafless trees are preferred so that they can see all about them and quickly disperse from man and his gun who would deny their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of corn. After an exciting discussion one crow seems to say "Oh! this is just talk" and he flies away in disgust.

The other crows soon conclude that he is right and follow him. They all alight on another convention tree, where the minutes of the last meeting are read and the excitement is continued.



'Hello, Mister Youngs'

September 7th: I walk along the road and a village girl shouts a musical "Hello, Mr. Young" as she sweeps the steps of a house that is old and humble. Markham says, "Poetry is 'taking a hint.'" So pictures are made. The hint that a scene which interests you, will interest others if dramatized with artistic skill.

Thirty-six years ago while traveling abroad I made a sketch in Wales of a little girl sweeping the home door-step. I copy it from my sketch book and put it beside the one I made to-day. Sweeping the door-step in Wales, in Siberia, in Australia, in far lands everywhere and here at home. The universal scene in the simple annals of common living.

It is Labor Day, a day that should be the most important

of our national holidays. Yet no special significance or encouragement is given it by the Federal or State governments. The work of the world, the nerve, muscle and brain of human beings is the one big essential fact of our existence. Though most of labor is regimented and automatic, the skilled craft laborer, the artist producer—all, I like to think—do the best they can in a world where the big rewards go to those who have got out of the class called labor, into ownership and responsible management. That the agent who sells paintings makes more money in a month than the artist whose paintings are sold makes in a year, is but an instance of the discrepancy between production and management. I glance up at my picture of William Morris and think of him and a host of other artists who lived in the dream of a more just world. Not a dream of more money so necessary to existence now, but a dream of life and labor for its own sake, for the joy of doing and for service.

September 8th: I like the foreigners in our country towns. Our smiling, courteous shoe-repairer is an Italian. This afternoon he resoled my shoes. The good-natured man of the small shop grocery and soda fountain is a Syrian who, as a boy, tended sheep on Mount Lebanon. His children, like the children of Joe the fruit man, who was born in Naples, give the true Connecticut short-cut to their words and, indeed, are just like native children in thought and actions, proving again the argument for environment. The Syrian's son practices on the piano in the parlor above the store the popular airs of the theaters and the halls of jazz. At our home, though we are American born, and like our native music, we are international and wild enough to delight in the music of the tribes of Syria. At evening we are transported into the Orient by our own playing. I

improvise a rhythmic tom-tom cadence on the piano that gives me a vision of the caravans, dancing girls and temples of the East. The music of Africa, Russia, China is also on our repertoire. My friend Devon picks the mandolin in his own wonderful way, and the music nights at the Chestnut Ridge home of the "c'toonist," as I have heard a native call me, are joy flights into the romance of other lands.

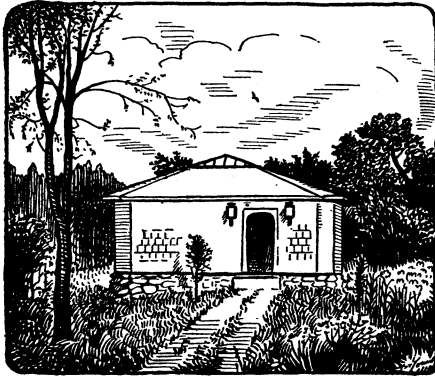
September 9th: The talk of a country town, especially among old people, is mostly about ailments.

I listened in to-day as I walked along the main street where a farmer who still drives a horse in a world of automobiles was talking with the sixty-year-old village virgin. Of the conversation, as I passed, I heard the farmer say: "I dunno what is the matter with me." Then, pulling reflectively at his beard, he said, "Bilious, I suppose." To this the lady replied, "Probly! Probly!"

September 10th: There is a bank in the town. The business done is naturally small in a place with a population of less than three thousand. Our bank president, with his appearance of well-dressed dignity and air of conservative decorum, might qualify as Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. He is very much interested in a high standard of local citizenship. I have been told that he fears I am one of those "dangerous radicals."

September 11th: This morning at breakfast I tried to retell my guest a speech I made last night when, on invitation of Mr. Sanford, I was motored down to Redding and explained my plans and motives for a small art gallery now being built on my land, to a gathering of residents who call themselves the East Side Club. Some of these residents

pass my place on their way to the village, and have been curious about the two large cement toads that ornament my stone gate posts. I told them the idea of the toads with jewels in their heads was suggested by one William Shakespeare in "As You Like It" and how, after these toads had been unveiled, August 1st, before an enthusiastic gathering of neighbors and a few artists from Westport, I concluded to continue the improvement of my place by carrying out



an idea, long pondered, of a private art gallery. The ornamental toad entrance, I explained, must now lead to something worth while. I told the club that every town should have an art gallery for the people. But town governments are not, as a rule, run by socially minded individuals. Therefore, art galleries are not built in small communities in America. But any one with money enough to build a garage can build his own picture museum. Personally, I prefer an art gallery to a garage. With my own drawings permanently housed, I would feel like one whose professional record has been dutifully safeguarded. I told them I would have days for the public, and special events of an educational nature. If the public showed no interest in my plan, I

would enjoy it alone, no harm done. I told them that most people are artists and dreamers in their youth, but their talent and appreciation for art are destroyed by continual application to business and the duty of getting on. I said many things to them as they came to my mind as being appropriate to the subject, and when I finished they gave me a rising vote of thanks. I stood up, too, for I thought, "If I can help to stimulate interest in the arts, I ought to thank myself." You will hear more about this gallery as I proceed with these notes.

September 12th: Met that terror to the natives, Mrs. S., in Danbury, and took dinner with her. Mrs. S. has red



hair and is that kind of rebel (so prevalent in these days) to whom something tragic has happened, but now she is independent and doesn't care who knows it. Mrs. S. came here from the South with her two young

boys and was the first woman hereabouts to wear overalls and smoke cigarettes. She delights in running the gauntlet of criticism. With a get-out-of-the-way spirit she dashes her way to the village in a small auto-truck with the milk and other products of her farm. She inherited many things from her relatives and, needing the money, sold a few letters recently that Edgar Allan Poe had written to her grandmother, receiving five thousand dollars from the sale. When the boys are full grown, she says, she will "cut loose." Well! Well! I commented on the admirable straightness of her back in spite of hard farm work. "Yes," she said, "but I am worried about my hands. Look, they are getting knuckled." I left her laughing at everything except her knuckles.

September 13th: This is Sunday. A few people around here go to church. I stay at home with my own home-made brand of religion. It is, what you might call, a prayerful faith in the all-good-and-all-wise. I sometimes refer to my Omnipotent as the God of Life and Laughter or as God of Truth and Love. What is right according to this kind of God (not what is right by creed or tradition, Mrs. Grundy's ethics or laws made by man) is my religion. I don't expect to be absolutely right, but I want to go in the right direction. To approximate this "right" in my human relations is of great importance to me. Friends help but little with their well-meaning advice, for they cannot see all of the circumstances or my ultimate purpose. Hence this faith in a greater wisdom beyond the opinions of the world.

A gathering on Neighbor Pendleton's lawn this afternoon. Walter played the guitar and I cut up capers, juggled walnuts and danced with the village belle.

September 14th: Neighbor Martin and I took a walk in the woods this afternoon. He saw "Arms and the Man" played last night in New York and told me about it. Then we got interested in trees. His favorite is the cedar. He likes to feel of its "muscles" as he calls the hard convoluted trunk. He pointed out a sassafras tree. I had never seen one before. We saw a snake. A pheasant flew up. I made a "senatorial" speech, at Martin's request, from a platform rock. This readiness to make a speech every time I come to a platform, dates from the year 1905 when I graduated from the school of "parliamentary procedure, oratory and debate" in Cooper Union, New York. And later, my observations of Washington politicians, and my campaign as Socialist party nominee for the New York State Senate, familiarized me with the platitudes, the postures and the

eloquent bunk that are the equipment of our so-called statesmen. Here is the grand finale of my speech in imitation of a southern Congressman:

“Mistah Speakah, Ah have no hesitation in saying that the 63rd Congress of these United States has put on the statute books of this yeah country three of the most beneficent, far-reaching laws ever conceived bah the brain of man. The income tax, the federal reserve act, the Underwood tariff,



Shag-Bark Hickory Birch

Cedar

A speech in the woods

Mistah Speakah, serve as beacon lights in our glorious system of jurisprudence.

“And I think I may say to the gentlemen on the other side of this tribunal, without feah of successful contradiction, that these laws are the apotheosis of a triumphant democracy.”

September 15th: Took a walk around the back road to the village. In two small farmhouses I hear babies crying. The cry of a baby is annoying and nerve racking, but women don't seem to mind it. To me, it is heralded sadness—sadness proclaimed with such selfish insistence that I

cannot escape its exasperating effect on my spongy nerves. I feel something ought to be done about it. If it's my baby, as some have been, I feel responsible for the sadness and, one cry being the forerunner of millions more yet coming to it, the thought is terrifying. Fortunately, we grow up and keep our sadness to ourselves. Anyway we don't shout it from the housetops as in infancy, but we cry just the same.

I cut across and walk through the village graveyard. I think of my kind-hearted Pennsylvania Dutch mother. She liked to go to the town cemetery, not sadly, but to take a few flowers and look around. She now lies in the same cemetery, in the Wisconsin town of my boyhood.

* * *

In the haunts of the intelligentsia they sometimes quote Art Young's "bon mots." It is true that the mood and surroundings sometimes inspire me to "sparkling" comment. At other times I am disappointing to those who expected scintillation. Thus are these notes of the day. Some dullness and some flashes.

September 16th: This evening, as I write, I am wondering what is worthy of type and posterity. I worked most of the day with splendid concentration on drawings of Hell. I get much amusement out of Hell as a subject for my pencil. My first drawings of a modern inferno were made at the age of twenty-one. I wanted Eugene Field to write a story to cover the pictures. He told me to write it myself. I did—badly. My "Hell Up to Date" was published in Chicago and had a popular sale throughout the Middle West. Many of the drawings I would now reject as inferior to my present standard of work. In later years I drew

“Snapshots in Hades” for *Life*. At this period my drawing had improved, but I put too much emphasis on the lugubrious. For the early *Cosmopolitan* I drew a series of pictures called “Through Hell with Hiprah Hunt.”



Hell

They were published in book form in 1909—by my friend C. Zimmerman. The text was by myself. These books are out of print. To have fun with the old traditional Hell, and make it over with modern improvements—elevators, slot-machines, barbed wire fences, *et cetera*—is an idea that I have felt worthy of my time and talent, abounding as it

does in endless possibilities for the whimsical exercise of the imagination and ironic joshing.

Dante’s *Inferno* was peopled mostly with those who had committed crimes recognized as such by the statute laws of this world. I enlarged the conception of this inferno to include many other kinds of offenders—in fact, all of us. I wanted a bigger and better—a democratic Hell, and modern efficiency. I felt that editors, preachers, politicians, poets, landlords, lawyers, cartoonists—and many others—should not be exempt from a properly planned region for future punishment.

The idea that some people were good enough for Heaven and others only fit for Hell seemed to me an antiquated absurdity. I also started a series of drawings for *Life*



From Hell Up to Date
He poked his nose in other people's affairs.



The inventor of the barb-wire fence.

of a modernized and less exclusive Heaven. But the editor watched them (too closely to suit me)—for fear I would offend somebody—so I stopped the Heaven, but continued the Hell drawings whenever I felt in a mood for the subject.

I liked to draw naked people as I had observed the human form in art schools, in turkish baths and elsewhere. I also enjoyed the creation of new kinds of devils and imps: skinny ones, and fat, hairy ones and horned veterans. I turned them all loose in this new Hell of mine which I thought was a great improvement (as an idea) on Dante's conception—illustrated by Doré. I had a great admiration for both poet and illustrator as artists. But they were too serious about Hell. I felt that it was high time somebody took the subject and got a little fun out of it. Perhaps my reading of Ingersoll had influenced my thought.



There was a minister who took even this comedy-hell of mine seriously. He lived in Texas and had lantern slides made of my drawings and traveled about preaching the old-fashioned doctrine of future punishment and proved everything with my pictures.

September 17th: Before I get through with this daily bit of writing that will be continued for some time, I expect to be reminiscent. No day passes that one does not hark back to the personalities and events of yesteryear. It may

end in an autobiography, complete enough for a subject such as I—a fragmentary account of one who has lived with devotion to his talent, and has had much experience with men and women in various walks of life.

One of the difficulties throughout my life has been to know when to show a feeling of anger. I know anger is a devastating thing if overdone, but there is a healthy anger, just as there is a healthy serenity. I have a reputation for being good-natured and tolerant.



'Boiling mad.'

But when to give way to the pressure of an annoying circumstance, when to cease exercising these virtues of tolerance and good nature, and to release a healthy indignation—that is one of my problems. This much is certain—I can't take time trying to reform anybody. I can try to reform the whole world, ridiculous though it may seem, but to correct

what appears to be a defect in a friend's conduct I have found to be generally futile. And who am I to be the monitor of another's actions? Young people can be molded, but that should be the province of schools taught by scientific mothers and fathers. But to return to the subject of indignation, nothing is funnier than a man who is boiling mad. Especially a fat man. Perhaps that is one reason why I usually hold my anger in leash. When the leash does break—another problem arises: how long to stay mad? Once I stayed mad at a man for ten years (a tailor who

refused to cash a check for me). That is my endurance record. Generally a day is long enough.

September 18th: To call one a propagandist is generally to dismiss him from the sacred realm of art. The favorite cry of critics, "Oh, he is a propagandist, not an artist." These propagandists against propaganda amuse me. Propaganda is a kind of enthusiasm for or against something that you think ought to be spread—that is, propagated. Your propaganda may be wrong or not worth while from another's viewpoint, but that is a personal matter.

Duty, sacrifice, beauty, bravery, death and eternity—all allowable subjects for poets and dramatists—out of which they can fashion works of art. When others do not believe in your enthusiasm your work runs the risk of being condemned as propaganda. There never was a real work of art in which it is not plain that the author wants you to share his loves and sympathies and his ideas of right and wrong.

First of all, his work must be well done; after that you may agree or not with the particular enthusiasm that stirs him.

But the opponent of propaganda we have with us always. No doubt he told Rabelais he was ruining his art by ridiculing the monks; Cervantes, by his satire on the knight errantry of his time; Hugo, Tolstoy and Dickens by championing the cause of the poor; and Shakespeare for his many sermons on conduct and ethics throughout his plays. And perhaps an old Pagan friend of Raphael's advised him not to paint that picture of Peter escaping from prison with the help of beautiful angels, but to keep his art free from the suspicion that he might propagate ideas in favor of the Christian religion.

September 19th: Sometimes I wonder why it is that I am not more in demand by editors. I mean—for such work as is non-political. It is true that I am sought sometimes—to draw this or that—if it occurs to the editor that it is “in my line.” But throughout my whole career (and I don’t speak of it as an exceptional experience, for I don’t know) I have had to seek the editors or I would have starved. In these later years I have been offered a good deal of money by syndicate editors who have thought that I might do a popular series of pictures for the daily newspapers. But, with an honest appreciation for their interest, I have let these offers go by, believing that I would not be at my best in daily production . . . also that the syndicate would get too many protests just because I am Art Young.

Editors, as a rule, do not discover talent, nor do they always appreciate talent when they have got it. Others crowd in who may be a little more popular than the one who is being tried out. It is all scramble and chance. If one is after temporal success and not the success of the eternal skies, one must be eager to give the editor what he thinks the public wants. Then, with enough talent to get by, and being politic, prolific and alert to opportunity, the cash and adulation are pretty sure to follow. Now, let’s have a little poetry:

You want the ocean.

I want the woods.

You want to snort and splash in the salted sea.

I want to splash and snort in the galloping brook.

You want to look away out and beyond at nowhere.

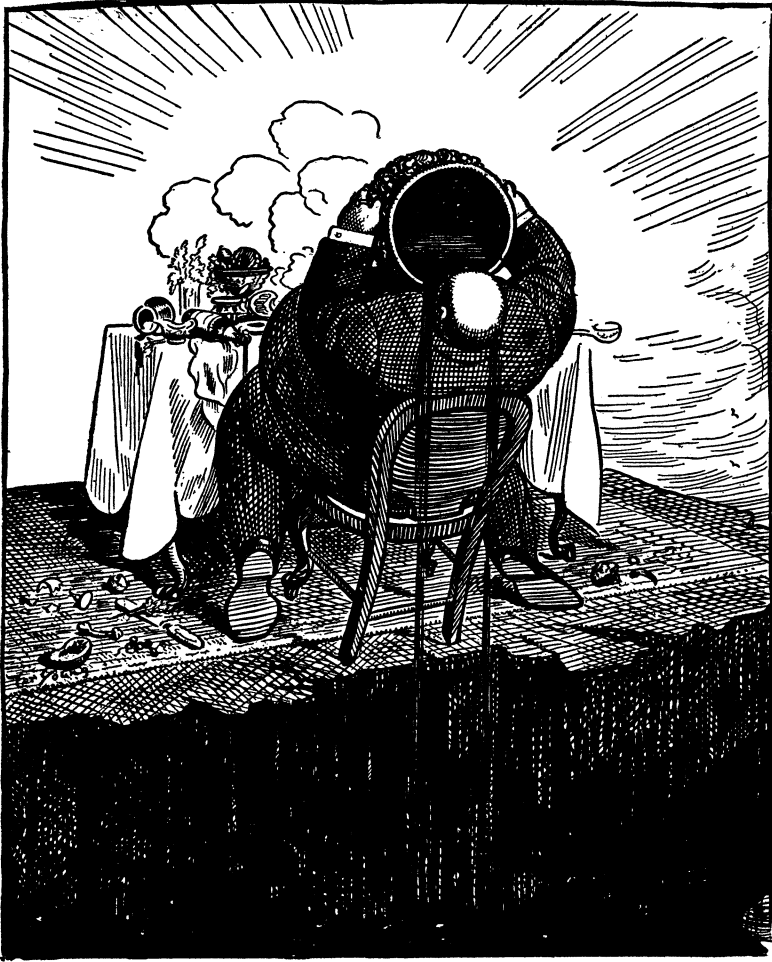
I want surprises among the trees.

September 20th: The magazine *Life*, that is (or was) the American equivalent of England's *Punch*, had for its first editor John Ames Mitchell, who, with the other three M's, Masson, Metcalf, and Miller, as advisory editors, directed the policy, and was, perhaps, the responsible factor for its financial and popular success. *Life* made Mr. Mitchell very rich and, what is better, never spoiled him. Mitchell was an artist. He studied in Paris, and was fond of satirical and fanciful subjects. In the first numbers of *Life* he did pen and ink drawings of cupids dancing through an orchard, or a moonlight scene in a garden or a knight chasing a devil. The latter, by the way, is still the emblem of *Life's* editorial page. On this page E. S. Martin has trailed a flowing pen for thirty years with charm of style and withal a liberal, almost spiritual outlook—a writer for "ladies" and "gentlemen." Mitchell thought of himself as a kind of Socialist, like so many men in places of authority who say to me, "Why, Young, we are all Socialists—but . . ." Mitchell wrote several novels between times when not editing and meeting the "Staff of Life," the term given to a dozen of us illustrators, jokesmiths and cartoonists who met him on Thursday of each week. There was Balfour Ker, the iconoclast cartoonist and sentimentalist. Balfour made the title-page drawing for the first edition of Mr. Mitchell's book "The Silent War," the caption to which was "Christ the first Socialist." I think that this frontispiece drawing was taken out of subsequent editions of Mr. Mitchell's book. Ker also made that drawing of the fist of a workingman thrust up through the floor of a ballroom and creating a panic among the rich revelers, for *Life*. Balfour was a man of reading and thought. His father was a banker. This son was estranged from his parents. He had a habit of falling in and out of love. Balfour was a thorough, painstaking

draftsman—but barely existed from the sale of his drawings. He enjoyed painting—some of his pictures were hung in the London Royal Academy and the Paris Salon. I have just found a letter he wrote me from the hospital a few days before he died; on the margin he draws a picture of himself—skin and bone. Of this Staff of Life—we who sat around waiting our turn to see Mr. Mitchell and had entrée, no questions asked—many are still living and active, except Balfour Ker, Albert Blashfield, W. L. Jacobs, T. S. Sullivan, and Arthur Crawford, the courteous, quiet creator of humorous ideas. Crawford's last idea was not humorous, and was accepted only by himself. One day he walked over to the park, lit a cigarette, took a few puffs, and lifting a revolver to his temple—ended his life. John Ames Mitchell was a man we all liked. It's so easy to say that you like a man after he is dead, but we said it always. If he didn't take to your drawings he would let you down easy by saying, "It doesn't steal my heart away," and we had nothing to say after that.

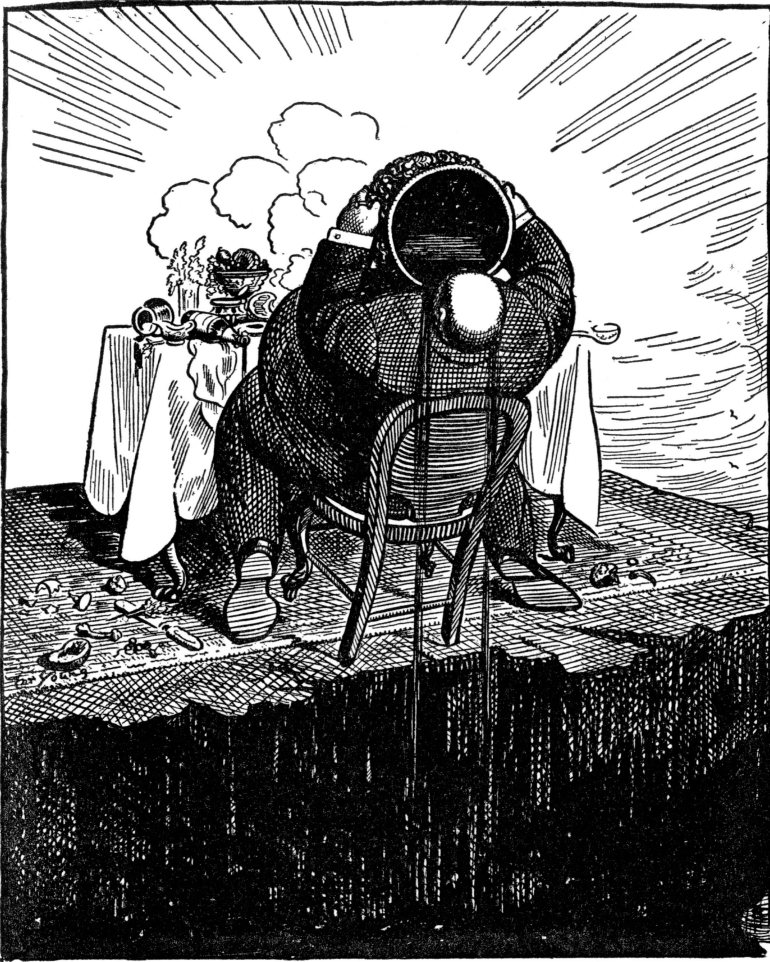
The home where he lived at Ridgefield in summer is ten miles southwest of my Bethel home as the aëroplanes fly. I sat on the porch over there with him and his dog one Sunday afternoon and looked out over the breathing meadows and the changing sky. We discussed Charles Dana Gibson, the star attraction of *Life*, of whom he was very fond.

September 21st: My father wanted one of his three boys to grow up and look after the farm. It was not much of a farm—only twenty-one acres—but farming was not to the taste of any one of us. Charles, the eldest, wanted to be a soldier and recite poetry. (Now, wasn't that a beautiful combination?) Will wanted to go to college. He used to



CAPITALISM

Life



CAPITALISM

Life

say to me, "If I have to be a farmer, or a storekeeper, anyway I want to be an intelligent one." And it was my ambition to go to the big city and see if I could make my way drawing for publications. I would have sharpened pencils for Nast or Keppler—anything to be near creative work and to look on and earn a little by my own efforts.

Well, the boys had their way. Charles (a good looking fellow with a narcissian pride of appearance), after reading military tactics at home for many years, rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the state militia. During the Spanish-American War he was stationed at Jacksonville, Florida—and recited poetry! Will went to college in Madison, Wisconsin, and gave indications of his future career as a journalist by starting *The Daily Cardinal*. And I went to Chicago and began to draw and peddle my work wherever I thought illustrations were wanted.

So the poor old farm as a permanent investment of the Young Family was doomed.

But in the meantime before breaking home ties I worked on the farm and clerked in our store. Had I been working for any one else but my father I would not have been tolerated. As a farmer I was a complete failure. Of course, I was only sixteen years old, but many boys of that age can be good farm hands if they put their minds to it. When I plowed I would put a *Puck* in one pocket and a *Harper's Weekly* in the other and sit down at the end of each furrow and enjoy myself. And as a clerk in the store I was not much better. I was always watching customers and sketching them, in preference to weighing out groceries and tying up packages.

Our handsome sister, Nettie, married the town's crack photographer and in time became my father's trusted adviser in matters of business. She also read papers on Botti-

celli and other artists at the Woman's Club. Having no children of her own, Nettie devoted herself to the education and upbringing of the other children that were arriving to perpetuate the Youngs. The farm was sold. When I last saw it, it revived a few pleasant memories, but that was all.

Altogether, we were a fairly happy family, laughing a good deal, for we all saw the humor in things. Father liked independent thinking. Many times I have heard him say, "You have to think things out for yourself." But when I did try to think for myself—during the world war—he couldn't understand my reasoning, and once when I told him, "I was proud of the German blood in my mother's veins," he merely said, "If I were a young man I'd go to this war."

Father as a rule was very solemn—I couldn't understand it. I vowed that when I grew up I would at least make an outward show of joy in life. I haven't always been able to do it, but if I walk into a room to-day where people are assembled and there seems to be a funereal atmosphere over all, I feel a duty come upon me—to break the dismal spell with a jest or an enthusiasm over something. Father had one favorite story that he would tell, laughing the while, of a man who stole up cautiously behind a mule that was standing on the edge of a precipice. The man had a twig in his hand and started to tickle the mule from behind, grinning happily, expecting to see it jump over into space, but the mule back-fired with his heels. Father would laugh heartily as he told this story and there is no doubt something in it of eternal wisdom: the joker who got joked himself.

September 22nd: At my drawing table most of the day. Late in the afternoon I went down to the creek on my farm. I widened a short strip of it and dug around, feeling that a bathing pool or an aquarium would add to the utility and

beauty of the place. I saw a cat on the bank of the creek looking for minnows. Just a wee bit of longing for the city to-day to see the swarming hordes again, to meet editors and



to get a table d'hôte dinner and above all to see the girls giggling and screaming across the hazardous streets. There are so many things to do in the way of exercising the intellect and the emotions in New York it is bewildering. Music, lectures, theaters everywhere, museums, libraries, banquets, sports and the Village intelligentsia. These and other things make New York a huge bargain counter—so much to see and learn that you are overwhelmed and again decide that it is better for you back among the tranquil hills.

September 23rd: The first cold snappy day of fall; the wasps that flicked their wings in glittering delight are now pathetically inert. They try to get near the windows where there is a slant of sun. A rear view of one that could not drag himself out of the shade looked as if he had pulled on a pair of yellow stockings, thinking that it might help some. Stinger useless and the fighting spirit crushed. How like a human being who crawls into any kind of warmth after the frosts of adversity have nipped his courage!

'Round the back road to the village, stopping a while at

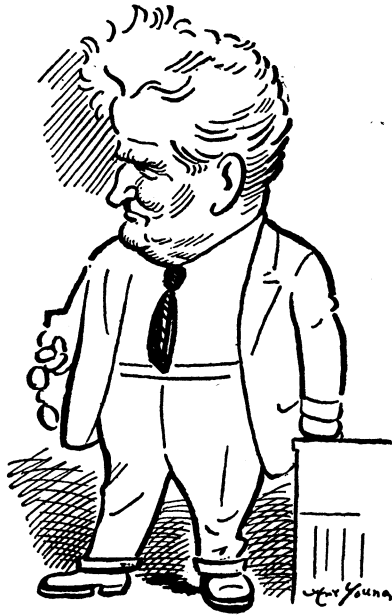
that restful cemetery. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is a poem that lives because there is so much truth in it no one wants it to die. I suspect Gray is right about "the mute inglorious Miltons" that lie in graveyards, and that "full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear." But suppose he is wrong about the Miltons; he did a good job of propaganda for the unknowns: The flowers "born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air." I hark back to my first feel for poetry. In a school book was a line, "The wind came howling over the mountain." What the story was all about I do not recall. Other lines in a book that conjured up my poetic sense were, "The gleam in their snowy robes I see, loved ones have crossed to the other side." I did not know what this was about either, but it sounded like something pretty good to a crude young mind.

About this time I got hold of a volume of Longfellow. "The Bridge at Midnight," "Old Clock on the Stairs," were quite up to my country-boy's standard of real poetry. But I never read novels or serial stories. I saw my brother Will reading *Golden Days* and *Youth's Companion* and my lack of interest in them seemed to mark me as peculiar and mentally deficient. But I felt that novel reading was wading through too much type. I had no patience for it. Short stories, poems, paragraphs, brief essays, picture books—anything that was boiled down was more to my liking. I have done much more reading in my later years than in all of my youth.

September 24th: To-day I carried stone and dug in the dirt, accelerating a little the work of my art gallery, which proceeds slowly. It is a great thing to be physically tired—thinking of ideas, composing your picture, drawing in detail,

changing and correcting—and on completion, if unsatisfactory, mustering up courage to rub it all out, makes an artist brain-tired, however much joy there is in the work. A change to physical exhaustion ought to help toward a balanced life.

Something in the news from Washington in to-day's newspaper has made me think of the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette. I first saw him when he was twenty-eight years old. He came into my father's store in Southern Wisconsin and I heard my father say to him, "You are a pretty young man to go to Congress," to which he smilingly said, "Guilty." About twenty years later I quit New York during one of LaFollette's campaigns for the governorship of Wisconsin to draw a daily cartoon for the principal paper that was then supporting him—*The Milwaukee Free Press*. I was made the subject of an editorial in *The Sentinel*,



LaFollette

opposed to LaFollette, satirical emphasis being laid on the necessity of getting a high-priced cartoonist to defend a "losing cause." The fact was I volunteered for the campaign for the price of car-fare from New York to Milwaukee and back again. LaFollette was a real champion of the

plain people. A reform that he thought the people wanted and ought to have would become an obsession with him and he would fight for it—no quitting. LaFollette was small of stature, with an oratorical voice. He was "Fighting Bob" to his constituents in Wisconsin. I like these stories of politics they tell on the Main Streets of villages. One out in Wisconsin is this: A big bully politician was opposed to LaFollette. He said, "Why, that little cuss—I could put him in my coat pocket!" "So," said a believer in Fighting Bob, "then you'd have more brains in your pocket than you have in your head."

LaFollette was a live-and-let-live individualist in a day when the individualism of the pioneer days was being crushed by the super-individualists. He stood for the under-dog and, of course, believed that the under-dog should organize—but, organized or not, his sympathies were with those who were victims of Big Organized Capital. By a tireless persistence he got laws passed in Wisconsin and Washington that helped to safeguard certain obvious rights of farmers, factory and other workers. Labor organizations, farming groups, petty shopkeepers, began to look upon LaFollette as a kind of David to save them from the corporate Goliaths. He was progressive in the sense that he concerned himself with the backbone of the country—when plunging corporations and their statesmen seemed not to care whether this backbone was broken or not. He was not a deep thinker or a visionary. But he had brains enough to know, as Lincoln knew, that the welfare of the producers is fundamental. Naturally, big corporations hated LaFollette. He appealed to my imagination because he was always fighting against great odds.

I was doing Washington for four and one-half years for *The Metropolitan Magazine* and contributing besides to

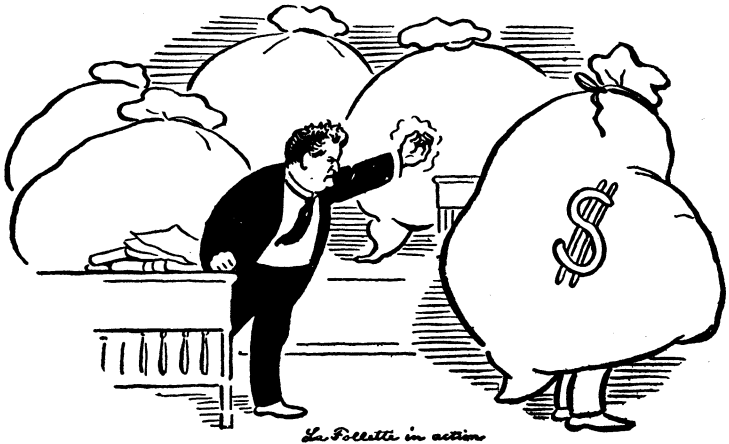
The Masses. I was indicted for one of my cartoons published in the latter on a charge of "criminal libel," instigated by officials of The Associated Press. At the same time Max Eastman was indicted on the same charge for writing an editorial entitled "The Worst Trust." My cartoon was called "Poisoned at the Source," referring to A.P. news reports of strikes.

One day I was working on drawings for my monthly review of Congress at a hotel in Washington. I heard a knock at the door and on opening, there was Senator LaFollette. "Hello, Art," he said, entering, "I just want to say if I can do anything for you in regard to that Associated Press case let me know." I thanked him very much for this courageous proffer of help, for I knew that such an action on his part would make him a target for still more newspaper abuse. But I told him that I thought nothing was necessary at that time—but we would await developments. This case aroused considerable interest. A mass meeting was held at Cooper Union when Inez Milholland Boissevain, John Haynes Holmes, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and others, spoke in our behalf.

Bail was fixed at \$1,000 each—and we had the satisfaction of feeling that we were worth something in dollars. Our attorney was Gilbert E. Roe, who had made all preparations for the trial, but in about a year we read in the New York newspapers that the indictment had been dismissed. Soon after I drew two cartoons that to describe may give the impression that I was trying to be smart—but that was not the way I felt. I felt that even our powerful adversary might get a little fun out of them. I pictured the Associated Press as a grand high-bred madam strolling along carrying several neat packages: one was Probity; she also carried a nice poodle dog called Aristocracy; and out of this armful

a legal scroll had fallen to the ground—The Masses Case. The title was “You Dropped Something, Madam.” This was followed by another—a double-page cartoon—showing the Associated Press as an angel hovering over the reservoir of news delicately pouring perfume from a pretty bottle labeled “Truth.”

September 25th: After a day of such trivial but pleasing events as a neighbor bringing us a fresh apple pie, and an evening in Martin’s orchard, where a dozen people had supper in barbecue fashion, to-night I will continue the topic of yesterday, Senator LaFollette, Sr.



LaFollette, during the war, gave an example of courage such as can be compared only to Liebnecht in Germany. He was foremost in a group of Senators—six in all—who voted against the war with Germany, and he continued to criticize the management of the war when he saw graft rampant and men under the guise of patriotism growing rich from the profits of the supplies they sold to the govern-

ment. He wanted those who were getting rich out of the war to pay for it. Not so unreasonable when you think it over. Yet LaFollette was ridiculed and singled out for virulent attack by press, pulpit and big business. In the Capitol he was a lone man indeed, for after a while even his confrères (except Senators Lane and Norris), who voted with him against the war, began to weaken.

I often saw him walking through the corridors of the Capitol, his fighting iron countenance taking on a sad doggedness. No one would speak to him, except occasionally a humble clerk of the government who did not know what the "disgrace" was all about, but knew that LaFollette had always been a friend of humble clerks such as he. I watched him at night sessions, his desk piled high with facts—for even his enemies admitted that he was a master at fortifying himself with positive evidence. But no one wanted his evidence or his facts, or his eloquent pleading. One night during the Arms Neutrality Debate there was a rumor that he would be manhandled if he persisted in holding up the procedure of the war-mad Senators.

Senator Lane of Oregon, who had Indian blood in his veins, was one of LaFollette's close friends. Though a sick man, he went to the Senate that night with a loaded revolver and told his secretary, Isaac McBride, that he had heard there was going to be a physical attack on LaFollette to force him from the floor, and he added, "If they start any rough house you know I am pretty good on the trigger." The scene that night in the Senate when LaFollette was speaking was like looking down on an arena where a small animal is surrounded by a horde of large ones, conscious of their power and determined to crush the rebel. It was his hour. Senator Harry Lane kept close to him, although LaFollette was not aware of a special watchfulness in the

eyes of his friend. By sheer force of his daring, LaFollette won that night. There was no manhandling. But they kept nagging and snarling around him throughout the months and years following. They wore him down just as years before his enemies had done in Wisconsin campaigns. His health was gradually being undermined. Time went on and people were beginning to think of the war as a nightmare memory. Seventy years old and tired out, LaFollette—like an old war horse who hears a bugle sound in the distance—accepts the nomination for President of the United States on an independent ticket and makes his last fight. Five million people voted for him. Not enough applause I would say for a man of his character and achievement in progressive legislation. LaFollette, the man who believed what he believed—hard!

September 26th: This section of Connecticut is noted for the fact that two typical Americans lived here—Mark Twain and P.-T. Barnum. Barnum was born and grew to manhood in Bethel, and Mark Twain lived and died “down Reddin’ way,” as the farmers ’round here refer to Redding. Redding is four miles south of Bethel. Its Main Street, if such it can be called, consists of one store and a railroad station. After Mark Twain had lived most of his life in Hartford, Connecticut, forty miles east of Bethel, and in New York City some of the time, at seventy years of age his friend and biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, induced him to build a home near his on a Redding hill, less than two hours from New York by railroad. This place Mark Twain called “Stormfield.” Since his death and the burning of his home, the one conspicuous reminder of the humorist is the Mark Twain library standing at the crossroads “down Reddin’ way.”



Barnum at prayer



*Mark Twain
walking up Fifth Avenue*



*P. T. Barnum
after church service*

The house where P. T. Barnum was born and where his mother lived most of her life still stands on Elm Street, Bethel. Ivy Island, a heritage from his grandfather, a swamp covered with mistletoe and ivy (the poison kind), habitat of snakes and frogs, is a mile north of Bethel on the Plumtrees Road and is just as it was when Barnum persuaded the owners of Scudder's Museum in New York to take this five-acre swamp as security when he bought "Scudder's" on time and renamed it "Barnum's American Museum." In less than a year Barnum had paid for his first big enterprise, backed by this almost worthless property with the beautiful name—Ivy Island. He gave a bronze fountain to this, his home town—a Triton blowing a conch shell. This stood for thirty years near the Post Office and was taken down in 1924 because of age and disintegration. Old Man Ferry said that "it wasn't bronze at all—Barnum give it to us, because Bridgeport wouldn't take it."

Barnum's mother is buried in the village cemetery with Eben, P. T.'s brother. Eben was intemperate, and a shoemaker by trade. The great showman was buried in Bridgeport, eighteen miles away, where he had been mayor and his menagerie had its winter quarters. One of Barnum's first enterprises was the publication of a newspaper in Bethel—called the *Herald of Freedom*. This paper advocated more liberalism in religion and the abolition of negro slavery. Opposite the *Herald* office was the home of Deacon Seeley, now a public library. Deacon Seeley was the man who sued Barnum for libel. Perhaps my readers know the story, which is true, as the survivors of Barnum's days will tell you. The young editor was tried and convicted, put in jail in Danbury and after his release a few weeks later he hired the Danbury band and rode in triumph back to Bethel.

Mr. Barnum reports the event himself, which I quote from his newspaper, the *Herald of Freedom*:

"P. T. Barnum and the band of music took their seats in a coach drawn by six horses, which had been prepared for the occasion. The coach was preceded by forty horsemen and a marshal bearing the national standard. Immediately in the rear of the coach was the carriage of the orator and the President of the day, followed by the Committee of Arrangements and sixty carriages of citizens, which joined in escorting the editor to his home in Bethel."

The report says further that "there was roar of cannon" and cheers from "several hundred citizens." Arriving in Bethel, the old timers tell me, the band stopped in front of Deacon Seeley's home and serenaded him with "Home, Sweet Home" and "Behold the Conquering Hero Comes."

When Barnum's book, "The Struggles and Triumphs of P. T. Barnum," was published and agents were selling it all over the country, one of them got off the train at Bethel and began canvassing the town. One of the first houses at which he tried to make a sale happened to be Mother Barnum's home on Elm Street. Mrs. Barnum let the agent talk at length of P. T. Barnum's fascinating career, and listened attentively to the eloquent reasons why no home was complete without the book. Feeling that she had carried the joke far enough, Mrs. Barnum finally said, "Now look here, young man, I know the book must be interesting, but I can tell you more about P. T. Barnum than you can get into a book. I am his mother."

I saw both of these men (who were friends and greatly admired each other's gifts), Barnum and Mark Twain, in New York City. Barnum was attending Sunday service at the Unitarian Church, Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue. He was then quite old and round-shouldered. I saw

him bowed in prayer and made sketches of him and after service watched him as he talked to friends in front of the church on this sunny November morning.

One Sunday he was seated in the rear of this church by an usher who did not know him. The minister, Robert Collyer, happened to see his friend and stopped his sermon to say, "I see the Honorable P. T. Barnum is here. I wish Mr. Barnum would come forward and take a seat in my family pew. Mr. Barnum always gives me a good seat in his circus and I want to give him as good a seat in my church."

Mark Twain was also an old man when I saw him walking up Fifth Avenue as if he were trying to catch up with his cigar, which appeared to be steering his course. At Twenty-second Street, near the old house of Scribner's, I saw him listen in while two drivers whose wagons had collided were swearing at each other. I thought it fine that Mark Twain, the old man, could be the interested observer in the trivialities of life as the young Mark Twain had been in his "Innocents Abroad." He turned into Scribner's book store, where I was also going. Once inside he began to talk with a man who approached him immediately. They were joined soon by Miss G., well known as a literary critic. Mark took off his hat and after a few minutes' conversation, rather rudely I thought, told the other man to take off his hat, adding, "We're in the presence of a lady." As Miss G. looked and dressed very mannish, it afterwards occurred to me that maybe Mark was having a joke all by himself.

Not long before he died there was a Mark Twain Day in these parts, and everybody went "down Reddin' way" to see this master humorist and regular fellow.

Mark Twain's funeral was held at the Old Brick Presbyterian Church, Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue,

New York, on a Saturday afternoon, in April, 1910. I was standing outside where a few photographers had been snapping the arrival of distinguished citizens. I saw the colored janitor of the church standing by the side door and just to be sociable I said to him, "About how long will it be before the remains will be brought out?" "I dunno," said he, "but they cain't get 'em out too soon to suit me. I got to clean up the chuch 'foh to-morrow mornin'." I am sure that Mark Twain would have enjoyed the janitor's wish to hurry him on his long last journey.

After all is said, was not Mark Twain best as a keen-eyed observer and descriptive writer? Once in London a friend met him and asked him what he was doing. Mark replied, "Cutting out adjectives." I like his little indignations, such as this quotation from "Following the Equator": "There are many humorous things in the world; among them the white man's notion that he is less savage than the other savages."

Another character identified with this section of Connecticut, but of a much earlier date than Mark Twain or P. T. Barnum, was Joel Barlow. When I started this diary I meant to write only about people I had met—Barlow is an exception.

The old house in Redding where he lived is to-day the most picturesque place of the Revolutionary period in these parts. Much of Joel's early life was spent in Hartford, where he was editor of a radical weekly, *The American Mercury*. He belonged to a club known as the "Hartford Wits" and wrote poems. With his pamphlets against kings and Tories he became a figure of importance in those days of upheaval.

After the American and French revolutions he was the United States ambassador to France. President Madison

ON MY WAY

commissioned him to arrange a meeting with Napoleon, who was then beating it back from his defeat in Russia. Napoleon and Barlow, according to arrangements, were to meet in Wilna, Poland. Barlow arrived in Wilna with a pocket full of complaints against France that President Madison had sent him. It was hoped that Napoleon would carefully consider them and sign a treaty. But the incognito Napoleon was too busy galloping toward Paris to consider any-



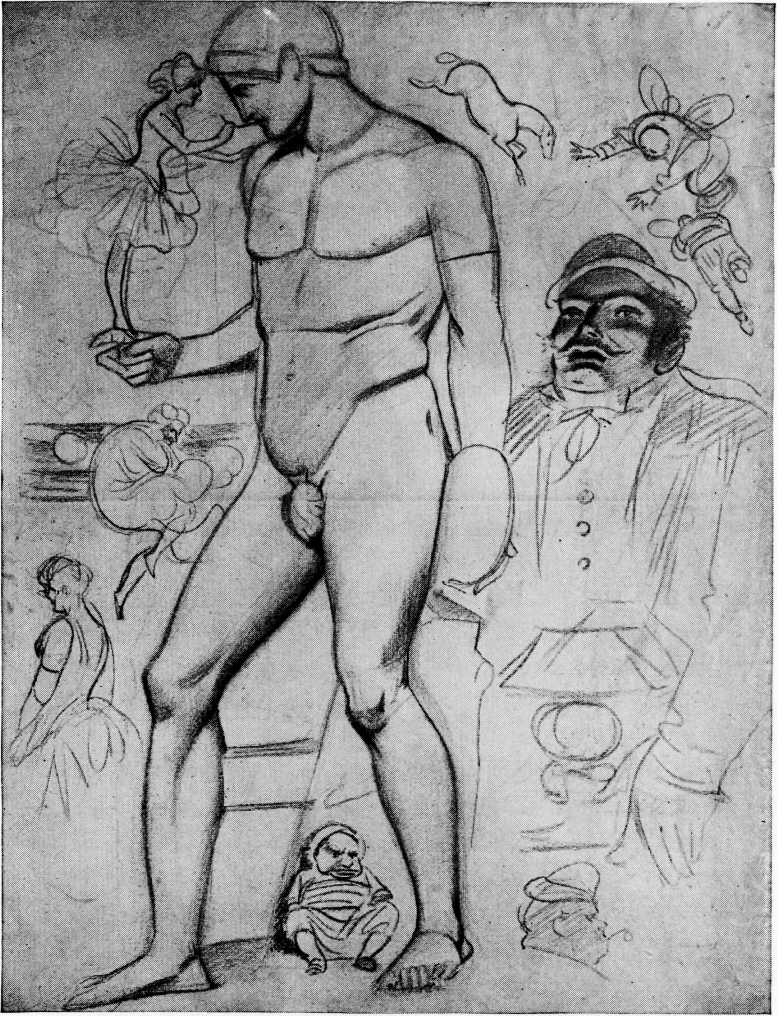
WHERE JOEL BARLOW LIVED

thing but speed. Anyway, there was no meeting—so poor Joel Barlow started back overland in a sleigh as he had come, in that day before the railroads, and died during the hardships of travel in the little town of Zarniwick, near Cracow, Poland, December 24, 1812, and there he was buried. Once a small movement got as far as a resolution in the Connecticut legislature to bring his remains back to his native town and give worthy identification to his memory—

by way of a monument. But nothing further came of it. The old Barlow home where he lived, that I have drawn as it is to-day, was built in 1740 by Joel's brother, Aaron Barlow, a Colonel in the Revolutionary Army.

September 27th: Had I been ambitious to be a politician, I would have qualified in one way, so well and instinctively that I might have gone far. I like to kiss babies. Not being a politician I just pat their cheeks. To get that responsive smile gives me delight. In the old days, when a candidate had a habit of shaking hands and kissing babies, it was taken as a pretty good sign that once in office he would be a man of the people. But it did not always turn out that way.

I was only sixteen years old when I drew the first cartoon to get me into trouble. It was during a political campaign in the old home town, Monroe, Wisconsin. It was a picture of P.J., our district attorney—two scenes—before and after election. Before election he was shaking hands courteously—yes, deferentially—with the townspeople. After his election he was walking by them without recognition, oblivious of their existence. He had been elected many times, and this dual behavior had become town-talk. I was courting this district attorney's beautiful daughter at the time I drew the cartoon, which his enemies had hung conspicuously on the village square a week before election. The cartoon caused my sweetheart's father to forbid me his house. He even threatened me with punishment: waving an ugly walking stick as he paced up and down my father's store, asking where I could be found, and swearing that if caught he would teach me a lesson. My father warned me, so I kept my distance out on our farm. But P.J. was elected in spite of my cartoon, and his wrath naturally abated—



EARLY ART-SCHOOL DRAWING

"Drawing from the cast" was thought to be the right kind of elementary training for young artists. Around the margin of such work I would let fancy take its course.

ON MY WAY

but I could see that my continued attentions to his daughter was an irritant, and I had to keep a close eye on his walking stick.

September 28th: I saw some maiden flowers growing in a community of grass and old weeds.

One day I watched a bee that was buzzing around the outskirts of this community, peddling pollen.

One of the flowers may have waved to the bee; anyway, he called on her and stayed for quite some time.

Immediately, it was whispered about through the grass and old weeds that another flower had been "ruined."

Summed up and generalized, a woman likes: Money, men, babies, home, clothes, love-stories, cats, food, marriages and flowers.

And a man likes: Money, women, food, dogs, out-door sports, games of chance, machinery, stories of adventure and an inside pull with a judge, a politician, and a corner policeman.

September 29th: I have an introspective mind. Hardly a day goes by that the problem of duty to myself—versus duty to others—does not arise. I confess to having a well-developed ego—but am just as ready to admit that no one's ego is of much importance. But I am here. And when to forget self-interest and give way to the self-interest of some one else, has been one of my worries throughout a lifetime. To practice a reasonable selfishness is just as much a duty as indulging in a "reasonable" altruism. But what is "reasonable"? When to loan money to a friend, when to help a world cause and when to help your own cause—this "me or thou" stands as one of the big problems of living.

ON MY WAY

I know several men of wealth who are radical idealists. If they give their wealth away they are "crazy"; if they don't give it away they are "insincere." Obviously, giving some of our time, some of our financial help, our influence and even our roof, helps to add strength to our character.



But there must be a self-prudence unless you accept the doctrine of complete self-abnegation. And once accepted, you have no right to eat, for every time you eat there are thousands in the world who need nourishment more than you. The fact that you don't know where they are is no excuse—it's dodging the issue.

September 30th: This has been one of those days when you feel at its close that you have done nothing toward your own upbuilding, and that your past contributions to the world's work have been woefully inadequate. Yet the day thereof has been beautiful to look at. I took a ride with Neighbor M. and saw nature in the palette hues of autumn.

An elm by the roadside had trunk and limbs wrapped with Virginia creeper all scarlet, while the top of the tree flared with yellows and browns. This evening I read a few pages of John Barrymore's reminiscences.

I remember one morning about twenty years ago I was sitting in Arthur Brisbane's sanctum. We were talking over ideas for cartoons, for in those days I did some drawings for the *Evening Journal*. The young actor, John Barrymore, came in. He had drawings that he wanted Brisbane to look over. The subject and treatment of his pictures were weirdly imaginative. I thought them exceptional and well composed. I wondered then if young Barrymore—born into the actors' profession—had decided to choose the career of a cartoonist, or was it just a season of bad luck on the stage and a temporary try-out of his other talent. He was then a mere boy, but had appeared in plays without having scored much success. In these reminiscences Barrymore speaks of the influence on his life by the drawings of Gustave Doré, especially his illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*, a copy of which book had been given him in his early youth, and that he began to exercise his artistic ability by trying to draw like Doré.

A copy of Dante's "*Inferno*" was also the first book to give me a real thrill when I was a boy living in the pastoral quiet of Wisconsin. I thought Doré's drawings of Dante's classic remarkable. I became curious about the work of this man Doré. No one in town owned a Doré Bible—which was the highest-priced table book of that period—but I soon began to see his work reproduced through lantern slides and in magazines. But who was he? A man came to town and lectured about Doré in Wells' Opera House. I was the fifteen-year-old town prodigy of art, and I remember the people looking at me during the lecture as much as to say, "This ought to

interest you, Artie." I was greatly interested, because I, too, must draw pictures some day for the wide world. Everybody saw my pictures which hung in the village Post Office. My schoolmates told their parents of my latest drawings. Once it was a circus procession—from bandwagon to the end—drawn all along the schoolroom blackboards during recess. At another time it was a picture that I made on the long hair-ribbon of a girl who sat in front of me . . . always drawing, but dumb in my studies.

This young Alsatian boy, Gustave Doré, went to Paris and began by contributing to the Phillipon publications, where Daumier was doing his *Robert Micaire* series. Here he drew full-page lithographs on various subjects. These placed him at once as a boy with a future. He drew his *Inferno* pictures on blocks of wood and financed the engraving, printing and entire cost himself because no publisher would sponsor his undertaking. He illustrated the Bible with hundreds of drawings (not literally, like other illustrators) but romantically, as it should be. And this in a day when story illustration was not the accepted art, and Bible illustrations cautiously approached. With an exuberance of purpose and understanding, he planned the task of illustrating what he considered the world's literary classics. In a few years, when still a young man, Theophile Gautier wrote of him: "He employed an army of engravers, which he drilled and instructed to render loyal service to his originals." But just to speak of his work as illustrations is to ignore the main fact: that Doré drew pictures which enhanced the spirit of the author's text. Tennyson, Cervantes, Rabelais, Châteaubriand, Taine, Gautier, Coleridge, Milton, Poe, Dante, Eugene Sue and scores of others were made more interesting by this magician of the pencil. And it must be remembered that Doré came before photography had re-

vealed Nature's tricks of light and shade, and that he did not have the advantage of modern methods of reproduction. Doré's influence on my work has been deep and lasting—not to draw like him, but to try to be as graphic and to interpret the grand as well as scenes that are lowly. In short, to observe with imagination and to see with the poetic eye.

I am familiar with the drawings of Daumier, Steinlin, Rowlandson, Fred Barnard, Oberlander, John Tenniel, Keene, Leech, Cruikshank, Menzel and many more masters of the old days. I eagerly sought their works and collected many, over which I would spend absorbing hours. But the daring Doré, illustrator, lithographer, painter, sculptor, has always seemed to me a superman of Art. Doré never went to an art school or used models. From his own observation of life and incessant toil, his genius brain evolved his illustrations, paintings and sculpture. While the influence of the old Italian masters, and of Rowlandson, Callot and others is apparent in Doré's work, he was essentially a literary artist and caught the spirit of his day—the romantic.

He was in respect to the fantastic and luxurious like his intimate friend Gautier (that protagonist of purposeless art), and illustrated his *Captain Fracasse*.

He was like Victor Hugo in his powerful contrasts of light and gloom, like Baudelaire, Tennyson, Dumas, like Poe, like all of the giants of those days. But he was Doré, himself, master in the domain of legend or wherever he chose to rule.

No name was needed on his drawings to detect the individuality of the man. Indeed, on many of them the engraver's is the only name visible. What artist before or since has displayed such bold ease in coruscating an Egyptian night or a circle in the depths of hell? Compare his Dante drawings with Flaxman's or even Botticelli's, and you

see the difference between a robust art and linear anemia. I know of but one artist who can be classed with Doré in spectacular imagination: that strange Englishman, John Martin, who painted a few religious subjects, notably "The Deluge."

There are two kinds of imaginative pictures—the cheap phantasmagoria or stagey spectacle—and the authentic, based on knowledge of nature and its phenomena. Doré knew by instinct the truths of nature. His pictures were striking—but they were honest.

Wiertz and Franz Stuck also come to my mind as similarly gifted—but only in depicting the terrible and weird. They never laughed, or danced in comedy as Doré could laugh and dance. In one mood—a Poe of sorrow; in another—a clown. They tell of his turning somersaults in Paris parlors, of his skill as a juggler and a violinist, of his powerful health, and his passion for work. He had a long table covered with the best quality of wood-blocks—drawing on one and then another as one might play on musical instruments. And what a gamut his creative mind ran—including misty mountains, giants, storms, melancholy nights, rushing waters, battles, beggars, devils, the horrors of the tomb, bats, owls, death, and in contrast the quiet beauty of a pastoral scene or fairies and floating angels. But for fun, he would do a book like Baron Munchausen. He was Shakespearian in comprehension; in his undertakings, Napoleonic.

No one ever played more grotesquely with the anatomy of the human face than Doré. However exaggerated, the bone and muscle structure was still there. See his portraits in "Droll Stories" and Rabelais, and compare them with the work of some modern illustrators of these books—who make portraits that are masks—not human faces.

Doré was not a propagandist of politics, but his beliefs,

like the artists of the Italian Renaissance, centered in Christianity. In the sad years of his later life he was always drawing or painting the head of Jesus.

Joseph Jefferson once told me that he met Doré in London, and that he asked him to put his name in his autograph album. Doré not only wrote his name but also drew the head of Jesus in Jefferson's book. His last religious painting pictured Christ in a far distant mountain landscape, while over him shone the faint tints of a rainbow. In the foreground were kings and paupers, and many kinds of people toiling up toward the beckoning "light of the world." Doré, at this time a sorrowful man, called it, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

In 1889, I visited the Doré Gallery in Bond Street, London, where his paintings, drawings, etchings and sculpture were on exhibition. For many years this gallery was a shrine where crowds would assemble daily. When many of these enormous canvases were brought to America (in 1898) the place where they were best exhibited, having space for a complete evaluation of Doré's genius, was the Art Institute in Chicago.

Every day of this exhibit a line of people extended out into the street, awaiting their turn to see this artist with the divine imagination. I do not say that his popularity proved Doré's place in the sun of high art, but there is something of great and lasting worth in an artist's work when vast numbers of people are irresistibly drawn toward it—especially if this work is practically ignored by critics and dealers in art.

Doré, as illustrator, was acknowledged the greatest of his day; as a painter he received but little praise from Paris or American critics. In England he fared better. Most critics, however, wanted him to stay where he "belonged"—a master of illustration. As a painter he was generally

accorded no more mention than some weak-minded artist who would spend many months painting a carefully posed model entitled, after much laborious thought, "A Cozy Corner."

Fecundity, to art dealers and critics, is the inexcusable folly. They want rarity. If Doré had destroyed half of what he produced (like fruit speculators who destroy good fruit to keep up the price) he might to-day be a high-priced feature of public and private galleries.

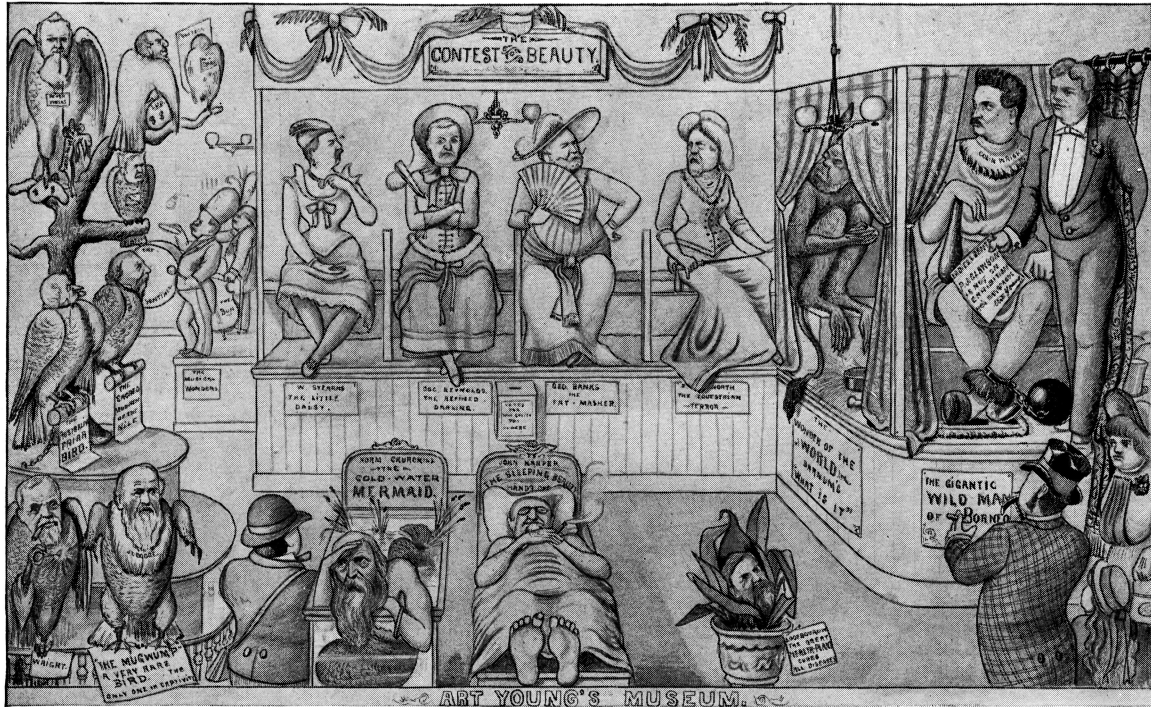
Winslow Homer, contemporary with Doré, was an American illustrator most of his life and not an especially good one. In his old age he painted a few pictures. They would not be worth the enormous sums they bring to-day if he had painted thousands, and each one a work of art.

Goethe, writing to a young artist, said: "Beware of forcing your activity." He might just as well have said, Beware of *not* forcing your activity. But I have to admit that Doré gave us too much, and that some of his books can be justly criticized for over-orchestration. He repeated his striking effects too often, and one's amazement would give way to a feeling of monotony. He could not be held back, and through his excess of production he became a commonplace.

The number of water-color paintings that Doré produced was also very large. Going from black and white to color is in itself an achievement that few artists will undertake. His wood-blocks were pirated and cheap editions of the Doré books went all over the world.

To be printed on cheap paper cannot injure the work of an author, but to have pictures the value of which depends on foregrounds and backgrounds, tones and details, carelessly printed is disastrous to an artist.

Doré produced himself out of the exclusive class. His sin was a lack of self-restraint, but like Alexandre Dumas he



The leading citizens of Monroe—town of my boyhood—were the subjects for my first cartoons. The announcement held in my hand, refers to a previous cartoon which had aroused the anger of our district attorney. It reads: “Ladies and Gents, P. J. Clawson is not on exhibition—he’s dangerous,” Art Young.

couldn't help it. But Dumas, who wrote a thousand stories, had assistants. Rubens had assistants. Doré did everything himself, even the meticulous drawing of ornate bits of architecture, as in Doré's London or Doré's Spain.

From 1860 to 1880 young artists the world over were influenced by Doré. That Vincent Van Gogh copied an illustration from Doré's London, "Ronde des Prisoners," and made a painting of it was but one conspicuous evidence of that influence.

Indeed, very few artists could escape it in those days when the Doré drawings with their striking simplicity were penetrating all countries.

As for style, one Doré is final—a mold to be broken—just as one Dickens, one Carlyle, one Goya is individuality to be "interred with their bones." But Doré's devotion to his art, his broad outlook, lucidity, vitality and feeling, are a lesson for artists to-day as in the past.

Doré did not live to see the statue he made of his friend, Alexander Dumas, erected in the Place de Melesherbes, Paris, where it now stands. This statue and his preliminary illustrations for the complete works of Shakespeare were his last thoughts, as he quit living at fifty years of age.

When I went to Paris in 1889 Doré had been dead nine years, but I went round to Rue St. Dominique to see his home where he had done "Droll Stories," "The Wandering Jew," La Fontaine's Fables, "Don Quixote," the Bible, and countless other works. Here he entertained, his mother presiding at these weekly gatherings of scientists, musicians, actors and artists of Paris. The entrance led through the garden; I hesitated at the door. I could not speak French, so how would I, a crude boy from America, make it plain that I just wanted to hang around and look and dream? So falter-

ingly I walked away, but thinking how fortunate just to see the home where once lived the great Doré.

Arthur Spingarn, the art connoisseur and publicist, called. I read him the foregoing piece on Doré. He said, "It is too long." I told him no one had to read it but that I wanted to get it all off my mind—where it had been since childhood.

October 1st: These days of tang in the air and verdure with rich color call forth bursts of enthusiasm as we work on the jobs in and out of doors. To-day, at table, my companion and I have done a great deal of discussing. He contends that so many Americans are getting rich that a majority of them in time will find that money does not bring happiness and then they will turn to the appreciation of the arts. They will try to live on an æsthetic plane. I said: "I hope you are right." But I insisted that money had something to do with genuine happiness. Happiness, as the phrase goes, comes from within, and I argued that money sometimes makes a man feel good "within." A man wins two thousand dollars at a game—the smile on his face means happiness at least for the time being. Anyhow, it doesn't mean sorrow. Money enough to get an education, money to eat well and dress well, money to live in comfortable surroundings, money for doctors and dentists and hundreds of natural needs—how is that interfering with happiness? I asked him. No one ought to be afraid of that much money, plus a margin of reserve for experimentation. It won't take any joy out of life. It's the multi-millionaire who can't find a cure for his liver complaint who is sure that money doesn't bring happiness.

Walked to the village and carried back some groceries in a paper bag. In the city one feels a little undignified while carrying a bag of groceries. Dignity, however, in city or country is generally a joke. Whenever I feel myself standing on my dignity, I know my sense of humor is wobbling. I met Mrs. H., a teacher in the Bethel High School. She said, "Mr. Young, you don't know how popular you are 'round here. I asked the class yesterday to name a great artist and most of them shouted 'Art Young'." This pleased me, but I no longer get much of a thrill out of the thought that I may be among those called "great." I don't mind tinkling a little in this Bedlam called popularity, but my real desire is to ring true—as nearly true as I can get. I have always believed in my star, that light to live and create, and to express myself in pictures of simplicity and strength.

October 2nd: Had I devoted myself to painting, I think my course would have been somewhat Hogarthian. I would have concerned myself with ideas. Perhaps Watts, Goya, Arnold Boecklin, or Max Klinger are better exponents than Hogarth of the art of thought as well as art *per se* toward which my mind tends. If a sculptor, I would have been cartoony like Rodin with his "Thinker" and his "Hand of God." In short, I would have been a kind of propagandist for the eternal verities, and an experimenter in symbolism.

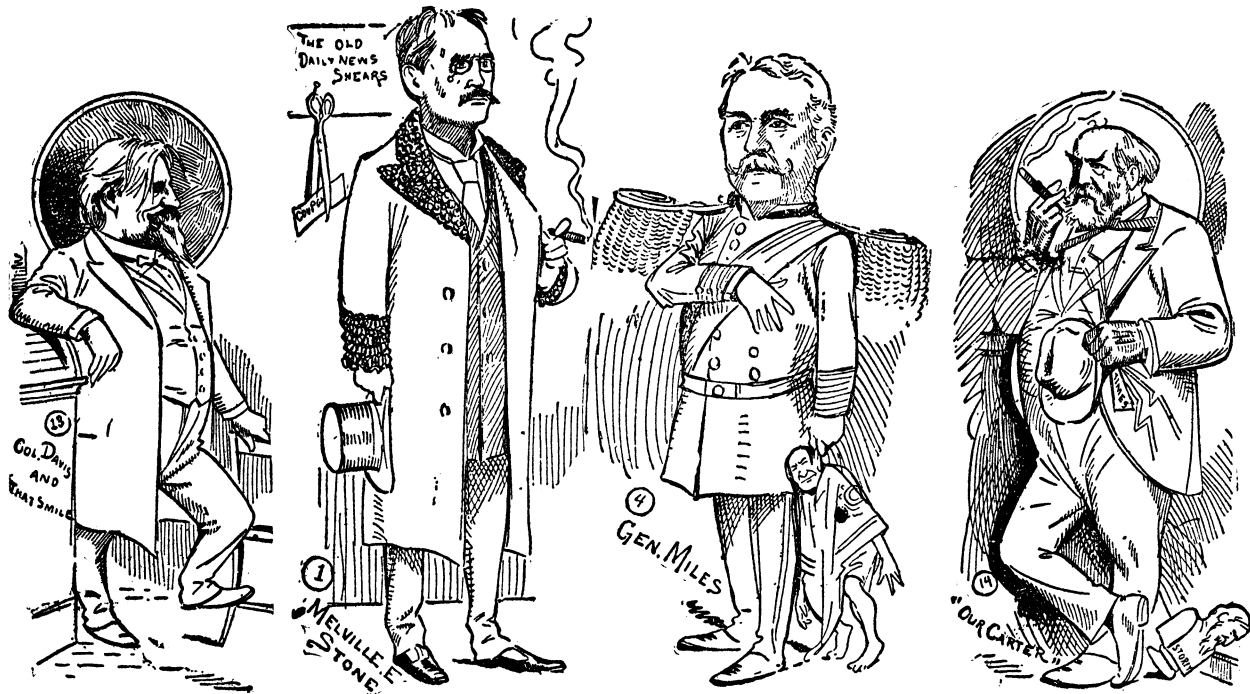
October 3rd: To me writing is difficult, and this evening I am torn between the self-imposed duty of writing a little every day and going out for a walk in the moonlight. Besides, the thought persists that maybe no publisher will think my opinions or pictures will be worth publishing—and if published, what of it? But I ought to take writing less

hard, for I have had some experience. The titles which I have put to my pictures for, lo, these many years ought to have been good practice for terse phrasing. Du Maurier said that he learned to write by doing the titles to his pictures that appeared weekly in *Punch*. In my early days I reported and wrote a few special articles for newspapers and, as before recorded, wrote a Hell book. For four and a half years I wrote two monthly pages about Washington for a magazine. As editor of *Good Morning* I wrote most of the editorials, and when short of material wrote sketches and paragraphs to fill in. But I seldom pick up my pen that I do not feel like drawing instead of writing. I write mostly to amplify my drawings, for there are thoughts that cannot be put into a picture.

October 4th: Rainy day, read Sunday papers, after-dinner nap. Walked to village to mail letters.

In Chicago I first found work to do for a trade paper, and occasionally other publications, taking time between jobs to study at the Art Institute over on the lake front. The trade paper was called *The Nimble Nickel* and was issued monthly by a wholesale grocery house. I filled it with jocund drawings—most of them obvious ideas intended to promote business. The first drawing of mine ever published was called “Great Slaughter of Prices” and printed in *The Nimble Nickel*.

About this time I drew many pictures for *The American Field*, a sportsman’s magazine, mainly comics relating to hunting or fishing, but occasionally illustrating a story. Somebody started a *Sons of Veterans* magazine. I made joke drawings for it for which I received five dollars apiece, if paid at all. Besides these, there was a syndicate which



The Inter Ocean

CONSPICUOUS CHICAGOANS

About 1892 I drew many portraits of notable residents of Chicago. George R. Davis was Director General of the World's Fair. "Our Carter" Harrison was a remarkable politician who was elected mayor with all of the local newspapers against him.

furnished what was then called "patent insides" to country newspapers. This company employed me to make illustrations for Rider Haggard's "Allan Quartermain" and other stories. But I knew that I was not a natural-born illustrator of fiction. As time went on I began to sell my drawings to the big Chicago dailies and soon became facile in my work and was paid wages as staff artist. My first job was on Frank Hatton's *Evening Mail*. (Hatton had been Postmaster General in President Arthur's administration.) My next was on Lawson's *Daily News*, and next Medill's *Tribune*, and on my return from Europe, *The Inter-Ocean*. Joseph Medill was then getting old and his son-in-law, Robert Patterson, was in charge of *The Tribune*. Mr. Patterson told me that he thought illustrations in newspapers were a passing vogue. That was sometime around 1888. Having a little of that boasted thrift-sense, I had saved some money—and disappointed at being discharged from *The Tribune* I decided to go to New York. I had letters of introduction to editors and publishers of the big city—from Eugene Field and others, but never presented them.

Once I got located in New York I concluded not to try for a position on a newspaper, but to hang around the Art League and to develop in my own way. A year later I went to Paris with the same idea: to study at the Académie Julian, to sketch life in the open and see the galleries. My companion on this trip was Clarence Webster, an art critic, humorous writer, general newspaper man and a dear friend. This Paris plan was interrupted after seven months by a severe attack of pleurisy. Dr. Delbet, and Dr. Peters of the Hospital Charitie thought I was going to check out for realms unknown. Back in Monroe, Wisconsin, there was much anxiety, for my parents were respected and well liked and this "artist boy" of Dan Young's was not expected to

live. The town was bulletined daily by cable. As I grew weaker, my father, Dan Young, decided to start for Paris, not knowing whether I would be dead or alive when he arrived. Leaving the old home town for the first time in his life—except for short Middle-West trips—my father arrives in New York and sails out on the first boat he can take—for Havre. Arriving in Paris sometime in February, 1891—after sixteen days of travel all told, on land and ocean—he is met by my artist friend, Thomas Corner, at the Gare du Nord in Paris. When father came into my room at the Hotel de Nice, on the Rue des Beaux Arts, I was still in a doubtful state of recovery, and my mind was hazy and incoherent. It seemed as if he just came in, like the doctors and the nurse, from a near street. But, needless to say, I was glad he came.

Prosper Mérimée, Corot and Fantan Latour lived on this little street—Rue des Beaux Arts—also Oscar Wilde, in disgrace and exile. Wilde lived on the top floor of the old Hotel Alsace, just across from the Hotel de Nice. My newspaper friend, Clarence Webster, tried to interview him but was told that Wilde was too ill to be seen.

The street was Latin Quarter atmosphere—just right for an ambitious artist. I liked it—even the early call of the goat-milkman, the doleful hand organ, and that grand lady from New York, who sat opposite me at the dinner table and whose daughter was studying art. This woman never left the table without saying, "Cheese digests everything but itself."

In the morning I would arise by the clock of the Institute of France, just around the corner. Near by was Voltaire in bronze, sitting on his pedestal and smiling across the Seine. Hugo said: "Jesus wept, but Voltaire smiled."

The Louvre was not far away. You'd see me there,

Saturdays and Sundays, looking at the works of Delacroix, Millet, Gericault, Raphael, and all the rest—picking out what I liked of this one, or that; never, I think, accepting any one picture *in toto*, but hoping that I would live long enough to paint a few pictures in my own way.

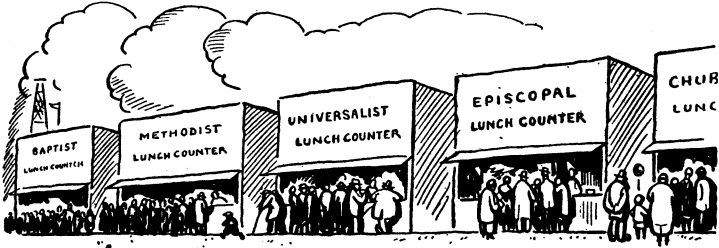
As Spring arrived, I got out of bed and began to move about. Father and I walked together on the Quai, and I was getting strong enough to start back to the home in Monroe, Wisconsin. Back to that cold bubbling spring on my uncle's farm, for that was all I thought of while parched with fever.

We arrived home in June. After a long vacation on the farm I recovered completely—and really felt better than before my illness. Then I started on my way back to New York *via* Chicago—where I stopped off to see my friends. Again my plans were frustrated, but I was not displeased, for I was offered and accepted the position of cartoonist on that staunch Republican organ, *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*, under the editorship of William Penn Nixon, and later Herman Kohlsaas. The Democratic Party was in power and Grover Cleveland was President. I was a Republican, without knowing why, and was kept busy saving the country from the danger of a low tariff on tin and other political bugaboos. I think I was the first cartoonist in the United States to draw a daily political cartoon. However, my memory is not sure on this point. But as Thoreau says, "Of what consequence—the things we can't remember?" I do remember, well, every cartoon and every illustration that I made during that period of youth. I am pleased for purposes of reference that I collected them and put them in scrap-books. Here they are before me, as I write. One scrap-book bound in leather is as large in size as an ordinary newspaper. It was made to order for me at the time by a

North Clark Street bookbinder. On the cover, stamped in gold letters, is this title: "Drawings by Art Young from 1884 to 1888"; on the title page I wrote: "Dedicated to my Father and Mother with apologies to high art," accompanied by a picture of myself, apologizing. Here are my political cartoons, pictures of the Chicago anarchists who were hung, sketches made of them while in jail and published on the front page of the *Daily News*. Here are my pictures of railroad disasters, banquets, fires, murder scenes, conventions, slums, etc., etc. No assignment that I was not ready to fill. The boy who took the message to Garcia was not more faithful to his duty than I. I would always return to the office with drawings enough to fill the newspaper. This was before the half-tone reproduction of photographs. Newspapers ran hand-drawn pictures for illustrating the events and sensations called—News. Here are my drawings of The World's Fair, printed in color on the first color printing-press ever made for an American newspaper—the pride of the enterprising Mr. Kohlsaat. We had many difficulties at first with this new press. The color would go wild—but on the whole the innovation was popular. It was called "The Illustrated Supplement of The Sunday *Inter-Ocean*. There was a newsboy on the corner of Madison Street who would shout: "Git the *Inter-Ocean* with the 'ulcerated supplement!"

October 5th: I wonder if the old-time county fair will ever pass into the joys that were. Will there be a merger of all county fairs into chain fairs, managed from a central office in New York or Chicago? This assembling of the best things of the harvest, with its flowers, vegetables, machinery and live stock and the meeting of folks that you have not seen since the previous fair, the horse races, the

knock-'em-down booths and a glow of healthy "get together" over all—meant a lot to one youth who was in love with—seeing and being. To-day I went to the county fair and I felt the thrill of other days. I have made many sketches at county fairs. I add one more sketch to-day—a new wrinkle in fairs: a row of religious lunch counters. I



Sectarian food at the county fair

would have my joke, so I walked from one to the other and asked for a piece of Presbyterian pie, a Baptist stew, a Methodist milk-shake, and other samples of sectarian food. The waiters did not understand my facetiousness but I had a good time.

October 6th: To-day I find two of my drawings in the mail, rejected. As I get older I note that I feel a bit more peevish than formerly when my drawings are returned. As if they were not good enough! The advantage of a regular job on a newspaper is that your output—the good, the indifferent, and even the poorest, whether you are a writer or a cartoonist—all goes in to fill your allotted space. A free lance is always at the mercy of editors who take only the cream. They will not admit that you have the right to have "blue milk" published at times. Still I never regret my freedom from machine production. But the fact is that

I never send anything to editors that I do not think is "creamy" and when it comes back it often looks better to me than before I sent it. An artist will protect his offspring as a hen covers her chicks. Dismiss the created offering of an artist as unworthy, you start a rebellion that savors of outraged paternity. But one never ought to let rejection sink in. He should be up and at it. Even the old masters are still under discussion. Rembrandt is of doubtful superiority in the opinion of some artists. As for Shakespeare, there are those who think that he is very much overrated.

October 7th: Among the instructors at the art schools I remember Vanderpool best.

He taught at the Art Institute in Chicago.

His back was hunched and he talked asthmatically—as often happens with the cripple-chested—but he used words with splendid precision and meaning in criticizing drawings. He would also demonstrate why your drawing was at fault by penciling the correct way in the corner of your paper.

Later I came under the tutelage of Kenyon Cox and of Carroll Beckwith, in New York. But instructors never meant much to me. You listen to a teacher and are thankful for his point of view. But your art school is worth while mainly because you learn to be patient and because many others are there who are going in your direction toward creative expression. The atmosphere and contacts are congenial and stimulating. On the whole—the bigger and better school is the world you live in—alone you make your way.

That Rembrandt died poor and Van Dyck rich means nothing except that one died poor and the other rich.

That Voltaire rolled in money and Jean Jacques Rousseau didn't earn enough to be called a substantial citizen is not important. Nothing is important but what we do and how well we do it. If money comes—well and good; if not—we may regret not having had the thrill of plenty to carry out our dreams; but there is comfort in the thought of having lived without being tempted away from our principles by too much consideration for a pile of money.

Man is like stock on the exchange. His worth is continually rising and falling. This month he may be counted a good man, or a clever man, or even a great man by his friends. Next month they shake their heads and feel disappointed in him. All of us in more or less degree are sailing along in this way. Full breeze and high tide for a while—then we look around and find our boat on mud bottom.

October 8th: On my table lie two letters just received from strangers who write me to say that they like my drawings, "Trees at Night," which are published from time to time in the *Saturday Evening Post*. I have received a great many such letters. Some of the writers enclose suggestions and photographs for other drawings on the subject. Some wrote poems about them. Others were anxious to know if they would be published in book form. In common with most people of artistic perception, I like trees. While looking out of my window toward the wooded hills, one summer night, a caravan of camels seemed to be humping along the sky. They were trees, of course, but enough like camels to key my imagination up to discover other pictures in the formation of foliage. The rest of the summer nights I enjoyed hunting for tree pictures against the light of the

sky or thrown into relief by the glare of automobiles, and drawing them the next day. It seemed to me that this silhouette handling of trees at night had never before been done by any artist. I felt that I had discovered something. After the caravan, I saw "A Woman and a Fan" and other subjects followed. Any night I could walk or ride along the road and see interesting silhouettes made by tree forms, many of them so clearly defined as to need no improvement on my part. But aside from the appearance of a tree by day or night—is it not kin of the human family with its roots in the earth and its arms stretching toward the sky as if to seek and to know the great mystery?



Like a mirror

October 9th: Took a walk around by the little lake. It was like a mirror. Across the meadow had been a corn field. One large stalk that the cutter had overlooked stood alone, tossed by a cold wind. "A Defeated Woman," I called it as I made a sketch and thought of the women I have met who have seen so much of the cold, unsympathetic world that they would not mind being cut down.



The Dial

AMERICAN PEASANT

When I began to picture early-west farmers in the New York humorous magazines I did not find a ready reception for my drawings.

The editors had habituated the public to the by-gosh vaudeville farmer of my friend Zim and other cartoonists. This type had to have long goat-like whiskers, a fancy vest, pants in boots, while carrying a carpet bag and chewing a wisp of straw dangling from his mouth. I had made so many studies from life of the farmers of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana that I was determined to try out the rustic of my own observation—which was quite different from this accepted type.

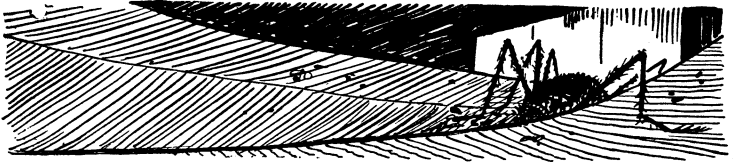
Having some talent for mimicry, I used to talk like a farmer on politics, crops or other subjects when dining out with a group of friends. Horatio Winslow would often be a member of the group and would help my monologue along (like one farmer to another) by his healthy interest in the back-home vernacular.

I liked the rustic drawings of A. B. Frost. I found only one criticism to make of them. Looking at a Frost group of farmers—I saw too many that dated back to the slit-mouthed puritans of American tradition.

In the files of the early *Judges* and *Pucks* my farmer pictures repose. Some of them I am quite sure are worth a backward glance. One of my last drawings of a farmer was published in the *Dial* with the title "American Peasant."

October 10th: Went down into the cellar to tend the furnace this morning and got interested in a spider web flung securely from the window to a beam three feet distant. I notice that spiders sometimes closely weave their webs so that they resemble gray blankets. This big spider had adjusted it with firmness and had swung it so wide and

far that in the spider world he had what might be called a large estate.



A strange thing about my early youth is that I refused to tell anybody how much I was affected by the beauty or ugliness of things. I saw beautiful village girls, who had married farmer boys, in a few years turn into hags, and I have wanted to cry out against this humping of feminine backs, wrinkling of necks and whiskering of faces. But no one else seemed to care. I looked upon myself as a lonely minority and helpless. And yet, queer paradox, I always had a liking for those who were ill-treated by circumstances. It was the unpopular girl that I often sought at the town parties. Not with uplifting sympathy—but feeling that I might discover a rare individuality and beauty overlooked by others—and I did.

October 11th: What crimes and follies are committed by the need for money! Most people live at high pressure. A need will not wait patiently as it once did. Our needs are nervous, they snap their fingers and say, "Come now! Come! We are waiting!"

Need compels a poor inventor to sell his invention for the price of his unpaid rent; and then to see others reap the reward of his genius!

Artists, writers, all let go of some spiritual part of their being, because need says, "Time's up! Get the money!"

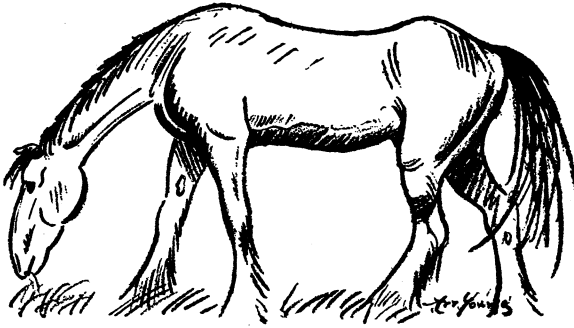
No great height is reached when it is said of you that you are a master of expression. What matters is what you have to say. Is your message big enough for humanity, or is it a reflex of your narrowness and petty prejudice?

We call our friends selfish if they don't do what we want them to do, never questioning whether we are selfish in wishing any one to act contrary to his own nature.

October 12th: Acquaintances have asked me, and the reader may be a bit curious to know, how I happened to locate in this part of Connecticut. It was one of the many things of vital concern to me that just happened. Generally speaking, a man who has been raised in the country can't be enclosed in the city many years before he longs for the free life that he knew as a boy—to call from the hills, to sit at a window through which the untainted sun slants, to hear the quiet murmurs of nature and to really concentrate on whatever task is before him, and above all, to get acquainted with himself, which cannot be done in the hurly-burly of city environment. To satisfy this urge I looked at the "farms for sale" notices in the newspapers. The rest happened. It might have been some other town, but this farm being reasonable in price, less than two hours from New York, secluded on the side of a hill, and only a mile from the village, I said to myself, "Here we rest"—although other places were almost as inviting. Boyhood in Wisconsin and old age in Connecticut, in between Chicago and New York, seems to be the geographic location of my span of life. But New York always within hailing distance and the tempestuous life in homeopathic doses. I can sympathize with the old colored man who got a job in the city. In a few months he returned to his old home town and was

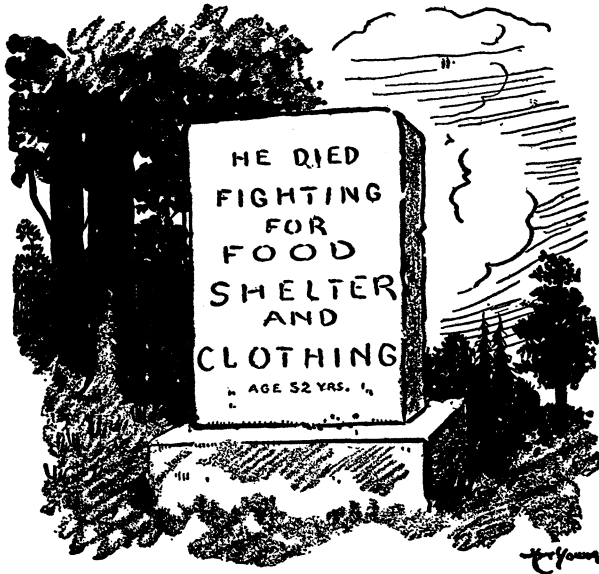
asked how he liked the big place. He said that he didn't like it, because, said he, "dares too much rattlin' of de dishes for the quantity of de vittles."

October 13th: This day brought out all of my imagination for form and color. I stopped on the highway, a habit of my youth, to sketch an object or fragmentary thing by the wayside. An old horse, for one thing, the sway of the belly



a sketch by the way

underneath and the long vein that traverses it. The lines of a horse are fascinating to follow, as are the outlines of geese and pigs and most domestic animals. After dinner, so full of interest in form was I that I laid rocks with a waltzing movement of my trowel and a devotional pleasure in the forming of a wall of my new studio. Late in the afternoon I read a magazine article by a high class art critic. Most writers on art are dizzy. They fling words like confetti and, like confetti, these words of pink, blue, green and yellow, flicker in the air, but mean nothing. The expert writer on art of to-day says something like this: Here is revealed the artist's subjective search for abstract form, through spheric flesh, psychic angles and vaulted dimensions,



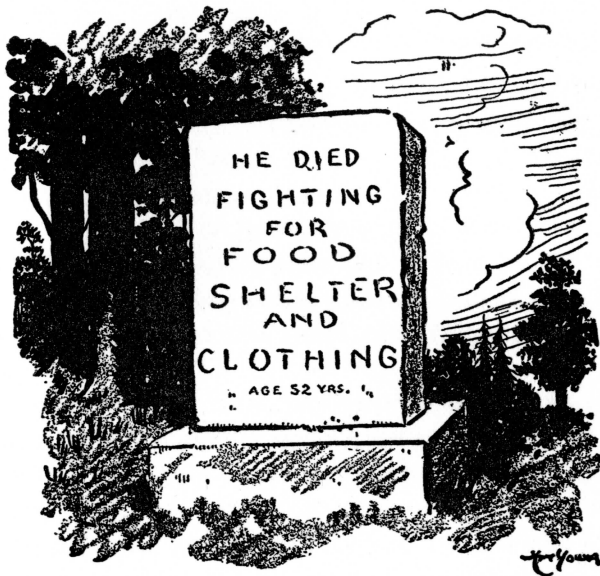
The Coming Nation

The average-man's epitaph.



The Liberator

"Say, Bill, do you know what we made out of the World War—we made 185 million dollars."



The Coming Nation

The average-man's epitaph.



The Liberator

"Say, Bill, do you know what we made out of the World War—we made 185 million dollars."

sometimes seeing them in retreat or again in full-blown tonality and confirmed by their own emotion, altogether the best painting since his "Nude Cutting a Pie." This is not a quotation, but my attempt to imitate the professional writer on art. I read Sir Joshua Reynolds when I want to get something of value about painting. I do not agree with William Blake about Sir Joshua. His discourses of a hundred and fifty years ago still stand and are not words, but substance.

Robert Henri's book "The Art Spirit" is also worth reading. In art and literature I am always on the side of the experimentalist and those who break with tradition, knowing full well that there are some rules of art just as truly as there is a law of equilibrium. These rules a real artist picks up as he does the brush, the pencil, or chisel that have come down from antiquity. But a real artist is also a rebel. Tradition, for all its accepted truisms, is the enemy. The fact that a few accepted or basic facts reveal themselves in all art from the primitive to the classical is not more important than that the iconoclast shall have his day. Within the larger truths there are always a lot of other truths that no one sees till the radical dares to investigate and bring them to light. Sir Joshua called these the fluctuating, as distinguished from fixed principles.

October 14th: Beginning with three or four outstanding representatives fifty years ago I have watched the profession of cartooning in the United States increase to a membership of hundreds. Including all kinds of cartoonists—the comedy boys and others—the number would be thousands, and the correspondence schools keep on increasing the output. From Nast, Keppler, Gillam and Bush during the middle and last half of the nineteenth century, political

cartooning has developed into a national profession not unlike the profession of Law, with good payment for services rendered. And like the profession of Law, good men often emerge, in spite of its devastating influence on character and independent thinking. The radical and big humanist movements in all lands have found some of their best champions among the lawyers and cartoonists. But for one cartoonist, or one lawyer, who sees through the evils that permeate his profession, there are many more who are taken in by the glamour of big fees, and will do nothing that will not assure more cushions for their comfort, and a proud status among the elect.

Standing over by the lane that bounds my place on the south is all that is left of a large tree. It was struck by lightning several years ago and later its bark was burnt off by a forest fire. The woodpeckers have hammered at it till it is full of holes and the heart of it is mostly gone. Just one branch remains on which life appears when another springtime comes around. So endeth the trees, not unlike the end of human life.

October 15th: From my grassy bed on the slope I have been watching a thistle. The lowly thistle! "Canst thou gather figs from thistles?" No! But really the thistle, with all its thorny leaves and common origin, isn't as bad as its reputation. What more beautiful than this purple-red bloom that appears in early September and gives of its sweet substance to every passenger of the air that wants it! A butterfly flutters up and tastes it; then a bumble bee buries himself in it, head down, like a glutton in a bowl of pudding. And along in October the birds feast on the seeds while the eerie thistledown is wafted over the hills and far away.



The Saturday Evening Post

THE DEVIL'S ORCHESTRA

Should a donkey with an appetite wander this way he would, no doubt, be delighted to take what is left of this slandered weed. No, you can't gather figs from thistles, but why should you?



October 16th: The work of the comic strip newspaper cartoonist is one of the wonders of this century. As feats of burlesque cleverness they are remarkable, to say nothing of the prolific output of these entertainers of the newspaper public. A vaudeville comedian walks on the stage and gives you the same patter every night. The comic strip comedian invents a new story, new scenery, new jestings, for his characters every day, often including Sunday. That he gets a high salary for this is no violation of the eternal fitness of things. Yet is it not wrong for intelligent, creative men to exercise the humorous faculties of their minds, every day, all of the time, year in and year out? I would say that it is brain-abuse. Mark Twain was not a routine wage-slave humorist, but even he had to write a book about Joan of Arc to keep on good terms with the serious side of his nature.

October 17th: I have always been interested in the kind of man or woman you meet in a small village who is obsessed with a queer idea, commonly called a "crank." We had a few cranks in my home town. One was Mrs. Dickinson

who was fanatically opposed to tobacco. She would walk up to any man with a pipe or cigar in his mouth and say: "Fire at one end, fool at the other." Another was "Old Man" Meyers, as we called him, who was discovering perpetual motion in the basement of his home. Then there was the lady with the strong, intelligent face who belonged to the Dress Reform Cult of 1886. She wore a street costume consisting of black silk pants (like pajamas) and a kind of blouse that caught up the pants at the waistline. When the queer people about town grew rather tame to me I would go out to the insane asylum to get a thrill out of the performance of a fellow called Casper Disch. We boys would ask Casper to stand on his ear and he would make a heroic effort to do it. He was not successful, of course; but it was satisfying if you had an imagination.

October 18th: There was a young man in the old home town more frowned upon than smiled at by the best people, but he enlisted my interest and I must confess it there were times when I admired his daring. The son of one of the leading families of the village, he gave the town one shock after another by acting "disgracefully." Was it because I was more timid than this boy that my conduct was quite proper? Or was it because I felt that the old folks who ruled this world of morals knew more about right and wrong than young folks? I looked at this boy's escapades, however, with a kind of envy, feeling that any kind of a shock to the old town now and then was good for it. One thing he did was to spend much of his time at the race tracks—disreputable in 1887. He would get drunk, boldly entering saloons through the front door, instead of sneaking in the back way. Drunk or sober, he delighted in driving his fast trotting horse with the scarlet woman of the town by his

side around the village square. Just a crude, unthinking rake of a boy was he—hell-bent, I suppose—but he was *not* a hypocrite.

October 19th: I have often wished that I had followed more of the rebel impulses of youth. That particular girl, among the many that swarmed in from work on my father's fruit farm. That particular girl. I think that she liked me and I know that I liked her. Why consider anything but the natural hunger of your growing self? Why didn't I accept the challenge of those two girls, Nettie B. and May S., when they proposed running away and joining a circus? Perhaps I reasoned. Oh, Reason! And something told me that the way was too hard, having already vowed that my paramount duty was creating and drawing pictures. Be it noted, however, that "reason" triumphed, with only a few lapses of disloyalty, for many years. I even took my reason to the gates of Paris, where I studied at the Julian. I am not bragging about the triumph of reason or extolling my virtue. I don't know whether I was followed by a guardian angel, or a devil of inhibition.

October 20th: The first woman publicist of renown that I ever saw was Frances Willard. Up to the time I saw her I had associated women only with the home. I knew, of course, that a few dared social criticism by going on the stage. As a rule however, their interests outside of domesticity, were confined to church-sociables, raising money for the heathen, picnics and spelling-bees. To see a woman of poise and eloquence stand out on a platform and talk on world issues to a convention of several thousand people was a revelation to a country-bred youth. And I liked the idea of a woman interested in public affairs as well

as her own home. Frances Willard's well-known statement that she would take legally the entire plant that we call civilization in the United States—all that had been achieved since Columbus wended his way hither—and produce for use and not for profit, was one of the first Socialist appeals that I ever read. The association of these words with the splendid woman I saw and admired may have had something to do with my radical views on public questions that developed later.

October 21st: My father was an usher on horseback at the Lincoln-Douglas debate held in Freeport, Illinois. My parents were then living on a farm, fifteen miles from Freeport near the state line between Illinois and Wisconsin. I came on the scene later. Father told me about the happenings of that eventful day. What he remembered clearly was the remark that Lincoln made to a man in the audience who was sitting in the overflow crowd back of the speakers' platform. This man asked Lincoln to turn around more often so the people in the rear could hear him. Lincoln said he'd like to talk to those behind him, but he added, "I think I'd better talk to the majority." My father said that Douglas was disturbed by jeers and spoke a bit sharply about lack of respect on the part of some members of the audience. Lincoln interjected to the effect that Mr. Douglas would get respect if *he* would be careful to be respectful.

October 22nd: One of my delights is looking over the drawings of artists of other days. Joseph Keppler, Jr., gave me a trunk full of books and prints which at one time belonged to his father, saying, "I know that you will appreciate them and take good care of them." Keppler, Sr., with A. Schwarzman, founded *Puck*, the first successful cartoon



Oct. 25
1894

JOSEPH JEFFERSON



Drawn by
H. B. ...
1893

BOB INGERSOLL



Art. 3 am's
sketch
of
you
Th. Nast.
march 10 - 1892 ..

THOMAS NAST

magazine published in America. Among these old and rare prints are many copies of the early comic weeklies, collected by Keppler, Sr. I find *Nast's Weekly* among them. Thomas Nast came before Keppler by several years and was the first really powerful cartoonist in America with a national reputation. Not many know that at one time he tried to establish a magazine of his own and failed.

I knew Nast when he had become somewhat neglected by public and publisher. When I was the cartoonist of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* Thomas Nast was an occasional contributor and I felt quite important as a mere lad to be associated with Nast as a leading feature of this Republican daily. Nast was publishing his own weekly at that time in New York and he mailed his drawings to Chicago. I made a cartoon for the *Inter-Ocean* picturing the famous editor, Henry Watterson, turning from his favorite—"Star-eyed Goddess of Reform," as an editorial subject—to a more beautiful lady, "The World's Fair" of Chicago. Nast came to Chicago a few days after it was published and said to me, "Isn't it funny how the same idea will occur to two different cartoonists at the same time?" He had made a cartoon of the same idea for his magazine.

I would often hear Nast's work discounted by the rising generation of cartoonists. I liked his work. His cartoons in the Greeley-Grant campaign and the Boss Tweed series are the best examples of pictorial ridicule in American history.

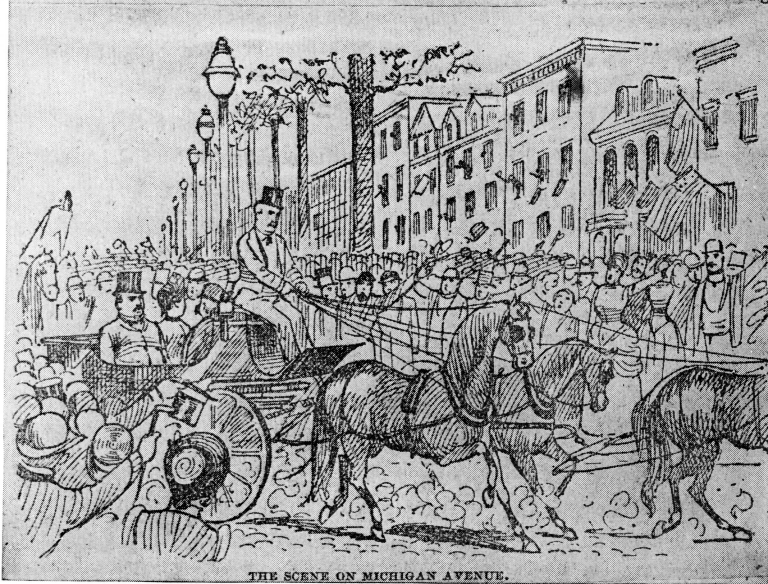
Nast and General Grant were great friends. That he was a disappointed man in his later years there can be no doubt. He was in debt and his investments had turned out badly. After many importunities on the part of his political friends, President Roosevelt finally appointed him Consul at Guayaquil, Ecuador. He called on me two days before he sailed

for this tropical country. I asked him how he pronounced the queer name of the city to which he was going. He said that he didn't know, but he added, "That's why I am going—to find out." At this time he was trying to paint. Out at his home in Morristown, N. J., I saw a portrait that he was working on of his old commander, Garibaldi, with whom he had been in the Italian campaigns, and a Shakespearean scene that he had done for his friend, the distinguished actor, Sir Henry Irving. This dapper, olive-skinned Bavarian, with owl-like features and a smile that lifted his white teeth and flaring mustache to first place, was one of my youthful loves as a man of action and genius. He and I went together to the first moving picture to be shown in America. It was at the old Bijou Theater on Broadway—a picture of French cavalry maneuvers. His comment was "Marvelous, marvelous," throughout the show. On the day he sailed for Ecuador he drew a cartoon for the *New York Herald*, humorously picturing himself on his way to the zone of yellow fever—a prophetic drawing. He had been at his post only four months when he was stricken with the disease and died.

October 23rd: As the days shorten and the nights close around the home, the lamp that burns near the bookcase lures me and to-night I am in a mood for the poems of Sidney Lanier. Poverty and neglect were Lanier's portion, even more cruel than Poe's. Lanier, the unnoticed, playing a flute in a Baltimore orchestra, a consumptive, writes to his wife, "So many great ideas of art are born to me each day. I am swept away into the land of all delight by their strenuous sweet whirlwind, and I find within myself such entire, yet humble, confidence of possessing every single element of power to carry them out save the little paltry



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND.



THE SCENE ON MICHIGAN AVENUE.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND VISITS CHICAGO

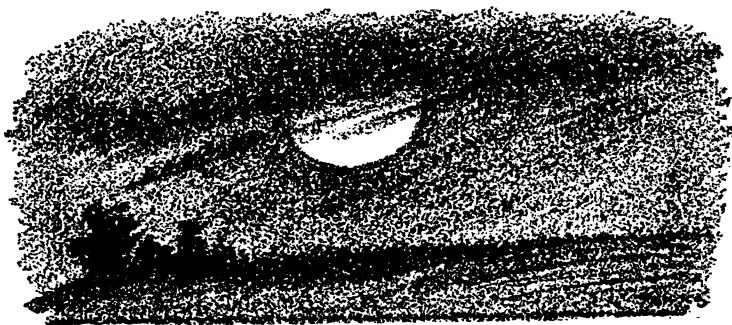
A drawing published in the Daily News when, as staff-artist, I was assigned to illustrate news events of all kinds in pen and ink. This was in 1887 before half-tone photographs became the accepted way to illustrate newspapers.

sum of money that would suffice to keep us clothed and fed in the meantime. I do not understand this." Lanier believed that a moral purpose enhanced a beautiful creation of art. He writes, "Unless you are suffused with Truth, Wisdom, Goodness and Love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist." As for his verse, he lifts me up where I can see the beauty of his world.

October 24th: In my father's library were the works of Robert Ingersoll. They fascinated me because of their daring, and picturesque diction. On one of his lecture tours Ingersoll posed for me, sitting Pope-like in his suite at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago. The newspapers often referred to him as "Pope Bob." His wife, who accompanied him, had just received a letter from their daughter in New York. They talked over the contents of the letter as I sketched the great agnostic. Scalchi, the opera singer, was mentioned. Ingersoll said, "Wonderful singer, Scalchi." Ingersoll was tall, heavy, well-dressed and had baby-like features. He had a scar on his left jaw as if he had been cut with a knife. On the platform he knew how to use ornate and poetic sentences without offense to one's sense of simplicity. He could be as decorative as he pleased and you would wish for more of the same. I heard him deliver his lecture "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child." I also heard him in a political campaign. In politics he would satirize the Democratic party issues, holding each one up to ridicule, after which he would pause and say, "No, it won't do," or, "Let's be honest." When in Cincinnati he nominated James G. Blaine for the Presidency with this burst of eloquence: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, he (Blaine) marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance, full and fair, against the brazen foreheads of the

maligners of his country's honor," you see how boldly he could use figurative language. After this speech Blaine was cartooned by the Democratic press as a knight, full panoplied with a boiler-cover for a breastplate and a tin-pail helmet, capped with a sorry looking plume. To the generation in which I grew up, Ingersoll, the son of a minister, was idolized by thousands because he dared question the divinity of the Bible and the moral value of institutional religion. Presumptuous and foolhardy, no doubt, when considered from the standpoint of his profession as a publicist and lawyer, and resented by a majority of the "best people." But Ingersoll could pack large halls with iconoclasts, and even liberal churchgoers who knew that he was sincere, who liked to see a brave man in action.

This forenoon, sitting by the open door, I saw a long flock of birds, zigzagging down the sky toward the south. Swallows, I thought, by the cut of their tails—on their annual way to a warmer climate. I began to sing like that German I once heard back in Wisconsin when I was a boy, who in broken English rendered "When the Swallows Home-



ward Fly.” He was so serious and sad about it. Playing the accompaniment on our old family organ, I would try to imitate the German, and my mother enjoyed it.

October 25th: This night I watched the half-moon go down in the west following in the sun’s path. I have made many sketches of the moon and its frame of sky and cloud, always changing, never repeating. I never cease to wonder at the vast populations of the world since time began and no two faces have ever been just alike. And however much governments and society try to mold the human mind to think according to pattern, there is always a tiny something different and non-conformist in every human being, though they fear to express it.

October 26th: This day I went down to the village grocery store. The cold northerly winds of the past week have stripped the trees, and winter appears to be ready to take charge. The grocer weighed out two pounds of butter. As he was doing so he said to a group of us customers, “Well, I see they have settled the coal strike.” “Yep,” said one of us, laconically, “settled again.” Then another speaks up, “We are going to have peace over there in Europe ’cordin’ to the papers.” Then I joined in and told the story of the Chinaman who went to a Western town that real-estate men were trying to boom. He had been there over two years. The town had not grown much, but the realty operators continued to talk about its great future. One day John was seen wheeling his effects to the railway station. “Where are you going, John?” said a bystander. “Gettee out,” said the Chinaman. “Going to leave us? What’s the matter, don’t you like the town?” “No likee,” said John, “No likee—too muchee bye and bye.”

October 27th: One rainy night early last winter I came out of the Hotel Brevoort in New York and started for my studio. Near the hotel entrance I met a cabby who, on several occasions, had driven me up the Avenue in his old-time victoria. On this night he did not ask me if I wanted a ride, but with a tone of resigned failure in his voice said:

"Say, Young, I want to talk to you."

"All right, what about?" said I.

"Say, do you see that outfit? Look at that victoria—look at that harness." We walked nearer the outfit. "Look at that horse." (He woke the horse up.) Then he shook the wheels of the victoria to prove how sound the carriage was (not a very good proof), but he was making the salesman's gesture with a show of confidence in the merit of what he was selling. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you the whole outfit. There's nothing in this business any more. Everybody takes taxis. I'm through, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You can have the whole outfit, horse, harness and victoria, for seventy-five dollars."

It looked to me like a bargain but I felt that I had no need of the horse or the harness. But the victoria, old but still proud, appealed to me. I recalled how I enjoyed the victorias during my years in Washington. This low rolling boulevard craft, with its soft rhythmic, undulating rumble, was, and is, more to my quiet liking than the fretful, chugging automobile. With no thought, at the moment, of using a horse for the vehicle, I asked him how much he would take for the victoria.

"You can have it for \$15," he said.

"All right, I'll take it."

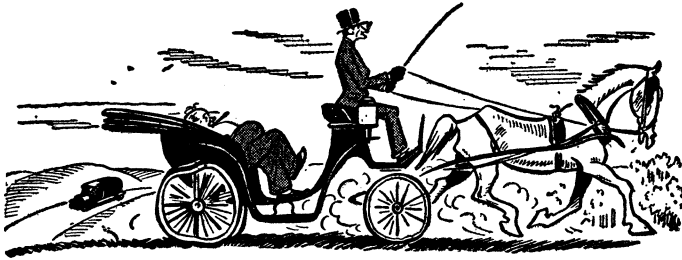
But he added, "I want to be honest with you, Mr. Young. I've got a hack over in Brooklyn that has better wheels than this victoria, rubber tires, cost \$8 apiece; I'll sell you the

hack, too, so you'll have good wheels when the victoria wheels wear out."

I inspected the old victoria wheels, and then said, "How much for both vehicles?"

"I'll sell you the hack and the victoria for \$30."

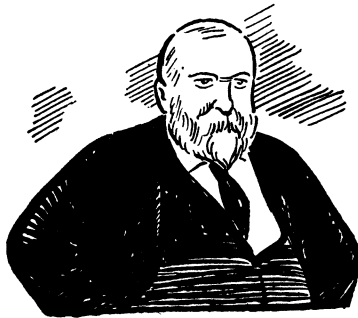
I figured that the lamps and leather cushions were worth that much. I bought them both and paid storage in Brooklyn all winter for the shelter and repose of them. It was a long time before I could get them towed out to their new



home—and the storage cost mounted to three times the purchase price. This summer they are here in Bethel. The old four-wheeled hack (bereft of lamps, cushions, etc.) is out under an appletree and the victoria is in a barn down in the village (still a storage expense) awaiting the day when I can attach it to a horse, employ the services of an experienced, trustworthy driver and fulfill the dream I had that rainy night in front of the Brevoort of riding over the country hills in this relic of the good old days. The victoria will not go down to oblivion if I can help it.

When any one tells me he hates a particular race of people, I can work up a little hate myself,—not for the race—but for the one who is talking.

October 28th: What have I to say about presidents that I have met? As if anybody cared. But I am writing a good deal as the representative from Missouri talked to Congress. "He talks to inform himself," is the way a friend of mine put it. The first President that came within my ken was Grover Cleveland. When he visited Chicago in 1887 I looked out of the fourth story window of the *Daily News* building and I saw him (especially his bald head) as he and his wife rode by in a carriage drawn by four horses, and I made a sketch of the scene for the newspaper. The next President was Benjamin Harrison. I was in Indianapolis and went to a political meeting where the Chief Executive was guest of honor. I was standing beside him busily sketch-



BENJAMIN HARRISON

"THESE NEWSPAPER ARTISTS ARE
A TERROR" *Sept 24 1894*

ing his features. He smiled toward me and said, "Oh! these newspaper artists are a terror." Then came William McKinley—dignified, dark-eyed, with features dramatically correct for one who is in the limelight. He had a way of shaking hands all his own—close up as if he were really interested in you. I saw him on several occasions. Theodore Roosevelt I saw many times, and on one occasion after a formal intro-

Roosevelt addresses a meeting of The American Academy of Arts and Letters



The front row at the first meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City, November, 1916. Reading from left to right: Hamlin Garland, John Burroughs, Robert Underwood Johnson, Monsieur Lansom, Member of the French Institute, Edwin Howland Blashfield, and ex-President Roosevelt. The first time I heard Roosevelt speak was in New York on his return from the Spanish-American War. Then I understood why he was familiarly called "Teddy." He was pugnacious and enjoyed crowds as they enjoyed him. The last time I saw him, he addressed the meeting here pictured in part. President Roosevelt had a double-toned voice—speaking intently in bass-notes for a while then suddenly changing it into a squeaky sound as if he were delivering "an aside" not essential to the main theme of his discourse.

duction, he said, "Young, I would like to talk to you about *real* radicalism," showing his teeth at the word "real." I said, "Colonel, I don't know about that; I am afraid that you will hypnotize me." This was not mere badinage. It is my nature to be too receptive to the opinions of a man of distinction—especially in his own home or private office. I want to agree with him—just to be courteous. I don't like to debate unless there is plenty of time to cool off. I am quite neutral. I respect his point of view and am in constant danger of assenting to something I don't believe. I did not have the talk with President Roosevelt that he requested. If Humboldt was right in saying that "energy is the greatest virtue of man," then Roosevelt was the great American exponent of that virtue. In his early days he was a political Mahomet. I was for him with all my youthful ardor. But it didn't last long. In later years his sound and fury were still the same, but the words were cautious and quite satisfactory to those he had formerly embittered.

Then came William Howard Taft. I made sketches of him in New York and again in Washington. A big bulk of physical man on top of which was a high hat—he was easy to caricature.

President Taft's four years were known as "The good-natured administration." Roosevelt, now retired at Oyster Bay, had sponsored Taft but fell out with him. When Mr. Taft ran for a second term Mr. Roosevelt projected his own party into the field and out of this memorable contest between the Republican, Bull Moose, and Democratic parties—Vermont and Utah were the only states that appreciated "the good-natured administration." The Democrats won and Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, was our next President.

In a magazine a few years ago I told the story of my

informal interview with President Wilson. Hardly five minutes were consumed in the conversation. I will not go into the details of how I happened to be in the reception room of the White House. But being there and puzzled as to what I ought to say to the President, I introduced myself, stating that I was the Washington correspondent of the *Metropolitan Magazine*. He replied: "The *Metropolitan* doesn't like me very much, does it?" (Ex-President Roosevelt was then its chief contributor and editorial adviser.) I said: "Well, you may have noticed, Mr. President, that I have never drawn any harsh cartoons against you, or written anything libelous." Then I said something about the difficulties of his high office and finished by asking him the good old-fashioned question: "Do you sleep well?" He seemed to think it was a fair question, but smiled without replying, then said: "Good day, Mr. Young," and I said, "Good-by, Mr. President." I told Secretary Tumulty on the way out that I saw the President and everything went all right.

I have also written before of the day when he delivered his Peace Message to Congress. It was really a preliminary war message. When Wilson arrived at a Senate door the Sergeant-at-Arms shouted loudly: "The President of the United States!" Well groomed, almost slick in appearance, the President walked down the aisle while everybody stood up cheering as he mounted the dais. After shaking hands with Vice-President Marshall, he read the message. President Wilson was a master of phrasing, which he knew how to deliver with fluent certainty.

Many of my radical idealist friends believed in Wilson and voted for him.

I had a talk with one friend, a famous writer, well-known for his radical opinions at this time, and he believed that

Wilson was sincere and would "keep us out of war." I said, "Of course, he is sincere, and of course he wants to keep us out of war. But 'they' won't let him." In a test of his principles a President can always do one of two things: be impeached or behave. Wilson behaved. The big test situation confronted him at Versailles with his idealistic fourteen points. The whole world of people were with him, but the financial rulers were against him. Governments are one thing, people another, and these governments, through the press, would have ridiculed, disgraced and impeached him for not being "practical" in such a crisis had he insisted on his new "commandments." So he reluctantly let go of his ideals. There are those who criticized him severely for this, and it must be admitted that once he had proclaimed these covenants he hadn't much "fight" to see them through.

So the points "no indemnities" and all the rest curled up and died while he looked on, much to the satisfaction of the diplomats and financiers. Put yourself in his place, you who have opinions. If the Money Power doesn't want your opinions to operate, would you be brave enough to defy it? Had President Wilson been sure he was right and sure that history would proclaim him a savior, he was obviously not the type of man to walk the hill of martyrdom. His words will live. But the man had no hero-mantle to draw about him when he laid down his tragic life.

I watched President Harding with great interest. I was in Washington most of the time during his term as Senator from Ohio.

Once I was drawing a picture of him in the Senate lobby. He didn't talk much while posing—but one remark he made interested me. He said, "I think maybe I could have been a sculptor—you know, I have a natural feeling for form and

molding." I used to see Senator Harding and his wife long before they were occupants of the White House at the Saturday band concerts on the White House grounds. (I hope I can find that picture I made of them.) President Wilson was then looking out of the White House and Senator Harding was outside looking in. It was rumored even then that Senator Harding's wife had her eye on the Executive Mansion as a home. Harding had wonderful shoulders and tapered gracefully right down to his feet. He was good looking and had the bushy eyebrows that suggest stern wisdom. But he was far from being wise. He had a half-smile that was winning. And he could orate in the traditional style of speaking. Having been born poor, wooing and winning the village banker's daughter, and making a success of himself generally, he was "all right" for President of the United States. He had a hard time of it. But not so hard as the learned-professor President whom he succeeded.

Now for a word about the Presidents away back in my days of adolescence. Grant, Garfield, Arthur and Hayes—I never saw, but I kept pretty well posted on their acts and characteristics, for one just beginning to take notice of the kind of world he had been born into. Grant was cartooned in the illustrated weeklies with a long cigar in his mouth. His latter years were spent sadly in the shadow of a Wall Street scandal. Garfield was killed not long after he was inaugurated. Criticism of his administration never got into full swing. President Arthur's vulnerable point was his associates. At one time he had been a New York City politician and some Democratic newspapers referred to him as a "pot-house statesman." But I have since talked with men who knew him and they say he was not that at all but

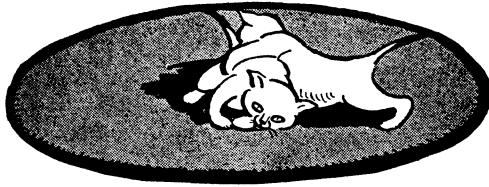
a man of great integrity and a good President, as Presidents go.

President Hayes had a wife who was much criticized in the press and around the village stores because she was too fanatical on the subject of temperance. And Hayes himself was accused by the Democrats of being fraudulently elected.

I knew about these Presidents and their policies through newspaper reading and Nast's cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*, and those in *Leslie's*, also the colored ones in *Puck* and *Judge*. My bedroom walls were papered with cartoons clipped from *Puck*—which was some years before the daily papers adopted the political cartoon as a feature. One incident stands out clearly in my recollection of that period: A nation-wide day of prayer was ordered by the Government, calling upon the citizens everywhere to assemble and pray for the recovery of President Garfield, who had been shot and seriously wounded by a crazy office-seeker by the name of Guiteau. My father was a Republican, but a bit of an agnostic, who didn't believe much in prayer. Most of the townspeople assembled in our court-house square to pray. Most of the business men closed their stores, except my father and a few hard-shell Democrats. Praying went on all day. About three o'clock a leading business man reproached my father for not closing his store. Father argued that his first duty was to his customers—and, besides, he didn't think praying would do much good. Garfield died a few weeks after several million people had lifted up their voices in fervent and reverent appeal to save him. God had turned the proposition down, or else he was in conference and didn't know what it was all about.

October 29th: I have a white cat. She has strangely colored eyes. One is porcelain blue and the other amber.

Three weeks ago she produced two kittens. I knew they were on their way, and being alone in the house, I began to feel responsible for the prospective mother's comfort. She had her odd eyes on certain places about the house and outer kitchen for the ordeal of maternity—I ordered her away from a corner near my drawing table, and impatiently threw a hat box in a secluded part of the summer kitchen, saying, "How's that?" She seemed to think the box just about right. The kittens are now three weeks old and beginning to play. She spanked one of them to-day—playful of course—took it between her front paws and kicked a tattoo on the little one's hind quarters. She is now giving them instructions in play. Only three weeks old, they wobble,



timidly, and their hind legs spread. The mother jumps and runs away, looking out from behind a chair with one eye as much as to say, "You can't catch me." The weather turned cold, so I have given her warmer quarters in the house near a furnace register. She enjoyed the new quarters until yesterday when plumbers began putting new furnace pipes in the cellar. The noise of hammering and falling tin, with no heat, and strangers in the house, annoyed her. She was nervous all day. But this forenoon when the noise of the plumbers was continued she stood in front of the door that leads upstairs and looked at me while she made appealing meows. This meant—as I learned—that she wanted to move. Having done some sleeping and mousing in the attic

she remembered the quiet of that neighborhood. After enlisting my interest she returned to her kittens—saying in cat lingo, “Come, we’re going to get out of this place, it’s driving me crazy.” She picked one kitten by the neck. Being rather heavy for her to carry, I took both of them in my arms while she led the way. Once in the attic and settled with the children she was at peace. The plumbers were still at work late in the afternoon, but they were to finish their work soon and were much less noisy about it, so I decided to get the kittens, and take them down to their familiar corner. Reluctantly the mother followed. Evidently there was still too much noise, a lack of heat and privacy, so she took matters in her own paws and teeth while I was out doors. Finding the stair door open, she carried one kitten up two flights back to the attic and was coming downstairs after the other when I returned to the house. I got the kitten that she had so laboriously elevated, and insisted that she should take my word for it that the disturbance of workmen in the cellar would soon be over, and that I would make things comfortable again. The plumbers finished their work—and to-night, as I write, the cat is quiet and satisfied, but I know that just before she curled up with the kittens for the night, she said to me, “Now, please, don’t you let that happen again.”

Back in the late nineties I heard Emma Goldman lecture. To hear her was to understand why she could draw a crowd of devoted followers. Every sentence she uttered sounded good, if a little booky. Emma was not cast for a theatrical manager’s idea of a girl radical who cries “On to the barricades!” She looked more like a “haus-frau.” I was not then nor since able to understand the philosophy of anarchism as a workable theory for collective living. But her lec-

ture interested me and I would applaud loudly whenever she said "freedom." I would meet her occasionally later at a café rendezvous for radicals and always approved when with the help of her firm jaw she uttered the word "freedom." Her bravery was unquestioned. Many times she was sent to jail for expressing her ideas of freedom, and was branded as the most dangerous woman in America.

There is some spot of beauty in the worst of chromos. Some note of harmony in the wheeziest hand-organ. But that is no reason why you should take the chromo and the hand-organ home and live with them.



FOR THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC.

October 30th: For five years I had printed a folder that I called my "Annual," sending them at Christmas time and New Year's to a list of friends. About twenty names were on the first mailing list, but it grew to a circulation of five hundred copies. It was this list of names that was the nucleus for subscribers to *Good Morning*, my ambitious publication venture spoken of on another page. The last Annual I sent to my friends was a cartoon of myself as a pathetic-looking puppy, muzzled by the Espionage Act, "for the safety of the public."

A thing that amuses me is the way some artists and writers denounce "the bad taste of the public," but im-



THE HARVEST

Anniversary of the World War.

דער נייער גאסט



דער איד: אז דאס איז דער נוישער בלאטער.

The Big Stick

When my cartoons were Yiddish.

mediately one of these writes a story or paints a picture that is popular this bad public taste becomes pretty good taste. No matter how individualistic and aloof the creative mind is it wants the kinship of all kinds of minds. To be accepted by a few in authority, although a grateful distinction, is not quite satisfactory. In the long run every true artist wants the wave-length universal.

When I studied in Paris I had an ambition to be a painter.

I knew it was a long road to accomplishment, and how would I live in the meantime? I saw this to be the problem of most young painters; they were painting with one hand and reaching for a beefsteak with the other. It was all I could do to get sustenance while working at marketable drawings. Paintings would be still less marketable.

One has to catch a train in this kind of a civilization. You can't be careless or gay, you must crowd in and go somewhere, or get left on the desert of your dreams.

To-day there was a heavy fall of snow over everything. Nature's genius stroke that eliminates so much obtrusive detail.

October 31st: During the long years of the world war I was *persona non grata* with "respectable" publications. My opposition to the war and the trial of *The Masses* editors, including myself, under the Espionage Act, marked me as a treasonable being to be avoided. Friends fell away and I was conscious of the contempt or rather "pity" that people felt toward me on many occasions. Being in disgrace I had difficulty in making a living. Fortunately for me the editor

of *The Big Stick*, a Jewish comic weekly, who was also under Government surveillance, kept me going by the pay sent me for my weekly contributions to his paper. Usually these cartoons appeared on the cover of the magazine. To see Hebrew letters interwoven with my cartoons rather pleased me because of their decorative effect. The editor, Jacob Marinoff, and I worked well together. An unusual man, this Jacob—brother of Fania and brother-in-law of Carl Van Vechten. He understood my preference as to subject and had a genuine enthusiasm for my work.

I was a very young boy when the country was swept by a revival of religion—taking the form of camp-meetings outside the villages. Here the much-advertised revivalist would exhort day and night, making sinners “white as snow.”

One of my cousins got “the power.” It was all so mysterious to me. The meetings were open to all—young and old—to shout and groan and praise the Lord and sing about the blood of the lamb. I often felt what a lark it would be if I could lose myself in such ecstasy. I went to the meetings and tried, but, no, I could not vibrate.

Susceptible as I was to the pleading of an eloquent and sincere man and to ideals, somehow this going down on my knees in public, confessing sins, talking about Jesus, as if he were an old friend of the family, and to sing “Bringing in the Sheaves,” and all that, was not my forte.

And, after all, is it not rather a confession that the world we live in has not enough beauty for the calmer ecstasy of just being alive?

I heard Moody and Sankey, the revivalists, who, more than any of the others, appealed to the people of the United States, England, and Australia.



STORM BOY

I made many sketches of Moody and Sankey, somewhere about 1895, when they tried to revive revivalism. I can still see Moody with his Bible in one hand—a common-sense-looking person with a compact dignity—all buttoned up in black, and Sankey with side-whiskers, playing an organ and singing "The Ninety and Nine." (Ninety-nine sheep were safely in the fold, but one—a strayed sinner—was out in the cold.) He sang with a throbbing gusto, in a way to bring many a sinner to his feet, and with bowed head acknowledge that he was the lost sheep they were looking for.

I associate revivalism with the whatnots, kerosene lamps, carpet bags, and all things that have passed. And yet it is not impossible, man being what he is, that he will continue to have these periodic jags of religion, these whimpering spells of penitence—that bring him to his knees, a "miserable sinner."

As the years went on I would learn of a minister who was preaching like a broad-minded human being and I would go to hear and see him. I liked a good sermon in those days.

One of the first preachers to attract me was Myron Reed. He preached independently every Sunday in a theater in Denver, where I lived for a few months while drawing for the *Denver Times*. I thought him an extraordinary man. He was a tall, lank Scotchman and was such a one as we call a character. His was a simple eloquence like the poetry of Robert Burns. I put down a few of Myron Reed's sayings as he voiced them to the large congregation which sat rapt and approving under the spell of his spiritual independence and sensible thinking.

"The church and the state invent too many sins."

“There must be in a well-ordered world—a path for every pair of feet.”

“An honest man and true citizen must know the difference between what is legal and what is just.”

“There is a whole lot of the past that is not useful or ornamental. The past is like an old home—things accumulate. Things that are too good to burn and too useless to move.”

The first minister in New York to interest me was Hugh Pentecost. He was really a lawyer but had a Sunday audience of followers whose religion was a kind of anti-religion.

Later I enjoyed the sermons of Minot Savage, the Unitarian, a sensitive man of learning with a voice that trembled with earnestness. His sermons were carefully constructed—always with a pit and a dome. His thoughts were as near my idea of religion at that time as I ever expected to get.

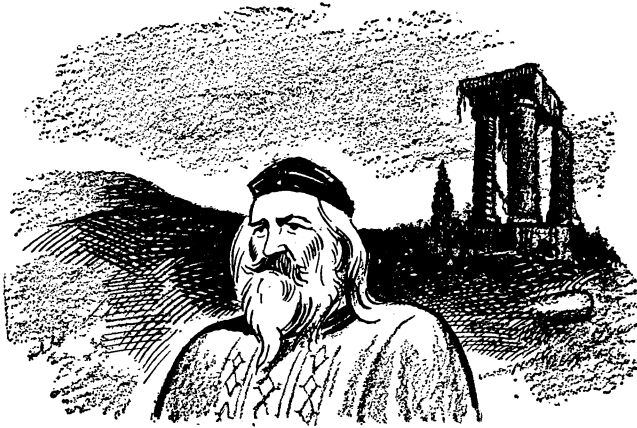
Bishop Spaulding, of Utah, was another who interested me. I couldn't understand how a Bishop who was a Socialist was allowed to remain a Bishop. But he did until the end. I made a drawing of him on an occasion when he preached in old St. Mark's Church on the Bowery in New York.

Then there was Percy Stickney Grant, a man with the quality of kindness and a desire to see some justice done to the outcasts and unfortunates of this world, regardless of what would happen in the hereafter.

Coming down to later times, there is the venerable Bishop William Montgomery Brown and others of various denominations who exercise pulpit independence.

November 1st: Before the public will accept new art or

that which is old, but reincarnated, somebody must knock down the gate, and he generally gets knocked down himself while doing it. George Cram Cook was one of the original Provincetown theater group and for several years was their president and director. George of the leonine front, born in Iowa, was strong enough it seemed to survive away beyond the three score and ten. His work, writing plays, acting, directing and raising money for his theater piled up a lot



George Cram Cook

of worries for him. When I last saw him he asked me to take the part of a Greek Senator who makes grandiloquent speeches, a character in his play, "The Athenian Women." He wrote me the next day insisting that I be a member of his Greek Senate. Cook and other villagers who had heard me mimic U. S. Senators thought I would be good on the stage. But I had a horror of acting on schedule time. So I refused to be a Greek Senator.

A change of scene was thought necessary to get George back to normal after a season of unusually hard work.

Having a deep love of Greek literature, he sought the dream spot of his life, Mount Parnassus, Greece. For a year he lived near Delphi where the Oracle ruled the destinies of the ancient Greeks. He wrote and roamed about the mountain clad as a shepherd. He died on Mount Parnassus.

November 2nd: If I read history correctly there have generally been three forces back of all movements for the supremacy of power in government: Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals.

In our country a man who has wielded a large influence for Liberalism is Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of *The*



Nation. Previous to his editorship of *The Nation*, Mr. Villard was editor of the New York *Evening Post* and carried on the traditions of that paper as the outstanding organ of liberalism in America. His father was Henry Villard, who in his youth was a newspaper writer, and reported the Lincoln-Douglas debates, also the Franco-Prussian War for the New York *Times*; later he became a finan-

cier, and a leading figure of Wall Street. His mother was Fannie Garrison, the daughter of that fearless anti-slavery fanatic, William Lloyd Garrison, who was dragged through the streets of Boston by the "best people."

Villard has traveled much and knows the prominent

statesmen of many countries. In 1922 I was looking around for some publication that would take my cartoons—now known to most editors as “too radical”—and decided to try *The Nation*. Mr. Villard made room for me in the pages of this magazine, founded, away back in 1865, but never before had it featured cartoons.

I went on an outing once with Mr. Villard to a National Convention of the Republican Party, held in Cleveland, to picture the event for readers of *The Nation*. I saw him write like the trained journalist that he is, easily, and on schedule time. He hoped that a liberal Republican would be nominated and was opposed, of course, to Calvin Coolidge.

To read his articles—always so seriously wrought—one would think that Villard did not get much fun out of life. But he laughs a good deal. We were on our way to meet Mencken, who was also doing the Convention. Walking up the crowded street, Villard began to laugh. “There it comes—see?” he said, looking up at a banner held high above a bursting brass band. “The truth is out at last,” said Villard. On the banner I read, “The Nation wants Coolidge.”

Here would be the place for me to follow on with memories and drawings of other men, also women, who are called Liberals—and those called Radicals, among them Lawyers, Doctors, Lecturers, Artists, Actors, Editors, Musicians and Authors. Perhaps I will get around to that later.

Artists as a class take no interest in government. That they want to paint, write, or model, and not bother their heads about political economy is, of course, natural enough but short-sighted. I know the apparent futility of voting, the nuisance of trying to determine the merits of political

issues with blather and bombast, lies and deceit, obscuring the truth. I know the temptation to let the work of the world, including politics, be done by experts in the game. But all this seems insufficient reason for not being concerned with the economic life of a nation and the kind of housekeeping done by the government. There cannot be the maximum measure of content that a human being has a right to until the central plant we call government becomes the distributing power of scientific helpfulness for all of us in the mass. To take no interest in this thing called government that can tax and distribute favors to its favorites, that can reach into the home and grab your child for war, that can punish, disgrace and rob its subjects, is negligence that no urge of art or individual development can justify. It would seem that many great artists of the past were not so negligent, Wagner, William Morris, Courbet, Wordsworth, Milton, Ruskin, Defoe, Dante, Hugo, Shelley, Daumier, Tolstoy, Byron, Heine, Ibsen, Dumas, Anatole France, to mention only a few who were not indifferent to the kind of government the people lived under. They were all critical, some of them the disturbers and incorrigible "soreheads" of their day.

November 3rd: That boy, John Reed, interested me when first I looked at him. He had finished at Harvard and was entering the newspaper and magazine field in New York. At the Dutch Treat Club, of which I was one of the original members (but resigned during the war), he entered into the spirit of our annual frolics. Once he wrote the libretto for an opera and carried off the honors of the evening. We called him Jack. If ever a boy had the spirit of daring and doing it was Jack. Once he thought he had discovered a girl with a marvelous voice. He rented a hall and invited

his friends to hear her. No one in the entire hall except Jack thought she had a voice of superior quality.

When he began to get actively interested in the radical movement, it was a matter of regret on the part of some of the "quality" boys who had known him at Harvard. One of them was heard to say, "Too bad about Jack. He is writing this humanity stuff when he could be writing good light opera." During a big silk workers' strike in New Jersey, Jack was one of the moving spirits to mobilize the strikers for a pageant in Madison Square Garden. Here, he and some of the I.W.W. leaders staged the strike scenes at the factory with the strikers themselves on the stage. I saw Jack impetuously waving a baton as he tried to lead a polyglot chorus of hundreds of workers of many nationalities into a vociferous rendering of the "International." He disregarded failure. His fun was doing. He seemed to enjoy being with the group of artists and writers of *The Masses*. In 1915 he went to Mexico and traveled with Villa's peon army and saw war for the first time. Then he accepted the assignment as European correspondent of the *Metropolitan Magazine* and saw most of the battle-fronts of Europe. He was always coming or going. He would enter a room, hitching up his trousers, rough and ready—a kind of grown-up Gavroche, with big eyes, and he-man shoulders—which he would shrug with an amusing coyness. He was a master reporter of strikes and conventions or whatever interested him. I traveled with him to illustrate the Republican and Democratic National Conventions of 1916 for the *Metropolitan Magazine*, the former in Chicago, the latter in St. Louis. A few years later we went to Chicago to report the trial of the I.W.W. leaders. At this time he was continually hounded by detectives. Suspected of being a Russian propagandist, in Cleveland, where he had a lecture

date, his suitcase was seized, taken to police headquarters and searched for bombs, seditious literature and other odds and ends for overthrowing governments. He narrowly escaped arrest after the lecture (which was not "patriotic") by a strategic move through a basement exit. Boylike, he seemed to enjoy outwitting government officials. He had no regard for regularity; he would write all night, and was careless of his health, especially in the matter of food. He underwent a serious operation in a Baltimore hospital, but lived just as intensely with one kidney as before. He was coming out of Russia when he was arrested in Finland by a White Guard government, and put in a dungeon, where for almost three months he lived on raw fish. Finally released and unable to get passports for America he was soon back in Russia again to continue help in the reconstruction that followed the "Ten Days that Shook the World"—(the title of one of his books). But Jack could no longer stand the strain of the full front to all the hardships that he encountered—that dread disease, typhus, got him. He died in Moscow and was buried by the Russian Soviet government outside the Kremlin walls with all the honors of a hero, which he was.

November 4th: Narrowed down, I suppose that my quarrel with the world is that it is not helpful enough. One sees from the beginning that it is every man for himself. People become worse than they are. They cannot afford to help their fellow-men. Robert Burns in a letter to a friend put it this way: "I do not think that avarice of the good things we chance to have is born with us, but we are placed here amid so much nakedness and hunger and poverty and want that we are under a cursed necessity of studying selfishness in order that we may exist."

When we judge a living man and his works, it isn't a bad idea to think of him as dead.

In no other way can we be fair. Being alive, he's too near, there is no perspective. We see too many faults. One harmless fault can be tom-tomed from the public hills, till, like savages, we go to war against a great and good man.

In like manner a vast number of admirers may see the man's genius to the exclusion of all errors and faults.

It is by closing our eyes and thinking of him as having passed into history that we even up with an impartial judgment.

November 5th: Sometimes I have to confess like the miller in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" that "this world is too much for me." I try my best to ride the whirlwind and laugh, but I make a sorry job of trying to direct the storm. I know why I am stingy at times and at others quite generous and kind. Fear of having no dollar power, the only kind that counts in this kind of civilization. Fear of becoming old and dependent on others makes me close-fisted. But, lift these fears for awhile and I begin to see how decent I can act. How can people worship anything but Mammon? What incentive is there to worship anything else? There is no hope for us except by rebirth. I am a believer in the brotherhood of man, social commonwealths and international good will. But with all my idealism I know that I am tainted with capitalism. I don't fool myself. To be the kind of man I should like to be, with noble qualities and helpfulness toward others, I would have to come to life again into a more just and harmonious world.

During the first years of my married life with Elizabeth

we lived near the corner of Riverside Drive and Ninety-ninth Street. The flat cost forty dollars a month. Out of curiosity I asked the price of the same apartment recently. It is now four times forty. One summer, partly because of



PETER NEWELL

low finances, and partly for a lark, we rented a barn in Leonia, N. J., together with B. B. and his wife, an artist I had known in Paris. It was a new barn surrounded by trees. My artist friend said, "Think of the opportunity of sleeping in a stable like Jesus." I enjoyed crossing the Jersey City ferry, to and from my New York studio, and altogether they were delightful days. Our evenings were spent at the home of Peter Newell, that quaint and original artist of *Harper's Magazine*. Peter was like the whittling genius of a country town—born to his work that came as naturally "as the blowing clover and the falling rain." He illustrated "Alice in Wonderland" for Harper's—in color. Peter was thin and tall, and looked like a hickory tree. I'd like to see all of Peter Newell's black-and-white sketches published in book form, principally the

droll negro comics and the quaint drawings accompanied with his own verse.

November 6th: How can men justify this life as a game? Admitting that there is an element of gambling in everything we undertake, and that there is zest to guessing and plotting to beat an adversary, but how can rulers play the game of

war, pushing armies of young men into victory or death, to win or lose a coveted section of the earth's surface?

How can the stock gamblers play with Nature's harvests and prohibit food to the hungry?

How can coal barons withhold heat from a nation of people in winter, knowing that sickness and misery follow?

After the average business man has played the game of "capital *versus* labor" or "skin your competitor" or "soak the consumer" he goes home at night and plays poker.

It seems to me that life ought to have a more substantial meaning than "playing games" all of the time.

If a masterful word-artist were writing this book, I have no doubt he could (if he felt some enthusiasm for his subject) picture me as a "wise" and perhaps a "great" man.

I have read books about artists who have been made godlike by their biographers' erudition. With an exuberant vocabulary, and that mystic sense of seeing what isn't there, they have enthroned and crowned simple men of talent who, I am quite sure, could not look in the glass afterwards without laughing.

Let truth out and have it over with—for sooner or later it will gnaw its way out.

November 7th: The one thing that keeps me from being downright lazy is a duty (fancied at least) toward this ability to create pictures. Most of us, I believe, feel a duty toward something. I feel guilty if I let a few days go by without putting my drawing pencil to paper.

Duty! A despicable thing when it is forced on us against our better judgment; but a good thing if we feel it ourselves.

No one is worthy of popularity who cannot stand public obloquy. For sooner—(This thought was interrupted by a caller, and I can't think what else I was going to say.)

If marriages were more generally mixed as to nationalities, such as Africans with the Eskimos, the Chinese with the Turks, the Swedes with the Indians and so on, it would make for a better understanding between the peoples of the earth, and would eventually improve the human race.

I am writing this partly in a mood for jesting, but I will hazard the guess that there is something biologically sound in the idea.

November 8th: I question whether some of my reactions to the circumstance of the day set down in these notes are not too trivial to record, but I have undertaken to treat with subjects as they occur to my mind, even the smallest delights or disappointments. And a small disappointment of to-day may throw some light on the vexations of an artist's life. I am getting to that stage of my career when I want the magazines to give my drawings good place and good space. I feel that I have earned that much appreciation. To-day I opened up a weekly humorous paper and saw a drawing of mine that was reduced way down and put in a corner.

When one makes a large drawing in which he has put his best feeling and has composed a scene with satisfaction as to delineation of character and all that gives life to a picture it is disappointing to be thus humbled by an editor. Moreover, the smaller the drawing the less one is paid. You can draw a picture as large as a bill poster and the publisher can reduce it to the size of a postage stamp and pay you "space rates." You can complain, of course, but

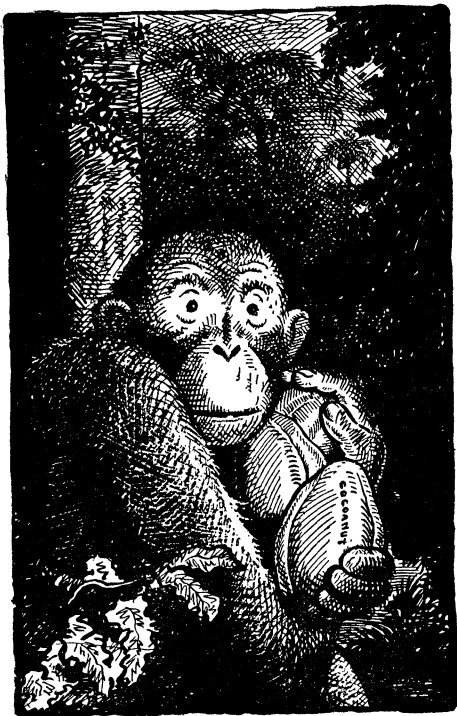
you are one artist among many and the editor will insist on running his own publication in his own way, and who can deny him that privilege?

It is not difficult to meet distinguished people if you represent a powerful newspaper, or magazine. That being the case, it is seldom a compliment to one's ability or personality. It is generally respect for the power back of you.

I have seen a young writer for a newspaper, deferred to by politicians, with entrée to public places, and special privileges of all kinds, suddenly lose his job and become nobody.

To keep one's sense of proportion, while being backed by an institution, more powerful than a thousand individuals, is difficult. Even the individual who does most to make an institution often finds it bigger than his own will.

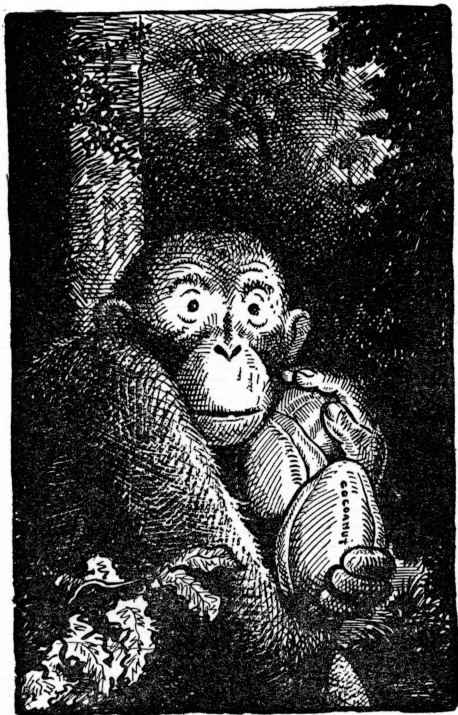
November 9th: I believe there is much to be said for popularity. An artist for whom there is no response on the part of the public may be great or he may not. But, in the long run, the universal appeal is a pretty good test of a work of artistic inspiration. Yet there are great artists in obscurity who are in key with humanity, who could be popular, but are unknown because they have no business ability. The machinery of publicity is a necessity if the artist would have recognition. Friends, sometimes, start this machinery going, but without such auspices he can see the years roll by until about ready to die, then he may hear the trump of fame and there at his door see a wreath of laurel which in a short time will be used for his funeral. Once he is buried it often happens that his paintings that were not worth a cent bring thousands of dollars and art critics write nice essays about his work. Such is the world



*From
Jungle*
==
*To
Civilization*



Metropolitan



*From
Jungle*
==
*To
Civilization*



Metropolitan

we live in. The artist who is too sensitive for business, loses, as a rule, unless he learns to flourish his ego, like a gun, demanding recognition.

November 10th: If a person of obvious and exceptional talent with an individual style and a slight taint of business ability like myself has had such difficulty in getting on for the greater part of his life, what must be the struggle of those who have no special gift nor business sense! It is this thought that occurs to me after a few hours of composing what seems to me some of my best drawings. After they are finished, then comes the sale. "How much do you want for this series?" says the editor. I say "so much" and he says he'll give "so much." Of all the cursed tasks in life, selling your own work is the worst. You enjoy doing your drawings and in that sense you have already been paid for them. But you are compelled to bluff and bargain and sell them, for that is the approved way to get on.

Did you ever see a school teacher with a class of pupils walking through an art gallery? The beautiful sky of this picture and the glorious color of another are pointed out by the teacher. But not until she comes to one about which she can exclaim, "This painting cost \$50,000," does she get the children's real interest. Children learn very young that money is the important thing. I suspect there are people who would not read Milton's "Paradise Lost" because Milton only got three pounds for it.

November 11th: One of my important assignments as a newspaper artist in Chicago was "The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists." While a street meeting was being addressed in Haymarket Square by sympathizers with the labor move-



THIS WORLD OF CREEPERS

Life

ment, and policemen were arriving in patrol wagons to break up the meeting, a bomb was thrown. Bursting in the midst of the gathering, it killed several policemen.

August Spies, Albert Parsons, Adolph Fischer, Louis Lingg, Oscar Neebe, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab and George Engel were tried for the killing of these men and were convicted. Four were hanged, three were sent to prison, and one defeated the law by committing suicide.

In the court-room where they were tried I made sketches of the judge, the jury, the attorneys for the defense and the State and one afternoon spent some time studying the faces and general appearance of the defendants in their cells at the Cook County jail.

Of the attorneys lined up in the legal fight I remember best Judge Black—a tall, audacious, picturesque-looking man—and Sigmund Zeisler, blond-bearded, rosy-lipped, the husband of the musician, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler—two of the attorneys for the defense.

The state did not prove that any member of the group threw the bomb, nor has the thrower ever been detected.

The history of this trial is too well known to write at length about it, but I am here giving a few impressions of one callow youth who looked on when assigned to a task—thinking not so much of justice or injustice as of drawing pictures.

My memory of Louis Lingg is distinct because the sun was shining in his cell as I sketched him. He was a handsome boy, sitting proudly and looking directly toward me as much as to say, "Go ahead, nothing matters." He might have been thinking of something—a desperate something that he resorted to a few days later when, reaching over from his cot where he was lying, he drew a lighted candle toward him and touched the fuse of a small cylinder-shaped

bomb that he held between his teeth. The supposition is that it had been smuggled in for suicidal purposes. The explosion shattered his head to a shapeless mass, but he lived a few hours.

August Spies, editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, was proud and cynical.

A good-looking girl by the name of Nina Van Zandt, of proper home and family upbringing, fell in love with Spies, and would visit the jail daily, touching his hands through the bars and presenting him with flowers. She became a feature for the press to exploit the world over.

Once a reporter asked Spies if he believed in free love. He answered: "Yes, as opposed to bought love."

Parsons looked like a country editor, sitting in his cell, at the side of a table on which were many books and papers.

I remember Fischer and Engel but vaguely. I was sent to Joliet to interview Neebe, also Fielden and Schwab, who were sentenced for life to the State Penitentiary. I saw them, made a few sketches, but was not allowed to talk to them. Oscar Neebe had been a supply merchant for restaurants. I remember feeling very sorry for him—he was so much a home man, and his wife died while he was awaiting trial. Sam Fielden was a peaceful Yorkshire Englishman who had been a Methodist preacher. Solemn Michael Schwab had written editorials for the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. Many years later they were pardoned by Governor Altgeld, who brought down upon himself the execrations of the bourgeois press for his act.

On the day of the execution of Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer, November 11th, 1887, my friend, William Schmedtgen, of the art department of the *Daily News*, was assigned to witness the hanging. Perhaps the editor thought I was too young for the final scene. I saw Schmedtgen put a re-

volver in his pocket as he started out on the assignment. The very air was surcharged with fear, for a rumor had penetrated the homes and offices of Chicago that sympathizers with the anarchists would shoot millionaires and blow up the city if their comrades were executed. Many people had taken trains for other cities and suburban towns.

The city was silent, so silent it seemed numb and lifeless. About five o'clock, as if in exultation, the evening papers were shouted from the throats of running newsboys: "All about the Anarchists Hung!"

The next day the city of Chicago was still intact.

Those who hurried out of town came back.

The speaking and writing of these men called anarchists (although some of them were Marxian economists) in behalf of the unity of labor and the eight-hour day was ended. But now the eight-hour day is taken for granted. Organization of labor goes on, and every year meetings are held in many parts of the world in commemoration of these martyrs who fell victims to that worst mob of all—respectable legalized vengeance.

This day I set out to make a seat for a doorway. I penciled in the design and measured the wood. Thus far, awaiting another time for construction. My neighbor, Pendleton, is doing some interesting woodcarving. That, too, I intend to work on some day. Oh! these ambitions that are continually calling to our talent for fulfillment. For years I have wanted to do lithographs. Seeing the late George Bellows pulling his rich black-and-white drawings off the stone, I forthwith went and bought lithograph materials—still unused.

A painting is a great work of art if it is poetic, dramatic, sculptural and musical.

In other words, something of all the arts makes one work of art.

When I arrived in New York after those youthful years of being acclimated to Chicago the first thing that made a distinct impression on my sight was the clear sunlight.



New York Shadows

In smoky Chicago one could hardly throw a shadow, a feeble one at best. But the shadows of the New Yorkers were sharp and black against the pavement as they walked the street below my hotel window in the clear light of my first morning in the metropolis.

And so it remains, thirty-five years after, *relatively* pure, though much thwarted and shut off by the skyward towers.

November 12th: One who is outspoken and opinionated about art is often refreshing, but he grates on my sense of proportion. I walk through an exhibition with one of these dogmatic fellow-artists and I point to a picture and say, "How do you like this?" He replies, "Rotten!" I may find one that he will pronounce "Great!" but there is not much art in the world lying between these two extremes, either rotten or great. It is the same to him in the field of the theater, books, and the comicalities of the Sunday newspaper. One artist is rotten, another is great. What seems to me an obvious truth is that nothing is all rotten and nothing all great. The laughter of one cult of artists at another never gets much response from me. When I hear an artist dismiss my old teachers, Bouguereau or Tony Robert Fleury,

as beneath notice, I defend the art of these men, that is, if I feel in a mood for discussion.

I am too familiar with the world-old swing of the pendulum, from romanticism to realism and back again, from classicism to impressionism and back again, from hard detailed technique to the spontaneous, and back again, to line up with any movement that has the grand air of finality. But all this not to deny that pride of opinion is necessary. I stand always for the right of an artist to be fanatical about the movement to which he belongs. But the bird sings because it sings; the real artist creates because he is creative. The "rotten" and the "great" will be juggled and shifted, filed here, and then there, and that which was first may be last, as time goes on.

November 13th: In my New York studio. From the quiet environment of the country where the click of your gate has no competitive sound to subdue it, to a chaos of noises—where a shooting affair on the street is just another unnoticed noise in the roaring, honking, whistling, screeching, hurrying city.

The question has been asked before—Is this machine age going to overwhelm mankind like a Frankenstein or is mankind going to master the monster by making it serve humanitarian needs? Ruskin, also Thoreau, did not believe in railroads. Thoreau said, "We don't ride on railroads. They ride on us." That non-machine philosophy is still believed by some people of intelligence, but in spite of the yearly tribute to this modern Minotaur, the machine multiplies more machines and the end is not yet.

My friend R. S., a philosophical anarchist, is opposed to the machine. One evening he was a guest at my home in the country and he told me the reason for his opposition,

emphasizing two points—the superior quality of hand-made things over stamped uniformity, and, second—the injustice to the workingman who is turned out of his job because a machine has been invented that will do the work of twenty like him. I agreed with what he said and yet I argued in favor of the machine as best I could, believing that its ultimate use will far outweigh its abuse. The next morning after the discussion my friend was out in the yard mowing the grass with the lawn mower. I said, a trifle sarcastic for me, “Say, Roderick, why cut the grass with that machine? You know you don’t believe in it. Why not bite it off with your teeth?”

November 14th: It was about twenty years ago when artists began to locate in Greenwich Village. Rents were going up in studio places around Madison Square and Central Park, and except for the old Tenth Street building, and Washington Square, the Village section had not attracted the artists.

I walked to-day along the familiar streets of the village and lived again in the days of the hegira of artists to the low-rent Mecca.

In this house on Macdougall Street was the Old Liberal Club. Around the corner on Fourth Street was the first restaurant of the free and emancipated. Over on Greenwich Avenue was *The Masses* office for two years. On that corner over there was the “Working Girls’ Home,” so-called because it wasn’t. The typical villager scorned a regular job and this “home” was the restaurant room of a saloon, the same where John Masefield once tended bar. John Reed would turn into Patchin Place, No. 1—late at night and would say with a chuckle to Louise, “There’s a bull down there spying on me.” Up in that studio on Charles Street, one cold night,

when all of the chairs in the room had been smashed up to feed the fireplace, J. (one of the first and best of the "free-verse" poets) took off his wooden leg and threw this liberal contribution to the flames. J. looked upon his artificial leg as a nuisance anyway, and it was fortunate that he could always raise money enough to get another.

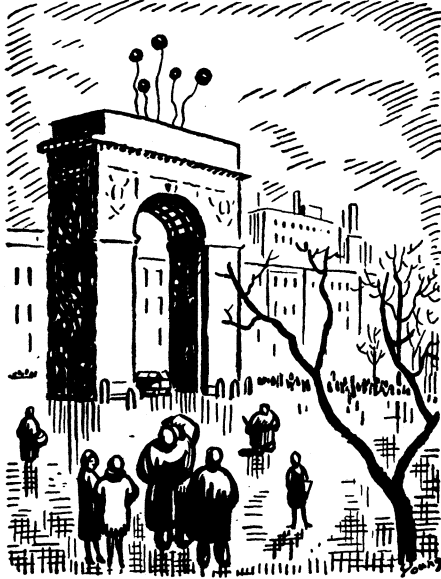
A friend told me that one night he was walking down the elevated stairs with J. when his leg was not working satisfactorily. So he took it off, found a place to hang it up and left it. It was so characteristic of J. I did not ask my friend how he got home or whether he recovered the leg. Near the corner of Fourth Street was the "Hell Hole." Along about midnight some one would say, "Come on over to the 'Hell Hole' " and there was D., the tall girl writer who went after local color by associating with a gang of roughs, called the Hudson Dusters, and Peggy, the delicate, oval-faced girl who could paint and write verse. Indeed, most everybody could do something in the creative arts. In those days you could tell a village-girl anywhere by the individuality of her attire.

I cross Washington Square and there's the stately arch. I think of that picnic that was held on top of it, a caprice of Woe's, the beautiful Woe of Texas whose real name was not that, but her visiting card was just Woe, and that's what we called her. If asked why she called herself Woe, she would answer, "Because Woe is me." She was a pupil of John Sloan's and could paint and play the violin. She had spells of melancholia, but always an angelic smile. The joyous escapades of this girl, the companion of John Butler Yeats, and the "Golden Bird" of Oppenheim's poems, would fill many pages. This picnic on Washington Square Arch was one that amused me very much.

One night she discovered the blind, unlocked door of the

ON MY WAY

passage and stairway which leads to the top of the arch. A few nights later she had made all arrangements, invitations, Chinese lanterns, balloons and refreshments for her privately conducted picnic. As guests arrived on this cold snowy night, each was handed a toy pistol, for it was Woe's



After the Arch picnic

plan to read a Bill of Rights that she had printed—with the word “whereas” all over it and to shoot defiance to uptown New York, then to proclaim Greenwich Village an Independent Republic. The program was carried out without interference from the police, as was usual with most of her pranks. It is probable that in this case they did not know anything about the bold adventure. But Woe was on good terms with the Washington Square policemen—and painted their portraits.

The next morning could be seen toy balloons flying from the top of the arch, a colorful demonstration of a good time. Below were bewildered people and befuddled policemen gaping at the mystery.

John Sloan has commemorated Woe's revolutionary picnic on top of the arch on Washington Square in one of his etchings.

Paris had its Montmartre and New York its Greenwich Village. Nurseries of new ideas—and unconscious of each other. Both had their radical clubs, cabarets, theaters, magazines and art exhibitions. Impious and shocking (many of them), but from such liberty the individual develops.

Mention Montmartre and I think of Steinlen, Willette, Forain, Caran D'Ache, Léandre, Guys, Faivre, Lautrec, and other painters, caricaturists, also poets and playwrights.

To call the roll of the early painters, caricaturists, poets and playwrights of Greenwich Village would be to repeat the names of men and women mentioned elsewhere in this book. But enough to say that in writing to-day of success in the arts (success in its best sense) a good many names once familiar only in Greenwich Village circles would obviously lead.

Greenwich Village, like Montmartre, fell a victim to realtors, showmen, and all manner of tourist-catching allurements. But for all that, the Village remains more like home to me than other sections of New York. I like it for the enmity it once aroused and the friends it brought together. In this atmosphere a man felt something like his raw self, though he knew well that he had been cooked to a turn by the world's conventions. Here a woman could say damn right out loud and still be respected.

The newer generation of artists who take up their abode

in this famous part of New York City may, or may not, have the artistic and liberty seeking propulsion of the original invaders—here's hoping that they have!—but, however tawdry and commercial the Village has become, it is



Greenwich Village Party.

still the old home where once a band of neophytes from the monastery of custom started something—different.

November 15th: Following my custom of daily life in the city I went to the newsstand this morning and bought papers and magazines. If I have been away from New York for some time I am curious to know if the blind boy newsy will remember my voice. It has been many weeks since I have been in town. But no sooner had I asked the blind boy for the morning paper than he spoke up, "Hello, governor, where have you been so long?" In all of the turmoil of noises and human speech he never fails to remember my voice, though I have tested him, after being away almost a year, even disguising it a bit. He will not be fooled. He

picks out my morning paper and tells me if the magazines are out that he knows I buy.

I wonder if others are so much harassed by the details of everyday living as I am. To-day a duplicate set of keys to be made all around—front door, inner door and studio. And so many things continually bobbing up that I have to do myself or they will not get done. A certain pen or drawing paper is wanted and I go out to get them and am held up fifteen minutes by the procession of traffic. Are my evening clothes in order for a seven o'clock call to a function where the proprieties are expected? This, that and other things. The day is worn down by the constant tapping of details. That's why I have to work between 12 and 2 o'clock A.M. by the light of a lamp, to make an honest day's work at my profession.

To-night I am thinking back to the time I heard Lester Ward lecture. I wanted to listen to some one who was respected among his fellow teachers as a real philosopher, and yet had the daring to dissent from the scientific opinions of the times.

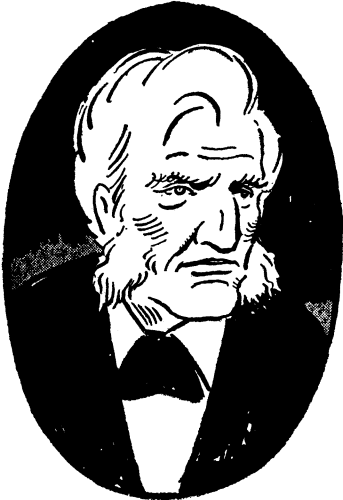
I see him clearly, standing under the chandelier of the lecture room of the Rand School. A striking personality with a face somewhat like my steel engraving of Fourier the French Socialist.

After his lecture I remembered how the young folks gathered around him and took him to the dining room where refreshments were served. I heard a girl say, "Isn't he just lovely?"

A pioneer thinker was Ward. He had been a professor of sociology in Brown University; president of the Association for the Advancement of Science; president of the

American Economic Association; president of the American Sociological Society and once presided at the International Meeting of Scientists at the Sorbonne.

He was the author of many books. The following excerpt is from "Applied Sociology," p. 97: "The history of social classes furnishes to the philosophical student of society the most convincing proof that the lower grades of mankind have never occupied their position on account of any inherent incapacity to occupy higher ones. Throughout antiquity and well down through the Middle Ages the great mass of mankind were slaves. A little later they were serfs bound to the soil. Finally, with the abolition of slavery, the fall of the feudal system and the establishment of the industrial system, this great mass took the form of a proletariat,



LESTER WARD

the fourth estate, considered of so little consequence that they are seldom mentioned by the great historians of Europe. Even at the close of the eighteenth century, when the greatest of all political revolutions occurred, it was only the third estate that was at all in evidence—the business class, bourgeoisie, or social mesoderm. This class had been looked down upon, considered inferior, and only the lords temporal and spiritual were regarded as capable of controlling social and natural affairs. This class is now on top. It has furnished the world's brains for two centuries, and if there is any intellectual inferiority, it is to be found in

the poor remnant that still calls itself the nobility in some countries.”

November 16th: After a dinner at an Eighth Street restaurant, Bob and I went over to his apartment. He told me that on his recent return from Europe his wife had left him, but that she had returned to the apartment that afternoon to collect her effects and was displeased when she found that he had not kept her picture on the mantel. He did not know why she left him. A decision of intuition perhaps not unmixed with reason, but hard to explain to others, especially as Bob is known for his many good qualities, besides being rich. I told him the old story which he happened never to have heard before. A judge was presiding in a case of domestic trouble between a colored woman and her husband. “What’s the matter? Isn’t he a good provider?” said the Judge.

“Yes, sah, he’s a good provider, Judge,” said the colored woman.

“Isn’t he kind to you?”

“Yes, sah, Judge, he’s kind to me.”

“Well, what’s the matter? Why did you leave him?”

“Judge, I jes’ lost mah taste foh him,” said the woman.

For a time I thought that profit sharing was the rainbow of hope for all people. I read books, and made a few cartoons on the subject, which of course I knew would not sell even to Socialist publications. A few years later I began to go into the political campaigns of New York City, speaking at public meetings with much fervor for municipal ownership.

I would laugh at myself when sitting on a platform with

dignified white-whiskered Judges or ancient publicists awaiting my turn to speak.

I felt then and still feel that I belong with youth—what right had I, a youth, to say anything? Why shouldn't the wiseacres do all the talking? But the chairman would say, "I will now introduce a young man who needs no introduction," a way chairmen have of putting it when they don't know who you are and care less.

But I would get up and talk, sometimes making a hit, at others just getting a passive response. In these campaigns it did not take me long to discover that age is not wise because it is age.

Even a young man stands a pretty good chance of hitting the target of truth. I fired away at truth. Ten years later, still firing at truth, I was notified of my nomination for the New York State Senate on the Socialist ticket while sitting in court as defendant in *The Masses* case. Immediately I made a sketch of myself being pursued by the office, which was printed in *The Masses*. I made a few speeches in this senatorial campaign, but discovered, too late, that I had been speaking outside of my district. I got the usual party vote, but there are those who think I would have received less had I orated to my own constituents.

Never look up at your achievements, look down at them.

November 17th: Many great minds have tried to define humor, and now I am in a mood to chance a brief analysis of this human instinct to laugh at things that we think are humorous. Why we laugh is generally because we have seen or heard something that is at variance with custom. Customarily a man stands upright on his two feet. If he falls down it is considered funny. I see no reason why we should

be amused at his fall, except on the theory that he is supposed to keep his balance like everybody else. One of the first things that a child laughs at is the clown in the circus. Here he sees a procession of tumblers leaping over elephants. Each tumbler, in his turn, helps to create a scene of concerted action or custom. But the clown comes running down the springboard apparently to do the same thing, but stops short and throws his hat over the elephants instead of doing the leap himself. Hence—laughter. If I go out on the street wearing a collar that reaches to my ears I am laughed at because I am not wearing the customary kind of collar. New inventions are funny until they become accepted or customary. George Cruikshank thought the idea of a vehicle going along the road without a horse in front of it very funny. He drew many cartoons during the mid-Victorian period, showing how ridiculous it would be if the self-propelling carriage then being tried out should succeed the horse. There are human characteristics that are indigenous and funny to all countries. That's why many things can be counted on for getting a laugh anywhere in the world. But a Chinaman's queue was never funny in China. These queues always amused Americans because American men had a different way of wearing their hair. Analyze most jokes, and you will find that the reason that they are jokes is because they depart from the accepted standard of conduct or of things. Dialect, sidewhiskers, new theories, new styles will always be subjects for jesting until they become customary. Of course to enlightened, imaginative people a sheep-like acceptance of custom is sometimes funnier than a departure from it, but enlightened, imaginative people are a small minority.

November 18th: Looking through my files this evening in



Puck

She: "But, my dear, we are not matter, we are mind."



Life

Farmer: "Do you have to do that?"



Puck

The village loafer singing "Work for the Night Is Coming."



Puck

She: "But, my dear, we are not matter, we are mind."



Life

Farmer: "Do you have to do that?"



Puck

The village loafer singing "Work for the Night Is Coming."

quest of something that is in tune with my reminiscent mood, I find a drawing I made of John Alexander, twelfth President of the National Academy of Design. Alexander, like Winslow Homer and Edwin Abbey, was an illustrator on



John Alexander

Harper's Weekly in his youth. The word "gentleman" would describe Alexander. He looked and acted as one who is gentle. He was tall and frail of body, and had fine features. The Alexander paintings, besides his murals in the Congressional Library and Carnegie Institute, are principally portraits at one time exhibited here and abroad, but now privately owned. His Walt Whitman is in the Metropolitan Museum. The final touch which this distinguished artist would put on a painting was often a magical brush stroke of

a tiny bit of green or red that glowed like a jewel against the dark tone of his canvas, and made it "an Alexander."

Before I met Alexander, Mr. Mitchell of *Life* often spoke to me of this painter's complimentary comment on my work then appearing in *Life*. Once Alexander delivered a lecture in Washington during which he showed some of my drawings, and pointed out certain commendable qualities he saw in them. This was the first public compliment I had received from so high an authority and I had a feeling which was no doubt akin to that of the plain farmer who reads about himself in the local paper as "our distinguished townsman."

I wanted above all things to be an intelligent and conscientious cartoonist. The talent I had must be directed toward my own truth as near as possible. It was this desire that got me into the Cooper Union class of Parliamentary Procedure, Oratory and Debate. One night I had been in the reading room of this institution. On my way out I was passing a room where I heard a young man making a speech—I listened closer—he was talking about the immigration law. I pushed the swinging door slightly and saw a crowd of young men in the audience. On the platform was the orator and a woman at a desk making notes. I walked in and sat down, not knowing whether I was welcome or not. I listened to other speakers—young men, Irish, Jews, Czechs, American born, all kinds. “This,” I said to myself, “is just what I need. I must learn to defend my point of view.” Up to this time I had drawn cartoons with a kind of intuition that I was right, but I could never debate with an editor when he wanted me to draw something that seemed contrary to my beliefs. So I decided that night to join the class and try to learn how to present my opinions and defend them. Life is a debate; if you can’t tell people what you think, you are only partly equipped. It’s asking a lot of an artist to express himself by word of mouth as well as through pictures. But it ought to be a great advantage, if truth is worth defending.

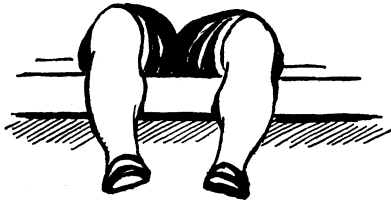
Madame Helene Zachos, for many years the instructor of this class, as her father was before her in Peter Cooper’s day, seemed to me a wonderful teacher of the art of “talking on your feet.” We have an alumni dinner every year, where the graduates of this class—contractors, lawyers, public officials, real estators, a Supreme Court Judge and a City Magistrate—get together and talk over the old days and give a bouquet to Madame Zachos.

I have seen some of these men who were quite as critical of government, customs and laws, as I was in those student days become conservative upholders of things as they are. However, we forget differences of opinion at our annual dinners and there I am in the company of successful, dignified, and for the most part fair-minded men, and we talk about the humorous incidents and the things we learned and enjoyed from 1904 to 1907 when we thought we were Ciceros, Ingersolls, O'Connells, Dantons, and Disraelis in embryo.

November 19th: "Please don't caricature me," said the charming woman at the table this evening, as I looked at her and began penciling on the menu. Then she added, "So many caricatures are just insults, don't you think?" Another evening, another woman, under similar circumstances, might say, "Oh, please make a caricature of me!" Most people, however, men and women, wince a bit at caricatures of themselves. Some professionals there are who delight in seeing their faces and bodies proportioned with emphasis here and there, but not many. Most people want correct looking measurements of feature and form as done by the camera, with a preference for pinking up pretty. To play grotesquerie with one's facial characteristics is not often relished by the victim. Among my numerous drawings of persons in public life there are not many that would be classed with those turned out by the masters of super-caricature. I like the work of these wizards, but my own tendency is to be less extravagant. To me nature is almost funny enough.

When a woman criticizes a man for his faults, he smiles. When a man criticizes a woman for her faults, she cries.

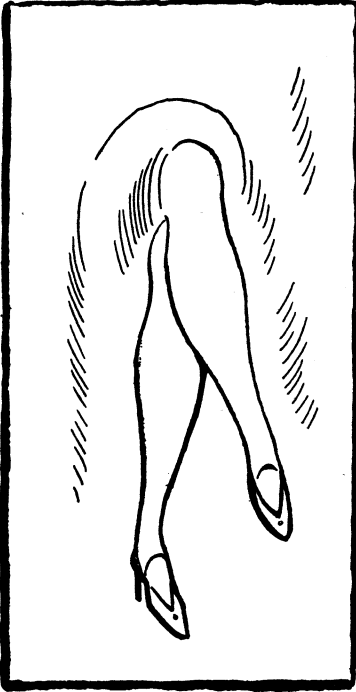
November 20th: A swaying November night. The wind rushes 'round the house, beating the rosebush against the window. The rain splashes as it rides the wind, dripping tunefully in the sheltered places. Looking at magazines, especially at illustrations. The human leg, from the knee down, is one of the most beautiful designs that God, or evolution, have created. When a young woman swings one knee over the other and drapes a leg restfully over its companion leg, there you have the beauty that tempts an artist's pencil. Always, since childhood, I have looked upon human



beings everywhere as models to be drawn. I look at beautiful women and homely women, the lithe and the thick, with a curiosity that might be interpreted as insulting and illegal. I often follow a quaint old man or woman through the streets studying their mannerisms and jotting them down in my sketch book. And then there are the legs of children. A child sitting with its mother in a street car, its tiny legs pressed against the edge of the car seat; these legs, like the child's two eyes, don't know what to make of this world. I like to watch a tiny tot—back-view, as it walks the street with its mother. Is there anything more amusing than the dragging gait of the little fellow, pulling back as if wondering whether there is any sense in using his legs to go anywhere. "Where are we going, Mama?" says the child. "Never you mind where we are going," says the mother.

A common scene of everyday life like this often gives me a thought for a cartoon.

When my son Don came into the studio to-day he said, "Art, I like these words from Balzac: 'God will recognize



his angels by the inflection of their voices, and the mystery of their regrets.'" I asked him what the words meant—he said he didn't know—but he liked them. My son has but recently returned from a cruise to South America. He was a bell-hop on a passenger boat. I enjoyed his account of the trip, his twelve days in Buenos Aires, and especially his numerous pencil sketches of people on the streets and in cafés of that city. He reads good literature and is fond of classical music—(his mother's influence). Both of my boys, North and Don, are more adventurous than I was at their ages. Don is now making ready for another trip, having

enlisted as a common sea-man on a freighter bound for Puget Sound through the Panama Canal—"O Youth!"

November 21st: America is a fame factory. All kinds of brands are turned out daily, ranging from the fleeting quality to the substantial. If one kind of fame is not satis-

factory, you can get another. You are not compelled to stay where you belong.

Comic artists become painters of distinction, vaudeville song writers become mayors, bootblacks become financiers, poets become realtors and realtors become poets.

These are turn-over times. You can hop from one pigeon-hole to another, provided, of course, you have a passion for success and know how to interest others in yourself.

In the old days a magazine illustrator was labeled just that. He might aspire to become a painter, but authority was against him. He was one thing—to be another thing took almost a life-time of battling with prejudice.

But now, since fifty years ago, labels don't count as they once did. A barber can become a grand opera star and an unknown college boy a movie marvel over night. Heroes abound. The medals are tossed around for physical bravery, while thousands, just as brave, are unnoticed for lack of space in the newspapers.

The inquiring reporter interviews a shop girl on a current question of law or government, publishes her picture, and gives her opinion. Which is just as sensible, if not more so, than that of a supreme court judge. And this democratization of fame is as it should be.

Everybody ought to be famous for a day at least. Because everybody is inherently worth a portion of fame. Some are not worth much. A day is enough. Others are worth a few years and still others—centuries.

What shall one say of that state of living that most men and women seem to prefer called matrimony? I greatly admire and envy those who can live contentedly, though married. I know artists who prefer this team-living to oneness. As between the lonely ego life or a manacled com-

panionship, they choose the latter, and they may be right. All our lives, whichever way we turn, we are choosing that which seems to insure a greater comfort of mind and body.

But my observation leads me to believe that no real happiness can attend the marriage relation when either party to the contract has not resources within his or herself to get a fair measure of life's content—alone.

November 22nd: Granted that a man is moved nobly who has resolved to provide for the future of his family. That Daddy will go a-hunting to get what he is after speaks well for Daddy. But as the modern "go-getter" passes me on the street, I see that his face is becoming too brutal for man, the so-called social being. I made a sketch of one typical



face as the man hurried through the crowd with a look of insane covetousness—the kind of man who would kill his grandmother to get her insurance. I have written elsewhere in this book on the fallacy of physiognomy—but not to deny that a whole race of people develop characteristic looks.

During the years I was drawing for *Puck* and *Life* I never felt that I was given a full rein for the best development of

my talent. It is by being starred that you are put on your mettle. Other artists would get the honor of doing most of the full- and double-page drawings while I would have to be content with less space.

This may have been partly my own fault, for I was always sensitive about taking up a lot of room when I could say as much in less. However, if the editor had said, "Young, this page is yours every week now, splash!" I would have been overjoyed. But I would go on week after week getting a corner and be thankful for the modest opportunity. Rarely were my drawings requested for the double-page spread. Although the Hearst papers sometimes featured me on Sunday, and I was played up by the *Metro-politan Magazine* (which, by the way, was financed by Harry Payne Whitney), and later by *The Nation*, still I always felt that I was held in by editors—because of my opinions. If I had had none it would have been easier.

One of the most difficult of all artistic accomplishments is to make a good illustration of a dialogue joke. The essential thing is to understand the character of the people who are conversing and to present your characters in facial expression and posture convincingly suited to their words. I saw early in life that the German, French and English artists were better at this than the American draughtsman. I watched especially the artists of *Fliegende Blaetter* and *Punch*; Oberlander and Schlittgen of the former, and Keene and Du Maurier of the latter.

My joke drawings are as numerous as those on political issues. But for them I could not have paid my rent. I will soon hang in my gallery many of the originals of my pictured jokes that appeared in the humorous weeklies, ten, twenty, and thirty years ago. One of the Irishman who is looking in at a drug store window, saying to himself:

"B'gorry, I've heard of Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, but that's a new one on me—Nut Sundæ!"

And the drawing of the large colored lady who has been hit by a truck on a city street. A lawyer has rushed up to her as she sits on the curb groaning. He says: "You can get damages for this." And she says: "Good Lawd, man, ah don't need no moh damages, what ah needs is repairs!"

Also the picture of the woman talking to a professor after

THE MASSES

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Drawn by Arthur Young.

Liberator

The Rising Young Artist: "All that I have accomplished in art I owe to the struggle for the necessities of life."
The Cartoonist: "That's the way to look at it,—if the cost of living goes high enough, you'll be greater than Michael Angelo."

a lecture. She says: "But don't you think, Professor, that sin is better than it was?"

And the scene in a country store. Enter a customer who asks for a can of salmon. The proprietor, sitting comfortably by the stove, says peevishly: "Say, Fred, why don't you come around when I'm standing up?"

Then the futurist artist in his studio surrounded by his pictures composed with curves, triangles, loops, strips of

ribbon, excelsior, loganberry juice, five-and-ten jewelry, and other expressions of the soul upheaval. The artist's wife and the landlord are standing near by. She says: "Poor Edgar, he's a hundred years ahead of his time." The landlord: "I can't help that, he's three months behind in his rent!"

A hell scene—the Demon Recorder says to a new arrival: "Your record is pretty bad, you are charged with lies, irreverence for law, hypocrisy, and cheating." To which the man replies: "Well, gee whiz! I had to get on!"

The man who is trying to convince his German tailor that the suit doesn't fit—the tailor says: "The suit's all right, it's you that is oud of shape!"

Also that Irishman who returns from his day's work and dropping into a chair says: "Bigorry, I'm tired!" His wife turns on him: "There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' all day over a hot stove and you wurkin' in a nice cool sewer!"

Where do jokes come from is a question often asked. I salvaged most of mine by listening in wherever there was talk, or they were told to me by friends who overheard them. Most of my work is the result of my way of looking at things. Jokes that come to me need as a rule some editing. The first requisite is that they be, or appear to be, nature-born.

At times a mental drought sets in and there is difficulty in thinking of a joke or a cartoon of any kind. At such times I begin to make pencil lines on paper and after awhile, behold! something out of the design begins to unfold as a definite idea for a picture. I suppose the psychologists would call this: rescuing from the sum total of experience and recollection that which was stored away in the archives of the subconscious.

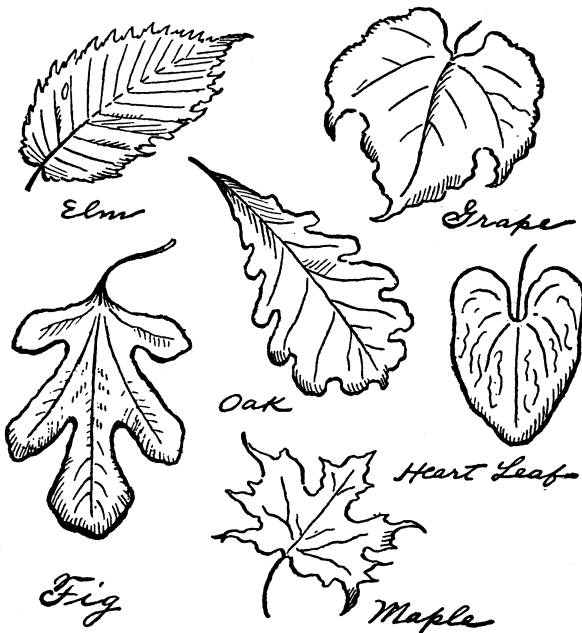
ON MY WAY

November 23rd: The Prohibition fanatic will tell you that the gurgle of wine as it is poured from the bottle is "like the vicious laugh of the devil."

The anti-prohibition fanatic is just as eloquent on the other side of the question. He says it is "like the rippling music of a celestial fount." To avoid discussion on a relatively unimportant issue I agree with both.

If I should let my own nature take its course in all of the directions where I might find pleasure I would take the time to make a collection of leaves.

I believe that leaves gathered from my own and various countries of the world would form an exhibit at once beautiful to look at and romantically interesting.



My friend Jessica, who travels in far lands, knowing that I like trees and the leaves thereon, brought me among other presents a leaf from a fig-tree in Ragusa on the Adriatic.

A few days ago another friend gave me a heart-leaf from a tree in California.

Around my home are maple, grāpe, oak, and many other kinds of leaves—now yellowing, browning, and reddening, in preparation for the big gallop around the hills with the crisp November winds.

A learned country gentleman loaned a neighboring farmer a book, "The Wisdom of Socrates." Meeting him a few weeks later he asked him how he liked the book. "Fust rate," said the farmer, "that feller Socrates has got some of my ideas."

To-day I bought Leonardo's "Note Book." I had never before read this master's commentaries. Like the farmer I find many thoughts in this book that I have had myself.

Says Leonardo: "The painter ought to strive at being universal, for there is a great lack of dignity in doing one thing well and another badly."

I could never understand the excess of homage that sometimes crowns a painter who devotes himself to one subject. Take Henner. He painted the same woman, sitting in the same moonlit landscape hundreds of times and was generously paid in glory and riches.

I dissent a little from Leonardo's statement about doing "other things badly." It would be better if the Henners of art ignored the riches and glory of the hour—and exercised their talent doing other subjects even "badly" and unprofitably.

To show the presumption and well-defined ego of my own youth—when I thought I held the secrets of art in the

hollow of my hand. I was about seventeen years of age (the flowering time of audacity). I advertised in the *Monroe Sentinel* that I would give a lecture on art in the town photograph gallery. The local intelligentsia came, but that left many vacant chairs. I talked on drawing, and in conclusion I asked the audience to name any animal, human or otherwise, and I would draw it. On a large easel I drew whatever was requested, from hippopotami to mice. And on looking over the drawings the next day I felt like a charlatan. Sure I had drawn them, but it was not an exhibition of skill to be proud of. As I look back on this episode I know that the urge to demonstrate whatever versatility I had was admirable, though the result was sorry.

Later when I became a professional cartoonist, I discovered that a fair knowledge of the structure of all things was necessary, and perhaps that was what I had in mind when I practiced on my home-town audience.

November 24th: My own work is tested by something beyond me. It is never as good as it should be. But I meet a young artist whose work I have followed with interest—I tell him that he is doing good work. Deep down my philosophy is that nothing is good enough, but I am willing to let others do the damning. My mature deductions about particular artists are kept in reserve for such pages as I am now writing. The young folks at home, unnoticed as yet, trying to express themselves in poetry or paint, always have my approval. It may be a debatable issue, but even a mediocrity struggling with art is more worthy of encouragement than one who is aspiring to be a money-hound.

I have been reading another book by just another philoso-

pher on the problem of adjusting one's self to this life with a view to harmony. This time it is Keyserling.

All of these books, which are becoming more and more frequent, could be summed up as: speculations on how to be happy by ignoring the economic equation in the forming of conduct, health and happiness; or, how to live comfortably in the realm of the spirit while living at the same time in a hard materialistic world.



The goose rider

These philosophers are wild-goose-riders. It may not be willful quackery, but it is quackery of a sort.

November 25th: The wonder to me is that there are so many people doing good work in the arts. An editor once told me that he never bought drawings of a poor, unknown artist that he did not think of the handicaps that weigh him down. This broad-minded editor held up a picture that he had just received and said, "See, this; I know the artist. I can see bills, child-birth, family and financial worries without number in every stroke of his brush, but it is pretty good at that."

I hope that I will not give the impression throughout

these writings that I believe in a life free of striving and distractions. What I do believe is that the struggle for physical needs: shelter, clothes and food weakens our appreciation for life's fullest enjoyment.

The struggle with a statue or a painting or any work of art is struggle enough for an artist.

The struggle in the field of science, with the forces of nature, educating ourselves to know our world and to be just and honorable, is struggle enough to occupy the human race for centuries of time. But the struggle to accumulate mere *things* is a curse—win or lose.

November 26th: Thanksgiving Day. I never was an enthusiast for these popular holidays. One day of the year for giving thanks or one day of the year for giving gifts seems to me rather foolish. We ought to be thankful for life all the time, and be giving all of the time. To confine our generosity or gratitude or any other virtue within the compass of a certain day is like one day for religion, praying on Sunday, but preying on Monday and all the rest of the week. On the other hand, these special days may do good as reminders, and if "kindness to animals" week and "Mother's Day," Thanksgiving, and Christmas help toward the practice of the gentler virtues, all right. If, however, the observance of these special days is just a marking-time until we can get a fresh hold on our self-interest, "he-man" qualities, and similar overindulged virtues, then obviously they serve no good purpose, however much there is pleasure in the day.

November 27th: After this dissertation on holidays, I will add that my son, twenty-one years old, and I had a



The Masses

"I Gorry, I'm tired!"

"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you workin' in a nice cool sewer!"

delightful reunion, getting a dinner together and drinking to each other's future.

In the evening we motored over to the home of A. Boni in Branchville. I played the piano, and in my own peculiar way medleyed through folk songs into opera and detoured into fugues and what-nots—a combination of sad and sprightly music that I can't help doing whenever I see a piano. I wish that I could read notes, but my friends tell me it would spoil my method. We sang old college songs, negro melodies, and the radical burlesques of Joe Hill, the I.W.W. poet, written to the music of old-time hymns. We also gave thanks.

The most popular song of my early 'teens sung by our parents, our sisters, brothers and aunts, was "Grandfather's Clock." "It was too tall for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor."

"It was taller by half than the old man himself, though it weighed not a penny-weight more.

The chorus goes "Tick-Tick" several times, till the clock "stops short never to go again, when the old man died."

We got quite worked up sentimentally over the tune and words of "Grandfather's Clock."

"Gathering up the Shells from the Sea Shore" was another song that everybody was singing. Cully Royse sang it at concerts around town.

*"Those were the happiest days of all, Maude,
Gathering up the shells from the shore."*

I never got weaned out of sentimentality—anything pertaining to the sadness of departed days or broken hearts, wistful longings of childhood, defeated old age, whether in ballad, play, or movie, has to be very badly done to divert

my mind from the sadness of the theme and to keep me from weeping.

At a guess, I am about 51 per cent—sentiment.

November 28th: My experience with the world has led me to believe that most human beings become parasitical if you allow them the chance—the more you give the more they expect you to give—the easier it comes to them, the more do they think that it will always come. But I refuse to believe that it would be the same if the world that we are born into were organized on some scientific basis of communal living. As it is, we take what we can get whether earned or not, the tainted or the honest coin, the money from others who may need it more than we do. It is all the same. Our need nullifies all shame. Once the need is satisfied, we find ourselves head over heels in another need and even after all needs are gratified, we are still parasitical, for our consciences have become deficient. We continue to depend on something for nothing, games of chance, inheritance, stocks that work while we sleep, interest, and all manner of moneys that are not earned by our own efforts.

November 29th: We may have culture and knowledge, but our emotions, and reactions to things generally, are common. To deprecate the common people because they are more interested in “vulgar” things—prize-fights, scandal, etc.—than they are in a political situation in the Far East, a symphony orchestra, or a theory of evolution, is to overvalue this thing called “culture.” Who reads scandal, prize-fights and the baseball score? Common people! Yes, that’s right, but just as eagerly the cultured gentleman in his club. That apex of collective intelligence, the Supreme



*Interior
Reception Room*



City sketches with a fountain pen.

Court of the United States, goes to ball games; the educated go-getters, with suavity and dignified manners, most of them enjoy prize-fights, scandal and murder stories as much as the ashman. I think that I don't care for sports, but I know that I have the instinct to like them if I cared to spare the time. Not long since I was urged by some friends to go to a wrestling match. Having work to do, I went reluctantly, although I like wrestling as a picture. As the contest developed into a writhing exhibition of muscle and skill, I was the most enthusiastic man in a vast crowd of men and women and my friends had to restrain me for fear, as they said, I would break a blood vessel.

I am interested in the drama of life, including the sporty, vulgar and shocking, but to indulge the companionship of people who can't think or converse on higher topics than those played up with glaring emphasis in the daily newspapers is my idea of wasting precious hours.

November 30th: What shall be said about intellectuals who are always on guard to see that they do not fraternize with those who are not in their class of intellectuality, and the moneyed people who would separate themselves from those who are not rated high enough to qualify as equals? There is something right about exclusiveness. As a principle or a habit, however, it is absurd, as absurd as royalty. There never was a king, queen, prince or princess in any day or in any land whose fine qualities of heart and mind and courtesies could not have been equaled by many of their subjects in the humble walks of life. As for the super-intellec[t], the difference between a Huxley and a brick-layer, is not great enough, nor is any superior intellect great enough, to warrant a separation from the common thought of the common man. But to find your associates in

either company and stay put is dangerous to your well-being. The ladies in a drawing-room on Park Avenue and the maids in the kitchen all talk and think mostly about dress, money and scandal. The élite may put a little rose-water on these common topics and the man of brains may keep his precious profundities in layers of exclusiveness, preferring only a select circle to admire them, but gentlemen and ladies, professors, artists, capitalists, and day workers, are just men and women first. After that a little difference in refinement and learning, but what of it?

December 1st: After the declaration of war by the United States I felt that there was no hope for the human race. I went moping about in a blue funk, while everywhere there was being created a hysterical enthusiasm for the war. I was walking along a side street of New York one day and heard the metrical sound of many feet—and turning around I saw a former Socialist friend leading a squad of uniformed boys—and shouting “Hep! Hep!” as he maneuvered them through the traffic. Everybody’s brains were snapping. Grandmothers (once gentle and kind) were now tearing around looking for Germans to hiss at and to stab if they said anything.

I wanted this big powerful country of ours to set an example of an advanced civilization. I wanted it to be bigger than Medieval Europe—big enough and proud enough to ridicule and laugh at the very thought of war. A few thousand newspapers the world over could have raised a gargantuan laughter that would have stopped the Kaiser at the French border. I know this doesn’t sound sensible to most people, but neither do many other statements I have made in this diary—but no one ought to care if I seem to have a naïve ignorance of this world. For one recluse

mind that thinks as mine does—there are the thousands of master-minds ruling our destinies who are “sensible” and “practical.” It’s their world.

Nature never composes a scene just right for an artist. Even a mountain must be shifted to one side if it is in the way.

December 2nd: In every issue of *Good Morning* I ran a portrait of The Poor Fish and his sayings. There is nothing more difficult than to argue with one who has renounced reason.

Just to utter an old maxim or a current platitude saves many people the trouble of reasoning.

This type of person I called The Poor Fish, meaning one who was poor in intelligence, not necessarily poor of pocket.

The Poor Fish always has the best of an argument, for his maxim has the grand flair of finality.

A maxim can only be answered by a pitying silence.

When The Poor Fish says: “If you don’t like this country, why don’t you get out of it?”

you stand there wondering for the moment why you don’t get out of it. You might tell The Poor Fish that even though you criticize a nation, a state, a city, a street car



The Poor Fish

service, an employer, a college, a climate, or anything, that there are still a number of good reasons why you hang around and prefer not to "get out" and away from these things. But he would think you were wasting words after he had effectually closed the subject with his platitude.

And yet the effort to compress universal truth to the size of a neat little package is all right. The greatest writers of all ages have tried it. I try it myself. One is forever hoping that out of the whirl of experience he will arrive at a conclusion that can be expressed in one sentence.

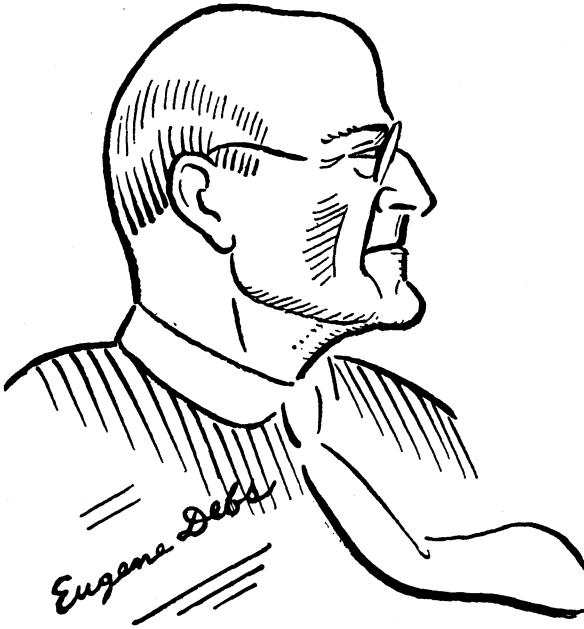
The artist in us insists on brevity. Wisdom must be boiled down and aphorized, just as acres of nature must go into an artist's frame.

But for every ancient maxim I am quite sure that there is another which contradicts it. Still people who will not think depend on them for their arguments.

Lincoln Steffens wanted me to get out a book of *The Poor Fish*. He wrote an introduction for it, a brilliant analysis of *The Poor Fish* wisdom. But it was just as well, perhaps, that the book never appeared. So far as I am concerned he has had his day—though he is still with us, shoals of him—*The Poor Fish*.

One of the most successful natures, using the word successful in an unusual sense, born on American soil was Eugene V. Debs. He lived in a dream world of love. He'd throw his arms around a beggar and give him his coat besides. Crowds greeted him wherever he went. It was plain to see that he wanted to embrace every human being, man, woman and child, and encourage them and make them feel important. Yet to hear Debs when he was embittered, pouring out invective against those who fatten on the toil of others, was to listen to a hammer riveting a chamber

in Hell for the oppressors of the poor. I met and talked with him a few times. Once when he came to New York I saw him sitting on a bench in Union Square with a group of "down and outs." He was talking—at intervals asking them questions—and they were open-eyed, wondering at this strange man who would interest himself in their lives. As he arose I saw him go down in his pocket and pass money



around. Then he swung across the park—the men watching him curiously. I walked after him and said, "Hello, Gene." "Art Young," he cried, "say!" Then he clutched me by the shoulders, held me there looking through me at arm's length and said a lot of complimentary things about my work. I told him I had been watching as he talked to the unfortunates on the park bench. He said he always went

around among the outcasts and unemployed whenever he struck a city. "I get inspiration from them; I can talk better at the meeting to-night." He said he was on his way to the Ingersoll's. "I never miss calling on Bob Ingersoll's family whenever I come to town." I asked him up to *The Masses* office, but a short distance away. There he talked to a group of artists and writers with enthusiasm for our work, and hopefulness for the future—over all his towering form as if looking down from his own Heaven. Max said, after he had gone, "Did you ever see anybody who could fill a room like that man?"

December 3rd: It is no disparagement to the talent of a young artist who follows the style of another artist in the beginning of his career. The crime is in not having enough individuality to overshadow the plagiaristic experiments of his immature years.

December 4th: It seems to be the prevailing opinion that if you look a man straight in the eye you must be honest. Some of the most crooked men do that and don't bat a lash. When I am conversing, I often look the other way instead of straight into my friend's face. I may feel that it is a bit rude to expect one to look straight at me just because we have chanced to meet. There may be other faces all about him that he would rather look at. That would be possible, for I get tired looking at my own face in the mirror. Besides, I seem to think better when not distracted by the face before me, for I am sure to think of sketching it. I remember once my mother sent me to a woman neighbor's home to return a borrowed trifle and to inquire about her husband who was very sick. The wife of the sick man came to the door and she looked so eccentric and was so

picturesquely wrinkled that I forgot to ask the important question, but I got the lady's face—and put it down on paper. I had to tell my mother that I forgot to ask after the health of the old gentleman, but I was quite sure he was better.

I had not lived in New York many years before I was known as a radical among my associate artists and writers of the magazines. They seemed to like talking to me just to get me started on economics and then to tell me why I was illogical or demented and sometimes to agree on particular points. In a group of caricature portraits of the staff of *Life*, by the versatile James Montgomery Flagg, I was represented in that magazine with a bomb in my hand and shouting "Woof-woof!"

In an article on Trotsky's life in New York that ran in *Collier's*, Wallace Morgan, who illustrated the article, made a drawing of a group of young zealots surrounding Trotsky in an East Side restaurant in New York. Conspicuously close to the great Russian, Morgan pictured me. I told Morgan later that I never saw Trotsky, but he explained pleasantly that he thought I belonged in his picture just the same.

December 5th: A word about physiognomy. I have come to the conclusion that there is not much truth in the common belief that the face is an index of character or ability. That one can tell the difference between an intelligent being and a dumb or stupid person is about all that a face reveals. And even where this distinction seems obvious we are often fooled. Morals or immorals, kindness or brutality, are not stamped plainly on the human countenance. If a newspaper were to publish a group of portraits of idealists, poets, and

college professors, men of fine character and acknowledged intelligence of a high order—and should accidentally print underneath these portraits: “Wanted by the police for home-wrecking, thieving, forging and murder,” the public would agree that the charges were probably true because of their criminal faces. Conversely, a portrait group of men with bad criminal records if published with a title underneath stating that they were “idealists and leaders in the righteous living movement,” the public would accept their faces as satisfactory for such a high mission in life. Without thinking, we accept the authenticity of words when put in cold black type. Oratory in our law courts is also convincing. Not one of us men but would look like a criminal on trial in a court of law when the prosecuting attorney says to the jury, “Look at him! Would you trust your daughter with such a man?” If physiognomy were as surely a clue to one’s character as it is supposed to be, there would not be so many people with “strong chins” who are weak and vacillating.

And so many people with “weak chins” who are strong and aggressive.

So many with low, narrow foreheads back of which there is a wealth of brains.

So many exceptions, in short, to the rules as followed by face-readers that I, for one, am forced to the conclusion that chins, noses, mouths, shape of face or head don’t mean much. Surely not enough to bring in a verdict.

December 6th: To-day I cut my hair. Not much of a task, for it waves and curls around my neck and ears and needs only the nipping off here and there of a sad old curl that is getting too conspicuous. While I was doing this, two themes occurred to me for this journal of daily thoughts.

I have forgotten one, but I think that the other was this old subject of force. Is it the right way to bring about better conditions or to maintain the old? If I don't believe in force, why do I exult when I read of our forefathers who took this country from British control by force? Where is the flaw in my pacifist philosophy when I rejoice in the reading of peasant uprisings in the "Ancient Lowly"? Of all the debatable questions this issue seems to me the hardest to answer and answer right. To say that the end justifies the means of force is what every government says as an excuse for war. Are the non-resistants by their propaganda and martyrdom doing more to make a better world than the militant fighting idealists? This question is of such transcendent importance that discussions about art or anything else seem trivial. No one has yet answered it in a way to convince. The old pacifist Quaker took down his shotgun from his wall and said to a burglar, "Now, look out. I am going to shoot right where thee stands."

Is there a paradox in every truth? I only know that I feel more at home with advocates of peace than with hard-necked militarists who cannot envisage the final outcome of force as a policy of nations, and haven't sense enough to realize that the world war when judged by the promises of its promoters was an abysmal failure.

December 7th: What shall we say of those who expect things to drop their way like manna from heaven? It seldom occurs to them that it might be a good idea to try to earn a little manna now and then.

Not until they become panic-stricken by a threat of eviction for rent, or clothes needed, do they think of earning anything by work. But before work is considered seriously their appeal is to somebody who is earning some manna by

his or her own industry. I'd like to see even these people—drones that they are—taken care of by the state and after they are thirty years of age, if still drones, so rated in the social scheme. There are not many of these. Most people want to work. If they are dreamers and poets they have a certain right to be lazy some of the time. But to be inactive and non-producing throughout the better part of one's life, is not to play fair with oneself—or others.

Had I known I was going to write a book of this kind thirty years ago or earlier, I would have made sketches of



more personalities who interested me and especially Steinlen of *Gil Blas* and one of Phil May of London *Punch*. Phil May handled his pen with such a dextrous economy of line and had such insight for detecting jokes worth illustrating, I envied him. He was in New York for a brief visit and made a few drawings for *Judge*. Harry Furniss, another of *Punch's* best, especially the "Sketches of Par-

liament," was in America and stood for me in the lobby of a hotel as I jotted him down in my sketch book.

What I want: the world on a higher plane with materialism merely the stage and simple background for artistic living.

December 8th: I live much of my time in the vision of a world that is as far removed from this one as the proverbial heaven is from hell. Indeed our world is hell-like and the one I can conjure up in my imagination is quite Heavenly—not all Heaven, for absolute perfection would be almost as bad as hell, but a comparative picture of this world as it is and as I think that it might be would show the difference between chaotic existing and contented living.

If I forecast my vision of a new order of government, some one is sure to say, "Oh, that would be all right if it were not for human nature," and a chorus, "That's right. You can't do much with human nature." And I am ready to admit that what we have with us is not a satisfactory "human nature." I'm not proud of it.

Human nature, as it is being formed by newspapers, in schools, the home and the street, is not much to boast about. If one generation of young men and women were taught that the human race is one family, that wars are criminal as a means of settling disputes, that work is noble, and parasitism ignoble, that coöperation in our material affairs is more sensible than individual self-interest, a better kind of human nature would develop out of this teaching.

Perhaps atavism would show through this new-formed human nature. I'm not sure. After centuries of self-seeking for individual power and wealth, maybe some men and women would be called back to the wild. But taken in the mass, human nature is "manufactured" and could be made of noble and courageous character by wise example and instruction.

December 9th: Observe how proper people like to praise poets who have been dead a long time, and how romantic the acts have become for which they were criticized in their

lifetime. How many eulogies have been read at women's clubs about Dante, Byron, Shelley, and others who were not in favor with the best people of their day. If one of these poets were living in the vicinity of a woman's club at the present time, living his life over again, hardly a member but would haughtily sniff if the poet's name were mentioned and, with a shudder, dismiss him as "that awful man." Perhaps there would be a few exceptions, as there is some growth toward tolerance, let us hope. Scandalous conduct is enchanting if it is a long way off.

The way one walks down stairs is a pretty good test of grace; and it may be something of a test of quality.

When I first saw General Lew Wallace he was coming down the stairs of his home. His slippers flopped, but his bearing was graceful.

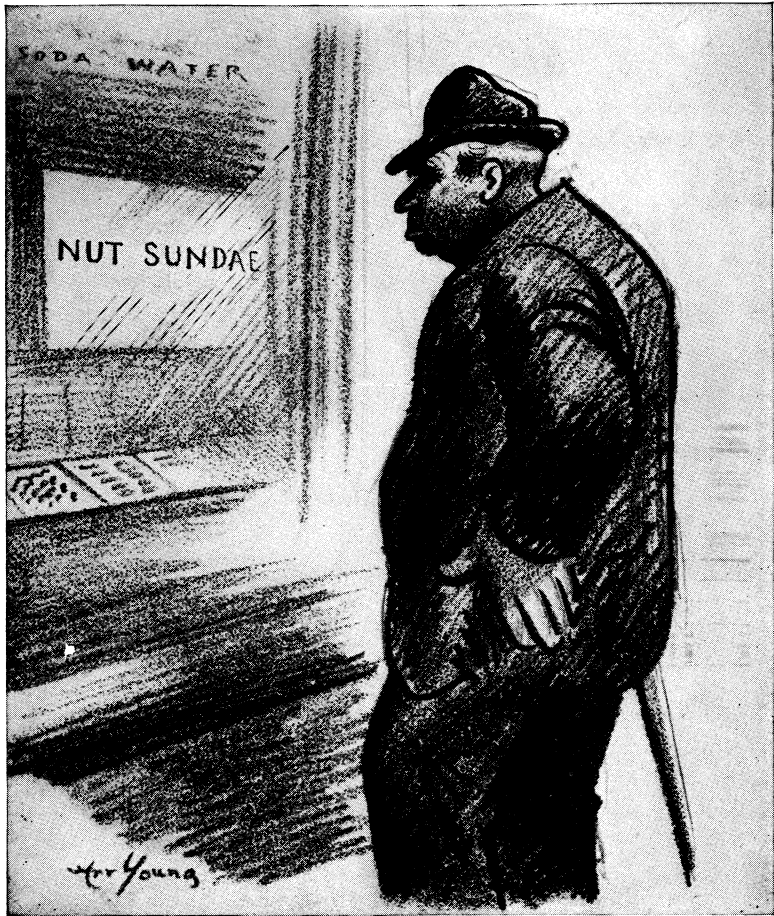
Eugene V. Debs came down the stairs of his home to meet Jack Reed and myself like a human motor with wings.

Eugene Field, I would meet often going up or down a stairway of *The Daily News* office. Once I made a sketch of his long legs as he preceded me up a flight. Though a bit knock-kneed, he was a poem going up or down.

December 10th: Writing for this diary does not appeal to me to-night. Instead I will merely paste on this page the articles I sent to the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* in reply to the editor's request for my opinions on two questions: "Are Blameless People Worth While?" and the second: "Is Thirteen an Unlucky Number?"

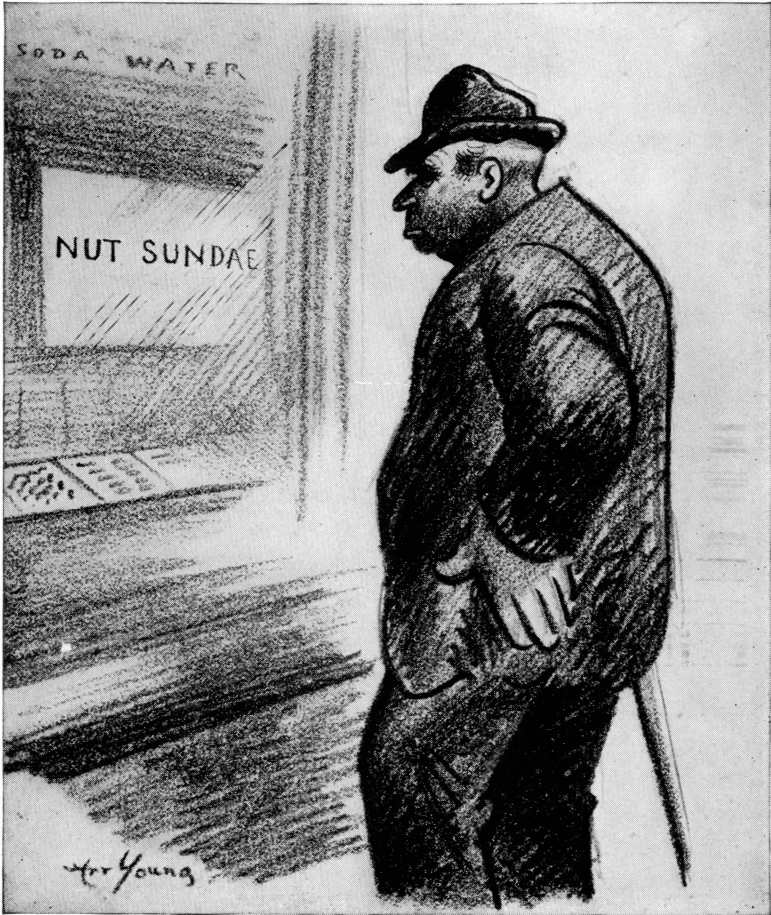
"ARE BLAMELESS PEOPLE WORTH WHILE?"

"Of course there is no such animal as a blameless person. The nearest to it are a few in every grave-



The Masses

*Irishman: "I've heard of Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, and Good Friday—
but by gorry that's a new one on me."*



The Masses

*Irishman: "I've heard of Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, and Good Friday—
but by gorry that's a new one on me."*

yard. After they have been dead long enough we think of some of our friends as 'perfect.' Forgetting that we blamed them for a lot of things in our association with them, magnifying some things and minimizing others, very often with no just sense of proportion.

"The more active you are, the more you try to do things—the more of both praise and blame you get. You can't have one without the other. I would say that a person could live blameless all alone on an uninhabited island. But even there he would be tempted at times to kick himself."

"IS THIRTEEN AN UNLUCKY NUMBER?"

"There are a whole lot of superstitions lying around that we ought to get rid of. However, I haven't the time to do it. That's why I walk around a ladder instead of walking under it. I just can't take the time to walk under it and have the terrible superstition on my mind the rest of the day that I will have bad luck.

"'See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck,' is another.

"The other day I was picking up a pin for good luck and was bumped into and knocked over by a man hurrying for a car. All that day I met one misfortune after another, but I still pick up pins. I walk around ladders and avoid 13. I know there's nothing to these superstitions, but I inherit them, and what's good enough for my forefathers is good enough for me until I can get the time to make a crusade against the nonsense of signs. When that time comes I intend to convince myself and others what fools we are for being superstitious."

A real man always feels inferior to his ideals. He is not superior to his fellows but a struggling unit in the mass of mankind.

December 11th: An understanding of yourself can seldom be found in your own family. Parental love, except in rare instances, is merely a physio-economic tie.

As for the mind and soul of us, we are as alien to our family as to the chance acquaintance. Families have long been deluded with the idea that right conduct is customary conduct. The family is conformist. You get run over by an automobile and laid up in a hospital, the family will feel sorry for you and bring you flowers. But should your soul get run over, through some infraction of "correct behavior," no flowers, only a formal letter: "regret that we cannot see things your way."

December 12th: I began signing myself Art Young in my newspaper days. The abbreviation of Arthur was in the manner of most cartoonists of the period of my youth. Thomas Nast, was Th. Nast, Joseph Keppler was Jos. Keppler. But Art for Arthur, as I viewed my name in later years, began to sound a bit pretentious. If a nicked-off name is imposed, that's one thing. If it's assumed, well, perhaps not so good, especially Art—that hallowed word. Maybe Daniel, my father's name, would have been better, but I have always been glad that it was not Cyril. I tried to sign myself Arthur while I was drawing and writing about Congress, but Carl Horey, the editor of the magazine to which I was a contributor, would not have it. As it was a question of minor importance I submitted and my abbreviated name has grown to be a part of me. A name may keep you back



Liberator

THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE OF THE SENATE. July, 1919.

- 1 and 2. Visitors' Gallery for men, where the conversation consists of a whispered, "Who's that talking?"
3. Gallery for men and women by card.
4. Atlee Pomerene of Ohio—a Senator, not a fruit.
5. Bankhead of Alabama.
6. Hoke Smith of Georgia—veteran of politics, and rich.
7. Pat Harrison of Mississippi, making his maiden speech. He is saying, "He who holds Ireland in higher respect and in greater esteem than his own blessed United States, ought to move to Ireland."
8. Wolcott of Delaware—just another lawyer.
9. Thomas of Colorado—who said: "There is too much talk in the

- United States Senate." His quota of talk is exceeded by none.
10. Swanson of Virginia—defender of the administration, and director of the voting machine.
11. John Sharp Williams of Mississippi—a book-fed debater on any subject, purposeless, and fond of droll abstract philosophy.
12. Lee Overman of North Carolina—author of the Espionage Law.
13. Furnifold Simmons of North Carolina—wizard of finance.
14. Gilbert Hitchcock of Nebraska—ranking member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. He walks around with a responsible dignity, jerking one leg ahead and then the other, the while wiggling his fingers as if to find the right key.

like rheumatism, but you can do a lot in spite of it. Whether mine is good, or not very good, is now a past issue.

December 13th: I have been looking at my illustrated articles on the United States Congress and Washington, D. C. I was in Washington as a monthly correspondent for the *Metropolitan Magazine*, during a period of four and one-half years. Here is material for a book in itself. I will touch on this teeming subject with only a few brief recollections. My Washington!—I recall the nights I would sit around the hotel corridors talking to “the legal representatives of the people.” Some of them intelligent, also good story-tellers, others were as dumb as biscuit-dough and humorless. Mention Karl Marx to one of these and he would think you were referring to a race-horse. The works of economists were out of their line of reading. I recall the congressmen in oratorical action, their phrases—“I yield to no man,” “the pillars of our republic,” “the annals of time,” and “our grand and glorious destiny.” I see them in their offices, on the avenues, in the theaters, their characteristics, the height and breadth of their waistlines, their necks with and without dewlaps. I see the crease or sag of their pants, their front, side and rear views. It was my assignment to see, and transfer my seeing to paper. This Washington of mine!—Going to departments for information, sketching at meetings of the various committees and at the end of the day, with my pockets full of sketches, official documents, resolutions, reports of committees, and speeches to paw over, study, and select therefrom the most suitable to my purpose. This Washington of mine through Woodrow Wilson’s first administration and into the period of war. Watching the Congressmen come and go. The dollar-a-year patriots—the laughter at Bryan, the Secretary of State, because he

sounded like a pacifist—the Hell Raisers' Club, a group of newspaper correspondents, etc., etc. The setting:—wide tree-lined streets, statues everywhere, memorials and stately architecture. A buzzard or an aëroplane soaring above the scene, in the distance the hills of Virginia and the continual Potomac on its way to the sea. My Washington!—The excursionists, fifty or a hundred *en masse* walking through the Capitol or the Congressional Library and outside in Capitol Park the man from Oskaloosa, Iowa, having his photograph taken with the big dome looming up in the background.

I will quote a few of the titles that I affixed to my articles on Washington as published in *The Metropolitan Magazine*. These may convey some idea of the good time I was having with government in the making:

- “Keeping Tab on the Wise Men.”
- “All's Well on the Potomac.”
- “The Cabinet (A Cursory Inspection).”
- “Political High Life.”
- “Currency, et cetera.”
- “Be It Resolved.”
- “Doings Under the Dome.”
- “Capering Above the Conflict.”
- “A Glance at Results.”
- “Let the Thinking People Rule.”

December 14th: To look back on my work is to see many drawings that I would classify as below standard. No one can produce his best work during a period of his life when he is out of key with his daily surroundings. Trouble may be all right for an artist after it is over. While he is face to face with it daily he cannot give the world his best.

The authors who wrote good books in prison did so because their minds were not jailed. It seems to be an obsession of some of our best friends to chain our minds to the daily facts of living, to deny us our vision. They want us to get money first and attend to our ideals after. . . . Dangerous delay!

Sitting next to me in a restaurant was an old man and a young one. Evidently a father from the country visiting his son in the city.

I heard the young man say: "Let's have some pancakes. Their pancakes are great. They are known all over the world."

American pancakes, breakfast foods of all kinds, or any product whatever, can be made known even to the far corners of the earth.

The foreign manufacturer has the same right to make known his kind of pancakes, or any other product, to the people of the United States.

Various are the things that can be promoted, discussed, and tried out. Even a strange religion can get converts where it chooses.

So you see it is quite all right to coax people to eat more, smoke more, dope more, roll with holy rollers, or swear allegiance to a cult of mystic mountebanks, but try to spread a theory of government, if it differs from the established idea, and you are suspected as a dangerous propagandist.

December 15th: I wish that there had been moving pictures back in the ancient days and we could see news reels of Cleopatra sailing down the Nile, Martel hammering back the Saracens, Napoleon crossing the Alps, and other scenes that seem so grand as you turn the pages of vague but

romantic history. Were they really so picturesque or has history handed down the facts too lavish of color?

Homer Davenport was a cartoonist who flourished in the late 90's and during the first ten years of the present century. In his early work he showed some originality and his character-caricatures were worthy experiments. But he was promoted away beyond his capacity as a cartoonist. His interpretation of "The Trusts" was played up by the Hearst papers as a powerful symbol.

"The Trusts" by Davenport were pictured as a freckled giant. On his chin was a beard done carefully like twisted rope (ancient Greek). On his feet he wore a pair of home-made Dutch slippers. He was mostly nude except for an apron of leather around his loins. Facially he was an idiot and instead of looking formidable or a menace to democracy, as was the intention, this so-called giant of Davenport's was always falling over. Never once did he stand solidly in his Dutch slippers, and he sadly needed the support of the caption underneath to tell you that he was a menace to our democratic form of government. Mind you, Davenport was advertised as the heavy gun of the Hearst publications.

Davenport's cartoons against child-labor were unreal absurdities:—a group of children resembling Egyptian mummies, working at a loom, was obviously not pathos. What else but plain ignorance of dramatic and pictorial expression? Children that are overworked and hungry still have souls and some loveliness—else—they don't look worth saving.

His cartoon of Mark Hanna dressed in a suit of clothes covered with dollar marks had been done in *Puck* years before. Then it was Vanderbilt who wore the suit, but that would have been no reason for criticism if he had followed

with interesting ideas, but he repeated the same picture—and that was all. Davenport's technique was a kind of imitation of Nast's familiar pen-and-ink crosshatch without Nast's masterful use of it. Davenport was a simple, rough-hewn fellow, good company, and a splendid story-teller. He loved animals and could make good drawings of them. But it was a sad slump in American cartooning when Davenport was forced to the front and Nast, still in his prime, relegated to the background.

Other cartoonists since the days of Nast would be another subject. Most of them to-day are too much like lawyers working for a rich clientele to interest me very much. They are good cartoonists, not only good for the aristocracy of money, but brilliant, versatile men of ideas, who know how to effectively interpret them.

December 16th: I know that some of these writings can be called didactic, but it is my way. I write whatever comes to my mind and to-night in the country—cold without but warm within—I have just laid down the daily newspaper: "Crime increasing—boy shoots his chum." Throughout the news, I read that young men steal, poison and murder. So runs the daily news with alarm editorials on youthful criminals. And to what does this particular paper attribute the cause? Listen! The crimes are caused by that Prohibition amendment to the Constitution—bootleg whisky, and the impossibility of enforcing the law. All of us, the young and mature, have seen nothing but the rule of force for the past fifteen years. What we are fed in the way of literature is brute heroics. What we see in the movies is gun-toting and close-ups of the hero with his weapon, seeking revenge, and when he gets it, applause. What we see featured in every pictorial

form are the devices for wholesale killing, and it was not so long ago when school-boys, now in their twenties, had to practice the technique of killing—by thrusting bayonets into dummy-men. With a glorification of force everywhere and the adoration of money-success as the goal of human ambition, prohibition enforced or not enforced, whisky, good or bad, may help just a little bit as a stimulus to criminal boldness. As for its being the cause of crime, that is like blaming a boil for bad blood.



Emerson

December 17th: On any page in any book by Ralph Waldo Emerson there is enough of revelation to satisfy me. This pioneer against Puritanism told us young men of forty years ago to “stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact.” Emerson knew that everybody had something of the divine in him. But, alas, how many of us succumb to the “intruding rabble” of books and men and institutions? Taken page by page, Emerson reads like serene lightning.

I see so many sad old people with no competence of their own who are living as wards to some member of the family—taken in as a duty. What an end: To be merely tolerated when you are old. O God of Love and Truth! Keep me a place on earth where my children do not have to take care of me. A place where mortgage, rent or taxation vultures will not strut around my feebleness. Hasten a civilized concept of social duty toward all old people—free roofs somewhere, and work, if work is one of their pleasures. Let no ghouls of graft make their last years miserable. See that they have gardens and flowers and entertainment. Let their lives die down without the humiliating thought of dependence on relatives or cold disinterested charity.

December 18th: I had to make a complaint that some work I was having done about my place was not satisfactory. "I never had any trouble before" was the carpenter's reply. How often when we are compelled to criticize we are met with a look of astonishment on the part of the accused and those words, "I never had any trouble before," as if you were a person of unusual exactness or meddling disposition. I told the workman that to have worked many years for others and not to have had trouble before meant that his employers had been mental eunuchs.

Among the various kinds of assignments I received while drawing for Chicago newspapers was to illustrate baseball news.

On the old *Inter-Ocean* (we always called it old) the baseball games were written up by a quiet, handsome young fellow by the name of Leonard Washbourne. I am quite sure that he was the first sport specialist to use slang and wild metaphor in describing a ball game.

In a description of that great blond pitcher, Captain Anson, he wrote: "His newly cropped hair stood up like the needles of a music box cylinder." Before Washbourne's

innovation in sport writing the facts of a game were reported without trimmings of wit or extravagant words. Washbourne was killed in a railroad accident.

Victor Murdock, a close friend of Washbourne's, was also on the reportorial staff of the *Inter-Ocean* at that time. Years later I met him again in Washington when he was the flaming insurgent of the sixty-third Congress from the state of Kansas, and I had fun making caricatures of him for the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

There were other writers of distinction on this newspaper—notably Elwyn Barron, the dramatic critic. White Busbey was the Washington correspondent at that time—and became the biographer of

CHICAGO, 4; BROOKLYN, 1.
Old grim, ghastly-faced Superstition had a slap in the face yesterday.

There a whole lot of good people in this town who are kind neighbors and try to pay their debts and all that, but who struggle along with a fearful handicap. They will not raise an umbrella in church, or pass under a ladder if a coarse man is going up with a hod of mortar; they will not even order up the drinks if there are thirteen in the party. They are the miserable, tricken victims of superstition.

Among other things they said that the Chicago ball team could not win more than seven games in a row. They pointed with trembling fingers to the fact that Mr. Anson has twice won seven consecutive games, and no more, and that he has twice lost seven. As for a glimmering chance of winning more than that many without falling down, they observed to friends that the New York monument fund could give him fifty feet in a hundred-yard dash.

Uncle had won just seven when Mr. John Montgomery Ward clattered into Chicago yesterday.

Whereupon Mr. Anson, remarking in an earnest tone that it was time somebody in authority gave this seven business a low, chilly laugh, marched out to the West Side.

The face and hands are the essentials in portraying a human being.

A good illustrator, sculptor, actor, studies these first.



Life

*"What's he been doin'?"
"Overthrowin' the govment."*

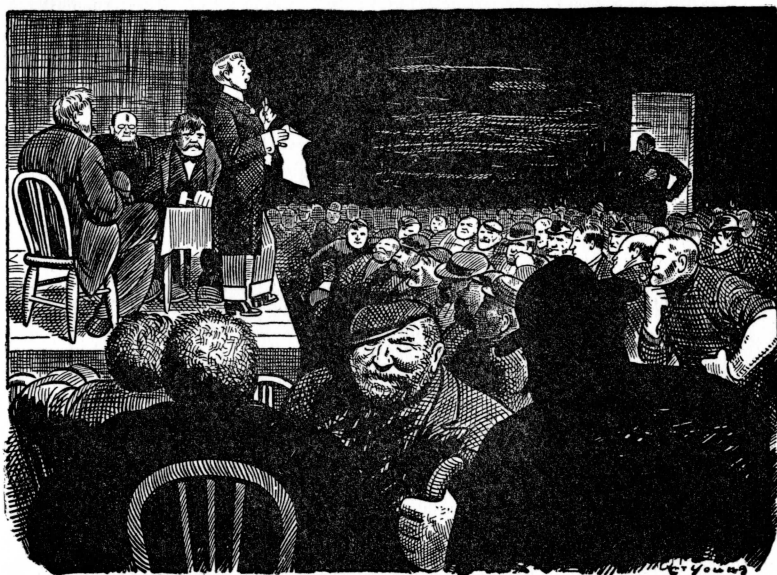


A parlor-socialist reading his poem: "Primeval Me" to a boiler-makers' union.



Life

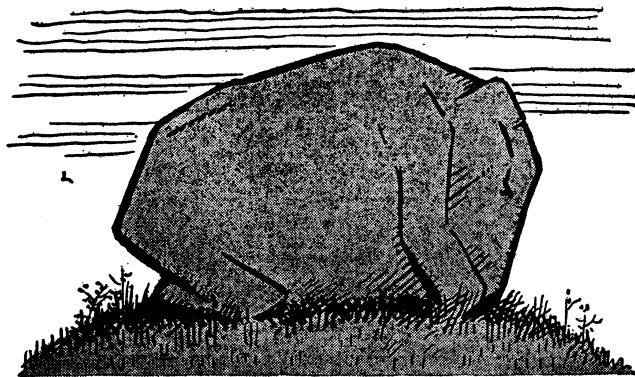
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A parlor-socialist reading his poem: "Primeval Me" to a boiler-makers' union.

The clothes and surroundings are mere incidents. And yet so many artists with a gift of cleverness take no more pains with the hands and face than they do with the rest of their picture. It's all "flip." No one thing is any flipper than another. A sleeve is as cleverly done as a face, but there is no mastery of facial character or of hands.

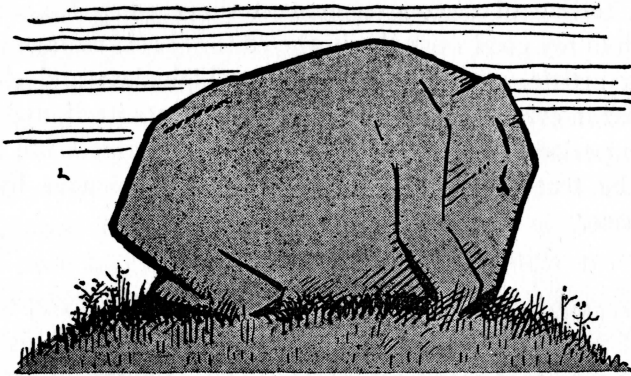
Artists still have much to discover in appropriate gestures of hands to accompany facial expression when portraying doubt, thought, surprise, fear, or many other moods. The old masters generally pictured a human being who was agitated by fear as holding up two hands—the fingers apart. It took several centuries for painters to improve and vary that one gesture of fear. The real artist, whether actor or painter, challenges conventionalized gestures and expression. He may not find a better pose for a soliloquy than Hamlet looking down with his hand to his chin, but he does a little experimenting, with a view to variation, if not to completely change it.



December 19th: Took a walk over the hills with my neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. M. As the twilight gathered we

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December 19th: Took a walk over the hills with my neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. M. As the twilight gathered we

were bent on seeing analogous things in nature and the best find was a huge rock on the brow of a hill that looked like a kneeling elephant. An acquaintance on the Beaver St. Road told us of a wren that built a nest last summer in a handful of nails that he had thrown into an empty keg. We met Mr. Trowbridge, the carpenter, and discussed building material: stucco, shingles, flooring, et cetera. Brick, he said, is "porous"—"eight bricks will drink up a pail of water." I thought of a picture: eight thirsty bricks galloping toward a pail of water to quench their thirst.

December 20th: At this writing a certain publication has over one hundred and fifty of my drawings, accepted during a period of two years. I illustrate an idea that I feel is caught from the air and timely. I often wait long before I see the drawing published. Ideas that I know have essence, drawings worth publishing are put aside with what seems to me a kind of stupid indifference to my journalistic sense of human interest, to say nothing of other values. I admit to a feeling of discouragement at times when I know so much of my good work lies in the editorial cold storage while other artists, admittedly distinctive, high-class and clever, appear in every issue. But my vanity asserts itself, and during a period of not seeing my drawings in print I fall back on the true egoist's comfort of being conspicuous by his absence.

December 21st: Passing along Eighth Street about night-fall I would often see Randolph Bourne muffled in his long black cape as if hiding his twisted body. Physically, Bourne seemed to have been taken by fate and hurled against the iron of all cruelty. The story is that he fell from the high

balcony of a window when a baby. A great spirit survived within the deformed body. The last time I saw him he was surrounded by four women at a table in a Village restaurant.



He was at his best in conversation with those who would forget his appearance in the appreciation of his intelligence. He wrote principally for the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *New Republic* and the *Seven Arts*, one of those protesting magazines born to die too soon, edited by James Oppenheim and Waldo Frank. Here is a fragment from "Youth and Life," written by Bourne for the *Atlantic Monthly*: "For this is the faith that I believe we need to-day, all of us—a truly religious belief in human progress, a thorough social consciousness, an eager delight in every sign and promise of social improvement, and, best of all, a new spirit of courage that will dare."

Another fragment:

“In the midst of the sternest practicalities the radical finds blossoming those activities and personalities which the unbelieving have told him were impossible in a human world. And he finds, moreover, that it is these activities and personalities that furnish all the real joy, the real creation, the real life of the present. The prophets and teachers, he finds, are with him. In his camp he finds all those writers and leaders who sway men’s minds to-day and make their life, all unconscious as they are of the revolutionary character of the message, more rich and dynamic. To live this life of his vision practically here in the present is thus the exceeding great reward of radical youth. And this life, so patent and glowing amongst the crude malignity of modern life, fortifies and stimulates him, and gives him the surety, which is sturdier than any dream or hope, of the coming time when this life will permeate and pervade all society instead of only a part.”

December 22nd: One does not have to have a highly developed imagination to see, in the making of new and more deadly instruments of destruction, that another war may be the big funeral of all that now lives and breathes. I doubt if those who rule the world are above taking a sheer delight in anticipating another war. Is it likely that they will be satisfied till another war tests their improved methods for winning? Isn’t that the way the gambling, sport-obsessed business man and diplomat’s mind works? If another world war gets started, is it not possible that it will soon be out of control? My guess is that there is going to be no observance of rules in another war, any more than men now observe laws of civil life. Are the wealthy in their homes going to be safe? Again I hazard the guess that for the first time in the history of the world, war will be democratic.

Death with his poison-spray will seek out everybody, rich and poor, men, women and children. There will be no exemptions. Government will abdicate in favor of chemical annihilation in the next war, if the powers that be insist on having a "next."

December 23rd: The theater as a means of telling a story has always appealed to me stronger than reading the same story out of a book. In our town back in the eighties theater night was my time for delight. Turner Hall (to me an imposing structure) was all we had for the cultural influence of the drama. The theater curtain, painted with a rococo frame work around a lot of advertisements, included one of my father's store: "D. S. Young & Co., Staple and Fancy Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, etc." When the orchestra would arrive and begin to tune up, then we children were expectant and happy. At this "temple of art" we saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Diabolo the Fire Demon," "East Lynne," Hy Henry's Minstrels and once we had Januchek, a noted Polish actress of the post Civil War era, at Turner Hall. But that fire-eating magician Diabolo, who would borrow a hat from Bill Schultz of the livery stable, and would take therefrom two rabbits and other things in quantities that would make us reel with astonishment, was sure to draw a crowded house.

In later years in the cities I saw Booth and Barrett. Once I saw Booth in Lincoln Park, Chicago, looking at St. Gauden's statue of Abraham Lincoln, who was killed by his brother, Wilkes Booth. I made a sketch of the scene for the *Daily News*. I saw Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" and one afternoon I made a sketch of him as he talked to a gathering of club women in a room of the Art Institute.

Clara Morris was an emotional actress of distinction in

those early days. In a sorrowful climax she would turn her back to the audience as if her grief were all her own and by the tragic isolation of her sobbing it was difficult for any one in the audience not to do a little sobbing themselves. Sol Smith Russell, friend of Eugene Field, was a character actor of unusual merit in parts portraying the humorous and sad plight of a simple country youth. Then there was Denman Thompson in the "Old Homestead." So many people in American cities then, as now, were of farm or town origin that Thompson and his realism, washing his face in the basin outside the kitchen door, driving his real oxen on the stage, was the kind of drama for them.

Let this suffice for the theater days of one who had not yet matured and had not seen Ibsen, Shaw, O'Neill and other intellectual dramatists of these later years.

December 24th: "It's all from within," said the nice lady to me as we discussed the problem of happiness. Admitting that the *within* is the best of us, there is only one reason that it cannot work satisfactorily, and that is, because it is overpowered by the *without*. It is expecting too much of the average human being to stand four-square for his *within* because the *without* won't give him half a chance. The young boy or girl may not believe in making money the end and aim of life. They may not believe in war or other things of vital importance to their happiness. An inward voice may speak to them and tell them to hold fast to their beliefs. But they soon learn to tolerate and eventually accept the world that surrounds them—the *without*.

When any one is widely praised and advertised—there is so much danger of being swept off one's feet by the general acclaim that I, for one, am a bit stubborn. I want to decide for myself—I doubt. I can understand the man who



Good Morning

Every child is a genius until it is forced to surrender to civilization.

ART YOUNG

had heard so much enthusiasm over Niagara Falls that he finally went to look at them. A friend asked him what he thought of this great American scene. He replied that he didn't see anything wonderful about it, and backed his opinion by saying: "It's just a lot of water that comes to a high precipice and then falls over it. If the water would shoot up into the air—that would be something to talk about." When I saw the most advertised and most talked about actress in the world—Sarah Bernhardt—the play was "L'Aiglon"—I went with doubts. She was then over fifty years of age—but took the part of a boy—"The Eagle," son of Napoleon. When the curtain went down on this play, I felt that all the panegyrics and praise of Bernhardt were justified. Her voice, the feeling she put into words, her gestures, and the interpretation of L'Aiglon, the petulant boy, who would soar like his great father—made one more convert to the popular applause for a great artist.

We enter matrimony thinking it will be a sort of side-issue. But we discover that it is the most important undertaking of our lives.

Put a high estimate on yourself. When others accept you, then doubt their judgment.

December 25th: Christmas again, and to one who is almost sixty years old, a responsiveness to the day, not ecstatic like the joyous notes of the younger folks, but more like the lute of an orchestra, far away and reminiscent.

At a neighbor's house in the afternoon, and sat by the fireplace talking to a gentleman who is a broker. I like to listen to the opinions of a man in a profession so different from my own. He told me of the magazines that he preferred to read. I mentioned a mild liberal publication; he

would *not* read that one because he did not believe in its policy. It would seem that anarchism, communism, socialism, single tax and even mild liberalism, are all bunched together by the average man of business and labeled Anathema. A statesman or an editor is a menace to the extent that his policy is reformist or near to doing something that may, possibly, temporarily upset business. The crime of crimes:—To disturb, retard, hinder, annoy, vex, plague, or upset the Profit System.

I received to-day a poem by Walt Whitman, which Peggy Vodges had taken the trouble to copy for me. It's the one about an oak tree standing alone.

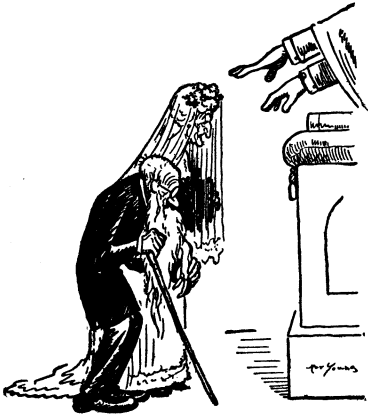
I used to think, when I was a boy, that I could stand all alone for an idea. Like the little town of Pigtail, Conn., that openly announced to people passing its railway station: "Pigtail against the World."

Later I read Hugo's statement that "God and Victor Hugo are a majority." That seemed to me, in spite of the bombast, the true spirit.

But my original belief in my ability to stand alone has been modified to this extent: I do want a few friends within hailing distance, if I ever have to stand alone.

December 26th: Oh! for the sound of real wholesome life and laughter! A business firm's get-together dinner is generally one of the saddest things that one can witness. There they sit, stiffed up in their Tuxedos.

Some one starts a song. It drags along and two or three may be left to finish it. Another tells a story, not a bad one either, as stories go, after which one fellow emits one of those loud, hollow laughs and the others look at him as if he were out of order and snicker at his uncontrolled outburst. The toastmaster says, "I am sure that we will be



Life

They put off marriage till they could afford it.



Life

*"Bill, I want a couple cans of salmon."
Bill Mope (the grocer): "Say, Fred,
why don't you come around when
I'm standing up?"*



Life

*"Confound it, there goes another when
it's all I can do to hold this one up."*



Liberator

*"Quit your cryin', Mag."
"You let me alone. It's the only fun
I get."*

glad to hear from Howard Hickey. You all know Howard, Foreman of the Catsup Department." Howard says, "He's sure that we are all glad to be here" and, in conclusion, thanks everybody "from the bottom of his heart." Why these colorless lives? Was it so among the artisans and peasants of old? Why all this fear of expression? At the theater the same stoical acceptance of the scene whether love, murder, intrigue or what-not. A lady in the orchestra circle chews a gumdrop while the demented King Lear cries out from the tempest. No one seems to feel deeply except at the stock exchange, and the night clubs. But even at the latter place it takes a strong musical stimulant to jiggle them into joy.

The editor, John Ames Mitchell, was looking at some of my drawings that I had submitted to him.

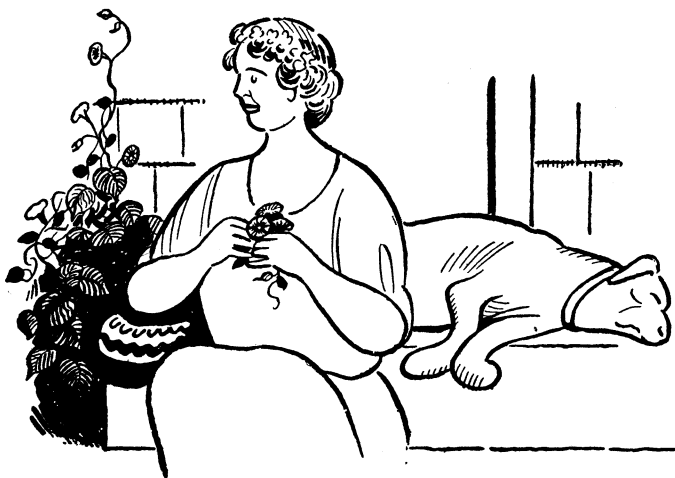
He said: "Young, where did you get that archaic style of yours?"

I don't remember what reply I gave him, but I remember my chagrin because I didn't know what archaic meant. When I got home I looked in the dictionary and felt a bit displeased. Here I was, a man commonly thought to be "ahead of the procession" in ideas, who was for progress and change, and with little reverence for tradition, and yet my style was "archaic," reminiscent of the ancient past.

But as the years went by I began to care not at all whether my style was archaic or futuristic, whether it was like the early eighties or the crude cuttings of cave-men—I couldn't do anything about it. I'd have to sink or swim with my own style.

December 27th: The philosopher (so-called) who believes that to succeed in any undertaking depends entirely on one's

own will, refers to that remarkable woman, Helen Keller, in attempting to prove his case. But Helen Keller herself—a girl with no eyes to see, no voice to talk, no eardrums that hear—who succeeded in developing substitute sensations for seeing, hearing and talking, is not a believer in



HELEN KELLER

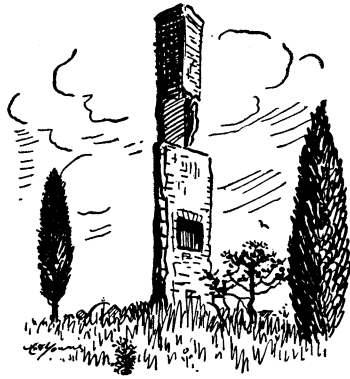
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individualism as interpreted by the “will-to-power” school of thought. She knows that will power itself is not enough. It is the helpfulness and direction of others and a congenial environment that are most important. She is a Socialist because she sees that the best individualism can develop only when the children of the world learn to see, hear and talk under the wise guidance and environment that will encourage the growth and blossoming of inherent aptitudes and talents.

One summer not long ago Helen, with her teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy; her friend, Edna Porter; her chauffeur, and

Seiglinda, the Great Dane dog which went with the family, drove up to my place in Bethel. They were on the way to their Long Island home after a trip to Canada. Helen was happy and told me through Mrs. Macy's hands and sometimes her own guttural speech (which I could understand with difficulty) what she most enjoyed during the excursion.

A splash in a river, pine trees, wild wind, and stars. She poetized the trip just as she writes, like a Bible prophet of old. I shall always think of her as she sat out on the steps of the south door of my home, hugging the morning glories to her breast. I made a sketch of her, with the faithful dog lying near. Mrs. Macy and Helen had known Mark Twain. It was Mark Twain



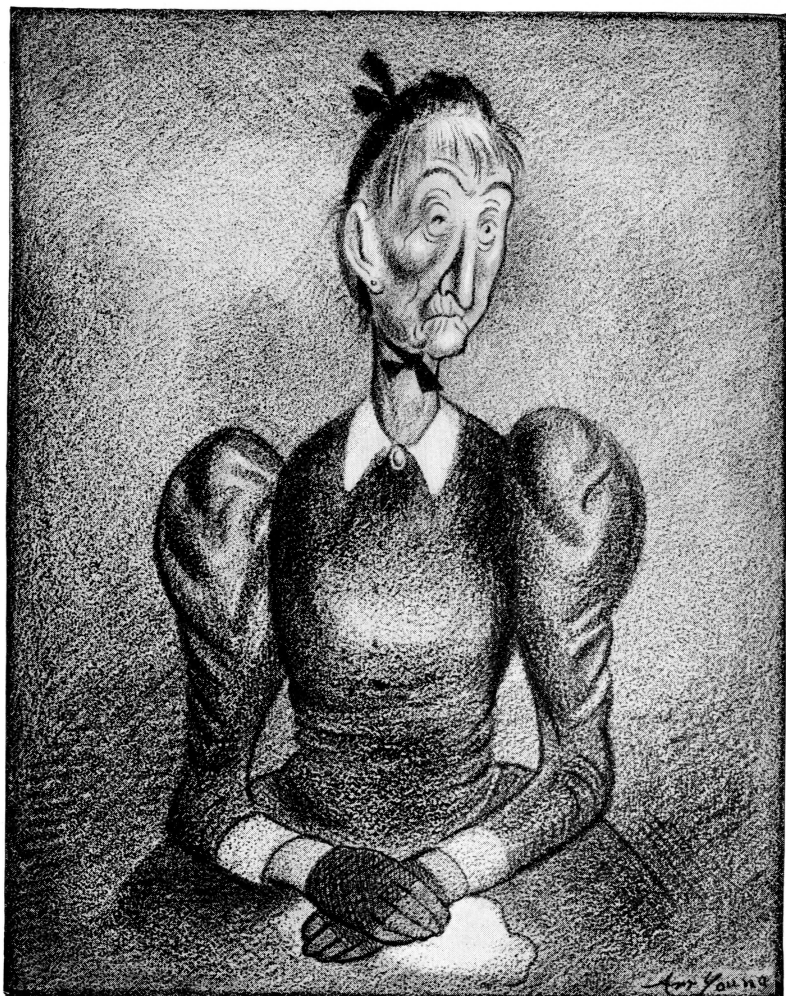
*Mark Twain's Home
(after the fire)*

who said: "The two greatest characters of the Nineteenth Century are Napoleon and Helen Keller." That afternoon Mrs. Macy proposed that we motor down the road four miles to the Mark Twain library and the home where he had died but a few years before. After his death the house was sold and a year later caught fire and all that was left of Stormfield was a black snag of brick and stucco, sticking out of a cedared hill. Mrs. Macy identified the fireplace and walls in this snag as the room in which Mark Twain did his last writing. She described the scene to Helen by her finger talk, over the palm of Helen's hand, like piano playing, while I made a sketch of the ruins.

We do things that require all of our moral courage only to find that others call our courage immoral.

December 28th: To certain kinds of intelligent people, no doubt, these notes would be more acceptable if I did not try to be constructive. They like best the artist who is not concerned with government or policies. To them even a scold is preferred to one who tries to be logical. The "smart boys" dash off meaningless criticisms of government and customs and that is just what is wanted. They don't want creeds or isms; they want a cartoonist to make faces at the world. Personally, I would be ashamed to spend all of my time just looking around and reporting, however brilliantly, without at least *guessing* at ways and means for making a world where all people could find more real joy in living.

December 29th: The thing to say when you hear that some one has been talking critically about you is: "I don't care what any one says about me to my face. It's talking behind my back that I resent." Now, isn't it terrible what people will say behind our backs? Everything should be said right to our face. A group of persons are engaged in a critical discussion of a certain other person, when suddenly that person appears. Do they continue the criticism? Courtesy says that you must not say the same thing to the face that you say to the back. The greatest indoor sport is talking about our friends and acquaintances and most of what we say would be considered unkind, not to say insulting, if said to their faces. Everybody ought to be willing to be a subject of discussion. To analyze conduct, without malice, is no crime even though it is done behind the back.



The Saturday Evening Post

TYPES OF THE OLD HOME TOWN

Aunt Nancy Fillebrown. Aunt Nancy went to all the town funerals. No matter what she had said of the deceased in life, she was there when it came to a post-mortem respect. Thus, everybody in town was assured of one mourner at least.

December 30th: The late Josephine Day Nye was the foster sister of Bill Nye. She lived in New York with Bill's aged mother. I visited them often. Josephine, who looked like the classic Juno, had a fund of stories and was well known for her story-telling and recitations of her famous brother's best sketches. I remember one of her favorite jokes: "Do you believe in infant baptism?" said a man to a spinster. "I certainly do—I have seen it done," was her reply. In some such casual way, most of us accept whatever is. Once establish a thing, whether a creed or a government, it becomes like the weather, here because it's here, to be believed in, or at least, taken for granted. So an established formula always has the advantage over an innovation. Once get "set" and everything grows all around and toward, to make a fixture. But the innovator, the experimenter, is always met by that old woman "Status Quo," who looks at him over her glasses in amazement and says, "Why, I never heard of such a thing," and until she sees it done his efforts are in vain.

December 31st: In Washington I would frequently meet that vagabond philanthropist, James Eads How, often called the "millionaire hobo." How, who looked like a stage-tramp and a saint of old, would send in his card to Senators and Representatives and talk with them about his bill to help the unemployed, which read: "In protecting the rights of the people, the United States shall establish, own, and conduct, such farms, factories or public works as may be necessary to give work to every person applying therefor." Of course, he never got such a bill passed, but his star of hope never set. When not in Washington, How was traveling all over the United States and in Europe, stopping off at cities and throwing handbills around announcing a meet-

ing of the unemployed, "refreshments free." The latter part of the program was greatly appreciated. He called everybody brother, even United States Senators; he never wore a conventional white collar and was often treated discourteously in parlor cars and hotels because of his un-



Mr. How's unemployment bill

tailed appearance. He was mild mannered and genuinely humble. Because he inherited much money from his famous grandfather, James B. Eads, the bridge builder, he was appealed to continuously for donations to worthy and unworthy causes. His fortune was placed with his consent in the hands of a citizens' committee of five, in the city of St. Louis, making it impossible for him to be a spendthrift. When I was publishing *Good*

Morning, the business manager who knew How only as the altruist who had inherited a fortune, thought it would be a good idea to ask him for funds to help the magazine along. I told him I knew How and how remote he was from the bulk of his fortune; nevertheless, he brought How up to my office and we talked a whole afternoon about this and that and finally came to the financial difficulties of getting out our publication. Then the business manager asked How if he could help with a loan. As I had expected, How had no funds to lend for this purpose, but gave the business

manager the address of somebody he thought might help out, and a box of marshmallows. He always carried candy or chewing gum with him and would pass them around. I had a good laugh at the business manager's expense, after How had gone, over the net result of his efforts to put our publication on a sound financial basis—one box of marshmallows, and an address.

Back in the brain of this unusual man was the old idea that never dies. How put it this way: "Inherent in every man, beneath rags and dirt, behind bigotry and prejudice, clouded by isms and dogma, there is the good."

January 1st: It always surprises me when I see kind manifestations on the part of both men and women, young and old, of liking me. I am one of those called "popular." But I have never really liked myself—or perhaps I should say, I have never fully endorsed myself. Some days I will confess I feel big and proud—almost as big as a planet. In another few days I feel like the tiniest atom floating in the cosmic dust.

January 2nd: With all history to draw upon for knowledge and culture, by this time great artists and great characters ought to be as plentiful as good fruit.

A short well-stomached man, wearing a Legion of Honor button on the lapel of his black coat (and usually a gentle fall of ashes), a gray curly beard that clung close to his jaws, an amiable countenance, a few unobjectionable warts on his cheeks, would step in at the door of The Académie Julian, light a cigarette and say, "Bon jour, Messieurs," to about one hundred students. I was one of this class—of many nationalities. There would be a shuffling of the

easels to make way for the man, our instructor. It was Bouguereau, whose paintings sold for large sums of money, the High-Priest of the French art of his day, and whose favor was sought by aspirants to the yearly salon.

Bouguereau, master of the sweet and idyllic in painting, disliked by the then outcast impressionists, but idolized by the followers of the fashion in art—the Bouguereau-Cabanel-Gérôme school of painting. But it would be unfair to say that his greatest admirers were swayed by his power and popularity. Many young artists of independent thinking in those days, who have since become masters in their own right, thought Bouguereau a great artist. And what is the pro and con of this discussion on Bouguereau's art which now continues almost thirty years after the artist's death?

Bouguereau seemed possessed with a desire to paint the skin of the human body, a kind of transparent loveliness, also to make hands and feet look more beautiful than any hands or feet that ever were.

He was trying to paint as sentimental poets sing. His cupids are not as robust as Boucher's, but look at the flesh! If you like the pink toes of a baby lying in the sun you must like Bouguereau's cupids.

Through years of hard work Bouguereau had learned how to draw and paint the photographic natural, over which he imposed his idea of the ideal.

His paintings were too nice to be true, but that is why people liked them.

As for real greatness of a robust Delacroix character, for example, the versatility that is free to distort, and run riot with color—Bouguereau had it not.

I recall one of his large paintings in the background of which there is supposed to be an evil hag-like creature, but

even she Bouguereau painted to look more like a nice old grandmother. But Bouguereau conscientiously gave the world his idea of art. I stand with him in regard to the feet and hands of women and children. They can't be too pretty to suit me. Bouguereau's idea of perfection was no doubt based on the classic Greek. His pictures are sometimes called "candy-art" and the antithesis of Bouguereau is Georges Rouault. One is serene and pretty, the other explosive and ugly. Both limited—both to be ignored or accepted as their pictures appeal to the mood of the hour.

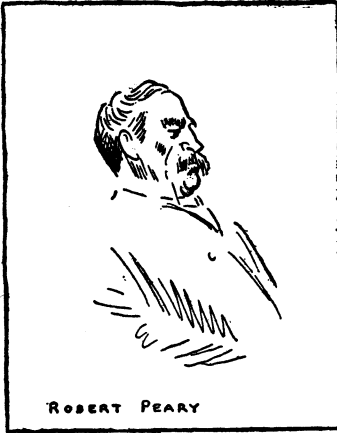
January 3rd: We like somebody. We just like them, no questions asked. But it isn't long before we hear (for our own good, of course) that the person we like has done things that are not "right." We find that others don't think well of our friend. They have something "on him." He acted beastly or cowardly or selfishly in certain situations. There are experts in calling attention to the shortcomings of our friends. They can't understand why we should like them, after all they know about their conduct. A close scrutiny of the lives of these critics might also disclose the probability that they too had acted beastly or cowardly or selfishly in certain situations, perhaps under similar circumstances. When the X-ray of criticism is thrown on any individual long enough and intense enough, depend upon it, even those with reputations for respectability and upright living will be found to have serious defects of character. God is the only perfect thing and that is because we can't get at Him.

Every potential artist wants encouragement from outside of the family or town circle. He thinks, if only somebody away from home would discover him!

I remember the feeling of pride when about fifteen years of

age I drew a cartoon of the famous victory of the race horse J.I.C. The race was an event of national interest. The horse was owned by J. I. Case of Racine, Wisconsin, hence its name, J.I.C. I sent the drawing to Mr. Case and immediately got a letter of praise for my work that stimulated a desire to draw more cartoons.

So far I hope that I have not given the impression in these notes that I do not hold individuals responsible for



what is commonly called good conduct. I don't like lying, extravagance, or conceit, to mention only a few violations of old virtues. I demand something like right conduct, even though I can see causes for wrong conduct. I know that intervening circumstances are always ready to upset our good intentions. But some of the good old rules of behavior remain "good" and my kind of people are those who

still try very hard to practice them.

January 4th: The ambition of men for discovering land or water never discovered before on this globe is usually romantic and heroic as an endurance test. But with all due respect to Columbus, Balboa, Champlain, and all those who have discovered, I could never understand why seeing a place first was cause for great renown. During the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York the German janitress of the building where I lived asked, "Vat is all this talk about

Hudson?" I said, "Why, Hudson was the man who discovered the Hudson River." She thought it over a moment and then said, "Yes, but it was there, wasn't it?"

In my file I see to-day my sketch of Robert Peary, made a few years after he was hailed as the first human being to find the North Pole. He sat opposite me in a parlor car returning from Washington, D. C., and was asleep. I remember well the day I made the sketch and how as I looked at him the remark of the janitress came to me: "Yes, but it was there, wasn't it?"

January 5th: Listening in while people are conversing may not be courteous at times, but one can fish out little snatches of talk that help in getting the sweep of the thought wave. Yesterday this answer, which I thought quite good, I heard at a book store. The clerk said to a lady who inquired about a book of verse by a fifteen-year-old girl poet: "Genius does not depend on age. A genius can be eight years old or eighty."

January 6th: It is easy to commit the error of claiming intimate friendship with distinguished people after they are dead. They can't come back to deny it. Your relations with them may have been as casual as "Good morning" or "How are you?" But you can magnify it into a call for a character analysis, as if you and the distinguished one had been bosom friends.

I have seldom got chummy with anybody. I never want to know a person too well—closing in on him till I find his limitations. Once found, I become bored even with exceptional men and women and I feel that, at that stage of acquaintance, they are also seeing too much of me. I want a wide margin around my friends. I knew O. Henry, as I

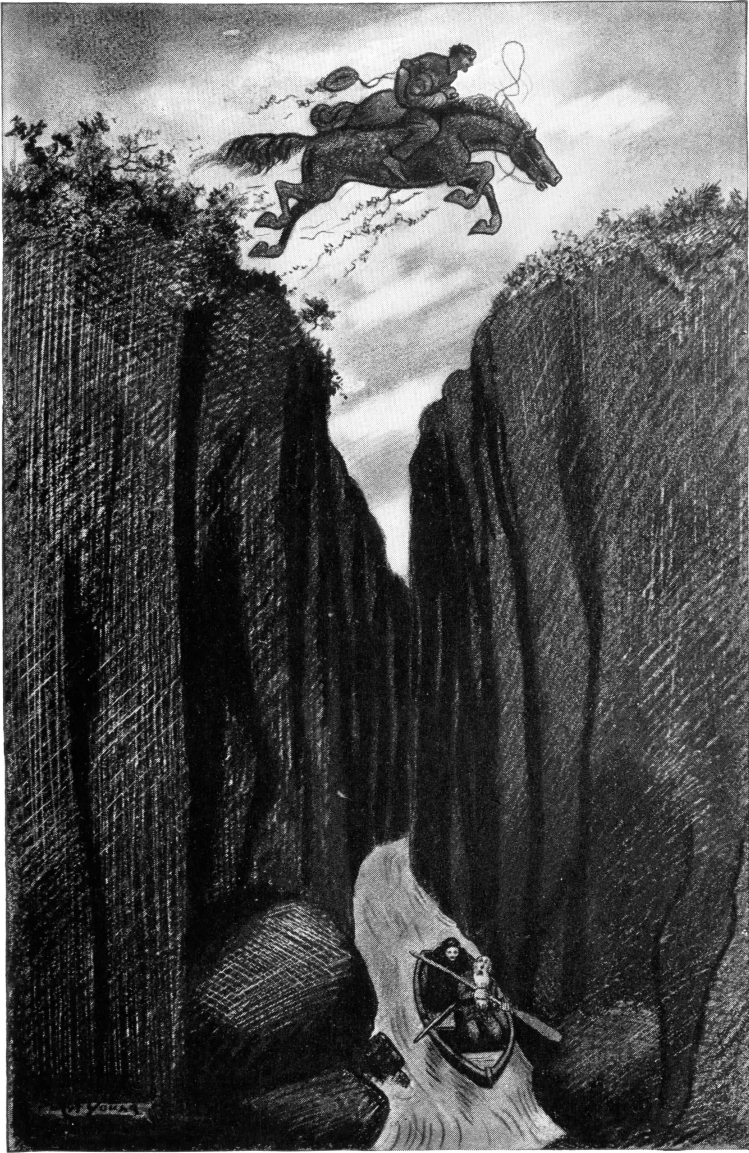
have known many authors. Acquainted enough to loosen up in conversation and to feel the congenial contact.

I was introduced to O. Henry over at Irving Place, where he lived for a while. His stories were just beginning to be the popular magazine and newspaper feature of the day. A friend of his from Texas was with us, also my brother of the New York *World* and a few others. O. Henry shook up a cocktail or two and then we all went over to Luchow's. There at the dinner table a flash-light photograph of the group was taken, but I am sure O. Henry was not an abettor of that kind of publicity.

He was a shy, almost self-effacing fellow of chunky build and had a fine head that set well down into his shoulders. His voice was high-pitched and gentle, often dropping to a whisper. He moved over to The Caledonia on Twenty-sixth Street. My studio was on Twenty-fourth Street, and I would meet him occasionally at the old Victoria Hotel bar. He proposed that we look around together at night on the East Side. But it happened that one night only was I with him accompanied by a few others wandering around the Bowery dance halls. About his method of writing, he told me that he could stand the noises of the street but not the tiptoeing and whispering about the house when, as he put it, "You feel all the time as if some one is saying, 'Sh-h-h—the great man is writing.'" He also said he could tell, after he had finished a story, whether it was a good one or not.

He could draw in a crude way; and once he made a sketch of me (which I have kept) adding wrinkles to my face where he thought they might sometime appear and wrote underneath: "A. Young as an old one."

My brother Will came into my studio one day and said, "I've just been over to O. Henry's! He's very sick. He rolls on the floor in pain. They're taking him to the hospi-

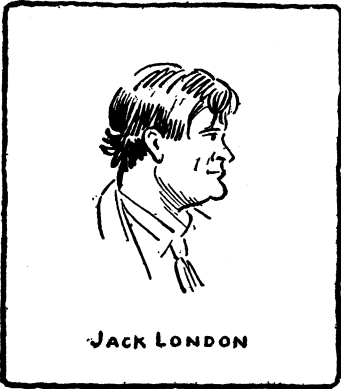


YOUTH AND OLD AGE

Colliers

tal." He died in a few days, mumbling as he passed out the popular song of that day, "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."

January 7th: Jack London was in New York during the month of January, 1912. Virile, careless, alcoholic Jack.



If flinging yourself at the world and having a short life and a full one is the best way to live—which I doubt—Jack London did it. He was still in the flinging stage of his career when I met him. He was getting ready to set sail with his Snark boat around the Horn.

A dinner was given to him by a group of artists and writers at an Armenian restaurant. He had to be excused

for not speaking to the assemblage of about seventy-five people, for he had a bad cold and his voice was gone. His wife, wearing the first leopard-skin gown I had seen, gracefully did the excusing.

Later I heard him talk in public and he impressed me as a real earnest advocate of the workers. In those days he never signed his name to a letter that he did not affix: "Yours for the revolution." After making a sketch of him he took my pencil and wrote his name and trade mark underneath. He quieted down after his long tempestuous voyage on the seas. He went to his ranch in California, but was not the same Jack London. He was a sick man, but lived on till 1916.

"The Call of the Wild," "The Iron Heel," "Martin Eden,"

and other books of London make his monument. But I always think of his ambition to make a radical speech in the "Cradle of Liberty," Fanueil Hall, Boston—which he finally did, as characteristic of this roustabout rebel with a genius for rugged writing.

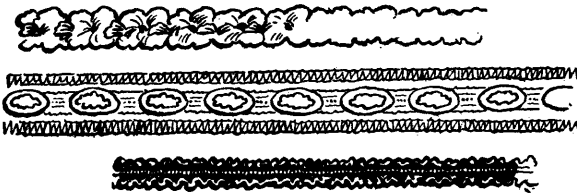
January 8th: "No compromise," shouts the politician. You wonder what it is that excites him. Then you learn that he is fighting against a ten-cent carfare. His platform is "Five cents, no compromise."

In the early days when trusts were being formed and small business wanted to be rescued from the stranglehold of big business, I would meet non-compromise radicals who would not patronize a trust restaurant and would endure loss of time and inconvenience by boycotting a street car company guilty of a high-handed merger. Those were the days when college faculties had a hard time trying to decide whether they should accept the tainted money of a trust magnate. No compromise with these evils has passed on to the dream of things that were. The evils were too much for the non-compromising. Evils had the right of way as they have to-day. If you don't want to call them evils, let's call them power or evolution.

I don't believe in the present system of privately owned railroads, yet I ride on them. I don't believe in the system that compels me to pay more taxes because I have improved my property, yet I pay more taxes. I don't believe in the policy of most newspapers and magazines, yet I contribute to them. I don't believe in the annual hold-up called Christmas and yet I buy a few Christmas presents. I don't believe in a lot of things yet I accept them as facts that are inevitable or at least not worth getting excited about. I like to see young artists imbued with that uncompromising

fire of devotion to art for art's sake, yet I know that they will have to do some compromising.

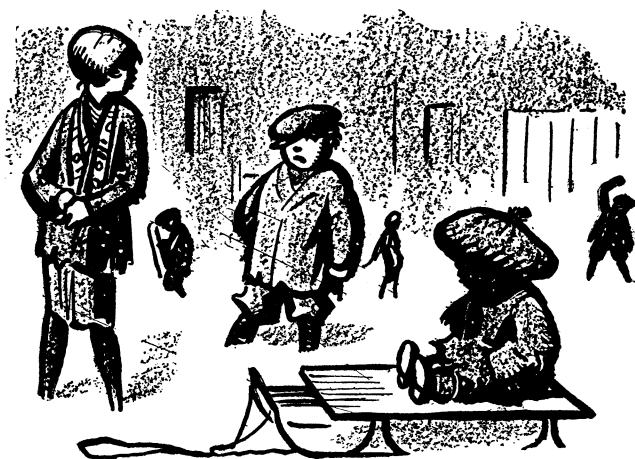
If it is true that compromise is necessary at times—that no one can get through life without compromising with their principles—what then? Is there no virtue in holding out against things that we don't believe in? Yes, indeed it is the one great virtue. If public opinion or a government or a person wants you to do something that is a violation of your intuitive and reasoned convictions, if your conscience loudly says NO, then with full knowledge of the penalty for being true to yourself—no compromise. Whether a compromise is worth while or not is a matter for each individual to decide and the price he is willing to pay for not compromising is the test of whether it is worth while.



January 9th: This day a friend showed me through a plant where ornate braids were being woven. One young man was watching four looms from which braid poured like newspapers from a press. The machines of to-day are so dextrous and function so skillfully, that I looked on in wonderment at this single demonstration of what is being done all over the world by machines. Goldberg used to burlesque the machine in his cartoons. He did nothing much funnier than those pictures showing a multitude of intricate and acrobatic gestures made by wheels, springs, bolts, forks, hammers, bells, matches, electric lights, garden

hose, umbrellas, and whistles, even introducing a galloping dog or a cuckoo clock or anything that came to his mind to invent a machine. These cartoons were innocent comments on a machine civilization. Hardly a handmade necessity—or luxury—of fifty years ago that cannot now be made by machinery.

January 10th: In common with most fathers, mine had a favorite song, something about a Lord Lovell and a rose-bush that “grew to the steeple’s top” over his sweetheart’s



grave. To-day as I walked through the streets of New York’s East Side, watching the children with their sleds, I found myself singing another old song that I had heard in my childhood. It goes like this:

*“Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?
I have been to see my wife, she’s the joy of my life,
She’s a young thing and cannot leave her mother.”*

I like to listen where children are talking. Snow balls were being thrown about carelessly. "You Polak!" said a young girl as a snowball spattered on her back. The thrower replied, "What are you?" "I'll show you what I am," said the girl. That was all. But as a sample of the street talk of children it serves.

January 11th: A real artist is fond of drawing from the nude. Because I take it he has a kind of irreverence for clothes. He is a scientist and fundamentalist in the sense that clothes are merely in the way. I recall my entry into the life class of the New York Art Students' League. To see men and women on a platform stripped made me blink a little—but gradually I developed a kind of indifference as to whether anybody wore clothes or not. Though born in an era when even a piano was not to be spoken of as having legs, I was soon a sophisticate. "Rest," says the monitor of the class and the nude lady steps off of the platform, goes behind the curtain and rests fifteen minutes. "Time's up!" and again she toes herself into the chalk line right where her feet belong, swings her arms and torso into the pose and then the charcoal pencils begin that terrible rasping and those that prefer the brush begin to plaster flesh colors on canvas. At the Julian in Paris the same—only on a larger scale. There were one hundred students in our room and two models posing at the same time. I drew alternately with pencil, charcoal, and pen. But I could not work a week, as was the custom, on one drawing; it seemed ridiculous. So I would sketch the students or make fanciful designs around the margin of the nude drawing. The last criticism I got from Bouguereau, he was quite disappointed with my work. We had a brutal-

looking man-model, but Bouguereau said I made him *too* brutal.

Met Arthur Lee, the sculptor. I told him I had a reproduction of one of his statues hanging in my bedroom. Lee, like myself, though years younger, has never been more than one leap ahead of the landlord. He suggested that we start a Chinese laundry: "Art Young and Art Lee." He thought we might make some money if we were careful not to take in the wash of struggling artists.

January 12th: Some day painting will be glorified cartooning. Cartoonists now spend themselves on such trivial issues as direct primaries, graft, prohibition, budgets and what-not. And painters spend themselves on still life, portraits, landscapes, and color-patterns.

The painter-cartoonist of the future will be an apostle of big ideas. He will be a prophet. He will hate and hurt; he will ridicule and laugh. His canvas will be eloquent with deep feeling which people will understand. That he will be an artist of pigment and form is, of course, important; but to be a thinking man of vision, helpfulness and courage, will be more important.

In my youth I was skeptical about the truth of history. I am still doubtful about much of it. But the older I get the more the past seems real. When I first read about Michael Angelo, he was a kind of myth, until in later years I saw the print of his thumb on his drawings in the Louvre, and other evidence of a human being. Cæsar, Charlemagne, Hannibal, were not so much men as symbols of romantic epochs, and George Washington was a postage stamp, until I realized that in spite of the hokum and glamour that had

been put over on us by old-time historians—there was plenty of evidence that our heroes existed as men, part great, and part not so great. History grows into nearness and reality as the years take me farther away from it.

January 13th: If I never do another thing in my life, I hope that through my cartoons I can help to make ridiculous the man who calls himself a conservative. Conservatism as usually applied in political and business life is just another name for timidity. Propose a change or a reform, the conservative says, "The world is not ready for it," which means *he* isn't ready for it. He always advises: "Look before you leap" and says, "You can't jump up to the top of the mountain, you've got to go step by step"; but you can't get him to take even a first step himself. There are things that should be conserved. Everybody will agree to that. But the more I see of professional conservatism, the more I think that impulse, unhampered by tradition or formula, would be just as safe a guide to world happiness as this doddering, flabby waiting till something *has* to be done.

Conservatism is a huge growling belly; progress must climb over it, or blast it, letting the bowels fall where they will.

This evening I was a guest at the home of my friends, the Partons, where I met Charles Beard, the historian. A jovial dinner; between courses Beard told this story:

A little girl hears an animated discussion among the guests in the dining room of her home. She says to her mother, "Mother, what is it those folks don't believe in, Santa Claus or God?"

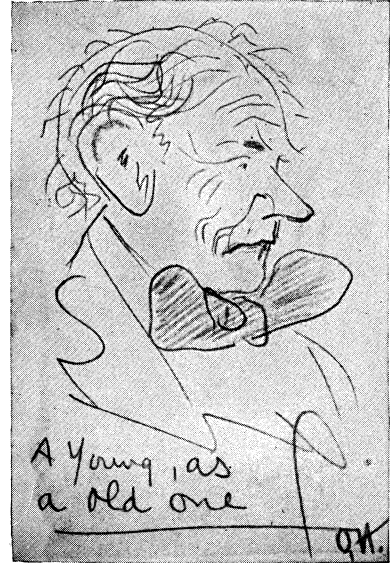
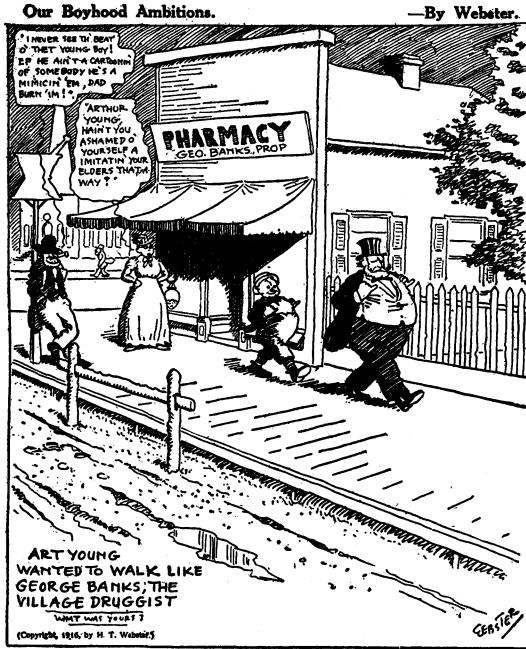
January 14th: Human beings should be at least as happy as animals. Wild animals especially seem to enjoy their existence. If man does not get as much happiness out of life as the beasts and birds, there is something wrong with his scheme of living. But over and above mere animal content, man's intelligence should make him capable of spiritual ecstasy. The basis of all right living, however, should be animal content. After that, if man's life is joyless, the fault is his own.

This is my birthday—turned sixty years of age overnight.

January 15th: I am in a mood to devote this evening to the writing of reminiscences of American humorists who were popular in the days of my boyhood.

George W. Peck, Bill Nye, Robert Burdette, James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, M. Quad, James Bailey, Petroleum V. Nasby, Josh Billings, and others.

I met and made sketches of six in this list: Peck, Nye, Burdette, Riley, Field and Quad. About these six men I can write with some degree of acquaintance and knowledge. The humor of to-day is no longer provincial, smacking as it once did of the soil and the native-born philosophy of an agricultural people. To-day it is slicked-up, a bit cynical, with a metropolitan air over most of it. The laughter of our fathers around the stove of the general store, opening up their copies of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, *Pickings from Puck*, *Peck's Sun*, *Oil-City Derrick*, *Yonkers Gazette*, *Toledo Blade*, or the *Danbury News*, might seem incomprehensible to to-day's brilliant youngsters. We were not so self-conscious then—there was still some homespun in our national garments and our humor reflected the pioneering spirit of the times.

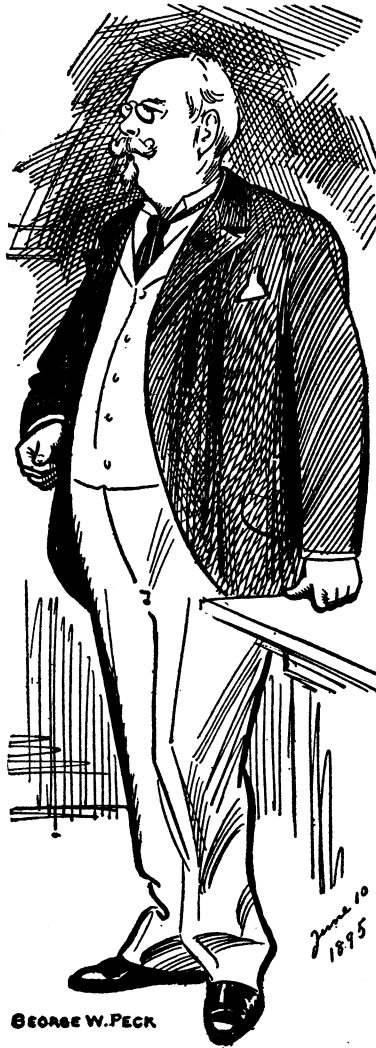


CAUGHT ON HIS WAY

H. T. Webster sees the author as a young one. Kin Hubbard snaps him at a political convention,—while in 1908, O. Henry tried to imagine how he would look when wrinkled and old.

Is this change loss or gain? But, on reflection, what does it matter? It's all in the process of evolution. The humorists to-day interpret the country to its citizens and give color and go to the life of the man of the street and the home. Verse writers, columnists, comic strip wizards, sport writers, send a deluge of humor through the news syndicates daily. In our parents' time, humor did not come to them so swiftly or in such quantities, but it may have been relished the more on that account. I will continue the subject to-morrow.

January 16th: It was during the years 1880 to 1887 that *Peck's Bad Boy* was the comical hit throughout the country. George W. Peck, the author, wrote the Bad Boy series for his weekly *Peck's Sun*, published in Milwaukee. Everywhere the folks would buy the *Sun* to see what the Bad Boy was



"doing next." "Good morning," said the grocer to the Bad Boy, "I hear you had a high old time up at your house last night," is the way the articles would begin. Then the Bad Boy, after surreptitiously taking a few prunes out of a barrel and putting them in his pocket, would tell what happened. The popularity of the Bad Boy stories made Peck mayor of Milwaukee and Governor of Wisconsin.

In appearance, Peck was a boulevardier. Well-dressed, goatee, curled mustache, glasses, cane and a lapel carnation, but for all that he was born on a Wisconsin farm. Once in Chicago he good-naturedly posed for me. When I had finished the sketch he wrote under it, "Thirty years after putting down the rebellion."

Peck had been a private in the Federal Army during the Civil War, and his lecture "How I Put Down the Rebellion" won him great popularity among the veterans and farmers of the Northwest before the Bad Boy stories were written. He was an outstanding exception to the general rule, that a professional humorist gets nowhere in politics.

He was at his best at soldier reunions, Old Settlers' picnics, and banquets, where no one expected him to be over-serious. During one of his campaigns he solemnly advised the farmers to raise wolves and elephants. After his term as Governor of Wisconsin he gradually faded from the political scene. When I saw him eight years after he had posed for me he was still the boulevardier, including the lapel carnation. He was then interested in the promotion of a small medicine company.

January 17th: I heard Robert J. Burdette (The Hawkeye man) give his lecture on the "Rise and Fall of the Mustache." He began, "Adam raised Cain but he did not raise a mustache. He was born a full grown man, and with a

mustache already raised," and he ended, "And still Old Time comes around bringing each year whiter frosts to gather on the whitening mustache, and brighter gleams of silver to glint the brown of Laura's hair." Burdette was as full of sentiment as of a mellow humor and he always concluded his lecture with some rhapsody that seems old-fashioned to-day. In the first years of his success on the Burlington *Hawkeye*, he had an invalid wife that he would carry about as one would a helpless child.

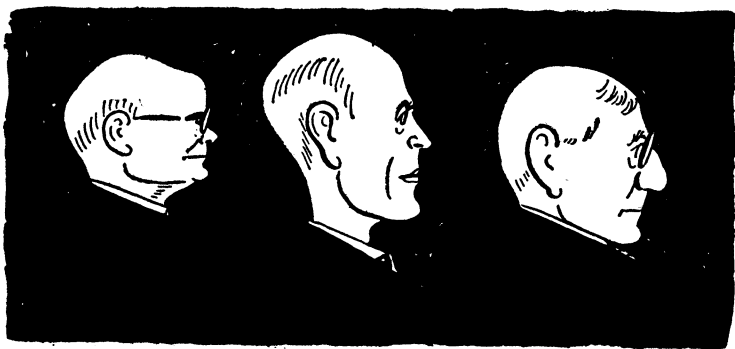
In later years and until his death he was a minister in California and mingled a deeply religious philosophy with all that he said or wrote. He had a periodic thirst for spirits that he conquered in his last years.

January 18th: During my newspaper days in Chicago, I met that immortal trio of humorists, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye. They were friends. Each gave me sittings for posterity, or whatever it is that a man thinks of when he is being registered by a pencil. Once I drew their profiles



ROBERT J. BURDETTE

grouped together. Field looked at my sketches a bit quizzically. "It's a funny thing," he said finally, "all three of us fellows have those damn tack-hammer heads."



Bill Nye, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley.

I recall Field's large collection of canes, stacked up in his home—canes from all countries. He picked out one that was carved all over with frogs, snakes and bumps, and said, "But here's the dandy." He liked to wear an enormous imitation diamond ring when he went over to the Union League Club and flash it around as if it were an emblem of wealth, and that no one in the Club had anything on him. Field's fascinating personality has given rise to a world of stories, some true, some mythical. He is the beau ideal of the old-type newspaper man, and most newspaper men know how he obtained a much-needed raise of pay. He had been persistently turned down, when one day he entered the office of the *Chicago Record* (later the *Daily News*) at the head of a tatterdemalion procession of little children, their scanty clothes threadbare, their stockings torn, their feet sticking through their shoes—a few of the children were his own, dressed for the occasion. With a voice choked with tears,

Eugene called on the editor to look at the terrible condition of his children, and then . . . have the heart to refuse him his raise. He got the raise. Outside the children, some of them painstakingly gathered from the neighborhood, got a quarter apiece.

Field's mind had a cultural trend, away from the back-home locale, yet I know of no funnier story of the farm than "The Cyclopeedy." He was the first humorist to burlesque the local items of a village newspaper. All of his poems, "Wynken, Blinken and Nod," "Seeing Things," "Little Boy Blue," and others were first published in his daily column, along with his trivial comment on "Moses Handy's Whiskers," or a local politician's shortcomings. Frequently he would write a fairy story or paraphrase a Greek verse. Field was tall of stature, a blond, with sky-blue eyes. He had a dominant ultra-masculine voice that penetrated through the partitions and drowned the other sounds of the busy newspaper office where we worked.

He was a great friend of children. The last time I saw him at his home he was giving his six-months-old baby the bottle. He liked to watch the infant at feeding time. A fellow worker in our art department criticized Field for not paying back some money he had loaned him. Whether Field with his large family to support did his best to meet obligations no one knows. But once he met an obligation in a unique way:

During an eastern trip his money ran out and he borrowed \$50.00 from George William Curtis. Some months later Curtis was in Chicago and asked Field for the amount. "Oh, I forgot," said Gene, "I'll take care of that to-morrow." At the head of his column of "Sharps and Flats" next day the eastern man read: "Mr. George William Curtis is in the

West looking after some of his permanent investments.”

I have just read the above comment on Field to Phil Russell, the biography writer, and he said: “Oh, that isn’t enough. You knew him and people want to know more about Field.”

“Well,” I said, “would it be interesting to mention the time that Field came into the art department and asked me to draw a picture of his amorous friend Harry S——, in bed with a woman who was placidly reading Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’?”

“Why not?” says Russell.

Field was, perhaps, no more Pagan or Rabelaisian than the rest of us who worked and laughed with him, only he was always initiating such waggeries and foolishness.

Bill Nye first attracted notice as editor of the Laramie (Wyoming) *Boomerang*. He was also postmaster of the town. Once, at the height of his success, I spent an hour with him in Chicago. He was solemn looking and wore the long black coat of the time for professional westerners. He was tall and had grown stout since his early Laramie days. He described himself best when he said he had a face “like a Brownie” and walked “with a kind of Waterbury watch movement.”

His letter accepting the office of Postmaster from President Arthur, and later his letter of resignation, were the kind of drollery our fathers and mothers enjoyed. He liked to ridicule himself. When he became a national figure, he was pleased to have his articles illustrated by his friend, Walt McDougall, in the New York *World* with caricatures that stressed his hairless dome. Bill Nye was the first humorist to be widely syndicated. Many of his sayings

became the favorites of after-dinner wits. It was Bill who said that "Classical music is better than it sounds." He had a leg broken in a Minnesota cyclone. From the hospital he wrote a description of the accident saying, "I must have stepped on a peal of thunder; people can't be too careful how they peel their thunder and leave it lying around." One night in Chicago I went to the Nye-Riley entertainment. Bill walked out on the stage wearing a full-dress suit and a pair of white cotton gloves. The first thing he said was: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have heard complaints about our program. Some people think we ought to change it—we have done so. Last year it was blue—this year, you will notice, it is pink." Then he recited: "The autumn leaves is falling—falling pro and con." Here in part is Bill Nye's letter accepting the Postmastership of Laramie:

"I look upon the appointment, myself, as a great triumph of eternal truth over error and wrong. It is one of the epochs, I may say, in the Nation's Onward March toward political purity and perfection. I do not know when I have noticed any stride in the affairs of state which so thoroughly impressed me with its wisdom."

And here is a portion of Nye's letter of resignation:

Post Office Divan, Laramie City,
W.T. October 1, 1883.

To the President of the United States:

Sir: I beg leave at this time to officially tender my resignation as postmaster at this place and in due form to deliver the great seal and key to the front door of the office. The safe combination is set on the numbers 33, 66 and 99, though I do not remember at this moment which comes first, or how many times you revolve the knob, or which direction you should turn it at first in order to make it operate. There

is some mining stock in my private drawer in the safe which I have not yet removed. This stock you may have, if you desire it. It is a luxury but you may have it. I have decided to keep a horse instead of this mining stock. The horse may not be so pretty, but it will cost less to keep him.

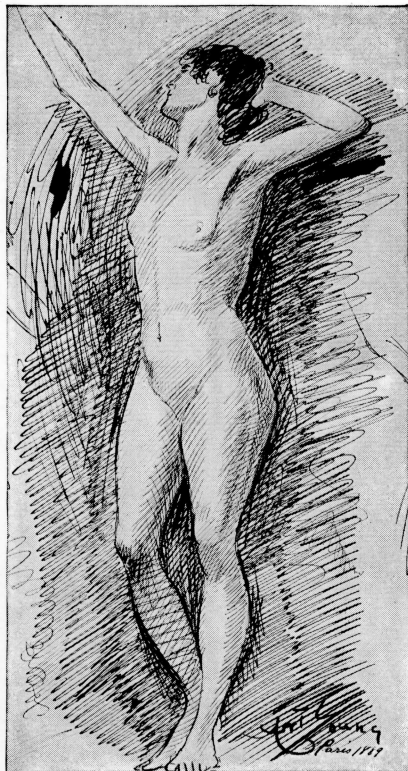
You will find the postal cards that have not been used under the distribution table, and the coal down in the cellar. If the stove draws too hard, close the damper in the pipe and shut the general delivery window.

Looking over my stormy and eventful administration as postmaster here, I find abundant cause for thanksgiving. . . .

It was not long after I had taken official oath before an era of unexampled prosperity opened for the American people. The price of beef rose to a remarkable altitude and other vegetables commanded a good figure and a ready market. We then began to make active preparations for the introduction of the strawberry-roan two-cent stamps and the black-and-tan postal note. One reform has crowded upon the heels of another, until the country is to-day upon the foam-crested wave of permanent prosperity.

Mr. President, I cannot close this letter without thanking yourself and the heads of departments at Washington for your active, cheery and prompt coöperation in these matters. You can do as you see fit, of course, about incorporating this idea into your Thanksgiving proclamation, but rest assured it would not be ill-timed or inopportune. It is not alone a credit to myself—it reflects credit upon the administration also.

I need not say that I herewith transmit my resignation with great sorrow and great regret. We have toiled together month after month, asking for no reward except the innate consciousness of rectitude and the salary as fixed by law.



PEN AND PENCIL STUDIES

Now we are to separate. Here the roads seem to fork, as it were, and you and I and the cabinet must leave each other at this point.

You will find the key under the doormat, and you had better turn the cat out at night when you close the office. If she does not go readily you can make it clearer to her mind by throwing the canceling stamp at her. . . .

Tears are unavailing. I once more become a private citizen, clothed only with the right to read such post cards as may be addressed to me personally, and to curse the inefficiency of the postoffice department. I believe the voting class to be divided into two parties, viz: Those who are in the postal service, and those who are mad because they cannot receive a registered letter every fifteen minutes of each day, including Sunday.

Mr. President, as an official of the Government I now retire. My term of office would not expire until 1886. I must, therefore, beg pardon for my eccentricity in resigning. It will be best perhaps to keep the heart-breaking news from the ears of European powers, until the danger of a financial panic is fully past. Then hurl it broadcast with a sickening thud.

BILL NYE.

James Whitcomb Riley began his poetic career on the *Indianapolis Journal*. At first he signed himself—Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone County. The sentiment, whimsicality, humor and pathos of Riley's verse made him the favorite with the folks at home. When Riley came to town everybody turned out to hear him, for he was a great actor, as well as the popular poet. There was nothing of the typical elocutionist about Riley. To hear him recite, "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin," or "Little Orphant Annie," or tell

his original stories was worth our sitting up all night to listen, back in the jazzless hours of long ago. Riley the poet may seem irrelevant in these notes about American humorists, but the fact that so much of his verse was humorous and that he was an intimate associate of Bill Nye, and collaborated with him in producing the funny "Nye and Riley's Railway Guide," justifies the inclusion. Once in Indianapolis, all three, Riley, Field and Nye, appeared together in an entertainment. Each had some skill in drawing caricatures. They were indeed an outstanding, picturesque group, and their work is yet to be placed in our Americana with true appreciation.

I met Riley when he had passed the high noon of his life and was becoming a hypochondriac. It was a warm summer day in Locerbie Street, Indianapolis, with the blinds down and the locusts buzzing in the maples that he talked to me, mostly about "something that was the matter with his head."

I made several sketches of him. Once in a letter to me he said he had a face "like a potato." With his rounded eyes, bulging nose, a few shreds of hair hanging down his forehead, and over all a pale cast of color, his own caricature-simile was not inept.

Nevertheless it was the face of a distinguished man, though far from classic.

I told him I had been out to Greenfield, his boyhood home. I showed him my sketches of the Old Swimming Hole and the house where he was born. "In that window above the porch," he pointed out, "was my bedroom." He began to get sentimental about the lost days of youth, but soon returned to that "something" that was the matter with his head.

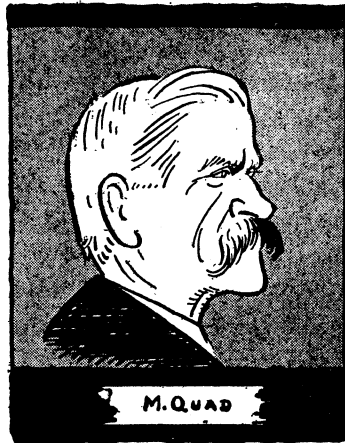
It was easy for me to memorize a Riley poem when I was

a boy, and I knew many by heart that I would recite to myself, and to others if urged.

I have no doubt our town was typical of the Middle West's first real awakening to an appreciation of poetry through the books of the Hoosier bard. He poetized the things we knew, the green fields and running brooks, the old mill, the swimming hole, the barnyard and the small town characters, with an originality that won a place in our hearts.

January 19th: M. Quad of the *Detroit Free Press* was another public favorite in my boyhood days. He wrote so much and on such a variety of subjects that to speak of the Lime Kiln Club, Mr. and Mrs. Bowser and the Arizona Kicker is just a random recollection of the prolific humorist whose real name was C. B. Lewis.

When I met M. Quad at his home in Brooklyn, where he had removed from Detroit, he was getting old, about 65 years, I thought. His hair and mustache were white and



he seemed as one whose future was all behind him. The thought occurs to me when I meet those who have earned gratitude by amusing or edifying millions of people that they are so often mere "has-beens," and the next generation passes by them without a nod.

I will continue these reflections on American humorists. Mark Twain I have commented on elsewhere in this book.

In those early days the eminent John Hay, Lincoln's secretary and author of Pike County Ballads, was often listed as a humorist. I have seen his portrait in a group with Nasby, Billings and Mark Twain, published in the *New York Graphic* as late as 1887. But I would classify Hay with James Russell Lowell and Tom Reed, as men with a sense of humor and with qualities of statesmanship besides—a rare mixture.

Bill Arp of the *Atlanta Constitution* was widely known throughout the South in the early seventies, and wrote mostly of humorous incidents in the lives of backwoods characters.

Joel Chandler Harris came later with his Uncle Remus stories for the same publication. Townsend's Chimmie Fadden was contemporary with Uncle Remus and was the *New York Sun's* popular feature.

Then there were Sweet, Knox and Griswold, editors of *Texas Siftings*, an illustrated weekly that flourished in the South but got too ambitious, moved to New York and went out of business after a few years. There were also the popular "Samantha Allen," "Philander Doesticks," and George V. Hobart's "Dinkelspiel." Stanley Huntley made us all laugh with a series of stories about "Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendike," written for the *Brooklyn Eagle*. John Phoenix was a star of pioneer times, and wrote for a California newspaper, while Benjamin Shillaber in the *Boston Post* made a hit with Mrs. Partington, the American Mrs. Malaprop, named after Sydney Smith's old lady who tried to sweep back the waves of the sea, and Oliver Wendell Holmes was amusing us with essays, polished and politely humorous.

Lastly but more widely popular were Josh Billings, James Montgomery Bailey, the "Danbury News Man," and

ON MY WAY

Petroleum V. Nasby; Bailey, Nasby and Billings sold well in book form.

Josh Billings' real name was Henry W. Shaw. His success as a writer came late in life. Most of it was spent in farming and as an auctioneer. A life full of the lore and with the humor of things close to this old green earth: cows, mules, hornets, bugs and bees and all common things. My friend Bolce heard him lecture—he says he was a solemn, big-boned, ponderous fellow. I quote a few of his sayings—

“Mules are like sum men, very corrupt
at harte—I have known them to be good mules
for 6 months
Just to get a chance to kik somebody.”

“Whare there is one man obstinate
Bekause he iz wize thare iz 4,465,853
Obstinate bekause they are ignorant.”

“Never taik a bull by the horns
Taik him by the tale—then
You can let go when you wunt to.”

James Montgomery Bailey's *forte* (like so many modern humorists) was the funny side of domestic life.

Local paragraphs about his townspeople were also enjoyed throughout the country. The following are from Bailey's book "Life in Danbury."

“A West Street man says that the largest funeral he ever heard of took place a week ago. His hired girl went to it, and hasn't got back yet.”

“An old Danbury gentleman used to say that any man with good health and a poor appetite could save money.”

"An absent-minded resident of Wooster Street shut down a window Monday and forgot to draw in his head."

Here's Bailey's definition of the world's oldest and best known humorous weekly: "*Punch*, a journal published in London, is the Danbury *News* of England."

The articles of Petroleum V. Nasby—whose real name was David Ross Locke—were popular during the Civil War and continued popular through the days of reconstruction into the quieter times around 1880.

I remember as a very small kid that it was the usual thing on Sundays to go over to Uncle Edwin's, a mile from town. Uncle Edwin was an enthusiastic Nasbyite, and subscribed to Nasby's weekly: the Toledo *Blade*. He would read Nasby's latest to my father. I would read the articles myself, but got more of the humor when my uncle would quote and comment on them.

President Lincoln turned to Nasby's writings for relief from the burdens of office. In the introduction to one of Nasby's books, Charles Sumner, Lincoln's Secretary of State, wrote: "President Lincoln read every letter from Nasby's pen." Nasby had a lecture called "Bricks Without Straw."

I remember the posters announcing the coming of Nasby to our town to lecture. The great Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby condescended to honor our small town! I could hardly believe it. But something happened. I never knew just what. The train may have been late or Nasby may have been keyed up too high with the preliminary drinks to deliver a good lecture. Anyway, no one spoke enthusiastically of the Nasby night. Perhaps it was another case of anticipation being out of all proportion to realization.

Nasby preferred to be called a satirist rather than a

humorist. It is said that he thought of himself as a "Cervantes" ridiculing the wrongs of his day.

He died wealthy, in 1888.

Antedating all of these men was Artemus Ward, who lectured and wrote on topical subjects such as Mormonism. Include Ward and I think that this article might be called a brief account of America's outstanding humorists. Perhaps I have omitted some who belong in this résumé, but I'm sure no one expects me to be encyclopedic. Written in proper sequence my story would date from the droll Yankee writer, Artemus Ward (the first to attract a nation slowly emerging from the puritan ban against laughter), and ending with the syndicated Bill Nye, with whom it might be said the present big flood of humor started. A flood that threatens to overwhelm all of us with its sheer magnitude, making it more and more difficult to evaluate its quality.

January 20th: We work years to pile up a good cargo of education only to dump it as worthless. Especially is this true of art. That is why so many artists have been carried away by the wave that is going back to the primitive. Back to the untutored art. Most country towns of reasonable size have an artist. He paints signs and folks call him "quite a genius." In my day his profession was wagon painting. He also did the art work for the town. When the village hotel wanted a decoration our artist would paint "The Monarch of the Glen" after Landseer. When the village saloon wanted a mural he would paint a nude but crude lady lying in luxury on a couch. I was always fond of these home-made paintings. I would look at them long and speculatively, especially when the artist tried to be original. I had the same interest in many of the oil paintings seen in cheap picture stores done by the unknowns.

ON MY WAY

There is so much being said to-day for the naïve—the work of children, with its feel for the emblematic instead of the real. So much said for the artist who turns against his academic training, that a new light has been thrown on that old, old question, “What is Art?”



a slice of the city.

January 21st: This day I took a walk down Broadway from Thirty-fifth to Seventeenth Street—time, late afternoon. How can one make a composite drawing of this city? It needs the hell-shrieks over all to complete an impression. A whirling neck cannot take in all. You must save your neck for another day.

Everything a mad striving for more money! more money! Is it not a monstrous joke?

January 22nd: After the Civil War, America was still homespun and folks were comparatively honest. A statesman had to be a man of moral fiber. I do not say there was



The Saturday Evening Post

TYPES OF THE OLD HOME TOWN

He called himself Pawnee Bill. Every year the town would be visited by a Pawnee Bill or a Kickapoo Charley, who would sell us Indian medicine made from the roots of wild cabbage and liniment from the bark of the snake-tree. He would cure farmers of their rheumatism right before our eyes. They were the happy days.

no roguery or graft. But "honest graft" had not become a principle. Once in a great while a Star-Route fraud or similiar evidence of corruption would break out in Congress to shock our sensibilities. But it was like an earthquake—rare.

In my boyhood, kings and dukes were still jokes. Nor did newspapers dare to glorify a man just because he was well-born, or rich. Any one who boasted of a family tree would have been laughed at. The show of things did not count. But to-day, alas, it is powder and paint outside. It is magazine covers that largely sell the magazine. It is a coat of arms for the car. It is news reel pictures for the sake of the effect on the public. It is publicity, bluff, outward show of grief or joy or anger. The show comes first. Pose before principle. Charge more than you expect to get. Never mind the truth. Cover it with the lacquer of white lies. No one will know the difference. Aren't we having a lovely time?

January 23rd: It seems to be a natural desire of most writers and artists of special talent to want posthumous fame. Most of them prefer all the rewards possible in life, but in middle age they begin to hope they will "thunder down the ages," a phrase our village orator, Judge Bartlett, always used in his best speeches.

I suppose we who are publicly announced think, what a good joke it would be if those who do not believe in us during our life-time, would live long enough to see us persist, and be called back after the final curtain.

"What is fame in life but half dis-fame," as Tennyson says. A fuller portion sometimes comes after death. Not that it will do the famous one any good. Nevertheless, he can't help hoping that he will "thunder down the ages."

Eugene Field once gave me an imitation of the remarks of the different types of people who would call at his home after his death. "So this is his chair," etc., etc. Though jesting, I felt that he hoped for remembrance after his work was over.

When I saw General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," he talked much about his chances with posterity.

It is commonly believed that Indiana has produced more literary lights than any other state. No doubt it is a subject for debate. I can remember the great popularity of "Ben Hur."

An Indiana woman, Mary Krout, worked next to me on a Chicago newspaper. She was a good newspaper writer and had written a poem that still comes back in the anthologies of American verse, entitled "Little Brown Hands." "They drive home the cows from the pasture." Then in after years as the poem goes on, "they are fashioning the beautiful fabrics, modeling statues and what not, everywhere—these same little brown hands, till (as I remember the poem) they are folded for the last long sleep."

Mary knew Lew Wallace. She gave me a letter to him. I went to his home in Crawfordsville, Ind., and sketched him standing by his tent in the yard where, in summer, he did his writing.

General Wallace had been Ambassador to Turkey and showed me a pencil drawing he had made of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid. And he took me to his stables, where he patted the neck of the Arabian horse given him by the Turkish ruler. He spoke in terms of admiration for Turkey and the Sultan. He didn't like Fred Remington's pictures of horses "with their legs folded under them," as he ex-

pressed it, and "running as if they had been shot out of a cannon." He didn't like Munkacsy's picture of Christ—as that artist painted him in the scene before Pilate.

Wallace said Munkacsy "made Christ look like a common thief." He talked of posterity, as I have said, and I felt that he was hopeful of a niche in the American pantheon. He was a man of commanding appearance and had been a general in the Civil War, also Ambassador to Mexico. When "Ben Hur" was the best seller of American novels, it seemed remarkable to the readers of those days that the author could describe the Holy Land with such a convincing touch although at the time of writing the book he had not seen that part of the world.



January 24th: The Brevoort at night for many years and as late as 1917 was the place where one was sure to find friends who discussed literature and art. There one would meet the laughing and the sober cynics, the revolutionaries, the art for art's sakers and others who were not at home in the conventional atmosphere of business conversation.

At the Brevoort we would linger till the chairs were piled up by the waiters, the usual signal for getting out; sometimes until the chairs were pulled from under us.

Mouquin's on Sixth Avenue was another congenial place

for such as these, although a little out of the way for Villagers; also Petitpas's on Twenty-ninth Street, where the patriarchal John Butler Yeats had his chair and led the discussion with Robert Henri, John Sloan and others in conversational brilliance from *antipasto* to *demi tasse* and on into the night.

When it became heralded about that Greenwich Village was a hot-bed of radicals the up-town and out-of-town slummers began to make sly excursions down to the Square and peek around. One night a man and woman came into the Brevoort, obviously to see these queer people. I was sitting at a table with a young lady who had bobbed hair (scandalous thing in that day) and two young men, who no doubt looked like the struggling artists that they were. I, as usual, had on a kaleidoscopic tie and could easily have been suspected. The man and woman took a table near us. He ordered dinner, then sat back, crossed one of his fat legs over the other and began to look highly amused at the young lady with bobbed hair. With a satisfied wink and smile, as one who had found what he came to see, he called his lady companion's attention to us, waving his hand in our direction as much as to say, "Here they are! Look 'em over!"

I stood their gazing as long as I thought it courteous to do so, then I took out my sketch book and pencil and looking directly at the slummer began making a drawing of his face and that self-satisfaction of his pose. His expression began to change. He was thinking. No doubt he thought that I was making a caricature of him for publication. He didn't wait for the waiter to bring his dinner; but forthwith departed with his lady friend following while shooting glances of scorn at me.

Threats are sometimes justifiable. The case of this overbearing individual called for an indecorous gesture to match his own. Once before I practiced a threat with satisfactory results. I was hard up, a man owed me some money for work done that I had tried month after month to collect, to no avail. Then I wrote him that I was drawing one of my pictures of hell for publication and I would put him in it where he belonged unless he paid his account. The next mail brought his check in full. I was told afterwards that it was illegal thus to threaten a debtor; but I forgave him, and hope he has forgiven me.

January 25th: In spite of a ruthless commercialism that cracks the whip over us all, I see so many acts that partake of the noble spirit that I ought to put myself right with those who may think I am blind to the present and fair only with the future. An act of self-sacrifice surprises me, for I don't expect much of people who have learned that self-interest is the main thing. I am surprised to hear that a rich man decides to give a large part of his fortune to a community, when his training has been adverse to the social spirit. I am astonished at any noble act of our daily contacts, because I don't expect it. It's a big leap across the gulf where we stand, "as we are," to the other side, "as we would be." When any one makes the leap it helps to verify my faith in human beings. Splendid are the works and deeds of the present—the more so that they manifest themselves in the midst of the hard realities and precepts of a business age.

January 26th: To-day a woman accused me laughingly of being afraid of women. "They won't hurt you," is the

way she put it. Had she said cautious of women, instead of being afraid of them, I would have felt better. That woman is the balm, solace, inspiration and the greatest need of man's heart and mind is a truism—one of the truest. Then why be cautious? For the simple reason that one gets foolish about a woman. You indulge in compromise, sentiment and courtesy for her sake, till you find yourself too deep in them. Your real self, the boy in you, candor, free will, disregard of countless and foolish courtesies, is the life a man wants to hold fast to above all things. Under the spell of a lovely woman these things are in danger.

Blessed is he who can live for a woman and his real self at the same time.

January 27th: For the past twenty years I have sold my drawings to publishers with the understanding that after publication the originals were to be returned and the right of ownership reverted to me. As a consequence I have collected the best of my original drawings made since 1906.

Previous to that I do not consider much of my work worthy to be classed as my best, and most drawings of the period from 1894 to 1905 I have catalogued as mediocre. I was nearly forty years old before I began to produce what seemed to me to be my full-flight drawings. Discovering some cartoons that the publishers had sold to a New York dealer in second-hand books, no doubt because of some misunderstanding as to my policy of owning my originals, I bought fifty of my own drawings from the dealer. With motives of self-interest and that natural feeling of parenthood they have been welcomed home. I have seen my work reproduced in many foreign papers—nothing remarkable in this, for papers lift from their contemporaries everywhere.

*I shot a cartoon into the air;
It fell—I know not where,
But after all there's no regret,
The idea may be going yet.*

January 28th: As an objector to this civilization, I find the lack of adequate time to take care of our bodies one of the principal faults. For wage workers especially it is impossible to attend to the requirements of healthy outfitting. One ought to have, at least, three daily hours for the care and presentment of his person. To be booted and harnessed right for the day; to feel right when we start out and to again get right in the evening—this duty, to-day, we hop, skip and jump through the best we can. Some there are with too much time and leisure for this purpose and dressing becomes the dominant motive for living. But the masses, most of them as sensitive to the allurements of fresh linen, the feel of cleanliness, the right shoes and change of apparel as others in more fortunate circumstances, are left with one Sunday a week to prove that they do like appearances and that they are not “unwashed.”

January 29th: To-night at dinner in a restaurant a young man and a young woman were seated at a table next to me. With an ear ever alert for talk fragments as they float my way, I heard the young man complain: “Every girl I want loves somebody else.” It suggested a theme for a topical song. I have always believed that I could have written popular music. I often improvise refrains which I feel are individual enough to be called new, and appealing enough to become popular. But I have been content to let others write the songs of the nation while I put all the song I can into my drawings. I always feel in the key and rhythm of

a popular tune. One of my heroes is Stephen Foster, the author of the "Swanee River," "Nelly Gray," "Old Folks at Home," and a dozen other favorites. Poor Foster, he died a Bowery bum. Paul Dresser's songs I liked in their day. I suggested to Theodore Dreiser that there ought to be a Paul Dresser evening (Paul is Theodore's brother) to sing again the songs of the early nineties written and composed by Dresser: "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "On the Banks of the Wabash," and others. Dreiser liked the idea, which may come to pass.

January 30th: To-morrow, and five months will have passed since I started this diary. I glance over the pages already written and this thought occurs—here I am writing about things of interest to me and when it is put in book form, if ever, I can hear a clerk in a book store saying to a nice respectable old customer: "Here's a book by Art Young"; and the nice respectable old man says: "I am not interested." The clerk has no answer to that. The prospective buyer will be more interested in the life of a statesman who knows how to write diplomatically and say nothing, or the diary of a Queen who writes: "Nice day. Breakfast of toast and marmalade. Took a ride in the park." It is about those who have sat in the seats of power that he wants to read, not of one who can sit in the peanut gallery of a theater or eat at an Automat without feeling himself devoid of power or less a king in his own right. I have always felt that there is more power in my talent than in the mind of a statesman. I don't say that it ever gets a chance. What I believe is that my cartoons could be made more important to the world than a statesman's pronouncement, if the cartoon were accompanied with the same fanfare of publicity that accompanies the words of the statesman. Not being



The Saturday Evening Post

TYPES OF THE OLD HOME TOWN

Yes. It's Uncle Dave and Aunt Matilda. Every Saturday they would drive in, hitch the old horse near the court-house and do their trading: butter and eggs for sugar, salt-mackerel, etc. Uncle Dave was a "Greenbacker". He said, "Money was the root of all evil," but had figured out that the more there was in circulation the less the evil.

a big light on the world's Broadway, but a small burning bush—why do I write about myself at all? For this reason only: that one's life ought to be on record. In my case I call it "assembling myself."

When we have lived, whether commonplace lives or eventful ones, we ought to leave an account of what we think about it. One's opinions of this life should be briefly set forth and filed in the hall of records where one resides. Some might include it in their wills. Many I suspect would simply say: "Nothing to it. I'm glad it's over."

January 31st: After my school-days I do not recall that I ever had a fight. At school I defended my honor or my marbles or other things equally ridiculous in the customary way of boys, by fist-fighting—always around a corner, preferably an alley; and on Saturday nights my chum, Harry E., and I would go out to "Big Prairie," one mile from town, and wrestle to a finish.

I would throw him more often than he would throw me—but what made me indignant—he would not acknowledge that I was the victor. So we would keep on fighting till exhausted. But, speaking generally, I lacked physical courage.

There was a gang of roughs in town over by the railroad track. I would hurry past this section with a jumping heart whenever I went to visit my grandmother, who lived on the edge of the village. What was uppermost in my mind was the thought that I ought to live and I didn't want a rock or a fist or a gun to cut this life of mine short, nor did I want to maim any other person. To be the cause of blindness or other injury would have meant a lifetime of regret.

Then as I grew in knowledge I felt there was something ridiculous in punching a person in the face because of an

insult or a quarrel. The phrase that President Wilson is said to have uttered, "Too proud to fight," for which he was ridiculed all over the world, was one of his best.

Socrates said something like it when he was kicked by a jackass. He said, "I consider the source." If I fought physically every time I am insulted I would be fighting all of the time; I am insulted every hour of the day by this so-called civilization. My honesty is questioned, my rights as an individual ignored. I am often snarled at by authority, and, what is worse, my intelligence is insulted all of the time by those who talk down to me with their lies and hypocrisies just because they have power.

I would have more patience with those who believe in physical fighting, if they would not employ others to do their fighting for them. Congressmen vote for war, and at the same time vote to exempt themselves.

It is on record that a French King started a war with England because the English King called the French monarch "too fat."

To-day it is similar. The financiers of one country think the financiers of another country too fat, or have rich opportunities for becoming too fat. Out of it a quarrel arises, as to which has the right to be the fattest.

Then war—whose fat makes right.

February 1st: To-night we have been talking about Frank Harris.

When I first saw Harris I remarked to my companion: "He looks like a ring-master in a circus."

I was struck with the incongruity of the Harris before me and the Harris of letters—as I somehow fancied him. He wore jewelry; had a thick black mustache, curled symmetrically, and slick black hair that curved down on his

forehead. His face, especially his cheeks, looked as if rubbed with red wine. And his voice was orotund. With top boots and a whip to crack, Barnum would have found Harris just right for all three of his rings.

But how he could converse!

It is always amusing when any one stresses his ego and,



Frank Harris and others

of course, we who didn't have quite so much ego to stress would joke a good deal about Frank Harris.

He was an Irishman born—a cowboy in America, a traveler, poseur, raconteur, editor and author. He was one of the best portrait writers I ever read. I have a volume of his "Contemporary Portraits." In it he wrote "To my friend—Alf Young." He always called me Alf. "Hello, Alf," he would say as a greeting—and I never corrected him. It was near enough. Besides, he knew so many people he could be excused for getting names twisted.

Some one has said: "If Harris knew all the people he

claims to have known, he would be two hundred years old."

But as Editor of the *Saturday Review*, the *Fortnightly* in London, *Pearson's* in the United States, and other publications, he naturally came in contact with many distinguished people. Harris was a literary prospector, always digging into the work of writers for evidence of art and genius. And how delighted he was when he found a nugget—holding it up lovingly and telling the world about it.

In his "Life of Oscar Wilde," which is a classic, you wonder whether Harris is not as pathetic as Wilde, trying to save an artist from himself—that he may continue to be an artist. But that was the Harris way. I have no doubt that Wilde, Dowson, James Thompson ("The Unknown Immortal"), and other drowning geniuses, smiled hopelessly at Harris when he tried to save them. But that does not detract from Harris, the man. He was mostly "heart," as his writings abundantly prove. Harris always needed money—more money. He had to have his wine—and wine of the first vintage.

In America, as editor of *Pearson's*, he went bankrupt more than once. As a last effort to make his publication a financial success, he rented a large room on the ground floor opposite Macmillan's on Fifth Avenue. I was passing one day and Harris was stroking his mustache in thought outside looking in at his new office. "Hello, Alf," he said, "I say, what sign would you put on this window? 'Frank Harris Studio,' or what? You see, I'm going to give weekly lectures here." I told him I thought "Studio of Frank Harris" would be all right. But in passing a few days later I noticed his window sign was "*Pearson's Magazine*, Frank Harris."

He lectured to interested audiences on Wednesday nights. He talked about Shakespeare and his sweetheart, Mary

Fitten; about literature, past and present, and what he said to Lord Somebody, Clemenceau and other celebrities, and, incidentally, what they said to him.

But rent, printers and creditors of all kinds kept him unhappy while in America.

He was over sixty years of age then, vain, peevish, opinionated, and like most of us, inconsistent. One night I saw him leave a banquet in a huff, where he had been advertised as a leading speaker, because several commonplace speakers had held the floor for hours and he had not been called on.

During the war *Pearson's Magazine* was closely watched by the Post Office authorities. At least one edition was denied the mailing privilege. I met him one night at his home on Waverly Place, when he had just returned from Washington. He had gone to the Capitol to learn why the Post Office had held up his magazine.

"What did the Postmaster General say?" I asked. Then Harris burst out first with a few choice expletives, which he followed with an imitation of the voice and manner of the Postmaster General, Mr. Burleson. He was a good actor. Imitating Burleson's grave voice, he said:

"Mr. Harris, if you break the law, the ax will fall."

Harris couldn't get over it. "I went to Washington to hear that! 'The ax will fall, the ax will fall.' Upon my word, did you ever hear of such stupidity?"

It was the same night that he imitated types he had seen on the Riviera, especially the gaits of the old roués, the way they tried to appear young and followed the beautiful women that passed them. It was screamingly funny, almost to the point of sadness.

Harris told me that he met his lovely Titian-haired wife in an art gallery in Paris—the Louvre, I think he said.

Anyway, he thought her more beautiful than the paintings and made her acquaintance right there.

Little, obscure, bumped around, no noticeable talent, getting no favors—my favorite hero.

It's a world of pots and kettles, a continual condemnation. Each calls the other black. When we condemn another, is it not a form of conceit? Does not the assumption go with it that we are all right?

February 2nd: Our town elocutionist was George W. Banks, the proprietor of a drug store. His favorite recitation at entertainments was Robert Burns's "A Man's a Man for A' That." After Mr. Banks's death my brother, Charles S. Young, succeeded him as entertainer and recited the poems of James Whitcomb Riley. For twenty years he was always on the programs of Old Home Week, Business Club Banquets and Church entertainments.

George W. Banks, besides being a recitationist, had a dignified and important manner of walking. He passed our house daily, and the dream of my life—when a boy of ten—was to walk like George W. Banks. Once long ago, Webster, the cartoonist, asked me if I could remember my boyhood ambition. I told him it was to walk like George W. Banks. I described this personage and imitated his walk. Webster put me in his cartoon series, "Their Boyhood Ambition," published in the *New York Globe*.

Saw play "The Dybbuk." Nothing about it gripped me, except the sob of the leading lady. I can always cry when I hear a woman crying, on or off the stage.

Who can resist the color of a fruit stand?

The city is continually flashing a color-scheme for those who would be artists.

Another color pattern that always arrests my attention is a splash of oil on the wet pavement. All of the rainbow is in it, besides a lot of Oriental-looking splendor.

If I were one of those art-for-art's sake enthusiasts I would picture a splash of oil, spreading its brilliant tints slowly across the dark pavement, and call it: Symphony Barbaric.

February 3rd: As a human machine mentally and physically built for a stupendous job, I think Arthur Brisbane one of our leading Americans. But just as one questions where our "leading" statesmen are leading us, so one questions the leadership of Editor Brisbane. When I cartooned him in *Puck* and *Life* I called him "Whizzbrain."

His father was Albert Brisbane, a man of means, a Socialist, inventor, and world traveler, who knew Marx and Fourier and most of the other famous radicals of Europe. He was a member of one of the first Fourier experiments in socialized living, The Brook Farm colony, with Emerson, Dana, Greeley, Margaret Fuller and others. He wrote many pamphlets of earnest socialistic thought.

I see his son Arthur clearest back in the light of those early days, down at the *Journal* office on William Street. I had a desk near him for several months when I worked for the Hearst papers.

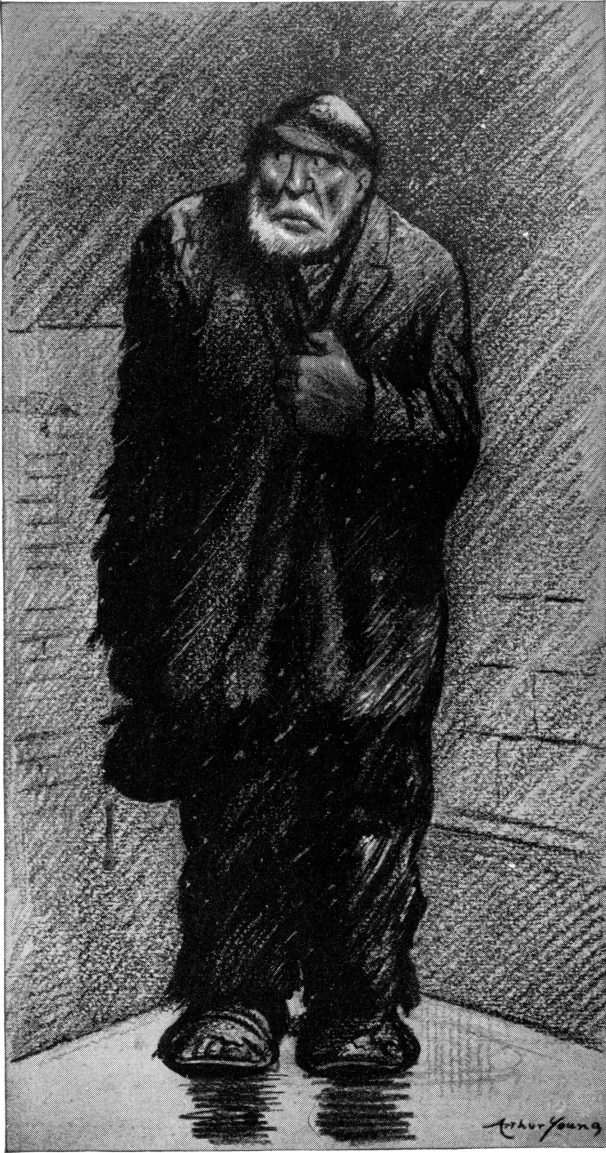
Brisbane would breeze into the office along about ten o'clock A.M.,—hat on the back of his head—his high forehead, I suppose, naturally slanted it back—and the first thing he would say to his secretary was, "Telephone calls?" That over, the heads of the departments would begin to file in. He talked sharply like a telegraph instrument, giving

orders and between times telephoning or telegraphing to Boston or Chicago or other cities where there was a Hearst newspaper. Then he would ask his secretary to call a cartoonist from the art department or a special writer of "The Home," or other sections of the paper, and he would suggest ideas to them. All this besides conferences with business or circulation managers. Then to his lunch of thick mutton chops at that secluded restaurant just south of the arches at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge. Before eating he would pull a coin from his pocket and say to some one at this newspaper men's table, "I'll match you for the dinner." He never said it to me, for he knew I didn't have money for games of chance. He always paid for my dinner, but to any one he knew of sporty proclivities he would at any time of the day match them.

Along about four o'clock he would get at his editorials. At that time he was still knocking them out himself on a typewriter. Later he used dictaphones. He had dictaphones put in his office, home and automobile, and he used one when traveling on the railroad. Emil, his private secretary, would type out these vocal editorials for the printer.

In this efficient way he has filled a column, and often more, daily, to say nothing of a page every Sunday on subjects ranging all the way from the correct way for a father to hold a baby to the probable change of history if Cæsar had known as much about the planetary system as we know to-day.

Brisbane changed the ponderous editorials of the Greeley-Watterson-Dana period to short essays on events in the day's news. In the early years of his writing he would proclaim a kind of Socialist belief but generally qualified it by saying, "Sometime, millions of years hence," so no one would get



Life

THE OUTCAST

*"Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."*
SHAKESPEARE.

scared or worry about it. He would quote passages from his vast store of reading from memory. If in doubt he would have an assistant look them up in short order.

After my brief experience on the *Journal*, Brisbane would occasionally lift one of my pictures from *Life*, or *The Masses*, and comment on it editorially, usually to explain to the *Journal* readers why Mr. Young, "able, well meaning" and all that, had erred in thinking that his cartoon was as true as it appeared to be. Sometimes he would give unstinted praise to one that appealed to him in idea and representation.

Once after a political campaign meeting we adjourned to Allaires, and behind those mugs of ale—such as they served in days gone by—Brisbane talked, mostly about cartoons. He was not only a good talker but a good listener. When I would express an opinion he had a beautiful way of saying, "Do you think so?" Finally he said, "Young, you ought to be making at least \$15,000 a year."

Then I said, "Do you think so?"

In a few days I went down to Brisbane's office with some cartoons embodying ideas that we had talked over at Allaires. I felt a little as if I were starting on the high road to making \$15,000 a year with Brisbane's help. Brisbane looked over the cartoons and said, "How much do you want for this one?" I named a sum about equal to my unpaid rent and a laundry bill—I think it was \$75. Brisbane didn't want to pay that much. He told me the advantages of having my work circulated by the millions in the Hearst papers, and that years hence my cartoons might be worth that, but not now, and besides he said, "We can get a boy in the art department to draw the same idea—for \$30 a week." When he got through with me I felt I was in luck to have my cartoons accepted at all.

I cite this to show that Brisbane besides being the highest

salaried editor in the world (even at that time he told me he was making as much money as the President of the United States), was also a business man—close on figures. His towering Ritz apartments had not been built then, but he was investing in real estate throughout New York, and had a few seasonal homes.

It all added to my wonderment as to how one man could crowd so much responsibility into the span of a lifetime, and why.



From my studio window

February 4th: From my studio window in New York this evening, I see the fallen snow on the roofs. It is fifteen years since Howard Smith and I moved here. He has painted pictures for the Academy under this skylight while doing his versatile best in commercial advertising at a large lithograph establishment. Do you ever wonder who designs the bands that encircle cigars, or the cut-out cardboard pictures in windows that call your attention

to a mineral water or other commodity? Do you wonder who makes the labels seen on bottles, packages and what-not? H. S. has done his share. He is one of the best. No kind of picture ever stumps him, color, or black and white, scenes of high life, or an African jungle. One day it is a poster

of an ocean steamer plowing a purple sea, and the next it is neat little drawings to advertise a toilet soap. This daily, for thirty years, except two trips to Europe and a few weeks in the country now and again in the summer. It was Gautier who, after a long life of monotonous writing on a newspaper, said: "I am like a wornout horse which would rather be flogged and die in the shafts than take the trouble to get up again." I warn H. S. that high pressure working for a big commercial machine is dangerous, but on the other hand I admit that the temptation *not* to work to one's full capacity as a free lance is almost as dangerous to our creative development.

From the window of this old four-story house, one's eye sees the "endless meal of brick." Except for a chasm to the south that lets the sun and starlight through, our lookout would be just the usual frustration of that desire to see beyond—confronting the dwellers of this metropolis. Part of the lure of the country, I take it, is to see enough sky.

February 5th: I was thirty-nine years old when married life and all that goes with domesticity became too much for me. I knew that I was not a good husband or a family man. My patient, sensitive wife deserved a better fate. I exaggerated annoyances and was getting neurotic. I thought it was a choice between the insane asylum or freedom and, being the bread-winner, I decided not to go to an asylum.

I rented a small room in an office building occupied mostly by artists. This period of my life came the closest to real poverty that I had yet experienced. To keep the family and myself on the income as a peddler of my drawings, while sewing on buttons, bluffing appearances, keeping fit on bargain food, these were some of the vexations of this new freedom.

What I principally regret in my life is loss of time on petty obligations, wasting days out of my real sphere of action. In the twenties it does not matter so much about the uncongenial task. It is often educational, provided it is looked upon as a means to an end. But along in middle life one's work should be the agreeable thing, whatever you do best, your hand-picked choice of action, unhampered by the duties that are minor and trivial yet have such a great influence on one's well-being.

February 6th: I took piano lessons of the village music teacher. I think it was my mother's notion. I was ten years old. I learned how to play two pieces pretty well—but could not learn to read notes. The teacher held a "recital" at a neighboring town and her "star" pupils in Monroe were on the program. Artie Young, and my boyhood friend, Grant Weber, were the two "stars." This boy Grant Weber was the pride of our town. He became a concert pianist and teacher of unusual ability. Artie had no sooner walked up the stairs to his teacher's music room crowded to overflowing with the élite of Janesville, than he began to have stage fright. All day he had felt it coming, because he knew he could not play before a critical audience at an advertised concert in a strange town. As he stepped to the piano, everything was blurred. He tum-tummed in a mechanical way the first few bars of the piece that he wanted to render with credit to himself and teacher. (I think it was "The Maiden's Prayer".) Then he felt himself passing away. Before the teacher could turn the first page for him, he left the piano and went to the rear of the room—crushed.

I could not speak of this defeat for years.

The next blow to humiliate me was getting discharged from the *Chicago Tribune*. The editor of the *Tribune* made



The Saturday Evening Post

THE SUPERIORITY COMPLEX
(One of a series of Complex-drawings)

(A complex is a modern name for a fault; something good that is carried too far; a virtue devilized. It is an imp that hovers about us but which can be seen only by the Psychoanalyst—so they say—and sent back to normal—whatever normal is—where no complex can exist. In the interests of science we have pictured a few of the most noted complexes believing that it is best to come face to face with them and talk it over.)

The Superiority Complex—Roosterius Frogisimo—sings a song about itself. It feathers its own nest and is ready at any time to pose for its picture. It never recognizes any other complex unless it belongs to the superior species. Its favorite habitat is in the minds of college graduates, the new-rich, literary cults, public officials, or wherever a sense of proportion has been lost or neglected.



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me an offer (unsolicited) of a much larger salary than I was getting on the *Daily News* and I could never understand why he was so abrupt in dispensing with my services a few months after hiring me. I thought I was doing better work than I had done for the *Daily News*. I never have asked editors "why," if they don't want my work. It's too much like asking some one why they don't love you.

A great pall of blackness settled over my spirits. But I was 21 years old.

For the past few weeks I have felt that this chronicle pokes along instead of prancing with the joy of life.

This dull detachment and casual interest in things is not my real self. I have been seeing so much of men lately that I think the companionship of women would enliven my thoughts.

If I were to analyze my love-trend I would say that generally I have been most attracted by pale, exotic women, the helpless creatures who might look good soaring around in Milton's Heaven, but are too frail for this earth. Rubens was a great artist but he is not my favorite interpreter of the ideal woman.

February 7th: Political cartoons in color became popular in America when Joseph Keppler came to New York and established *Puck* in the late seventies. *Puck* was first published in St. Louis, without color, in the German language. Keppler, like the cartoonist, Nast, was foreign-born. If you had taken the foreign-born



out of America in mid-nineteenth century, you would have taken out a large percentage of great value.

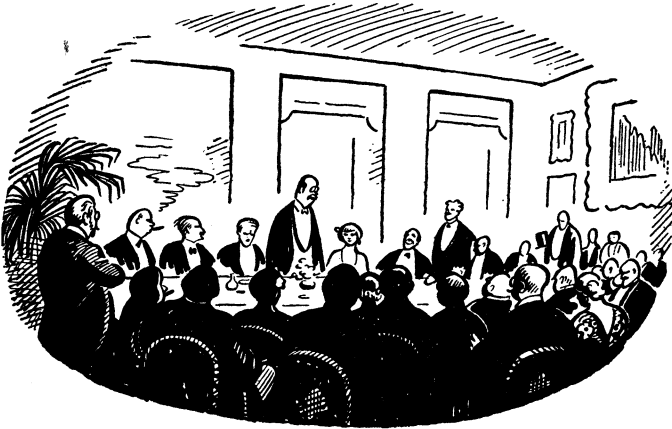
Then there was a cartoonist that Keppler imported from his native Austria: T. H. Graetz, who drew regularly for *Puck*. The staff included also that pictorial humorist, Frederick Burr Opper. Keppler had been an actor—a star comedian in Vienna—but his talent evolved more strongly in the direction of picture expression. The influence of *Puck* on politics, with its liberal non-partisan policy, called in those days “Mugwump,” was considerable.

Keppler had the face of a traditional stage lover: waxed mustache, goatee, wavy hair and a toss of the head like a Wagnerian hero. His cartoons also had dash and arresting color.

His son had studied art in Germany. One day he showed me many of his son's sketches. He was very proud of them. This boy, a cartoonist and artist of remarkable ability, in many ways surpassed his sire and carried on *Puck*, doing colored cartoons weekly, for several years after his father's death. The retirement of the gifted J. K., Jr., to his estate in the Catskills with a renouncement of cartooning and the world, was difficult for us to understand. I enjoyed the Sundays at his home on Staten Island, where he lived with his family during the years he continued the publication of *Puck*. Here I would sometimes meet Bert Leston Taylor, F. P. A., Will Crawford, Al Levering and Arthur Folwell. Here he was surrounded by the art work of the American Indian, which he loved. He believed as one who believes in a religion in the grandeur and exalted character of the original American Indian and became a chief in the Seneca Tribe.

February 12th: This night, Lincoln's birthday, I at
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tended another banquet, the third so far this season, in New York, the greatest of all banquet cities. The speakers included a college professor, a historian, a clergyman, a physician, and a literary critic. When I am an onlooker at a public dinner, I am quite sure to enjoy it. The general



Three banquets

scene of a banquet is a more pleasing sight to me than the usual night diversion of city people—a card party. The guests at a banquet are there to listen to something more important than trumping your partner's ace or leading off with a jack, and it gives one renewed hope in the belief that people want to learn. If I am one of the announced speakers (as happens at times) I never feel quite at ease till my speech is finished. And I seldom know what other speakers are saying till I've had my say. If I am not called on I invariably make a speech to myself on the way home—what I would have said had I been one of the speakers. This speech is delivered to the night air as I go toward my studio. On meeting a policeman or other person

ON MY WAY

at this post-midnight hour, I quiet my voice to avoid being suspected of lunacy. These after-the-banquet speeches of mine are my best, whether in a taxi or walking the street, as is my usual custom.

To be as great in public estimation as some great man is one of a youth's dreams. He would be a Lincoln—right here in the midst of life. As he gets older he learns that a great man is always under a tombstone.

February 13th: I have a grudge against cold weather.

When I go forth on the public thoroughfares during the zero days my nose turns pink at first and then bluish red. Should I get run over I am sure the bystanders would say: "It served him right for getting drunk!"



Gene Kelly

Why my blond skin should be so thin and sensitive when most of the Young family were conspicuous for complexions that could stand the severest tests of weather, I would call one of the bad breaks of heredity.

If I were traveling on the open sea, the sun and wind would soon paint me a "make up" like the Captain of the good ship *Pinafore* or a jolly old dog in the "*Pirates of Penzance*."

February 14th: It was some time after the Presidential campaign of 1900 that I began to think quite seriously about government and political economy. Up to that time

in common with most people I had accepted the Republican and Democratic parties, like the weather. If one wasn't giving us a season of good government—the other would. Populism, socialism, or any independent movement merely amused me.

It is so easy to drift with current opinion, especially if the organs expressing that opinion will pay money for your



THE PENNICK PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO GREENRIDGE

propaganda. I drifted with the political thought of the day, selling my cartoons where I could—not without a conscience, however, for between one of the two big parties I would try to guess which one was better than the other and I guessed Republican most of the time until I realized that none of their issues were fundamental or were worth my time.

In the presidential campaign of 1900, still thinking myself a Republican, I wrote and illustrated a series of articles for *Judge* called "Campainin' for the Millenium," the travels and speeches of Hiram Pennick, a populist, whose writings were a special feature of the magazine. In these articles my quixotic hero, Hiram Pennick, makes a tour of the

Middle Western states on an old horse, making populist and socialistic speeches and gaining recruits for his crusade all along the countryside. He writes a weekly letter to *Judge* telling the story of his travels, receptions and speech making.

They were written with the bad spelling of a simple uneducated man, such a man as I knew back home. Mr. Pennick was against Imperialism and against the Trusts and advocated "Free Silver." In one of his speeches he says, "We must bust the chanes that fasens us to the charyot, thats all made out of gold, when one wheel ort to be made out of silver."

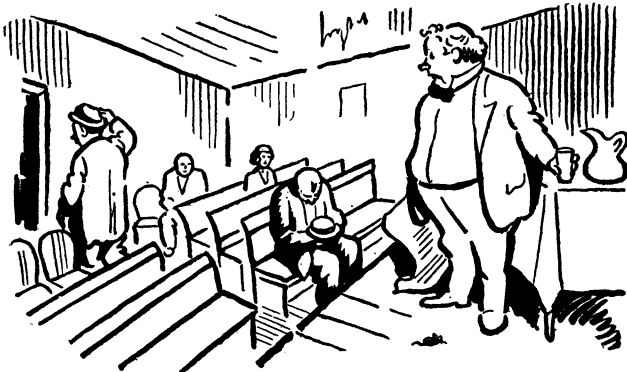
In another he makes this prediction: "When the smoke of battle is cleared away weel see the octipust (Trusts) thets been chewin at the nashun's vitals ded as a herrin while over the hull scene the flag of Populism is floatin in the breez of victry.

"Yurs Truly,
"HIRAM PENNICK."

Having had my laugh at Hiram Pennick and the platform of populism, behold! in a few years I began to develop "peculiar" ideas on economics myself. Experience and observation were teaching me, and all things considered, after reading good books and hearing good lectures, I found that I belonged with the spirit, at least, of the radical minority. Bourgeois society became more of a comedy than the dissenters, however ridiculous the latter might appear to be.

In 1905 I got interested in the "municipal ownership league" and made speeches around New York for city ownership of public utilities. Picture to yourself a man still in the thirties, leaving his studio at night with an easel and drawing paper under his arm and a speech in his pocket,

“Campaigning for the Millennium” himself. If the mood seized me, I would sometimes draw a cartoon for the audience. My easel necessitated an amount of cab hire that worried me. Late in the campaign the speakers’ committee sometimes paid for the cab. But if others were paid for speaking, I know I was not one of them. My days were spent on drawings for the humorous magazines, but that did



The uprising of the proletariat.

not mean that I had plenty of money to spend for “the millennium.” It was a set speech that I delivered, varying it a bit with local color for Brooklyn, Bronx, East Side and West. But here in part is my speech which I have found among my effects:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In discussing a question, whether of great or small concern, you often hear it said that one side must be right and the other wrong. Now, this is not true. One side of a question is never absolutely right and the other absolutely wrong.

But one side of every question that has ever been dis-

cussed is always nearer right, nearer the ideal good. In other words, one side or the other makes for things as they ought to be, as opposed to things as they are.

The side we oppose may have points of merit superior to the one that we champion, but every honest man will look broadly at a question and decide which seems to him nearest right, when divested of all sophistry and abstract reasoning.

Now, you know you can argue in favor of anything. Shakespeare says, "There is no damned error but some sober brow will bless it with a text and hide the grossness with fair ornament."

That *some* good does come out of evil, everybody will admit. Corruption money has done some good. Boss Tweed built the beautiful Riverside Drive and Central Park. But that's no argument in favor of corruption.

Josh Billings says, "There is one good thing about tight boots. They make you forget your other troubles." But even Josh Billings would not advocate the wearing of tight boots by the whole human race.

Now, there are a lot of speakers and writers in this campaign who emphasize details, who talk, write, and argue in a way which confuses the mind, and it is hard for the honest man, who wants to do right, to decide how to vote.

There are a lot of corporation lawyers in this campaign. It is to their interest that private corporations be maintained.

What is a lawyer? A lawyer is a man who will get up before a jury, or an audience, like this, and give you a paid opinion. At least, he expects to get his pay some time. So he gives you about \$50 worth of anger (charge depending on his reputation) and he will throw in about \$50 worth of sarcasm, \$50 worth of theatrical poses—\$50 worth

of bombast. Then if he thinks his audience fairly intelligent, he will give them about \$2.42 worth of fact.

Now, fellow citizens, I am not hired to talk. I am not here to appeal to your passions or your prejudices. I want to talk plain fact and direct it toward your heart and brain. I want to be fair.

There are three arguments most loudly proclaimed against municipal ownership. The first argument is that it would be unfair to the city to take away the franchises from the corporations. The second is that municipal ownership will breed wholesale political patronage and graft. The third is that municipal ownership means socialism—and they say why don't you join the Socialist Party and be done with it?

Now let us take the first argument. The city cannot legally, or ethically, compel a corporation to forfeit its franchise, no matter how tyrannical that corporation has been. People who argue this way remind me of the small boy who bought a green pepper at a corner grocery, thinking it a pear. A gentleman meeting the little fellow a few blocks down the street noticed the boy screwing up his face. The gentleman said: "What's the matter?" "Oh," said the boy, "I bought this for a pear and I suppose I've got to eat it."

Here we find in our city a mistake of our forefathers. We find private corporations exploiting the people. We find the trail of corruption over franchises, and plunder and bad service the rule rather than the exception. And many good people say we can't help it; we've got to submit to it. These corporations hold sacred vested rights.

Well, let's see about this question of sacred vested rights. Whether these franchises were secured honestly—we will let that pass. When a railroad is built across the country, and the line of survey lies directly across a farmer's farm, what does the railroad company do? It compels the farmer

to sell out. If he doesn't want to sell, as is generally the case, they make him sell. Here is the home to which the young farmer had taken his bride, here is where the children grew to manhood and womanhood, here every tree in the orchard is a friend, and here he had hoped to go to his long sleep, lulled by the music of the brook in the meadow. But they force him to sell out!

Fellow citizens, I ask you if there is a more sacred vested right on earth than the title a farmer holds to his home?

Now, why does the government allow a railroad the right of way? Why do we, regretting as we do the cruel necessity of it, acquiesce in the law that allows a railroad to take its right of way, regardless of the homes it ruins? Because we believe in progress. Because we know that in all progress there is always the harsh necessity of change. Progress means the interests of the many, even if the few have to suffer.

Now, let's look at the same immutable law of progress and apply it to the private corporations, railroad and gas companies. Municipal ownership is proven to be progressive. It is in the interests of the many and opposed to special privilege.

Now, can any fair-minded man say that our government hasn't the same right to tell the railroad and gas companies to give up their vested rights? I tell you, fellow citizens, it's their turn to get out. The shoe is on the other foot!

February 15th: This is the time of the year when there are many exhibitions of art. So many on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, in New York, that one cannot get time to see all of them. Even more than music a good exhibition of art is to me a glide out into the stream of peace where I can forget this world of sordid facts, troubles and

unsolved problems. Perhaps the better to cope with them. There are not many artists who mix brains with their paint. They paint a picture and call it "A Man Standing" or a "Woman Paring Apples" and I say, "What of it?" That it is well painted is not enough for me, nor is a still life of a pallid lemon leaning against a banana enough, however beautiful the technique. The idea or subject matter of most painting is banal. Lead me out into the mystery of larger thoughts. Few artists there are who can take the commonplace and glorify it with thought-compelling and poetic significance.

February 16th: A hotel called the Everett House stood on the north side of Union Square when I moved to this section of New York eighteen years ago. I used to do a good deal of sketching in the corridors of hotels. The Everett House, the old Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Old Union Square (where Henry George died) were convenient for that purpose.

For several years Ella Wheeler Wilcox, popular newspaper writer and poet, lived at the Everett House. Ella Wheeler came from the same section of Wisconsin that I did and I met her a few times. Her "Poems of Passion" written in her youth were thought to be naughty by the best people of those days. Just how naughty they were and how disastrous to morals can be judged by these typical Wilcox lines from a poem called "Delilah."

*"In the passion and pain of her kisses
Life blooms to its richest and best."*

I went to one of the Ella Wheeler Wilcox afternoons at the Everett House where a motley crowd of writers, poets,

uplifters, theosophists and others were very talkative. In the midst of the talk Ella would announce in her emotional way that Signor Prunelli (or some such distinguished personage) would sing the aria from "Aida" and some elocutionist would recite her poem, "How Salvatore Won."

Once I made several sketches of her. She had on her Beatrice gown with the heavy gold girdle which was her idea of a dress for woman, not to be influenced by the passing styles. She had an energetic chin, looked from kind eyes and was gracious. She told me that a friend of hers who was acquainted with the royal families of Europe saw her books of poetry in more royal homes than those of any other American poet. There is no doubt her poems went far and some of them are still going, like the one beginning:

*"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."*

February 17th: When we study nature with the artist-eye we note that the outline of the human body is curved. Every muscle and bone is curved. The same is true of all animals. The trees and mountains rise in curves. Nature twists and winds, concave and convex everywhere—in curves. And out in the infinite beyond is the wheeling and curving of the rounded worlds.

I can think of only a few manifestations of nature that are not curved—for instance, a sun-beam, a placid sheet of water and crystallized forms. But the straight, leveled, and angular in the scene—is generally man made. It is man who saws, scissors, chisels and plumb-lines the natural for his many purposes and convenience.

The artist, in love with life, swings with nature's curves. A beautiful restrained curving can be seen in ancient Egyp-

tian art and a tempestuous curving (the baroque) in periods of European art.

The angular is a small part of the universal scene, even when it exemplifies this machine age.

This geometric or "cubistic" art that has attracted so much attention is an interesting diversion—but basically untrue. I met a young artist yesterday who was drawing people squared sharp at the shoulders, and placing angles all over his pictures. I asked him why? He said, "I'm trying to get away from curves."

During my first years as a Washington correspondent for the *Metropolitan Magazine* I received many letters from the editor praising my contributions. I noticed a change in the tone of them, however, as the clamor for military preparedness and war grew louder in the Press and Congress. But I kept on writing my articles from my lonely socialistic view-point till one day I got a letter from the editor saying: "You are not catching the spirit of Washington" and wouldn't I call at the office and talk matters over? With Ex-President Roosevelt rattling the saber and shouting for action in the pages of the same magazine—I well knew that I had become an incongruous contributor—a discordant note in the swelling symphony for war.

I had never worked for a magazine that had treated me with more tolerance and liberality than this magazine directed by H. J. Whigham, Carl Hovey, and Charles De Camp. But I knew that my days were numbered—so I stopped my articles without further controversy.

February 18th: "That's Horace Traubel over there," said a companion to me one evening as we sat in a garden restaurant on Nineteenth Street, twenty years ago. "Oh, is that

Traubel?" I said, for I was interested not so much because of his association with Walt Whitman, as friend and biographer, but because I had read some of his essays and liked the chant of them with the short, meaty sentences and big, human quality over all. It was a few years later that "the Traubelites" (a group of writers, publishers and poets) began to include me in the evening program, when Horace came to town from his home in Camden, N. J. This meant merely a midnight dinner at a cheap but good restaurant when the discussion of economics, art and literature would last far into the night.

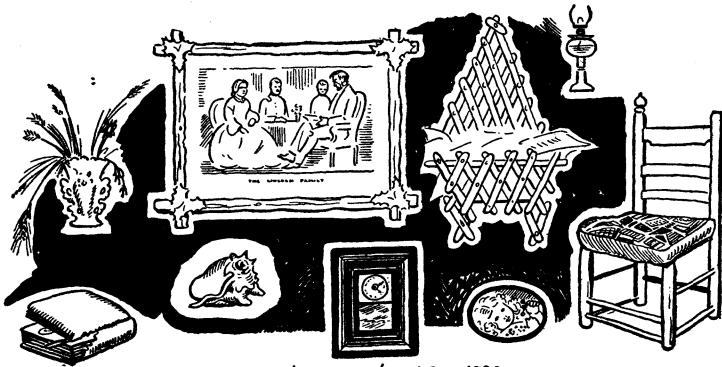


HORACE TRAUBEL

This group walking down Fifth Avenue to the Brevoort, seeing Horace home, remains a picture in my mind. There was always R.G., a young girl poet, with us. A straggling group we were, stopping at times to get together that the discussion might be general.

I could easily understand Walt Whitman encouraging the good-looking, philosophical, honest boy Horace to be his biographer. At fifty years of age his skin was pearly and pink and his hair snow-white; his eyes were large, blue-gray and cheerful. He was part Jewish. He always wore dark, roomy clothes and a black, careless necktie. Bill Nye said that the handwriting of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence looked like a "bird's-eye view of a stroke of paralysis." Traubel's handwriting was worse than that. David Karsner was the only one I knew who could decipher his letters and it was on him that we who got letters from Horace depended for the job of translating. It was customary for critics to dismiss Traubel as a Walt

Whitman protégé and follower, denying him a place of his own. I never agreed with this estimate. The *Conservator*, his monthly published in Philadelphia, was written, edited and set in type by himself. It is one of the few magazines that I have had bound. I want to see if, ten years from now, these *Conservator* pages impress me as they did then, as the work of a genius whose song was not much heard beyond the circle of his friends. Traubel died too young, age sixty-one. His life had been a continual struggle, but no one ever heard him regret or complain.

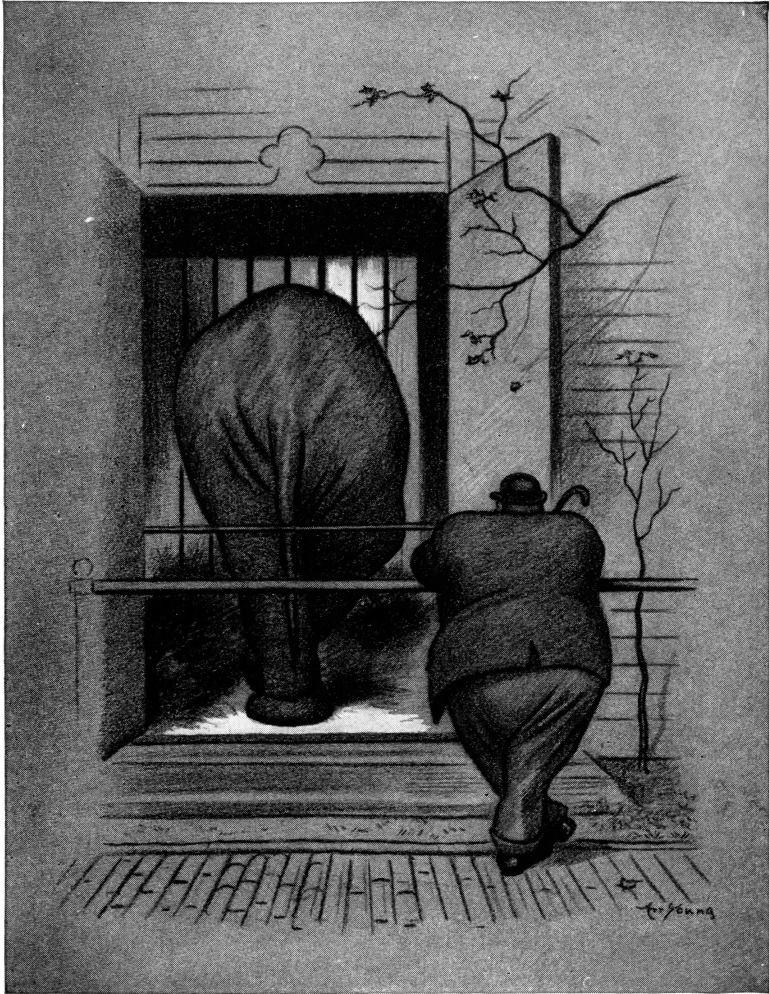


Home Interiors 1870-1890

February 19th: The pictures, bric-à-brac and furniture that once decorated our grandparents' homes are now reappearing to decorate the modern home. Thus the pendulum swings, proving again that the so-called bad taste of one generation may be the good taste of another. It was about 1885, I think, when grandfather's chair, the conch shell on the mantel, the old clock, kerosene lamps, horsehair sofas, andirons, the Estey organ and many other things began to be out of style. So the new generation of children hid them

away or disposed of them as junk. I walk up the avenue of the city this afternoon forty years after grandfather's death and look in at the expensive antique shops. There are many of the old familiar things of the Grant-Garfield-Hayes period of the American home—back again from the junk shops and the attics. I am especially interested in the picture: "The burning of the *Henry Clay*," a lithograph of a steamboat disaster dated 1852. The picture could be found in most American homes as late as the early nineties. Here also are "Pharaoh's horses," "From shore to shore," the "Lincoln family" and other steel engravings. But what interested me most were the Currier and Ives colored lithographs, and among them was Melrose Abbey, the chromo that hung on the wall in our home at the top of the stairs, the last picture I would see as I went to bed. Melrose Abbey! I knew it by heart and could paint it from memory. And here were the highly colored comic prints issued by the same firm. Two of them in my father's store, "Hung up with the starch out" and the "Darktown Fire Brigade," designed and lithographed by Thomas Worth.

When I came to New York in 1895 I called on Thomas Worth at the *Texas Siftings* office in City Hall Square, where he was art editor, and I told him how much I enjoyed those rollicking drawings of his that were seen everywhere throughout the West. He told me of receiving a letter from a hotel keeper in New Jersey who had hung all the prints that he had designed, on his walls, and attributed the large patronage of his hostelry to these colored lithographs. When I was about sixteen years old I sent two companion drawings to the Currier and Ives Company. The first showed a country man milking a cow while his wife kept the flies away, title: "Fly Time." The second showed the cow kicking,—



Life

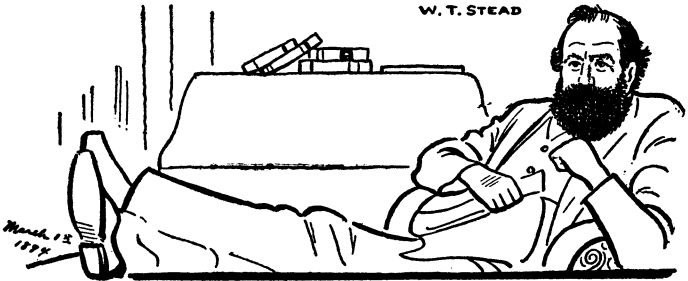
BEAST AND MAN

title: "Flying Time." The firm wrote me a complimentary letter, but stated that it was not quite what they wanted.

February 20th: For boldness and genuine moral grit I doubt if any editor ever equaled W. T. Stead. When I was in London and Paris, in 1889, he was editor of the *Pall Mall Budget* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I made a page drawing of the Paris Exposition of 1889, which was published in the *Budget*. Years later I met the belligerent editor in Chicago and drew a cover design for his book, "If Christ Came to Chicago." It was his intention to go to other cities of the United States and expose the "rogues and boodlers" of politics and especially the Pharisees who dodged their taxes. In his Chicago book there were chapters devoted to exposures in which names of distinguished citizens were published. Of course, he couldn't get far after these accused gentlemen lined up against him. Stead was an extraordinary man with the look of an inspired crusader.

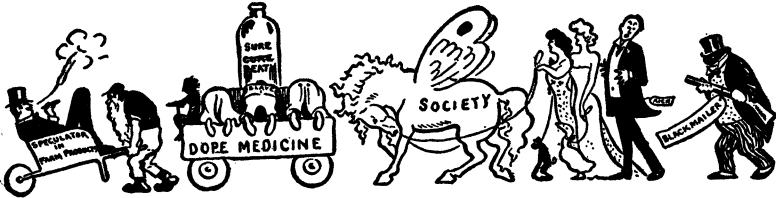
He was announced as the leading speaker at an afternoon meeting in Chicago. I remember his arrival, late, how he walked briskly to the platform, yanked his overcoat off as if he were going to fight and without introduction began talking about "three devils" that menaced the life of the modern city. What these devils were I have forgotten, but I remember him as a forceful speaker. He was merely notorious in America at that time, having received much publicity because of his crusade against commercialized prostitution in London. These exposures he called the "Maiden Tribute to the Modern Babylon." At one time he claimed that his evidence "threatened the throne." He was also associated with the Salvation Army in London, which had just been founded. Stead forced Parliament to pass a law against the evil he attacked—(but not until he

was clamped into jail as a result of his striking right and left against the bad men of his Modern Babylon). I drew a picture of him at his hotel in Chicago with his legs flung



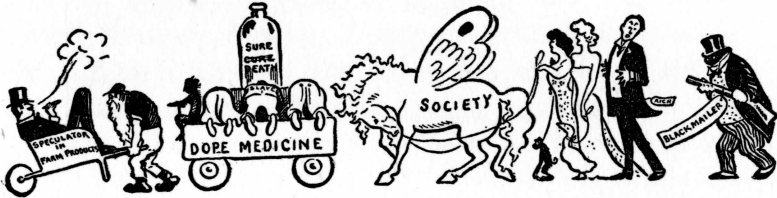
up on a radiator, relaxing after a busy afternoon collecting material for his Chicago book. He wrote underneath my drawing, "These are my legs, but the face is too tranquilly benevolent for W. T. Stead."

February 21st: I often wonder why my radical views never take definite form. It would seem that I ought to know where I belong after these many years of studying economics with more earnestness and interest than the average artist. But the truth is, I do not. When the Socialist talks to me of a coöperative commonwealth I am for it. When the Liberal talks of legislation and reforms to abolish special privilege, I am for it. When the Communist talks of a temporary dictatorship in the interests of the producers, I am for it. When the I. W. W. talks of an international union of workers—I am for it. When the Single Taxer expounds his theory of a world made beautiful by taxation—I want to see it tried. When the Anarchist explains his vision of a world of free men and women—I like the dream. When the Capitalist points to the vast achievements done by profit-enterprise—I acknowledge it. When



Life

The March of Civilization.



Life

The March of Civilization.

others insist that education is the only hope I am for that too—and tell them to go ahead and educate.

I am with every ism, creed, thesis, or scientific experiment that gives a reasonable hope of improving, however little, the happiness and character of human beings in the mass. I belong in all of them, and yet this spacious philosophy of mine is easy to criticize. I think myself it is of doubtful worth, compared to a divine zeal for “exact truth,” whatever that is. I suppose to some doctrinaires my position is like one who is out in a vast sea of spilled milk that is worth crying over—unless I can churn it into one lump. But that is the trouble—so far it won’t churn.

My favorite pastime: browsing through an old bookstore. To-day I spent two hours snooping into books of science, philosophy, history, biography and poetry and bought one for fifty cents. I seem to learn more in this way than by the continuous reading of one book at a time.

A little about the bugs of Fabre—the mysticism of Maeterlinck, and the philosophy of that serious jester, G. B. Shaw—and my imagination has been stimulated to do something myself.

February 22nd: I was talking with a man who said that Socialists do not take into account the average individual’s ambition for power and distinction. He seemed to think that every man who plays second fiddle in an orchestra under the present system would want to play first fiddle under Socialism.

He said power and distinction are what everybody wants, and Socialism would just turn things over so that those who never had them before could get them. I could not convince

him that people generally prefer the simple life, and that even the Cromwells are reluctant to leave their plows.

*"Who drives the horses of the sun shall lord it but a day,
Better the lowly deed were done and kept the humble way."*

This, I said, was the average man's idea of living.

Then I asked him if he did not think it possible to develop a social consciousness out of which responsible leadership would emerge that would be first of all human, and that government itself would be scientific kindness. He smiled at me as much as to say: "Dreaming again."

Contrary to most people, I believe in self-pity. Why shouldn't you pity yourself? Most misfortunes for which we need to be pitied can't be seen by others, and the conventional misfortunes are not so pitiable as they seem.

February 23rd: I have a collection of caricatures made of myself by well-known artists, but I find that my own drawings of my appearance satisfy my friends best. I began to put self-portraits in my cartoons at an early age. In my first Hell pictures I was ubiquitous.

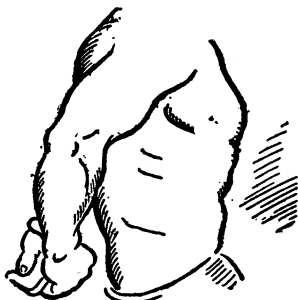
An artist friend insists that I look like Daumier and shows me a photograph of the Frenchman to prove it.

A Bethel man who saw P. T. Barnum many times says I resemble the showman. A writer once described me as typical of a jovial monk—too fond of wine, a sort of Friar Tuck. I have been likened to Tom Wise, the actor; others think I would pass for a Senator and call me by that name. The sculptor Keila modeled me with one side of my face laughing and the other crying—whether realistically correct or not, it is the way I feel as I look out over this world. During my student days in Paris a friend of mine was at-

tending the lectures of Ernest Renan. He was very fond of this man of letters as a speaker. He described him to me as a man "With a large waist line, a reddish nose and neglected fingernails." I never saw Renan, but on looking at a portrait of him to-day I suspect that a composite photograph of Renan and the other gentlemen just referred to, including Old Bill Hicks, the country editor, and a Rembrandt Burgomaster, would look a good deal like the writer of this self-revealing book.

With money-making the measure of superior talent, it is a temptation to be a failure.

February 24th: For physical strength and masculine beauty I have never seen any man to compare with the late Eugene Sandow. Sandow toured the United States in the early nineties, giving exhibitions of his strength and the development of his muscles, posing proudly in the circle of the spotlight. He was German born, blond, curly-headed, and early in his youth determined to see how well the human body could be developed in all its parts, and the result was a muscled physique



SANDOW

such as Michelangelo painted on sacred walls and cut in stone. In his dressing-room at the theater one evening I made an outline sketch of him as he was about to do his act. One of Sandow's feats was holding two ordinary-sized horses and a man, all three standing on a board placed across his chest, his arms and legs holding him up like a human table. Another was picking up a man

from the floor by the slack of his belted trousers, with one hand, and tossing him onto a horse. The Greek discus thrower could not have been more graceful than Eugene Sandow.

If you write or illustrate what an editor wants you to think, letting your own thoughts perish for lack of light and air—what have you gained?

February 25th: Most artists seem to prefer an informal party to one of orderliness and evening dress.

I can enjoy myself at both kinds, with a slight preference for one where some restraint is observed, and the toast-master is not mobbed.

Last night it was the former—the wild kind of party so characteristic of the artist's life in New York twenty years ago.

In a basement restaurant on Fourteenth Street the cards announced "Stag dinner. Union Square Volunteer Fire Brigade will appear in Red Shirts." A papiermâché



horse looked from an improvised stall, as I walked through the outer passage to the tables. Highly colored portraits of comical looking firemen decorated the walls. A group of well-known painters, sculptors and cartoonists were playing guitars. The fire gong was ringing and the

evening had begun. I clinked glasses with Rockwell Kent, Walt Kuhn, Brancusi, Pollett and Cliff Sterrett, sitting near me.

The soup was served from fire buckets by girls dressed in red. Across the tables there was shouting and wild, sporadic singing; the abandonment that laughs at the world and the seriousness thereof was the spirit of the evening. The tall painter (I think it was John Carroll) who announced that he would now collect the pay for the dinner was bombarded with celery, rolls, chicken bones, etc., until he apologized. So it is in Bohemia, and it's fun to think you are laughing your cares away.

To accomplish big things one must first have the imagination and creative urge of an artist. Samuel F. B. Morse was a great inventor; you look for him in the classified list of inventors. Robert Fulton, also (see inventors, under F). Yet for many years Fulton was a portrait painter. Morse painted portraits and subject pictures all his life and was the first president of the American Academy of Design. Both would have been catalogued as artists if the telegraph and the steamboat had not been timely utilitarian visions. Art comes first, and yet it is always subordinated. I have never attended the unveiling of a statue where the sculptor's name was mentioned. It is the military man, the fat mayor and the leading man of business who are more important than the creator of the statue.

What worse than having to endure the foolish whims of another when your own foolish whims are about all you can stand?

The artist resents that continual "why?" in regard to his conduct. because he doesn't know—"why."

In my youth I thought that my friends knew me, saw my motives, saw my ideals, saw my character—I discovered later that no one ever saw much more than my necktie.

February 26th: In 1910 a young man from Holland, by name Piet Vlag, was running a restaurant in the basement of the Rand School, that New York institution endowed by the will of a wealthy Nebraska woman, Carrie D. Rand. This school for the study of social science, then at 140 East Nineteenth Street, was headquarters for writers, soap-boxers, artists and others who thought that the iniquities of the world ought to be exposed and something done about them.

Piet Vlag was a funny looking fellow with a long nose, black mirthful eyes, and a forelock that he had to keep brushing back. Vlag always had a scheme. It was he who started *The Masses*. Other names for the magazine were discussed—*The Masses*, I think, was proposed by Thomas Seltzer.

It was not the unique publication, however, that it became years later. But it was different, even then, for Vlag had a liking for artists' drawings that they themselves knew would not sell to conventional publications. Vlag would walk into my studio and say: "Vell, Art, ve got to have a picture for *The Messes*." (*The Messes* was as near as he could pronounce it.) If no drawing was on hand I would draw one.

Vlag's idea was to make the magazine an organ of the coöperative-store movement. He interested Rufus Weeks, a vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company, in the enterprise. Mr. Weeks was a man of wealth with a scientific curiosity for economics. Mr. Weeks paid the expenses of printing and engraving *The Masses* during the first

year of the creeping publication—expecting that it would some day stand up.

After a year or more of experimenting, Vlag got discouraged. His coöperative stores would not coöp, and Mr. Weeks no longer cared to back "*The Masses*." On a trip to Chicago Vlag conceived the brilliant idea of combining *The Masses* with a socialistic woman's magazine then published in that city, throwing us artists and writers into the bargain. We, in New York, who had helped to keep the magazine alive, did not acquiesce in Vlag's plan. In September, 1912, a meeting was called by Charles Winter at his studio for the purpose of saving *The Masses* from such a merger, and to discuss plans for continuing as before.

As my recollection serves, there were present at this meeting John Sloan and Dolly, Louis Untermeyer, the Winters (Alice and Charles), H. T. Turner, Maurice Becker, Eugene Wood, Glenn Coleman, and William Washburn Nutting.

Nutting had been drawing for *The Masses* and helping in make-up. He was a fine, wholesome fellow who afterwards became editor of *Motor-Boating* and an authority on seafaring. He was always experimenting with boats. For vacations he would cross the Atlantic and go searching for undiscovered routes and luring coasts. He is thought to have perished in the vast ice fields, in 1923, somewhere between Greenland and Iceland. No trace of him has been found.

At this meeting we decided to keep on publishing the magazine without funds—something nobody but artists would think of doing. When the question of an editor arose, I said we might try to get Max Eastman—who had but recently been discharged from a professorship in Columbia University—to act as editor. I had met Max at the Jack London dinner and knew he was interested in *The Masses*.

I had talked with him about the possibility of developing *The Masses* into something that would measure up to the quality of *Simplicissimus*, *Jugend*, Steinlen's *Gil Blas*, *Assiette au Beurre*, and other publications that were being watched by the alert young artists of the world. I read a magazine article to the group that Max had written, charmingly humorous, on how he had organized the first Men's League for Woman's Suffrage in New York. John Sloan or Louis Untermeyer, I have forgotten which, wrote a letter addressed to Max which we all signed. The letter was as follows: "You are elected Editor of *The Masses*, no pay."

In three months we emerged, December, 1912, with new hope and a new make-up throughout, with color on the cover. The staff was as follows:

Literature: Max Eastman, Eugene Wood, Hayden Caruth, Inez Haynes Gilmore, Ellis O. Jones, Horatio Winslow, Thomas Seltzer, Mary Heaton Vorse, Joseph O'Brien, Louis Untermeyer, Leroy Scott. Art: John Sloan, Art Young, Alice Beach Winter, Alexander Popini, H. J. Turner, Charles A. Winter, Maurice Becker, William Washburn Nutting.

This staff changed somewhat each year as we proceeded—taking on new writers and artists while some of the original members withdrew for reasons of their own. In a few years the personnel of contributing editors, artists and writers—besides most of those already mentioned—included: John Reed, Floyd Dell, Arthur Bullard, Frank Bohn, G. S. Sparks, Cornelia Barns, Stuart Davis, William English Walling, B. Russell Hertz, Robert Carlton Brown, Glenn O. Coleman, K. R. Chamberlain, E. G. Minska, H. J. Glintenkamp, Edmund McKenna, Arturo Giovanitti, George Bellows, Howard Brubaker. In 1916 John Barber, Boardman Robinson and Robert Minor were welcome additions to the staff of artists.

As the war hysteria increased and the United States was obviously getting ready to plunge into the European madness, Bohn, Walling and Bullard disagreed with the rest of the staff on the issue of war, and resigned to become actively interested in promoting the defeat of Germany. Others of this staff also fell away from the majority opinion of the members in regard to the war—notably Horatio Winslow, who became a captain and was with the expeditionary forces at Archangel, and George Bellows, who painted a large canvas picturing German atrocities. George held the public point of view as against his colleagues on *The Masses*, for most of us thought the whole war was an atrocity.

There were other disagreements and dissensions at times, but so far, as an experiment in releasing the creative minds of artists and writers from the grip of regimented behavior and institutionalism, it was doing pretty well. It flew in large type at the mast head of the cover page a policy—if such it could be called—written by John Reed, reading in part:

“Searching for true causes.”

“Against rigidity and dogma.”

“Printing what is too naked or true for a money-making press.”

“To do as it pleases—conciliate nobody, not even its readers.”

It is true we did not have many readers at that time, hence, “nothing to lose,” but we were determined to enjoy our playground as long as our pent-up opinions and artistic emotions would supply the power. Brisbane, referring to our relatively small circulation, once said to me: “You *Masses* boys are talking to yourselves!”

Our circulation varied as the years went on, always small

compared to regular magazines—from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand—but at one time up to forty thousand.

No money was paid for contributions, but most of us held stock in The Masses Publishing Company just for fun.

One of the first drawings I made for *The Masses* I knew would not be acceptable to other publications. The scene was described to me by a woman who had lived in a poor quarter of the city. She saw a small boy and his sister starting out of their squalid home toward the store to get something for mother. It is a star-lit night. Jimmie looks up at the sky and says: "Gee! Annie, look at the stars, thick as bed-bugs!"

The meetings of *The Masses* staff were usually held in a member's studio, up several flights of stairs—skylight overhead. In this atmosphere of dreamy adventure—the young men and women lounging or hunched-up in dimly lighted corners—we were sailing out, so to speak, with no chart but our untried beliefs and a kind of confidence that any way might be better than the old way. God only knew what we would bump into.

The big bump came when it was charged by the Department of Justice that *The Masses* meetings were "conspiracies." According to the prosecuting attorneys for the government in *The Masses* trials, we "conspired" at these meetings to overthrow the government of the United States. Yes, Gentlemen of the Jury, we were a band of conspirators "and all the more dangerous," as one eloquent attorney put it, "because they are intelligent young men." After our indictment I would get post cards from *The Masses* office announcing a meeting like this: "Come over to B's studio Thursday night—'conspiracy.'" But I will take up *The Masses* trials later on.

Once a month, sometimes twice, these gatherings of the

artists and writers continued throughout the magazine's existence. Being in Washington much of the time for the *Meropolitan Magazine*, I missed many of them. But to draw up the curtain on the personnel of a typical *Masses* meeting as I saw it would show something as follows:

Near a table piled with manuscripts and drawings would be seen Max Eastman, a picturesque, slow-moving, tall boy with a careless head of hair and a passion for truth, polemics, tennis and swimming. He was fond of colorful surroundings, and had a genius for "seeing" the feeling in a manuscript or drawing and detecting the artificial or imitative. He relished the artists' unfinished spontaneous sketches, yet to be organized into completeness. There was Max, his languorous frame draped over a comfortable chair, not always looking happy—for he was more responsible than the rest of us for the high-jinks that the contributors were indulging in, and the raising of funds to pay the fiddler. Near by was Floyd Dell, frail, nervous, taking short puffs at a cigarette, hacking, blinking and smiling, giving a funny little toss of his nicely modeled head in conversation. In those days he wore white pants, an orange-colored tie and a Byronic collar. Besides writing essays, stories and book reviews he would dash off a play between puffs for the Provincetown Theatre.

Floyd Dell got *The Masses* ready for the press. One evening we were talking about make-up and I criticized his placing too many small pictures at the side of pages next to the margin. Floyd disagreed blinkingly and said: "Well, Art, there appear to be two schools of make-up: the Art Young school and the Floyd Dell school."

John Sloan was there, dressed in black, holding a drawing off and squinting at it critically. Sloan was a man of universal vision and understanding. We elected him art

editor whenever we thought it time to have another election. Sloan did some of his best drawings for *The Masses*. He was always ready with a cryptic comment, a witticism, or a sarcastic spurt of indignation—outwardly looking like a calm professor. Sloan had been nominated for the New York State Legislature by the Socialist party—as I had



SKETCH BY JOHN SLOAN
at a *Masses* meeting

been—and we used to laugh over our political experience. One evening we were talking about my criminal record—meaning my indictment by the Associated Press. As he talked he was also sketching with a pen. In a few minutes he handed me a sketch of myself in a storm-cellar, saying something to the effect that all of us will have to go below, judging by the stormy threats that had begun to rumble around *The Masses*. At one time there was a feud on that lasted

several months between John Sloan and Max Eastman; at another, six artists mutinied. It was Art versus Literature. The editors, Eastman and Dell, were charged with ruthless editing and abuse of power over drawings. That was a merry fight, but we sailed on whatever happened.

Dolly Sloan was one of the estimable women who aided in many a crisis when the law was holding us up or scouts were needed to raise money for creditors.



HAVING THEIR FLING

The Masses

One of the cartoons for which I was indicted by the Federal Government during the World War. This was exhibit F, as will be seen by the stamp in the upper right hand corner of the drawing.

During the time that Floyd Dell was managing editor he was keeper of the manuscripts. He would usually read the stories and poems, that were sent from near and far, to the assembled members and their invited friends. He was not my idea of a good reader, but the main thing was to vote for or against the manuscript after the reading. This was our way of selecting material for *The Masses*. We called it coöperative.

One evening Floyd had finished reading a poem and the vote had been taken, when a man from a corner of the studio shouted contemptuously:

“Bourgeois! Voting! Voting on poetry! Poetry is something from the soul. You can’t vote on poetry!” The voice was that of Hippolyte Havel, a well-known Anarchist. His remarks were received with silence. Some of us felt there was a good deal of sense in his criticism.

“But, Mr. Havel,” said Floyd Dell, “this is our way. Maybe you know a better one. As assistant editor of *Mother Earth* you editors had to get together and decide on the material for your next issue, did you not?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Havel, a little taken aback, “but we didn’t abide by our decision.”

George Bellows was there, so full of life that one was fortunate to have known him. He was a member of the staff, and for a year at least was generally at the meetings. Some were held at his spacious studio.

The single and double pages of *The Masses* contain many of Bellows’ best drawings. I liked to go over to his studio and look at his paintings. As a painter he seemed possessed with the idea not to let his work look laborious. In that he had the true artist’s aim. But in some of his work this desire to see his technique crash the gate was too obvious. In a discussion I had with him he discounted imagi-

nation as essential to the mind of an artist. I contended that it was the best part of an artist's mental equipment.

To make artistic the facts of life was Bellows at his best. A prize fight, naked boys diving off a pier, a congregation in a religious frenzy: such animated subjects appealed most to this restless spirit. He seldom ventured into the poesy of things or the dreamland of symbolism, for he did not belong there. But what beautiful juices of color! His was a virile hand. Masterful in appearance, jovial, helpful, and a rebel individualist was Bellows as I knew him. I would fling alliteration and call him: Bellows, the boy with a bold brush.

Bellows and I were walking home one night after a meeting that for some reason had disturbed him. He said:

"Hell, I don't care particularly about drawing for *The Masses*. I'd rather draw for *Mother Earth*." This publication of Emma Goldman's on rare occasions printed a picture. Bellows was more anarchistic in his philosophy than socialistic. He taught painting at the Ferrer School—named after the Spanish Anarchist, Francisco Ferrer. Bellows dreamed over a coöperative plan of art stores where artists could get their material near to wholesale prices. A year before he died, under the direction of Julian Bowes, he had such a shop going. But like so many efforts to be helpful while surrounded by a system that knows no law but profits, he was forced to abandon his project.

Boardman Robinson joined the staff in 1916. Previous to that he had been doing daily cartoons for the *New York Tribune*. We had been watching his work with keen interest. He was one of the first newspaper cartoonists to break away from the belabored mechanistic technique of the correspondence-school type of cartoon. He went at his work like an artist, with freedom of line and colorful shading. A



THE ART STAFF OF "THE MASSES"

Drawn and grouped after caricature sketches of my associates made at
"The Masses" meetings, about 1916.



THE ART STAFF OF "THE MASSES"

Drawn and grouped after caricature sketches of my associates made at "The Masses" meetings, about 1916.

bit too reminiscent of Daumier at first, but striking his own gait as the years went by.

Robinson was a wholesome acquisition to the staff and meetings, vigorous in appearance and in action, often interjecting with some remark that revealed his contempt for the sham and fraud of this thing called "civilization." He was dogmatic about art in those days, but it was a healthy dogmatism.

Both Robinson and Bellows were experimenters. They delighted in art as scientists—they had to discover reasons. Bellows got deeply interested in "dynamic symmetry," a theory of the late Jay Hambridge, that a certain formula of composition was to be found in all great pictures.

Robinson was always talking about "form," a somewhat vague term, like talking about "soul." A letter lies before me from Bellows in which he defends dynamic symmetry and takes me to task for writing and illustrating a burlesque article of Mr. Hambridge's discovery. This article was published in *Good Morning*, which I had started when it was quite plain that the *Liberator*, the *ex-Masses*, was going on the rocks. In it I stated that a professor named I. Havvitt Korrekt had discovered in Ancient "Gall" a design the shape of a pretzel that proved beyond doubt all works of art to have been designed after the pretzel pattern.

Glenn O. Coleman could be seen somewhere in the rear of the room at these meetings. Coleman let the others do the talking. This quiet, uncommunicative artist would bring his latest drawing of an old street. He liked odd corners, dark doorways, alleys—with humble folk, children, and cats walking around indifferently, like resigned inmates of a prison. Later he began to paint these scenes. One of his paintings was bought for the Luxembourg by the French government.

Arturo Giovannitti, whose name, by the way, when translated into English, is the same as mine, was a member of the staff. Giovannitti had that Latin fire and temperament that often made *The Masses* meetings sing with the ardor of battle. Head up, as if looking beyond, with a nasal intone to his speech, he would portray some recent brutality of the capitalistic system and insist that we have a cartoon or an article on the subject for the next number. Max Eastman in his quiet way would suggest that Arturo write a story or poem himself on the subject.

Many of Giovannitti's powerful, imagistic, color-mad poems (published in his book, "Arrows in the Gale") were written during those years of our studio meetings.

Mary Heaton Vorse came to the meetings often. Quiet, pallid, unassuming, no one would guess on slight acquaintance that she was gifted or distinguished. In conversation, she took her time, pausing to lift her cigarette with a slow, sinuous curve of her arm, taking an indifferent puff, then lazily saying something that was neither brilliant nor very interesting.

It was knowing her work, and herself better than slightly, that made her admired of the many who made up our meetings. When Mary was not present she was usually out on some errand of the heart among striking workers, in the textile, steel or mining sections of the country.

Louis Untermeyer was one of the original members of the staff, and kept up his interest through all the years. Untermeyer was born into a business environment—jewelry—but in those *Masses* days didn't take it seriously.

He wrote like the iconoclast that he was. His verse appeared often in *The Masses* pages. I recall his enthusiasm, his quick, smart action in repartee. He helped much at editorial meetings with his good judgment.

Jean Starr Untermeyer often graced the scene. She wrote poems that always got my vote. I remember Louis and Jean at a *Masses* ball dressed as Dante and Beatrice. It remains in my memory as the best costuming and appearance of historical characters that I can recall.

Stuart Davis, as a stylist with original observation, was one of the most promising of the group of Village artists who were attracted to *The Masses*.

Davis had a funny, serious face, easy to caricature as a gargoyle. Once he drew a *Masses* cover of two sad, homely girls. At that time the pretty girl cover had become the popular and accepted feature of the story magazine. As a cover I voted against the Davis drawing. I was older than many of the rebellious artists and had a hang-over of bourgeois taste, that I never completely abandoned and perhaps never will. I suggested that the Davis drawing, if used as a cover, ought to be consciously a protest against the wave of pretty-girl pictures, so we decided to have one of the homely girls saying, "Gee, Mag, think of us being on a magazine cover." It was published in the issue of June, 1913.

Ellis O. Jones had been an associate editor of *Life*. He was a member of our staff—but not often at meetings. He was strong for a world more to his liking. Yes, avid for a change. He had a real sense of humor with spells of seriousness during which he would try to start something to break the monotony. Once he planned a revolution to begin in Central Park, New York. He said afterwards it might have been a success if it hadn't rained.

But Jones's revolution is a story by itself. Enough to say here that a score of reporters was present. The city had planted machine guns in the shrubbery and ambulances were plentiful. But the revolutionary populace consisted of a few of Jones's friends and one old woman who shouted

"Three cheers for Ellis Jones!" when he was whirled away in a Black Maria.

Jones always carried in his pocket a copy of Max Stirner's book, "The Ego and His Own." He was a good writer of editorials and essays, a smart dresser, and was ready at the drop of a hat to meet the devil himself in combat or argument.

Edmond McKenna was another faithful contributor for a few years. McKenna, a stoical Irishman, was seemingly so indifferent about things in general that I could picture him standing in an earthquake calmly insisting that there was no cause for alarm. Except for an interjection now and then with some trenchant remark, he seldom entered into the evening's discussion. He was a confirmed fisherman, besides being an expert in newspaper work and a writer of verse and fiction for *The Masses*. McKenna's fine head, with its bush of hair and Shakespearean whiskers, was a favorite subject for the Village artists.

Maurice Becker was a regular contributor of drawings, but was always painting on the side. He was a likable boy of gentle disposition, with cartoon ideas beautifully bitter. In most of his drawings of that period he appeared to be feeling his way, not quite knowing when to arrive or whether to arrive at all.

Charles Winter added a note of classicism to the publication. He was a wonderful composer of allegorical drawings, carefully executed, almost too carefully. Any one of the Winter drawings published in the early *Masses* would have made good murals if produced on a larger scale. As the years went by he became deeply engrossed in the science of color and other phases of art.

Alice Beach Winter made many drawings of children that were sentimental, sympathetic and popular.

Cornelia Barns, daughter of Charles Barns, a well-known writer on the New York *Herald*, brought her latest drawings to the meetings. Miss Barns was versatile and distinctive. She was notably expert in her satirical drawings of men and boys. Her work had the quality of etchings. At the meetings she was as still as a statue, and was very modest in regard to her work.

H. J. Glintenkamp, a romantic young man, who believed in the abundant life, got his first drawings published in *The Masses* pages. His style was unmistakably his own. In later years he traveled extensively in foreign countries, painting as he journeyed. He drew a few "seditious" cartoons, but most of his *Masses* drawings were scenes of rural life. I recall one published April, 1915, that created unusual comment: a barn-yard scene with two skunks in the foreground. First Skunk: "Have you contributed anything to the foundation?" Second Skunk: "What foundation?" First Skunk: "To investigate the cause of the smell around here."

Charles W. Wood, philosopher and humorist, was with us and wrote about life in a way to interest all kinds of liberal and radical readers. Many a Grundy was shocked into a dead faint by our "carryings on"—and Charlie was one of the causes.

Alexander Popini, in noticeable contrast to the artists who were open at the throat and indifferent to creased trousers, was always groomed correctly and wore a monocle. Popini's work was conventional, though decorative. I don't know whether he resigned or just dropped out. But he became an aviator during the war and flew in the air, they tell me, with the same assurance and artistry that he would swing a pen.

Eugene Wood, who died in 1925, had been a newspaper

reporter in Chicago, later a writer for popular magazines in New York. He was a staunch socialist, a party member. For a time he was acting editor of *The Masses*. He was a real humorist, a true observer of his fellow men, and loved his home. On our way from a meeting he would often talk of his daughter Peggy, who was then beginning to be the popular actress that she became later.

Leroy Scott was on the staff as late as 1916. There was not much of the playful in this writer of stories, nor was he often at the meetings—but he was earnest and a man to respect.

Howard Brubaker, that brilliant tosser of the paragraph, the star joshier of the pompous and great, and whose boyish blond smile reached from ear to ear, was there rarely. But his envelope of paragraphs would arrive at the editorial meetings with regularity.

K. R. Chamberlain, a stalwart young man, was one of us—with his portfolio of cartoons, every one of which spoke boldly, with no ambiguity of meaning.

H. T. Turner, who did pencil drawings intermittently, was always in the spirit of the publication and looking on.

John Barber was often at the meetings with his sensitive line sketches of horses and characters of the street.

Frank Walts, the son of an Indiana preacher, was a regular. Walts traversed New York with a pen and sketch pad as eager for pictorial subjects as a hunter for game. He made many striking and artistic cover designs. Solitary, particular, uncompromising, occasionally doing posters for the theaters, this boy Walts interested me. He devised a pair of spectacles through which he could look straight ahead and yet see what was behind him. He invented a fountain brush, preferring it to a pen for sketching.

The foregoing were, I think, all who at different times

were members of the staff as announced in the magazine before it became the *Liberator*. There were other contributors, however, who helped to make the last years of our meetings interesting. There were Eugene Higgins, with drawings of bold brush handling in black and white—then on his way to becoming a successful painter; the studious, but lively, Harry Salpeter, fresh looking, like a petunia in a morning breeze, with books under his arm to review. For a year he was our advertising manager at ten dollars a week with a commission—if he could get any; and Crystal Eastman, colorful and statuesque, always on committees that had to do with peace, or the welfare of women and children, but sometimes at the meetings. And Ida Rauh, interested in every form of artistic self-expression and herself an actress of the Greenwich Village renaissance, and Louise Bryant, the daughter of an Irish rebel of Fenian days, a picture of flaming youth, whose joyous laughter at official stupidity I can still hear. And Robert Minor, master of the cartoon, precise of speech—the son of a Texas judge. And Hugo Gellert, a Hungarian boy, just beginning to try his artistic wings. He drew a few cover designs for *The Masses* in the latter months of its existence which were decorative delights.

As I glance over my files of *The Masses*, I see the names of many outside or occasional contributors, those who seldom if ever attended the meetings and were, therefore, not in “the conspiracy” but sent their material for the council of editors. Among these were: Oscar Cesare, J. J. Lankes, Arthur B. Davies, Mahouri Young, Clive Weed, H. G. Alsborg, Maurice Sterne, W. J. Glackens, A. Walkowitz, James Oppenheim, E. Ralph Cheyney, Michael Gold, Elsie Clews Parsons, Susan Glaspell, William Rose Benét, Witter Bynner, Edwin Justus Mayer, Dante Barton, Carl Zigrosser, George P. West, Genevieve Taggard, Carlo Tresca, Lydia Gibson,

Harry Kemp, Mary Caroline Davies, Phillips Russell, Lincoln Steffens, Claude McKay, Alfred Kreymbourg, Walter Vodges, Clement Wood, Elizabeth Waddell, Adriana Spadoni, Ernest Poole, Randall Davey, Helen Marot, Mary Field, Austin Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Wilbur Daniel Steele, and Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

After writing these notes about my contemporaries of *The Masses* I feel a bit presumptuous. After all, nobody knows another person, however frequently they meet. We can only guess, and at best give an impression.

They are my own impressions put down in the midst of many conflicting estimates that I would hear of my colleagues. It is portraiture that may have overlooked some vital trait or stressed some harmless fault.

It is characteristic of us human beings to look back over a period of our lives when we were in the midst of a thrilling adventure, to remember the romance of it and to minimize the troubles and disasters of our experience. I shall make no such mistake in writing of *The Masses*.

To keep going was our problem from the beginning. We had well-wishers in plenty, but to get money to pay for paper, engraving, printing, agents and office help was a constant worry.

Except a few book publishers, no business of importance would advertise in *The Masses*.

A large sale of the publication did not help much; we were still without the support of advertising. Debts, which our income would not cover, were met as a rule by individuals of wealth who thought our experiment worth while and were partly, at least, in sympathy with our ideas. The rest was collected through lecture tours of the editor, fancy dress balls, debates, and dinners at which there were appeals for funds.

Up to May, 1916, *The Masses* had encountered much enmity and many obstructions. We were indicted for criminal libel by the Associated Press (case of the Associated Press *versus* Max Eastman and Art Young, 1913-14), ejected from the reading rooms of many libraries, the subway and elevated stands of New York, refused by the large magazine distributing companies of Boston and Philadelphia, and our mailing rights revoked by the Government of Canada.

Then, as before stated, came the big bump when the U. S. Department of Justice took a hand in the obstructions and decided that this upstart magazine was a "conspiracy" and was also "interfering with enlistment." We appeared to be conducting ourselves in such a shameful way as to threaten, by golly, the pillars of our Republic

Four of us—Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, Merrill Rogers (business manager) and myself—were first tried in April, 1918, by District Attorney Earl Barnes for the Government. Late in September, 1918, a second trial was begun when John Reed was also indicted. John was in Russia but returned to join us. "Well, Art," said John as we were taking our places in the court room, "got your grip packed for Atlanta?"

Both times the war fever was still raging and bands were playing patriotic tunes in City Hall Park, just below the room of the Federal Building where we were tried. Judge Augustus Hand presided at the first trial and Judge Martin Manton at the second.

Josephine Bell was included in the indictment as originally drawn up. Miss Bell had written a poem for *The Masses* about Emma Goldman. Mr. Hillquit, one of our attorneys, was sure there was no line in the poem that could be construed as illegal, so he appealed to the Judge to quash the indictment against Josephine Bell. Mr. Hillquit handed the

poem to the Judge to read. His Honor adjusted his glasses, read it slowly, then handed it back to Mr. Hillquit, saying: "Do you call that a poem?"

Mr. Hillquit replied, "Your Honor, it is so called in the indictment."

The Judge said, "Indictment quashed."

I was put on the witness stand to explain some of my cartoons that had been published in *The Masses*. One of them entitled "Having Their Fling" was Exhibit F. In reply to the Prosecuting Attorney's question, "Did you draw that cartoon?" I told the jury I did. That fact settled, I said I drew it with a pencil. As for the idea, I said that I tried to show a mad orgy of men representing the principal institutions of our country: press, pulpit, politics, and business. I tried to picture them war-mad and crazy. The jurors had a copy of the cartoon and were passing it along to each other.

"But," said the Prosecuting Attorney, as if he suspected I was holding back some of the points in the cartoon that would condemn it as seditious and connect it with the "conspiracy," "when you put that orchestra playing on war-instruments in the background of your cartoon and the Devil leading the orchestra, what did you mean by that?"

My reply as nearly as I can remember was to quote General Sherman's definition of war and to insist that war, being Hell, the Devil ought to be the conductor of the band.

Once, while being cross-examined, I said I drew my cartoons for the "public good." Our attorneys were very anxious that I explain in detail what public good I intended, —I hadn't thought of that question, and I didn't know what to say—what kind of good—now let me think?—As I looked around and saw reporters waiting for my answer, and everybody all ears—my mind became more and more a

vacuum. "I intended—why—the good of the public," I replied. But that wasn't satisfactory. Every one seemed to think it was a queer reason for drawing cartoons. If I had said I drew them for money (which I did not) that would have been understood. For a long time the lawyers kept at me, hoping I would say something that would sound sensible—to a jury. It was an ordeal. Once I thought it was over, but the lawyer started again. The Judge finally came to my rescue. He seemed to think it was about time I was let alone. He made a few remarks on the purport of the question—then gave an interpretation of public good that I didn't understand—and asked me (in effect) if I intended some such public good as he had described.

Like the typical harassed witness I was ready to agree to anything to have the matter settled. So I merely said, "That's it exactly"—I was even ready to say, "Go ahead and hang me but 'stop pushing.'" Up to this point in the trial I was a fairly good witness—and I was sorry I was not smart enough to define "public good" in definite terms.

A half dozen of my cartoons were in evidence—also one article I had written. I had to explain them all: why I drew a cartoon called "Iceland declares war on Africa"—and another one of Congress represented as a humble individual asking the war-board-of-financiers: "Where do I come in?" and the answer "Run along, we got through with you when you declared war for us." These cartoons and others were my sins—and be it said that they looked bold and bad—when all framed up in the antagonistic atmosphere of those days. But still I insist that I drew them for the public good.

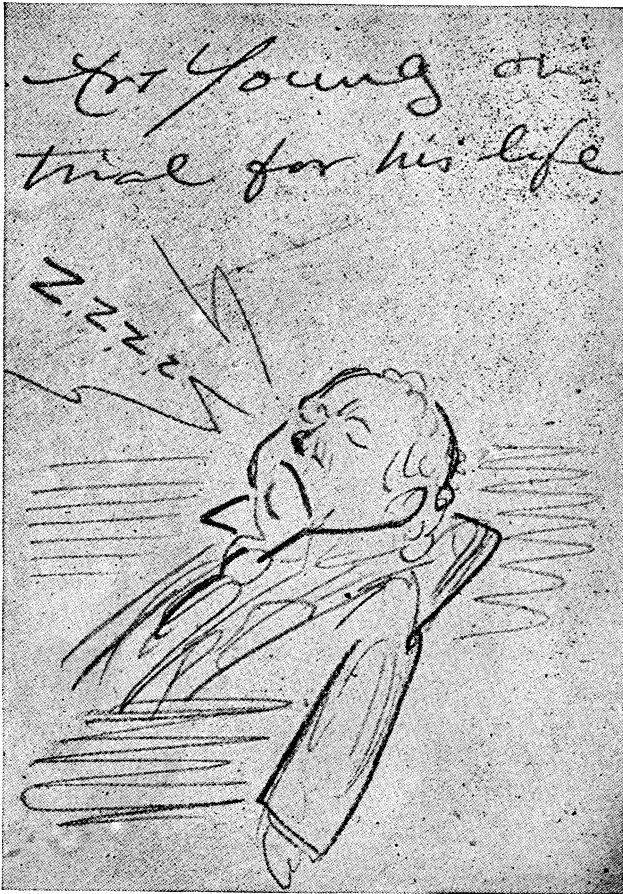
We, the defendants, were seated with our attorneys at a long table. Occasionally we would pass notes back and forth—perhaps a comment on the jury like: "Best bet,

No. 6," or "No. 10 looks human," or "No. 8, hard boiled."

The proceedings dragged on through days and weeks, relieved by the appearance of some witness distinguished in official life or the arts who would testify in our behalf. George Creel, publicity agent for the war, who years before had been an amateur-radical and had written an article for *The Masses* on "Rockefeller Law," came up from Washington to testify to our characters, or whatever it is that is supposed to have weight with a jury. I thought then and still think that this was a courteous and courageous thing for Creel to do.

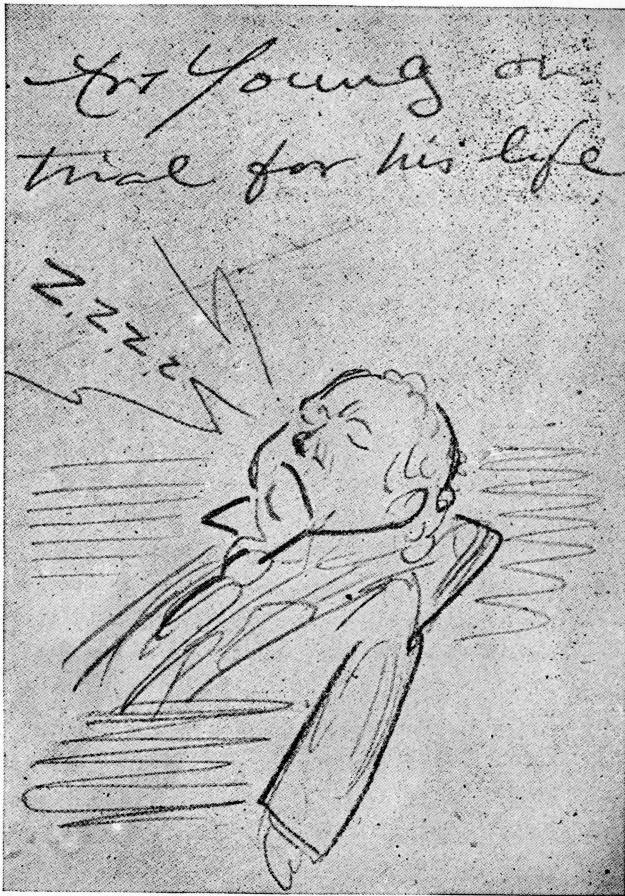
Inside the rail I would see Richard Le Gallienne, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Savel Zimand, Dean Kirchwey, Amos Pinchot, Darwin Messerole and others looking on, no doubt as guests of our attorneys. Teachers, young lawyers, village poets, and artists, and some humble working people who seemed to be taking time off, were back in the audience.

One afternoon the proceedings drearily dragged through the hours and I fell asleep. This incident created much amusement, and I often hear it referred to to-day as the time I fell asleep when on trial for my life. But I did not expect to be hung if found guilty, or shot at sunrise. At the worst I was sure it would be but a few years in prison. But I do not doubt, had a severer penalty confronted me, I would have taken a nap just the same or at least tried. I have never thanked our attorney for waking me, although I know his intentions were admirable and probably saved me from the terrible crime of contempt of court. Here I must tell the old story of the Irishman who was fined ten dollars for contempt of court. He got out his pocket book, handed ten dollars up to the Judge, and said: "Judge, it's worth it. Tin dollars don't begin to pay for the contimpt I have for this court." But in my case I was not contemptuous of



—O, BLESSED SLEEP—

A self portrait of the cartoonist drawn during the trial of himself and other editors of The Masses for "conspiracy" against the government in time of war.



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this particular court, nor did I feel animosity toward the Government attorneys (they had a job to perform for the Department of Justice); but the waste of time, the droning of lawyers over technicalities: whether a letter was signed in green or blue ink, whether it was Monday or Tuesday, what direction the wind was blowing, if at all, is enough to drive one into hysterics or to seek sweet refuge in sleep. An artist eliminates detail, a lawyer piles it up. Your sense of humor breaks down after the first week of such a trial. They won't let you go home and forget it, so nothing can save you but a quiet little nap. I am not recommending it to other criminals, but it put me *en rapport* with the higher law where every case goes at last.

When I was awakened, I made a brief sketch of myself as I thought I must have looked during this short but peaceful oblivion. Max Eastman took the sketch, saying, "Let's run this in the next number of *The Masses*."

At the first trial our defense was conducted by Attorneys Morris Hillquit and Dudley Field Malone; at the second by Seymour Stedman, assisted by Charles Recht and Walter Nellis. After each the juries disagreed—in legal parlance, they were mistrials. At the first, only one juror, Mr. H. C. Fredericks, voted for our acquittal. He told the other jurors he would hold out for us "till hell froze over." After many years of regular service on juries, Mr. Fredericks was never called to serve again in the City of New York. This he told me when I chanced to meet him about six years later.

At the last trial, more jurors were for our acquittal, but others for conviction, and could not agree. So again the Department of Justice had failed to get us—with much less hope than before. We wondered if there would be still another trial, but in a few days we were notified that the case had been dropped—"nolle prosee."

The war was soon over—the treaty of Versailles had done its miserable job, and liberal thinking people were walking around as if in a daze. I met a pro-war friend on the street. He said: “Say, Art, if they should try you *Masses* boys now, I’ll wager the jury would acquit you in five minutes and vote you medals besides.”

But the remark of juror number two after the last trial was the one I often quote as significant of justice swayed by emotional prejudice. Juror number two said to us on the night of the verdict: “It was a good thing for you boys that you were all American born; otherwise it might have gone pretty hard with you.” In other words, this well-meaning gentleman admitted that justice as he saw it was subject to change if you happen to be born in a foreign country. Justice! a question of geography! Get born in the right place!

By this time, many news dealers could not afford to incur the risk of handling this magazine branded with the stigma of sedition. Some dealers were arrested, and we raised money for their defense. The expenses of our trial and various troubles of those terrific times, especially the tyranny of the Post Office, finally got the publication with its back to the wall. It became plain early in 1918 that we were facing a doubtful future. But again *The Masses* was reorganized and called *The Liberator* as a technical means of placating the Post Office. Most of us felt, however, that we had done about all we could in those dark days.

The Liberator continued for over four years with many of *The Masses* staff contributing. It was finally taken over by the Workers’ Party, and was called *The Workers’ Monthly*. Apathy had spread its opiate pall over the radical movement, and many real earnest men and women who

were with *The Masses* and of it were, temporarily at least, discouraged.

Inadequate as it was, *The Masses* helped to open the way for that which is individual in art and literature. This alone was annoying enough to a public brought up on the pap of prettiness and the trite. But our real offense, our "crime," was voicing opinions that were irritating to financial rulers. Not one of us, I think, but knew that their iron juggernaut had the right of way and that we were just throwing things at it.

Whether it was worth while is to ask whether life itself is worth while.

February 27th: So far, on life's journey, I have seen: The oil lamp succeeded by gas and gas by electricity. Errand running and letter writing succeeded by the telegraph, the telephone, and the wireless.

The horse-car changed to cable power, then to electric, below and above the ground.

The wagons, buckboards, phaetons, surreys—scrapped for the popular automobile.

The balloon, for ascension, as our main county fair attraction—evolve to aeroplanes sweeping the sky for mail and passenger service.

The still-photograph—become all life and action.

One millionaire in the average city—grow to a score of them.

Arm's length dancing of the 19th Century—now the intimate hug.

Organ music surpassed by the piano—and later the piano put in a corner back of the radio.

The old-time generous restaurants where you helped yourself to free bread and butter—succumb to the modern

ticket-punching efficiency, with extra cost for extra slices, the pie weighed, and the prunes numbered.

The leading features of Sunday newspapers changed from such subjects as "A Quiet Afternoon on the Wabash" to the kind that shock and scare with startling pictures relating to scientific discoveries or passionate stories of abnormal sex; on one page "The Microbe that Could Destroy New York," and on another "A Queen Who Married a Gorilla."

The solemn and slow funeral make way for—the hurry-up-and-have-it-over-with procession headed by an auto hearse going the speed limit.

The day when the humble farmer was hospitable, and the fatted chicken was killed and cooked for the stranger within his gate—no more.

One of the first elevators tried out in the Chicago *Times* building, when many people would not use it, so accustomed were they to walking up stairs—now we have to be hoisted, if only one flight up.

Victories in baseball, horse racing and prize fighting once given to the real winners—now frequently manipulated by the Financial Insiders.

The day when America welcomed the young revolutionist of foreign lands—now gone.

The time when small business thrived and the little druggist and grocer felt secure—gradually snouted out by chain-store combinations. Good-bye, small business!

Unsanitary hotels and shops—now gone (or going)—in their places tile and granite towers of pillared magnificence, with convenience and comfort at the push of a button.

But, looking back at these mutations, inventions and changes, for better or worse, one of the most astounding, audacious distortions is the writing of books which disre-

gard the ancient and popular conception of Christ and try to transform him to the image of a modern business man.

February 28th: One more evening and this six months of diary writing will be at an end. But, oh, the omissions! If I felt like writing on and on, I would wax anecdotal about more people who are distinguished in the arts and public affairs, including others not so distinguished as the world counts but in my judgment very important. When I began this book I made a long list of names of men and women who from frequent or casual contact have greatly interested me. Under A I had listed seven names; under B twenty-four; under C ten; and so forth down the alphabet. I had expected to write about many of them. As it stands, the greater part of the list is unaccounted. They shall remain in my memory though not in my printed book.

Then, too, I have mentioned certain people but briefly when their place in the scheme of things would naturally suggest a fuller comment. And no doubt a lot of "beautiful thoughts" and memories worth recording have escaped from me. But I am tired of writing. . . .

March 1st: Judged by that standard of success which most of the American people accept and believe, I would be classed among the failures. Now past sixty, with an obvious talent and reasonably industrious in doing the work I like, yet never in my life very far from bankruptcy. If I should happen to be a money success when I am old—and the years ahead of me very few—the fact remains the same: in the common vernacular, I lacked brains to get on and clean up; throughout all the years of an average life-time. I belong with the failures—with the man who is sitting at home to-night after his day's work who knows what his wife,

his relatives and friends think: "he is a failure." I'm with this man and the whole army of splendid men and women who wear the ragged badge of defeat. I know that some people are successful who deserve to be, but I am with the unadaptable, the out of luck, the weary with the money-struggle. I am with them but not sadly because in my vision of a new world there is going to be a different definition of success.



ON MY WAY

Another spring has arrived. I am back in Bethel. The lilacs out in the front yard welcome me. I like purple and green. It will not be long before the orchard will look like pink popcorn, and then—in a little while the crimson rambler over the door will be the high key of color over all. The bird orchestra is here. A symphony concert this morning that began too early. I would not have a book of mine end in winter. The last word must be spring.

THE END