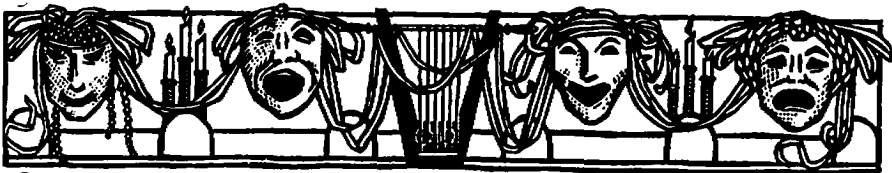


# AMERICAN CARICATURE AND COMIC ART

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

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pg. 120



## AMERICAN CARICATURE AND COMIC ART

*IN TWO PARTS.*

BY LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

### PART I.

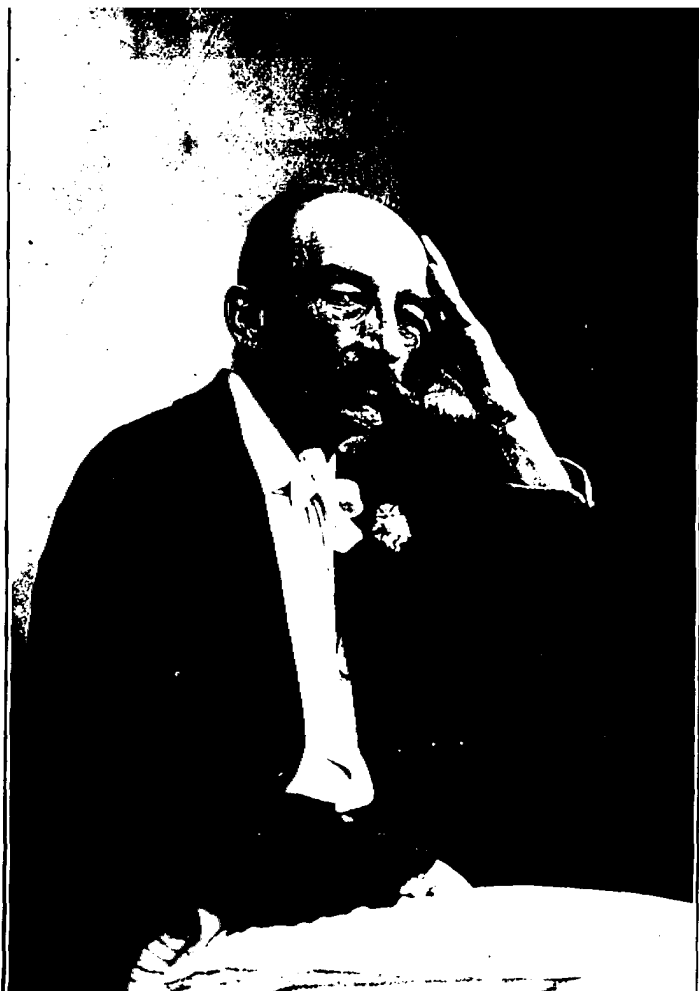
The American caricaturists and comic artists hardly need introduction. Without so much as "by your leave" or "with your leave," they have a habit not only of introducing themselves, but also any one and every one in whom the public has any

interest. The methods they employ in doing this are varied and peculiar.

By virtue of his long service Mr. C. G. Bush may be regarded as the dean of our cartoonists. "I look on a cartoon as an editorial," says Mr. Bush. "To be suc-

cessful it should point a moral. Exaggeration and a keen sense of humour are only adjuncts of the cartoonist, for he must deal with real people. He must also be

must be conversant with the incidents and times from which I draw my inspiration. With three hundred and sixty-five cartoons to draw during the year I must do an immense amount of thinking, for



C. G. BUSH OF "THE WORLD." THE DEAN OF ACTIVE AMERICAN CARTOONISTS.

a student. I am obliged not only to use my pencil, but to study hard and read everything I can lay my hands on. The features of Roosevelt, Bryan, Hanna and Croker may be familiar to me, but I must know what these men are doing. I must also know what the masses behind these popular characters think and believe. I

two-thirds of the ideas portrayed in my drawings originate in my own brain. I get my inspiration from newspapers, magazines and people, and I work methodically day after day. Without letting you into the secret of my political feelings, I may tell you that it very often happens that a cartoonist who is a Re-

publican has to earn his bread and butter by ridiculing his own party, and *vice versa*. You can draw your own conclusions from that statement, while I—excuse me—resume another sort of drawing!"

The views of Homer Davenport contrast somewhat with Mr. Bush's serious comments. "Hailing from Oregon, I

lot of pets. I was reared among pheasants and other wild fowl, and naturally have a hobby for birds and beasts. Funny enough—and it is a funny story, though absolutely untrue—some one got hold of the notion that I evolved my idea of the Trust Giants from a monkey. The tale, as it reached me, was that I had a monkey and also a baby. So far so good,



THE MENU OF AN IMPERIAL LUNCH.

find city life rather too confining for a country-bred man, so I spend all the time

**DAVENPORT.** I am not drawing on my farm in the country or my home in New Jersey. I work systematically from ten to four in a dingy little room where no earthly imagination could possibly come, and when I have turned out one or two cartoons I hurry away to my menagerie of pets. I've a

only I didn't happen to have them at the same time. Well, the monkey, whom, by the way, I named Swinnerton—but that is another story—grew fatter and fatter, while the baby got alarmingly thin. The child and the monkey were great friends; in fact, the monkey grew to be a little bit too chummy, as the story developed. It appears that this simian used to wait till the child's nurse wasn't

looking, then grab the baby's bottle and drink the milk in a hurry. This accounted for the swelling of the monk and the dwindling of the babe, and by an extraordinary process of reasoning some genius got the notion that it was the ab-

lout a pair. I watched them fly hither and thither, and in following them came across a statue of Samson throwing some man or other—I forget his name—to the ground. The abnormal size of the muscles of the figure struck me at once, and



HOMER DAVENPORT, OF THE "NEW YORK AMERICAN AND JOURNAL."

surd size of the monkey that gave me the inspiration of representing the Trusts by abnormal giants. As a matter of fact, I got the idea in St. Mark's Square in Venice. Seeing a flock of pigeons flying about in that neighbourhood I immediately, with my love of birds and beasts, determined by fair or foul means to pur-

turning round to my wife, who was with me, I said with a sudden, inspired thought, "The Trusts." That may not be so good or so amusing a story as the monkey and the baby, but you can take it from me that it is correct."

Like most of the literary humourists, some artists take themselves very, very

seriously. Frederick Burr Opper is no exception to this rule. "I do not suppose," he will tell you, with a deadly

**OPPER.** serious air, "that my way of doing my work differs very much from the methods of other

always found that an apt 'caption' under a drawing adds much to its interest and effectiveness."

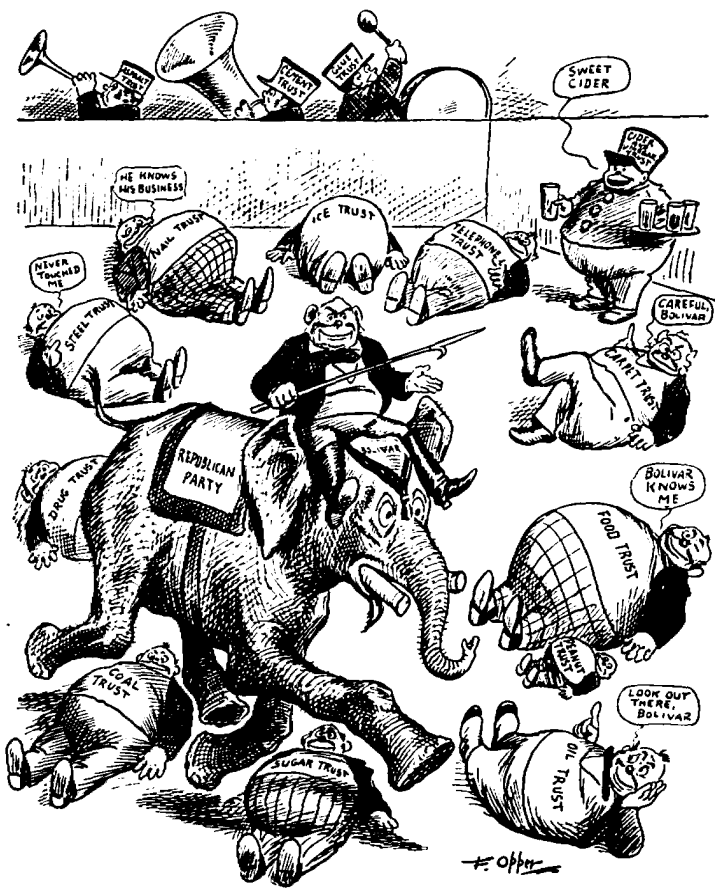
Charles Nelan, too, who has deserted New York for a time for the more peaceful air of Philadelphia, is inclined to take



MR. DAVENPORT'S FAMILIAR CONCEPTION OF THE TRUSTS.

cartoonists and humorous artists. Probably the only difference, if there is any, is that, as I invent all my own subjects and write all the inscriptions—even this word seems out of place—"which accompany the drawings, I perhaps give an unusual amount of attention to these two things. The idea of a picture is, I think, the important thing about it, and I have

a strictly practical view of his work. "The idea of a cartoon is often spontaneous, and then again" (with **NELAN.** a sigh) "it is developed by much labour: and usually the spontaneous idea is the most successful. My idea is first thought out with pencil, and then I work it up in pen and ink. There are times when a newspaper can express



THE GREAT REPUBLICAN CIRCUS.

This is considered by Mr. Opper as one of his most effective political cartoons.



MR. MCDUGALL, SKETCHED BY HIMSELF.

"My favourite method of obtaining inspiration and a variation in diet."—*Walt McDougall.*

what it wishes to say more forcibly by a good cartoon than by any other medium, and the successful daily newspapers of the country recognise this fact by giving prominence to the cartoon."

Should you ask Walt McDougall, who also has sought "fresh fields and pastures new" in the city "fast to the ground,"

which have tried to suppress this form of art. I have never made any enemies through my work, although President Cleveland once told Senator Smith of New Jersey that I ought to be in the penitentiary. I consider this, however, merely persiflage, and not as a well-considered opinion."



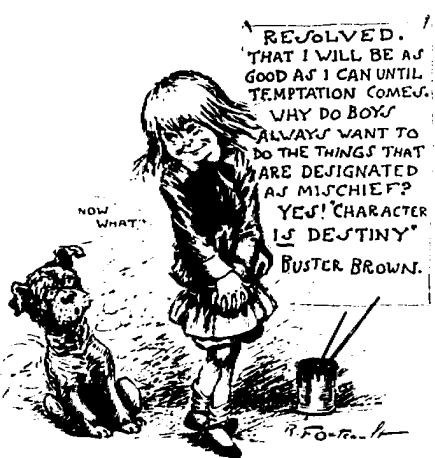
CAPITAL, LABOUR AND THE ARTIST. DRAWN BY NELAN.

about his work, he will cheerfully tell you that "it is an improved adaptation of

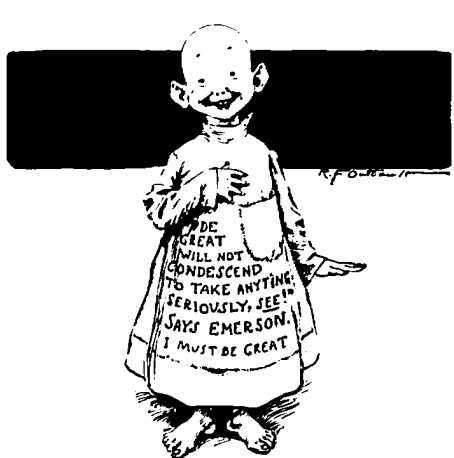
Michael Angelo and the McDUGALL late lamented Titian." And then, continuing in the same humorous strain: "I have always endeavoured to show that a comic artist can get fat in this broad land of ours in spite of the Trusts and the Kalsminers' Union, both of

In T. E. Powers we have a caricaturist and comic artist combined. Powers is so absolutely funny in himself that his drawings cannot help being humorous. He studies nature in every phase. To

him there is always a comic side to everything, and the ludicrous is forever extant. "I will," and he says this with emphasis, "get a



"BUSTER BROWN."



"THE YELLOW KID."

Outcault's two most successful creations.



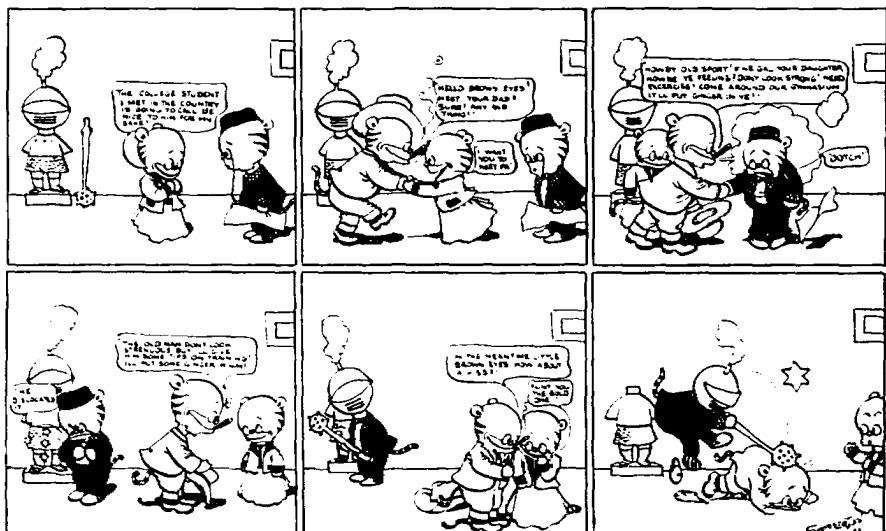
ENOCH ARDEN CROKER.

One of Powers's happiest hits.





MR. DEVERY IN HIS LATEST RÔLE. DRAWN BY BARRITT.



A TYPICAL BIT FROM SWINNERTON.

laugh. I will get it, moreover, from the simplest thing, which would, perhaps, never appeal to one person out of twenty as comic, but it's there all the same. This line drawing—for that is all I do—comes perfectly easily and naturally to me. I

doubt, when a boy the lines were duly impressed on me in a somewhat vigorous manner. Marriage lines? Well, I never talk about domestic matters in business hours, but you will notice that so faithfully have I stuck to lines, and lines



OUTCAULT AT WORK.

can go into court, study a person for five minutes, and draw his or her features pretty faithfully days afterward. It is really very easy when you know how to do it! I have never been told so, but I firmly believe that when I was a baby I drew lines on my feeding-bottle. No

only, that they are beginning to show on my face! Here," concluded the genial T. E. P., with a quiet smile, "are some of my typical drawings." He actually wrapped them up in a page of the *Journal*.

"When I want to work I wait until I



THE WAY TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. DRAWN BY POWERS.

get some leisure time," says R. F. Outcault, looking up from a new picture of his latest creation, "Buster Brown." "You see, I can't work well if I have any-

thing else to do. My general method is to sit down and carelessly, but gracefully, in my usual easy style, sketch out a comic drawing. I really cannot hurry, even though I know some editor has three or four hundred dollars in his hand ready for me. I am very conscientious about my work, and before I let a joke go out of my richly furnished studio I always try it on some one to see how it goes. Usually I have my butler call all my servants into my studio—the coachman, the cook, the laundry-maids and the chamber-maids, my valet and the man who cares for my golf sticks. After they are all assembled I explain to them the joke, being careful to avoid putting my own very humorous personality into it and letting the joke stand for itself. They usually roar with laughter, when suddenly it occurs to me that, perhaps, they do so because I pay them their wages. Then comes in the man with the wash bill, and that puts an end to everything humorous. Seriously speaking, 'The Yellow Kid,' my first conception, and 'Buster Brown,' my last, are but mediums for the same kind of epigrammatical humour of a strain that

I look on peculiarly as my own. The Yellow Kid was not an individual, but a type. When I used to go about the slums on newspaper assignments I would encounter him often, wandering out of doorways or sitting down on dirty doorsteps. I always loved the Kid. He had a sweet character and a sunny disposition, and was generous to a fault. Malice, envy or selfishness were not traits of his, and he never lost his temper." In these simple words can be seen a reflection of domesticity, which is Outcault's strongest characteristic.

"Once on a time," and here speaks the ideal of a bunch of humour personified in James Swinnerton, "I went into an editor's room when he was busy. I confess I was in a talkative mood that day, but I really didn't mean to worry him. Presently, after I had babbled on for some minutes, he looked up and said: 'Swinnerton, you're a good artist, but I think you can draw a great deal better than you can talk.' He



MARRINER. DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

was wrong, but I thought it best not to argue the question with him just at that moment. Later on I set myself out to make him change his opinion, with the result that he pronounced me a very charming conversationalist. I merely tell you this because I can, if you so please, discourse for hours on my art; but it will be enough to say that I get all my ideas myself from observation. Everything is funny to me, and I work—well, I work when it suits me; that is, when I get an inspiration.”

Marriner is even less voluble. “Beyond the fact that I rarely, if ever, get or take a suggestion from an outsider, but evolve my own jokes and situations from my own brain, I don’t know that I can tell

**MARRINER.** you anything about my work. I have found, though, that a cold bath has a wonderful effect on the imagination. I don’t know whether it is the blood or what goes to my head, but I fancy I’ve composed more jokes in a cold bath than anywhere else.”

One of the old editors of London *Punch*, Shirley Brooks, used to get his inspiration in a similar fashion. There is, however, no fear that the suggestion will be widely adopted.

Leon Barritt passes over his troubles in a happy state of mind. He will begin by telling you that it is an absolute impossibility for a caricaturist to do six hours’ work in two, and so, if his work is not as good as you would wish.

**BARRITT.** *que voulez-vous?* Then, forgetting his troubles, he will tattle on. Some years ago I found a chicken that laid a fresh ‘idea’ egg every day. Some days it laid two or three, and when fed an extra dose of ‘seventhirties’ it has been known to lay five or six. I’m a union labour cartoonist, and don’t believe in working the bird overtime; and then, too, I’m afraid some walking delegate will be coming round one of these dark nights and catch him at it, though I keep him locked up in the best room of the ranch.”

(To be Concluded.)

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**HOWARTH.**

same manner as any mechanic does in working out a piece of work in his own trade. In-





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spirations of any kind seldom, if ever, come to me, therefore I have schooled myself to sit down and grind out my jokes and ideas in much the same manner as a miller does his flour. If I wish a joke on any subject I dig at it until I find it. Incidents in real life seldom appeal to me in a humorous manner. I have written thousands of jokes and concocted thousands of humorous situations, but few have ever emanated from events coming under my direct observation."

Neither does this inspiration apparently trouble T. S. Allen: "I do my work any old way, as a rule"—and one can imagine him lying in a boat reading *The Rubaiyat*. "My ideas are my own, and

**ALLEN.** no one should be blamed for them except myself. As for inspiration—is a comic artist ever inspired? I spend about half of every year



HOWARTH.

I go behind the scenes my victim will never be natural. If she—supposing it to be a woman—knows that I am going to draw a cartoon of her she will immediately put on a photographic face, which is precisely what I don't want; so really my work is done walking up and down

naturally restricted, because of my literary concepts. I try to draw as perfectly as possible. My women may be impossible, but they are as beautiful as I can make them. Besides, a trifling exaggeration in such lines is always pardoned. My in-

SMITH.



HAYDON JONES.

the Rialto or else sitting in a fauteuil. I must have sympathy with my subject, or I cannot do good work. Some artists draw from captions. I wish I could. My caption is a living being, and I take very good care he or she has not the least idea I am anywhere about."

"My imagination," says Dan Smith, "is

inspiration comes from nature, and the nearer I can get to it the better it is for me."

Art combined with poetry is the characteristic of George Herriman. Were his drawings not so well known one would think he had mistaken his vocation. Listen! "Inspiration! Who ever heard of



GENE CARR.—"LADY BOUNTIFUL."

a comic artist being inspired? Take him out into a field where the green grasses, swept by caressing zephyrs, bent and nod in rapt delight, dodging the nibble of the frisky, hungry lamb as it gambols hither and thither, and see if he (the artist, not the lamb) can see in this any blissful clutch, grasping heart, mind and soul in a grip of steely delight. No! He'll draw a lamb all right—a lamb so distorted that the green nodding field will rise in dis-

gust to smite him. What does he know of the inspiration to be obtained from blue, azure, turquoise skies with fleecy clouds riding on and on, whither no one knows. Now take the clouds and skies of which I speak, blend them with the green grass and gambolling lambs, and a few trees, a few red-roofed barns, little hamlets in the distance, a lake, a creek, a rustic bridge, a nestling home amid clinging vines, and lots and lots of other things so dear to an artist's heart, place



GUNN.



HERRIMAN.



them in full view of the inspired one and see the light of imagination fire him. They never will. His mind and soul have lost that delicate sense of the poetic and artistic, which one would naturally think were indigenous, and he will turn away with a sigh, sit down at his desk and continue to worry out idioticities for the edification of an inartistic majority!"

Concerning "Lady Bountiful," the series of pictures by which Gene Carr is best known, the author has to say: "I don't quite know how I hapt on this idea. It kind of grew on me, like Topsy.

**CARR.**

Now that my name is associated with Lady Bountiful, I am reany proud or having such a charitable, sympathetic lady as my model, and, I may say, my ideal. I keep a column of different characters—tramps, cooks, policemen, waiters, little boys, *et hoc genus omne*, and from time to time I pick one out of this list and join them to Lady Bountiful. The effect is always disastrous to her, and the moral may not be particularly good; but then, you know, you can overreach yourself even in charity. Poor Lady Bountiful! She is booked for another disaster to-day, but I will make it as tender as possible."

Max de Lipman, who looks purely on the practical side of the question, is



plainly of the opinion that an artist cannot do his best work when he needs to draw a salary. "To have to do one's

**LIPMAN.**

work at lightning speed, to be bound to guess at three-fourths of what you have to do, to draw the principal figures and leave the composition to take care of itself—that is not art," he cries. "After a time one can instinctively feel where he can make light and shadow composition take the place of lines; but in this, too, he has to consider the limitations of time."

The mournful strain is heard, too, in the confession of C. Haydon Jones: "I have been told that much of the humour in my drawings is unconscious. For this

**JONES.**

faint praise I am always grateful. When I am conscious that I am funny few others seem to notice it; but an artist labours for art's sake, and appreciation generally comes after we are dead, and so the struggle goes on. Not the struggle to be humorous, for every one is humorous, as a matter of fact. Sometimes I am asked whence and how my inspiration comes. As well might I try to explain whence come the poet's gifts.



SWINERTON.



THE TUG OF WAR AND ITS INNOCENT VICTIM. BY DALRYMPLE.

If it be genius, modesty compels the admission that it is like some of my humour—unconscious."

Strangely enough, among all the artists and cartoonists Kate Carew is the only female exponent of the funny side of life. Her remarks are staccato, but

the laconic expression of her opinions does not detract from the

CAREW. full weight of her ideas.

She says: "Inspiration? The world is full of faces. Method? I don't believe I have one, but here is a suggestion: Not only are no two faces alike, but there is



TWO'S COMPANY. THREE'S A CROWD.

*Old Lady Democracy.* "Now don't get silly, Uncle Sam." By D. McCarthy.

no such thing as a normal face, although we all harbour a vague conception of what the normal face should be, something very marble, and Greek, and expressionless, I should imagine. Real faces—faces of flesh—depart from that

where the players are themselves caricaturists (of emotions). A sharp stub of pencil, some scraps of paper artfully hidden in a programme, and an interest readily transferable from play to pencil—the equipment is complete!"



GENE CARR.

normal face in various directions, according to the character, the passions, the strength and weakness they possess. The business of the caricaturist is plain. It is for him—and, may I add, her?—to accentuate the lines along which the model departs from the normal. For the practise of this gentle art I don't know a more enticing field than the theatre,

That every one is unconsciously humorous is evidently the opinion of Frank Crane, who has little difficulty in telling the source of his witty drawings: "Where do I get inspiration for comic pictures? Well, that's too easy. Take a walk up Broadway with me and keep your eyes and ears open. There! See those

**CRANE,**

two continuous-performance head-liners. Kindly size up the weird Panama on the younger 'walking gent.' Can the most ardent Park Row imagination conceive anything more grotesque? Notice the cut of those marvellous trousers built by a Bowery artist on a Broadway model! You see, he is a living, ready-made comic. Wait! Just listen and we may pick up an idea for a joke. No, that won't do! The story of the two barnstormers who had difficulty in keeping step because they had walked back to New York by different routes and the railroad ties are wider apart on the western roads, might suit Chauncey Depew, but I've used it already. However, my system is disclosed.

You may hark back to the days spent in the little old red school-house and traverse the pathway of memory to the present, and find that the human comedy has been played for your benefit by friends and strangers alike. It is to laugh!"

The comic in costumes is Archie Gunn's claim to be included among the humorous artists. "I must confess," he will tell you, "that I really don't know how I do my work. It seems to me at

GUNN.

the end of the day that I haven't done a stroke, and yet there it is before me. BOOK agents, peddlers and organ-grinders are my *bêtes noires*. Anything more maddening than a pseudo-Italian nobleman grinding out



DALRYMPLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PIRIT MACDONALD.



A CELEBRATED CASE. BY HAYDON JONES.

ragtime idiocies outside my window I can't imagine. Inspiration? Oh, I get it anywhere and everywhere. Ladies are an inspiration in themselves, and their dresses dreams—comic dreams sometimes. I don't have to go to fancy dress balls for my notions. I can get as many as I want walking up and down Broadway any day of the week. I wonder at times if some of the fair sex possess mirrors, and if so, whether they really look at themselves before they venture forth to meet the criticisms of a hard and humorous public."

Louis Dalrymple is comprehensive and in earnest. He says: "All cartoonists must of necessity be close students of the ins and outs of the game of politics. For myself, it does not require much effort

**DALRYMPLE.** to know and remember just how this or that politician stands in relation to various public questions. From earliest boyhood I have been a keen observer and enthusiast. To me it seems like a great chess-board, the whole United States being the squares, and I watch the moves in the different States with an enjoyment that cannot be described. Such events as the recent eruption in Iowa send me chuckling to my 'toys' (drawing tools). The remark of a Member of Congress, 'Let's see, Mr. Speaker, where was I at?' is more funny than anything a jokesmith could hammer out in a century. The conception of a good idea always makes me laugh, and it encourages me to work hard in its portrayal, that its humour may be enhanced by working out. My ideas come at any old time or place, and immediately I reach for a bunch of old letters in my pocket and search out a clear bit of paper on which to make a little rough pencil sketch, which I am bound to say always

has some action or expression that I can never reproduce in the complete drawing. The rough sketch is the best to my artistic eye. The popularity of cartoons is growing rapidly in these days. They seem a sort of emphasis of the news event of



KATE CAREW.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY ROE AND BEHLER.

most importance each morning, and well and humorously drawn, are a great feature of modern journalism."

The abilities of a cartoonist, caricaturist and comic artist are combined in Dan McCarthy. "My baby food," he says with a laugh, "was London *Punch*.

amuse the public with their pencils. I'm a bit of a critic, too, but that doesn't mean I have been disappointed in my art. *Ars longa*, you know, and *vita brevis*, which, being freely translated, means, "This is my busy day!"

Reserved for the last as a *bonne bouche*



SCHULTZE.

and my drawings will show you how I  
**MCCARTHY.** have improved on that publication in a humorous, if not artistic, way. I never took the trouble to discover where I got my inspiration. When I wanted it somehow or other it was always there, and I generally worked out my ideas at night. I believe I was born to draw, for the art came to me quite naturally, and now, notwithstanding my hard experiences, I have a mad desire to teach other people how to

of age, not of the artist, for he is still a young man, but of the subject, which has the charm of years, comes Carl Schultze with his "Foxy Grandpa" and mischievous boys. "I created 'Foxy

**SCHULTZE.** Grandpa," says Schultze, with a quiet smile, "because I needed the money, and I kept him alive because the desire for the same commodity has never since left me. It has never been quite clear to me why this old gentleman is so popular with the masses, unless it is for



FRANK CRANE.

"I do my work at home surrounded by my family."





draw this series I was afraid that the antics of boyhood would give out early in the game, but I have since found that the quiet, gentle, unobtrusive manners which marked my childhood have been reconstructed for domestic use and that I would not be popular to-day. I am always ready to receive suggestions, and find that childless people are most ready to offer them. The old maid of sixty knows more about children than a mother who has raised ten boys, and the bachelor who lives in the clubs invents deviltries for 'Foxy Grandpa's' boys with a most amazing fertility. The trouble with most of these suggestions is that they bear upon the progeny of some relative with whom they are not on speaking terms. To be perfectly frank, these characters have not been thought out and made popular all at once, and their development was rather the result of those combinations which require a man to pay his bills. Necessity is, indeed, the mother of Invention!

"Many artists like to work in quiet, but I would rather work out my ideas in a Devery convention than to sit on the steps of a mausoleum. I receive a great many letters from children, all of which I endeavour to answer personally. Gradually these children have taught me more about the *enfant terrible* than it has been the portion of any white man, living or dead, to know.

"Therefore, if 'Foxy Grandpa' should cease to hold his swing with the American people I should apply for the control of some large orphan asylum.

"If anybody tells you that I did not create 'Foxy Grandpa' please ask him to name the man who did, so that I can pass along the several thousand threats directed at me to the really guilty party."

the reason that he never seems to have any work on hand. He is a standing protest against the strenuous life, and a monument to inactivity. If I had a grandfather with his money I would treat him a good deal better than those two grandsons do. If I ever do have any grandsons, I promise the neighbours that they will be better behaved than the descendants of 'Foxy Grandpa.' When I first began to





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to obtain: "During the **KELLY.** years I have been in the business—and he naturally boasts of such an achievement—"I have had only one drawing refused. An out-of-town paper certainly did accept one, for which it never paid, but I don't wish to bring that circumstance up to its discredit. When I wish to make a caricature I prefer to sit in the auditorium. If

spirations of any kind seldom, if ever, come to me, therefore I have schooled myself to sit down and grind out my jokes and ideas in much the same manner as a miller does his flour. If I wish a joke on any subject I dig at it until I find it. Incidents in real life seldom appeal to me in a humorous manner. I have written thousands of jokes and concocted thousands of humorous situations, but few have ever emanated from events coming under my direct observation."

Neither does this inspiration apparently trouble T. S. Allen: "I do my work any old way, as a rule"—and one can imagine him lying in a boat reading *The Rubaiyat*. "My ideas are my own, and

**ALLEN.** no one should be blamed for them except myself. As for inspiration—is a comic artist ever inspired? I spend about half of every year



HOWARTH.

I go behind the scenes my victim will never be natural. If she—supposing it to be a woman—knows that I am going to draw a cartoon of her she will immediately put on a photographic face, which is precisely what I don't want; so really my work is done walking up and down

naturally restricted, because of my literary concepts. I try to draw as perfectly as possible. My women may be impossible, but they are as beautiful as I can make them. Besides, a trifling exaggeration in such lines is always pardoned. My in-

SMITH.



HAYDON JONES.

the Rialto or else sitting in a fauteuil. I must have sympathy with my subject, or I cannot do good work. Some artists draw from captions. I wish I could. My caption is a living being, and I take very good care he or she has not the least idea I am anywhere about."

"My imagination," says Dan Smith, "is

inspiration comes from nature, and the nearer I can get to it the better it is for me."

Art combined with poetry is the characteristic of George Herriman. Were his drawings not so well known one would think he had mistaken his vocation. Listen! "Inspiration! Who ever heard of



GENE CARR.—"LADY BOUNTIFUL."

a comic artist being inspired? Take him out into a field where the green grasses, swept by caressing zephyrs, bent and nod in rapt delight, dodging the nibble of the frisky, hungry lamb as it gambols hither and thither, and see if he (the artist, not the lamb) can see in this any blissful clutch, grasping heart, mind and soul in a grip of steely delight. No! He'll draw a lamb all right—a lamb so distorted that the green nodding field will rise in dis-

gust to smite him. What does he know of the inspiration to be obtained from blue, azure, turquoise skies with fleecy clouds riding on and on, whither no one knows. Now take the clouds and skies of which I speak, blend them with the green grass and gambolling lambs, and a few trees, a few red-roofed barns, little hamlets in the distance, a lake, a creek, a rustic bridge, a nestling home amid clinging vines, and lots and lots of other things so dear to an artist's heart, place



GUNN.



HERRIMAN.

them in full view of the inspired one and see the light of imagination fire him. They never will. His mind and soul have lost that delicate sense of the poetic and artistic, which one would naturally think were indigenous, and he will turn away with a sigh, sit down at his desk and continue to worry out idioticities for the edification of an inartistic majority!"

Concerning "Lady Bountiful," the series of pictures by which Gene Carr is best known, the author has to say: "I don't quite know how I hapt on this idea. It kind of grew on me, like Topsy.

**CARR.**

Now that my name is associated with Lady Bountiful, I am reany proud or having such a charitable, sympathetic lady as my model, and, I may say, my ideal. I keep a column of different characters—tramps, cooks, policemen, waiters, little boys, *et hoc genus omne*, and from time to time I pick one out of this list and join them to Lady Bountiful. The effect is always disastrous to her, and the moral may not be particularly good; but then, you know, you can overreach yourself even in charity. Poor Lady Bountiful! She is booked for another disaster to-day, but I will make it as tender as possible."

Max de Lipman, who looks purely on the practical side of the question, is



plainly of the opinion that an artist cannot do his best work when he needs to draw a salary. "To have to do one's

**LIPMAN.** work at lightning speed, to

be bound to guess at three-fourths of what you have to do, to draw the principal figures and leave the composition to take care of itself—that is not art," he cries. "After a time one can instinctively feel where he can make light and shadow composition take the place of lines; but in this, too, he has to consider the limitations of time."

The mournful strain is heard, too, in the confession of C. Haydon Jones: "I have been told that much of the humour in my drawings is unconscious. For this

**JONES.** faint praise I am always grateful. When I am

conscious that I am funny few others seem to notice it; but an artist labours for art's sake, and appreciation generally comes after we are dead, and so the struggle goes on. Not the struggle to be humorous, for every one is humorous, as a matter of fact. Sometimes I am asked whence and how my inspiration comes. As well might I try to explain whence come the poet's gifts.



SWINERTON.



THE TUG OF WAR AND ITS INNOCENT VICTIM. BY DALRYMPLE.

If it be genius, modesty compels the admission that it is like some of my humour—unconscious."

Strangely enough, among all the artists and cartoonists Kate Carew is the only female exponent of the funny side of life. Her remarks are staccato, but

the laconic expression of her opinions does not detract from the

CAREW. full weight of her ideas.

She says: "Inspiration? The world is full of faces. Method? I don't believe I have one, but here is a suggestion: Not only are no two faces alike, but there is



TWO'S COMPANY. THREE'S A CROWD.

*Old Lady Democracy.* "Now don't get silly, Uncle Sam." By D. McCarthy.

no such thing as a normal face, although we all harbour a vague conception of what the normal face should be, something very marble, and Greek, and expressionless, I should imagine. Real faces—faces of flesh—depart from that

where the players are themselves caricaturists (of emotions). A sharp stub of pencil, some scraps of paper artfully hidden in a programme, and an interest readily transferable from play to pencil—the equipment is complete!"



GENE CARR.

normal face in various directions, according to the character, the passions, the strength and weakness they possess. The business of the caricaturist is plain. It is for him—and, may I add, her?—to accentuate the lines along which the model departs from the normal. For the practise of this gentle art I don't know a more enticing field than the theatre,

That every one is unconsciously humorous is evidently the opinion of Frank Crane, who has little difficulty in telling the source of his witty drawings: "Where do I get inspiration for comic pictures? Well, that's too easy. Take a walk up Broadway with me and keep your eyes and ears open. There! See those

**CRANE,**

two continuous-performance head-liners. Kindly size up the weird Panama on the younger 'walking gent.' Can the most ardent Park Row imagination conceive anything more grotesque? Notice the cut of those marvellous trousers built by a Bowery artist on a Broadway model! You see, he is a living, ready-made comic. Wait! Just listen and we may pick up an idea for a joke. No, that won't do! The story of the two barnstormers who had difficulty in keeping step because they had walked back to New York by different routes and the railroad ties are wider apart on the western roads, might suit Chauncey Depew, but I've used it already. However, my system is disclosed.

You may hark back to the days spent in the little old red school-house and traverse the pathway of memory to the present, and find that the human comedy has been played for your benefit by friends and strangers alike. It is to laugh!"

The comic in costumes is Archie Gunn's claim to be included among the humorous artists. "I must confess," he will tell you, "that I really don't know how I do my work. It seems to me at

GUNN.

the end of the day that I haven't done a stroke, and yet there it is before me. BOOK agents, peddlers and organ-grinders are my *bêtes noires*. Anything more maddening than a pseudo-Italian nobleman grinding out



DALRYMPLE.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY PIRIT MACDONALD.





A CELEBRATED CASE. BY HAYDON JONES.

ragtime idiocies outside my window I can't imagine. Inspiration? Oh, I get it anywhere and everywhere. Ladies are an inspiration in themselves, and their dresses dreams—comic dreams sometimes. I don't have to go to fancy dress balls for my notions. I can get as many as I want walking up and down Broadway any day of the week. I wonder at times if some of the fair sex possess mirrors, and if so, whether they really look at themselves before they venture forth to meet the criticisms of a hard and humorous public."

Louis Dalrymple is comprehensive and in earnest. He says: "All cartoonists must of necessity be close students of the ins and outs of the game of politics. For myself, it does not require much effort

**DALRYMPLE.** to know and remember just how this or that politician stands in relation to various public questions. From earliest boyhood I have been a keen observer and enthusiast. To me it seems like a great chess-board, the whole United States being the squares, and I watch the moves in the different States with an enjoyment that cannot be described. Such events as the recent eruption in Iowa send me chuckling to my 'toys' (drawing tools). The remark of a Member of Congress, 'Let's see, Mr. Speaker, where was I at?' is more funny than anything a jokesmith could hammer out in a century. The conception of a good idea always makes me laugh, and it encourages me to work hard in its portrayal, that its humour may be enhanced by working out. My ideas come at any old time or place, and immediately I reach for a bunch of old letters in my pocket and search out a clear bit of paper on which to make a little rough pencil sketch, which I am bound to say always

has some action or expression that I can never reproduce in the complete drawing. The rough sketch is the best to my artistic eye. The popularity of cartoons is growing rapidly in these days. They seem a sort of emphasis of the news event of



KATE CAREW.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY ROE AND BEHLER.

most importance each morning, and well and humorously drawn, are a great feature of modern journalism."

The abilities of a cartoonist, caricaturist and comic artist are combined in Dan McCarthy. "My baby food," he says with a laugh, "was London *Punch*.

amuse the public with their pencils. I'm a bit of a critic, too, but that doesn't mean I have been disappointed in my art. *Ars longa*, you know, and *vita brevis*, which, being freely translated, means, "This is my busy day!"

Reserved for the last as a *bonne bouche*



SCHULTZE.

and my drawings will show you how I  
**MCCARTHY.** have improved on that publication in a humorous, if not artistic, way. I never took the trouble to discover where I got my inspiration. When I wanted it somehow or other it was always there, and I generally worked out my ideas at night. I believe I was born to draw, for the art came to me quite naturally, and now, notwithstanding my hard experiences, I have a mad desire to teach other people how to

of age, not of the artist, for he is still a young man, but of the subject, which has the charm of years, comes Carl Schultze with his "Foxy Grandpa" and mischievous boys. "I created 'Foxy

**SCHULTZE.** Grandpa," says Schultze, with a quiet smile, "because I needed the money, and I kept him alive because the desire for the same commodity has never since left me. It has never been quite clear to me why this old gentleman is so popular with the masses, unless it is for



FRANK CRANE.

"I do my work at home surrounded by my family."





draw this series I was afraid that the antics of boyhood would give out early in the game, but I have since found that the quiet, gentle, unobtrusive manners which marked my childhood have been reconstructed for domestic use and that I would not be popular to-day. I am always ready to receive suggestions, and find that childless people are most ready to offer them. The old maid of sixty knows more about children than a mother who has raised ten boys, and the bachelor who lives in the clubs invents deviltries for 'Foxy Grandpa's' boys with a most amazing fertility. The trouble with most of these suggestions is that they bear upon the progeny of some relative with whom they are not on speaking terms. To be perfectly frank, these characters have not been thought out and made popular all at once, and their development was rather the result of those combinations which require a man to pay his bills. Necessity is, indeed, the mother of Invention!

"Many artists like to work in quiet, but I would rather work out my ideas in a Devery convention than to sit on the steps of a mausoleum. I receive a great many letters from children, all of which I endeavour to answer personally. Gradually these children have taught me more about the *enfant terrible* than it has been the portion of any white man, living or dead, to know.

"Therefore, if 'Foxy Grandpa' should cease to hold his swing with the American people I should apply for the control of some large orphan asylum.

"If anybody tells you that I did not create 'Foxy Grandpa' please ask him to name the man who did, so that I can pass along the several thousand threats directed at me to the really guilty party."

the reason that he never seems to have any work on hand. He is a standing protest against the strenuous life, and a monument to inactivity. If I had a grandfather with his money I would treat him a good deal better than those two grandsons do. If I ever do have any grandsons, I promise the neighbours that they will be better behaved than the descendants of 'Foxy Grandpa.' When I first began to

