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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

George V, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, and Emperor of India, has been pleased to make certain appointments on the occasion of the day set apart for the celebration of his late father's birthday. In these appointments we find letters represented in the person of Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, who has been lifted to the dignity of knighthood. England's literary knights are now Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Meanwhile, another gentleman, who has been of some service to English letters, remains plain Mr. Kipling of Rottingdean.

What we may regard as the first separate bibliography of the late James Abbott McNeill Whistler has been compiled by Mr. Don C. Seitz, the business manager of the *New York World*. Although Mr. Seitz does not contend that it is complete in all particulars, it is an exceedingly attractive little volume and is well worth the attention of all followers of Whistleriana. In the preface there is an account of the origin of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* which seems new. According to Mr. Seitz, neither the idea nor the title of that widely discussed book was Whistler's. The idea came from the ingenious mind of Mr. Sheridan Ford, an American journalist, poet and critic, who was in London in the late 'eighties, writing for the *Bachelor Syndicate*. He formed the acquaintance of Whistler, and the fortunes of both being at a low ebb, it oc-

curred to Mr. Ford that the letters and talks of the artist might be put together in an interesting book, to their mutual advantage. Mr. Whistler showed but languid interest in the work. Mrs. Whistler encouraged the editor and finally aroused some attention on the part of the artist.



WHISTLER. AN IMPRESSION BY GARDNER TEALL

The inevitable break did not come until Mr. Whistler, in going over the completed book, ordered a letter from Oscar Wilde, which replied to Whistler's charge of plagiarism, omitted. In plain terms the letter accused the artist of lying. Mr. Ford thought it unfair to omit the letter, and Whistler's sharp refusal to permit its retention led to a violent quarrel, with threatened fisticuffs, which ended with Mr. Ford's departing with the copy, determining to issue it on his own responsibility. A London publishing house put it into type, but when they learned that Mr. Whistler objected, they declined to proceed with its publication. Mr. Ford took the book to Antwerp. Originally it had borne the title of *The Correspondence of James McNeill Whistler*. The Antwerp printer objected to so poor a name and was invited by the compiler to pick a better one if he could. This he did very promptly. Pointing to a paragraph in the introduction, reading: "This collection of letters and miscellany covers something over a quarter of a century, from 1862 to the present year. It illustrates the gentle art of making enemies, and is in part the record of some unpleasantness between the Brush and Pen"—he said: "There's your title. Don't use this other thing."

Two thousand copies were struck off before the irate artist caused the confiscation of both forms and paper. But the undaunted Mr. Ford retreated to Ghent, where he found another English printer who agreed to compose and print the book in three days. The one thousand francs capital brought from London to Antwerp had been exhausted, but Mr. Ford's watch and jewelry remained and were given as security for five hundred francs at a friendly pawnshop! The sum was enough to insure the printer and the book came out on time and eluded Whistler. It bore this title: *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, edited by Sheridan Ford, Paris Delabrosse & Cie, 1890." It carried this dedication: "To all good comrades who like a fair field and no quarter these pages are peacefully inscribed." In his introduction Ford made the comment: "I commend the book to Mr. Whistler's enemies, with the sooth-

ing assurance that if each of them purchase a copy the edition will be exhausted in a week."

The enmity engendered between Whistler and Ford by these episodes became permanent, and the latter in his *Art of Folly* embalmed the painter thus:

One "Jimmie" Whistler, noted for his bile,
His backstair methods and amazing style,
Said, once upon a time, in lewd dispraise,
That Art herself was on the Town these days.
A senile fancy, sired of shallow wit,
And, like its author, tainted and unfit;
Serving to prove the looseness of the clown
Who should have said himself was on the
Town.

The London *Academy*, which is edited by Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, a fact which is attested by very big black type on the cover of every issue, has, at the head of its editorial column, the usual notice to the effect that "The editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope." There follows the very curious line, "The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article." What in the name of Johannes Gutenberg does?

Mr. Clement K. Shorter has had an experience with the American interviewer and is moved to a spirit of protest. A writer of a daily column on the editorial page of a New York newspaper called on Mr. Shorter, and as a result of the visit wrote for his paper a homily on what he called the British sense of complaisant self-superiority. These are the words:

BRITISH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

Tip spent a pleasant half-hour chatting with C. S. of *The Sphere* and the recognised authority on the life and writings of Charlotte Brontë. Just before Tip came away the telephone bell rang. S. spoke a few words into the transmitter and hung up the receiver. "How does that impress you?" he asked. "I have just been talking all the way to . . . in the suburbs." Tip did not crack a smile, because it was not his first taste of the British