

SOME AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS OF TO-DAY

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED

I

It was reserved for an Englishman, Mr. Arnold Bennett, to rebuke the snobbishness and ignorance of certain New Yorkers who sneer at American art, and to remind them that two Americans—Sargent and Whistler—are among the foremost modern painters. That such a rebuke should be invited seemed surprising. At least ten years before Mr. Bennett's utterance the Comparative Exhibition of Paintings, held in New York, had established in discerning eyes the equality of Americans with Englishmen and Continentals. It was nevertheless refreshing to be told by an alien of such keen perception that the Yankee habit of boasting is not, after all, universal and constant, and that whispers of self-disparagement may still be overheard by acute and well-trained ears.

The criticisms resented by our distinguished visitor, concerning our art in general, you are sure to hear, sooner or later, from the lips of persons neither snobbish nor ignorant, concerning the art of our illustrators in particular. They will tell you we have developed no school. That Abbey and Smedley are but memories—Gibson a glittering exception. They will talk of Daumier, Keene, Phil May, Leech, Du Maurier, Beardsley, Nicholson. And of course they will flaunt in your face the pages of *Jugend*, *Simplicissimus* and *Le Rire*.

Perhaps the best answer to all this—for some of the argument goes wide—is to point to some of the illustrations in our current periodicals—weekly and monthly. In certain instances it may be necessary to turn the cover quickly. It is, after all, only a kind of chromatic college yell that will do you no lasting harm if your glasses are properly adjusted, and—like the circus posters—it probably bears no absolute relation to

the entertainment inside. Then—discreetly skipping, as we all skip, whether we are reading Homer or Hamilton Mabie—you are likely to find, even in the most “popular” of the magazines, examples of the illustrator's art that will be a sufficient reply.

The high standard long established and adhered to by some of our leading periodicals, zealous in the promotion and development of pictorial art, speaks of course for itself. It has made them the envy and despair of England's magazines. What the writer wishes to point out is that not only in these, but in periodicals that appeal to a far wider and a less sophisticated audience, may be found the work of a dozen or more men and women—the Illustrators of To-day—whose sincerity, high purpose and commanding gifts of delineation set them apart as masters of their craft. The list is by no means complete. It includes both those who are young in years and those who, older, are also young in vision and in attitude. It indicates strikingly, that a link has been established between the traditions of the past and that changing, living present which merges in tomorrow. The illustrators here singled out do not represent a school, or a movement. Except in the case of three or four men they do not even constitute what might be called a group. Their styles are as various as their mediums. What they do stand for in common is their endeavor to represent life truthfully, graphically, convincingly, and in doing so to make no compromise.

II

It was Glackens, now a painter almost exclusively, who exercised a strong formative influence on the men doing the most conspicuous and telling work in black and white to-day. A comprehen-

sive chronicle of how it came about would doubtless include some record of the Café Francis—unhappily no more. Ten years ago this unique establishment provided an atmosphere and became a rendezvous for a group of artists, some already famous and some on the road to fame. It was not only a restaurant, but a kind of club, and it gathered within its hospitable walls painters like Lawson, Henri, Luks, and illustrators such as Glackens, Wallace Morgan, Gruger,

Louis Fancher, the Prestons. It was, in some respects, perhaps the closest approximation to the mythical thing—"Bohemia" that recent New York has nourished, and the intercourse of its frequenters was unquestionably stimulating. But ill fortune overtook the proprietor, and the art aggregation is gone.

An influence of wider and more practical importance, and one that cannot be overlooked, is the part played by the newspaper press of yesterday,—before



THEODORE ROOSEVELT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

the camera supplanted the illustrator. In those days—but a few years ago—the staff artist was constantly called upon to picture the news. The races at Belmont Park, a labour riot in Chicago, the eruption of Mount Pelée—any one of these things found him prepared, and put him on his mettle. This was the real art school—the school of life—in which he threw overboard many theories, and grappled with living emotions. It trained his eye, his hand, his mind, as nothing else could train them—enlarg-

ing his experience, and supplying him with a great variety of subjects. Some of to-day's most notable illustrators enjoyed this post-graduate course, after leaving the art school; and each of them acknowledges his indebtedness to it.

The man who comes first to mind in this connection is Wallace Morgan, who owes less to his early instruction and more to himself than any one I can recall. Mr. Morgan was for some years an obscure member of the New York *Herald* staff—his great ability unrecog-



Courtesy of "Collier's Weekly"

IN A RESTAURANT. BY WALLACE MORGAN. FROM "ABROAD AT HOME"

nised except by his fellow-craftsmen. In 1908, quite accidentally, he was assigned to provide pictures for the "Fluffy Ruffles" verses of the late Charles Battell Loomis. The public rose to them, the newspaper awakened to his importance, and his reputation was made. Since that day Mr. Morgan has developed his style and thought out his effects until his brilliant contributions to *Collier's* and other periodicals have compelled popular favour.

The opportunity he seized on the newspaper was an accident, but there was nothing fortuitous in his methods while awaiting it. He had set out to model his manner on some of the shining exemplars of the criss-cross school—that intricate style which boasts a few masters and many poor imitators. Then, one day, he suddenly awoke to the consciousness that this was all wrong—for him. With his feet set in the right path he laboured and contemplated, and so adjusted his vision that he has at last achieved a peculiar mastery in his medium. His illustration for Julian Street's *Abroad At Home* shows his excellent tone effects—his command of the painter's art combined with the illustrator's special endeavour and aptitude. It is a style exceptionally free and loose—the antithesis of the photographic. His figures are people, not puppets, and if the men and women he wishes to depict are "smart" their counterfeits will be "smart" as well, but will not suggest collaboration with a tailor.

In gathering the material for *American Adventures*—the second of the *Collier's* series—there came a time when the tourists felt travel-worn. To Wallace Morgan, at least, such an inland voyage had long ceased to be a novelty. Their trip through one State, here nameless, was marked by sleepless nights which the most fastidious wayfarer must sometimes endure in hotels. "I'm tired of it," Morgan remarked to Street. "I don't mind hardships, and danger is all in the day's work; but I draw the line at being slowly bitten to death."

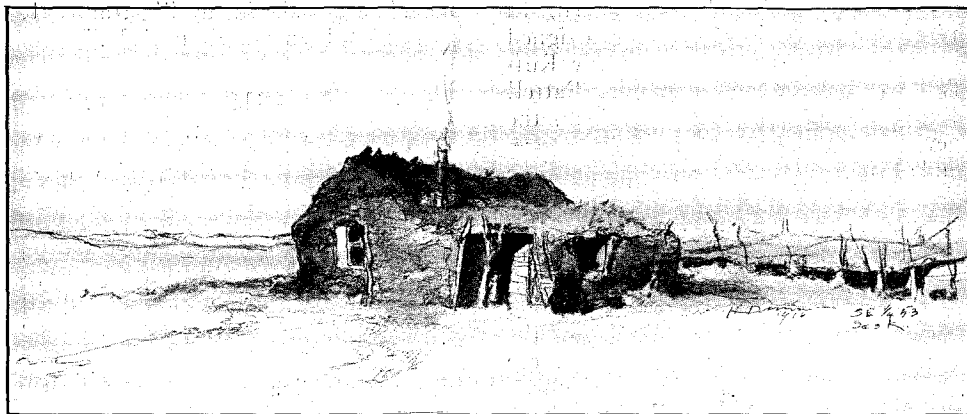
"I see," said Street, sympathetically.

"I made a mistake in my illustrator. It should have been Harrison Cady."

III

Henry Raleigh, who lives and works at Stamford, Connecticut, also owes much to his newspaper training. His work for the San Francisco press attracted such favourable attention in New York that he joined the staff of the *Sunday World*, where he filled all kinds of assignments, and lent a special distinction to its pictorial pages. The painter predominates in all of Raleigh's drawings, many of which appear in *The Saturday Evening Post*. It is not that he subordinates delineation to beauty of tone. The picture he himself selected for this article sufficiently indicates his vividness and his interpretative power. But he is not satisfied unless his drawing contains all that he can bring to it with respect to colour and composition, and in this sense he has no superior among our magazine illustrators. He is a rapid worker, as all newspaper staff artists must learn to be; and this rapidity has come to be of great service in an age of speed when the exactions of the weeklies and monthlies frequently match the frenzied haste of the daily journal. An illustrator nowadays is often called upon to supply a set of pictures for a story at a few days' notice, and when this demand comes from a steady customer he feels compelled to comply with it. And it is here that facility, born of wide experience and long practice, and supplemented by a cultivated power of visualisation, makes it possible for the illustrator to do his best work at one burst. Wallace Morgan, for example, visualises so strongly the people and things he has seen that he uses no models at all; and though sometimes he toils for a week on a drawing, it is simply because he is not satisfied with a number of preliminary sketches.

While Mr. Raleigh shuns specialisation, his illustrations of both French and Irish types are conceived and executed with uncommon felicity. When he finds



ON THE DUNES. BY HARVEY DUNN

himself becoming "stale," he takes a rest for two or three months—making etchings and lithographs in the meanwhile, for his own amusement, until the inspiration for work returns.

Raleigh, F. R. Gruger, and Arthur William Brown use much the same methods, work in the same medium, and aim at the same goal, yet their achievements are by no means alike. Two things they possess in common. One is their endeavour to tell the story through the picture, and to do so by depicting real people in a real world. The second thing is a possession shared, I am glad to record, by nearly all the illustrators of to-day who really count. This is that definite yet elusive quality called breeding. It shows in an artist's work irrespective of his types, and in the matter of his types it is quite unmistakable. When the true illustrator essays to picture gentlefolk he does not do it by elevating their chins or their eyebrows, or by seeking inspiration from a fashion-plate. The process is somewhat subtler, and when it is skilfully employed you behold men and women strange to the pages of—no matter whom, but quite recognisable in the course of a stroll along the avenue of any American city.

F. R. Gruger—like Raleigh and Brown—has been conspicuously identified with *The Saturday Evening Post*. Like Raleigh and Morgan he has en-

joyed a newspaper training—on the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Mr. Gruger's father was a builder and contractor, and some of his associates think they can trace to this his fondness for structural things. However this may be, his drawings reveal a close observation of accessories in relation to the human figures of the scene. One of several illustrations for a recent *Post* story strikingly indicates this method. It is a picture meant to epitomise a workingman's bedroom, and you would know this if you did not read the title underneath. The Nottingham curtains on the window, with the inevitable gilt cornice, alone tell the story. But the whole effect is immensely heightened, and an atmosphere certainly created, by the way in which everything in the room—washstand, table, chairs, gas bracket—is suggested rather than forced upon your attention. Now, here is every little detail that goes to make reality, yet nothing is photographic or painfully minute. It is not a "big" or important picture, but for all that it represents a triumph in verity. All of Gruger's illustrations are the product of one who analyses his characters and surrounds them with a suitable environment.

Mr. Gruger's choice of a career was directed by a stationer in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This man was also a dealer in prints, and in his little shop



SKETCH BY F. R. GRUGER

the impressionable boy first learned that Michael Angelo was a great master, and that here in the United States artists such as Abbey, Smedley and Reinhart were the men to study and follow. It is by adhering to these standards and by years of unremitting toil, with scarcely a real vacation, that he has established himself securely as a sound and valid portrayer. Mr. Gruger, it may be noted, finds that the "Movies" have opened a new field for observation that has a peculiar value in the exhibition of unconscious gestures and the varied play of emotions.

Arthur William Brown, the youngest of this group, has won recognition through persistent and conscientious work. The first sketches he was able to sell were submitted to *The Saturday Evening Post* after he had ceased his labours as a chalk-plate artist for a newspaper in Hamilton, Canada, and had come to New York. As no knock resounded on his door, he took to the road in pursuit of opportunity—traveling with Barnum and Bailey's circus, and making sketches of what he saw. It was these that the *Post* accepted—

and kept in the safe for several years before reproducing them.

Mr. Brown "found himself" in his highly interpretative illustrations for Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*, in *The Metropolitan Magazine*. It may be that I confuse the excellence of the subject with his achievement in interpretation. He himself modestly says, "It was a great opportunity." But it seems to me that he has revealed in this satisfying series of pictures a skill and understanding that greatly surpass his previous performance. The merit of these lies, first of all, in the happy conveyance of the author's theme and characters. Many readers would prefer to have stories they care most for left unillustrated because the pictures are so likely to destroy the illusion. But the illustrations for *Seventeen* heighten the illusion, and lend an additional flavour to a delightful story.

This effect is achieved in great measure by the intelligent and discriminating selection of types. The people here depicted, whether juveniles or grown-ups, are natural, everyday people—never freaks or caricatures. They look, as

they are meant to be—wholesome and well bred. Even the darkey waiter communicates the impression that he, too, had “binging up.” You would never take him for a roustabout or a “nigger minstrel.”

Mr. Brown’s models—used chiefly for suggestion—are seldom professionals.

The boys and girls employed for *Seventeen* were mostly recruited from neighbouring families. The little daughter of Maximilian Foster, playwright, posed for Jane. A young man fresh from Princeton, where he had belonged to the same club as Mr. Tarkington, felt honoured in impersonating the corpulent



THE BOOKKEEPER'S WIFE. BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

youth—until the fiction appeared in book form, with the title of the episode cruelly changed to "The Big Fat Lommax."

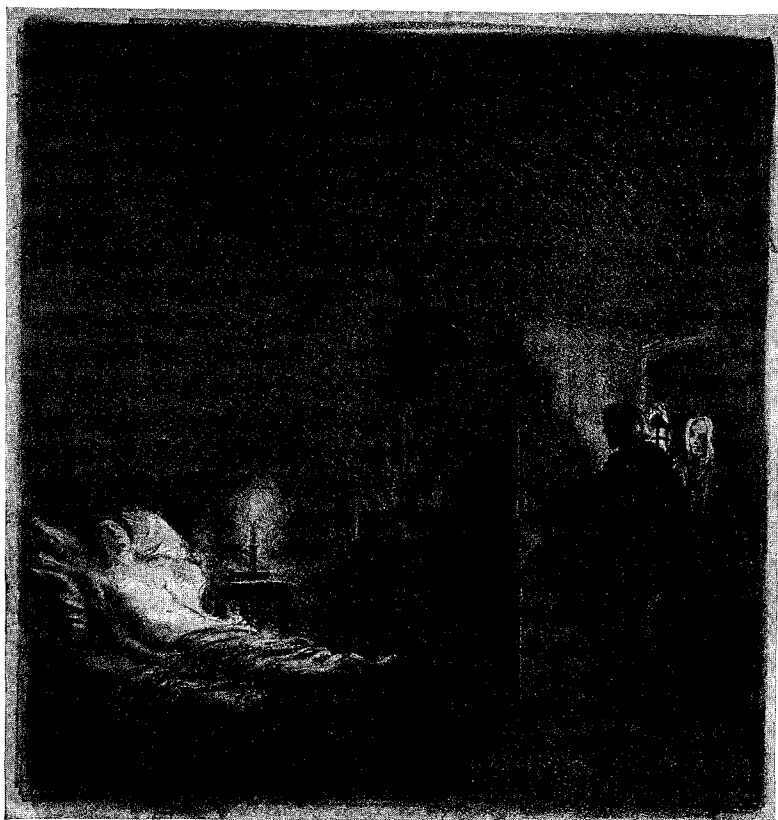
We now come to a commanding figure in modern pictorial expression. Albert Sterner—long in the foremost rank of graphic draughtsmen,—who has quite incidentally taken up illustration again, following a period largely occupied by portraits in pastel and oil, affords a striking refutation of the peculiar notion prevailing in some quarters that beauty and delicacy are inconsistent with strength. His work, moreover, is an eloquent protest against the demand

for labels and specialisation. The moment finds him engaged with illustrations, done in charcoal, for Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial, *Lady Connie*—revealing his customary charm of line and the employment of classic types as modern as Broadway and as opposite to it as Arcady. To-morrow may find him at work on a decoration or a portrait, or absorbed in some new adventure in art. Some day he may try his hand at the Movies; but if he does you may be sure the idea will be his idea—the theme and all that pertains to it will be *his* theme. To create as well as interpret—that may be said to sum up his attitude and to



Copyright, Rose O'Neill, 1915

IMAGES DANS L'ESPRIT. BY ROSE O'NEILL (SALON 1912)



ÂME MALADE. BY ALBERT STERNER

define in a word what he holds to be his function as an artist. "Expression!" he exclaims. "Anything that expresses me—I care not what. Let it be a book-plate, or a portrait, or a lithograph. The medium, the special technique—it makes no difference, as long as I express myself in the particular medium that best conveys the idea and the inspiration."

IV

The reproduction in *THE BOOKMAN* of Mr. Sterner's "Âme Malade" exhibits but one facet of a diamond. It is, however, quite enough to indicate the virtuoso. It radiates what artists like to call "feeling." You get the sensation of spaciousness in his treatment of the vast chamber—of brooding mystery and

tragedy that envelop and penetrate its every recess.

You have probably seen another drawing of his—for it has been often reproduced: "Amour Mort," with Pierrot disconsolate at the bedside of his dead Love. Here the reclining figure of the inanimate woman is so etherialised—so surrendered to the lassitude of death, that its "rapture of repose" might be taken to illustrate those lines of Byron, beginning, "He who has bent him o'er the dead." Indeed I rather hope that the passage may be affixed before Mr. Sterner passes away and the copyright expires. Otherwise, popularity may overtake him, as it has overtaken Whistler, whose portrait of his Mother may now be seen in the humbler shop windows, where wall mottoes are on view,



THOMAS FOGARTY

"SUCH A FINE, GOSSIPY WORLD." BY THOMAS FOGARTY

accompanied by a set of sentimental verses written "for the trade."

Sweet are the uses of advertisement. Will no publisher who purveys largely to the receptive public perceive that beauty may be made as popular as sin if it is only adroitly proclaimed?

Thomas Fogarty is another man who carries on the traditions and at the same time strikes the modern note. As a youth he was rash enough to throw up a perfectly good job in the American Exchange National Bank—not so much because of his disillusionment upon discovering that bank employees are often

obliged to work till late at night as because of his odd notion that the pictures in the business office of *Scribner's* would, if steadily contemplated, afford him an inexpensive art school. After drinking to the full of these mural decorations without making much practical progress as an artist, he left commerce to others and set out to learn in the customary way. If he is in *Who's Who* to-day—as few illustrators are—it must be because Chicago has heard of him, and approved. The illustration for the David Grayson story—"Such a Fine, Gossipy World," is an excellent example

of his manner. It is felicitous in its types, poetic in its rendering of figures and landscape, and breathes the open air. It is pleasing to note that he is doing the illustrations for Tarkington's "Lucius Brutus Allen" stories in *Everybody's*.

The popularity of Rose O'Neill's "Kewpies" has enabled her to eschew illustration excepting that which pictures her own ideas. As the embellishment of certain kinds of fiction is one of the illustrator's greatest mental trials, and as even the best craftsmen cannot always choose what they would prefer to picture, she may be said to have attained a measure of beatitude. Her aloofness with respect to what she calls "illiterature" was expressed upon one occasion in the pre-Kewpie period, when an editor asked her to make the drawings for a romantic yarn that need not here be precisely indicated. "I'll do it," she agreed, "if I don't have to read the story." So the bargain was struck and carried out; and this, I believe, is the first time the breath of scandal has touched the occurrence.

Miss O'Neill has been drawing since she was fourteen, and writing much verse and prose besides. John Brisben Walker's *Cosmopolitan* and innumerable back numbers of the by-gone *Puck* contain characteristic examples from her pen. Her craftsmanship is distinguished for fancy and imagination—for an easy exuberance in the style, with its flowing line and insistence upon decoration. Her chubby children are all her own. If one were lost or stolen the bell-ringer would need no initials on the clothing (or skin) to identify it.

He who only knows the Kewpies has barely made Miss O'Neill's acquaintance. If you have chanced upon her serious work—say an illustration for Moore's *Melodies*—you will begin to see that she is a poet. But really to understand and appraise her you must visit her studio overlooking Washington Square. In the salon of the Spring of 1912 was hung the picture here shown, entitled "Images dans l'Esprit." The

central figure, as you see, is a woman with the rapt gaze of a dreamer, and the images that float through her mind are pictured in hovering, "questionable shapes"—dream faces spiritual and sensual, terrible and tender, mocking and ministering. This picture, in a sense, is a kind of forerunner of some amazing things kept in a portfolio. These never have been published or exhibited. What she will do with them Miss O'Neill has not determined. They represent the aspirations and development of one who has worked hard and dreamed much—of one whose most beloved master is William Blake. "They embody what I believe in," says Miss O'Neill—"monsters and magic. We do not wonder enough. Hardly any one wonders nowadays."

These drawings are as far removed from the Kewpies as Ariel is from Caliban, as Touchstone is from Hamlet. It is symbolism enriched with fantasy—a series of bold and virile conceptions finely imagined and powerfully realised. One of them shows the massive and misshapen figure of a Faun, feeding with infinite solicitude a little child cradled in his grotesque arms. But I cannot more than hint at them here.

V

Louis Fancher, who recently won the one thousand dollar poster prize in the Remington Arms Company's competition, studied at the League, and afterward in Munich. He came to New York from Chicago when he was fourteen, is still in the early thirties, and was doing some of his most distinguished work for *Collier's* at the time when Sterner, Penfield, Maxfield Parrish, Treidler, Jessie Willcox Smith, G. Wright and others made that periodical a delight. Mr. Fancher's activities to-day are chiefly confined to idealising the automobile, drawing designs that make the purchase of tobacco imperative, and painting theatrical posters associated with the Standing Room Only sign in our more pretentious theatres.



INDEMNITY. BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

This kind of work not only brings the greatest rewards, but permits him, he insists, more latitude of expression than does the portrayal of American family life from which the conventions exclude all that is convivial save cubeb cigarettes and grape juice. Mr. Fancher foresees the time when any one wholly ignorant of art may take a surface car at the Battery, keep his gaze riveted on the advertising panels, and be able, when he has reached the Metropolitan Museum, to tell Bouguereau from Goya at a glance.

Design—vibrant, imaginative and highly decorative—is the basis of Mr. Fancher's productions. When conceived in the spirit of the drawing exhibited here we perceive a rare and intensely interesting accomplishment. This represents, however, but one phase of his manner, which passes in the treatment of his subject from the frankly theatrical to the severe and formal, and again is significant with the simplicity and restraint of his Pierrot at the lattice window.

The scrutinisers of occult phenomena pertaining to expressions of literature and art have recorded, without elucidat-

ing it, that our metropolitan newspapers have frequently blazed the way for the magazines. Catering to the masses who run and read, the New York Sunday newspaper has, over and over again, held up the torch. The most pertinent instance is that Boardman Robinson enriched the pages of the *Sunday Telegraph* with pictures one still hears referred to as "unfinished," and that *The Tribune*, seeking the bubble circulation, sought it, so to speak, at the canon's mouth, by employing him as a cartoonist. You cannot school all of the people all of the time. Many of *The Tribune's* new readers rubbed their eyes and wrote letters to the editor. One of them, I recall, buttonholed a member of the staff, on his way to town, told him he read the paper, anyhow, for its editorials, and that of course this freak business would not last. "Rough stuff—isn't it?" the newspaper man conceded, chuckling inwardly, for he happened to be one of Robinson's fervent admirers.

Some years later Mr. Robinson joined the staff of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and was sent to Russia and Serbia to make sketches of the war. He has always followed an independent course.



LOUVAIN. BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

At one period of his New York career, he resented certain conditions imposed upon his work, closed his studio, and made, as he expressed it, "an humble but honest living on the East Side." His style, strongly individual and strikingly bold, shows the influence of Daumier. Perhaps the best tribute I can pay to his skill is that my mention of his name in the studios almost invariably brought the response: "Of course you will include Robinson."

In the reproduction of the Roosevelt head from *Harper's Weekly* you behold James Montgomery Flagg at his best. It is vigorous, spontaneous—admirable in its portraiture. With it, as representing his lighter vein, may be ranked many of his caricatures and portraits in crayon. Mr. Flagg cannot help being witty. As for his humour, it laughs in

every line when he sketches a celebrity or explains *Why They Married*. As quick of mind as he is of hand, his impromptu characterisations of people and things are often as illuminating as his caricatures,—better, I think, than his premeditated prose, which he writes by way of resting himself in the idle days of summer. Idle is perhaps the word, yet there hangs in his studio a remarkable oil portrait of Booth Tarkington, painted in one day at the novelist's summer home in Kennebunkport. Mr. Tarkington has analysed it so happily in a letter to Julian Street that I am seized with a sense of my own incompetence, and hasten instead to say that Mr. Flagg's water colours are as spontaneous as the "Roosevelt," and that when he models in clay his ludicrous likenesses of Cobb, and Towne, and Barrymore,



IN THE PEKIN RESTAURANT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



IN THE ART DEPARTMENT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

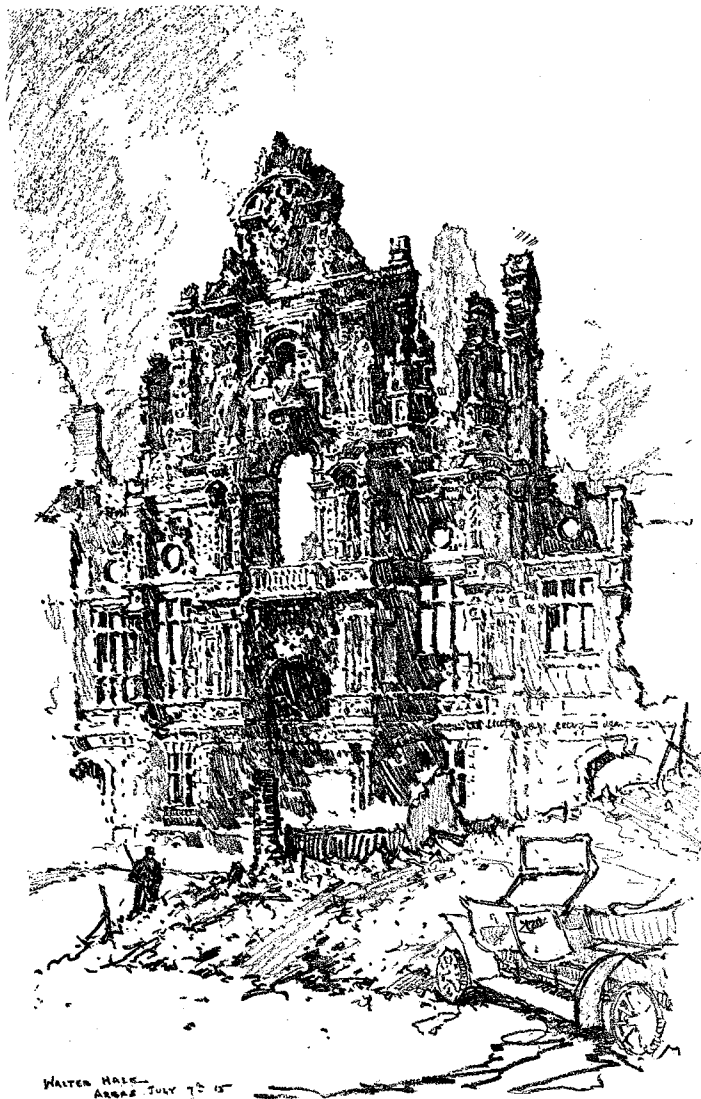
you wonder why he has not set up as a sculptor.

To paraphrase Pope—the youthful Flagg “lisped in umber, for the umber came.” In other words, he began to draw soon after he learned to crawl. An arithmetical calculation will tell you that he has been at it for twenty-seven years, yet he gives no hint of a tired hand, and seems as fresh as ever. His industry appears appalling, yet he does not lack an abundance of leisure. An amazing facility—a perfect ease of expression, as shown in his lightning-like sketches at the Dutch Treat banquets—accounts for this. There are even times when he is called upon to “annihilate space.” The illustrations for a Rupert Hughes serial were needed at short notice, so Mr. Hughes, in his country home, called up Mr. Flagg in his New York studio, and conveyed the essential information over the telephone.

VI

Walter Hale—actor, illustrator, and co-discoverer with Mrs. Hale of New England and The Old Dominion—re-

ceived his pictorial impulse through a three years' training in an architect's office, where he acquired a structural knowledge that he afterward learned to supplement in terms of art. How far he has succeeded in conveying the soul of a great building is shown in his drawing of the ruined Hotel de Ville, Arras, before its crumpled beauty had all but succumbed to a second rain of German shells. This, together with much of his recent work, is done with a lithographic pencil, yielding lines of greater dignity and strength than pen effects can attain. Mr. Hale has just returned from the front, in France, and is preparing an article, with illustrations, for *Harper's*: —“With the French Army at Verdun.” This big experience has come to him after many peaceful sojourns in that devastated land. France, he feels, has done much for him in quickening and shaping his work, and so he is to give six weeks of his time to lectures for the fund of the American Relief Clearing House and its associated societies, with pictures by the cinema section of the French Army.



RUINED HOTEL DE VILLE AT ARRAS. FROM ARNOLD BENNETT'S "OVER THERE." BY WALTER HALE



WALTER HALE '15
FROM SKETCH ALNWICK 32

ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD. FROM CLAYTON HAMILTON'S "THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON."
BY WALTER HALE

Harvey Dunn, who teaches at the League, and whose studio in Leonia, New Jersey, is the resort of many young aspirants, has excited much favourable comment by his brother illustrators for the drawings he contributes to *The Saturday Evening Post*. A pupil of Howard Pyle, he has developed a decided individuality of his own, remarkable for its vigour and vitality. Mr. Dunn was born in a "prairie schooner" in South Dakota, in 1884, and has been a cowboy and a harvest hand on the great wheat farms. He has recently returned to New York with a portfolio of sketches done in the Canadian Southwest.

When one observes the work of G. Wright the immediate impression received is that of "quality." You see at once that his work is distinguished. From an old portfolio containing the prints of various illustrators there happens to come uppermost a cover done by him for *Collier's* several years ago. It is the head of a woman, framed with a black picture hat and plume, and a black band of ribbon around the throat. It is simply and superbly done, with a daintiness that is not finical and an accent that charms the eye. It is characteristic of his work as you see it to-day, in any one of the magazines that employ

his ability as an illustrator of the first rank.

Mr. Wright, who was born in Philadelphia, and has done much work abroad, was first taken up by Drake of *The Century* and Penfield of *Harper's*. The tasks he prefers to do are those he sets for himself rather than the making of pictures for stories; and, dividing his time between Westport, Connecticut, and New York, he finds opportunity for work in water colour and in oil.

John Edwin Jackson's "The Miners" was hung on the line in the black and white section of the Pennsylvania Academy's exhibition. He has also exhibited drawings at the New York Academy of Design and the New York Water Colour Club. Recently his excellent portraits in red chalk have found a ready market. As an illustrator Mr. Jackson reached a new level of development in his portrayal of Manhattan's skyscrapers. One of these pictures was used as a frontispiece in *THE BOOKMAN*. As in this series he caught and translated the spirit of colossal New York, so also in his pictures of Pittsburgh he has finely realised the turmoil and industrial uproar of the factories along with the sternness of human striving.

Current illustration suggests many creditable performances it would be pleasant to record. There are names, too, that evade one at the moment, for illustration was never more copious, and worthy recruits are multiplying. Some

mention, at the least, should be made of these: F. Walter Taylor, whose water-side scenes in charcoal have the quality of painting in a marked degree. Walter Biggs, a specialist in convincing Southern types. Dean Cornwell, a new man in the West, whose illustrations for *The Red Book* disclose beauty of composition, a strong dramatic sense held in good restraint, and the enthusiasm of one in love with his work. Blumenschein, whose simplicity and power are so intensely conveyed that his pictures for London's "Love of Life," in the old *McClure's*, are as memorable as the tale. W. J. Aylward, with his sincere and colourful transcriptions of inland waterways. Frank E. Schoonover, noticeable for his style and his variety of types. Adolph Treidler—crisp, elegant, with a mastery of light and shade, and the faculty of arranging a simple street scene so that it makes a lovely picture. Charles E. Chambers, adequate illustrator of *The Turmoil*. Maginel Wright Enright, whose emphasis of design sets off her charming children. May Wilson Preston, adept in the illustration of the animate. Frederic Dorr Steele, whose well-bred types are touched with charm and refinement. J. R. Shaver, with his gallery of street Arabs suggesting the pages of *Punch*. Balfour Ker, brimful of ideas, exhibitor on the line at the Royal Academy, with a leaning to sentiment and a place long held in *Life*. And here the catalogue must close.

THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

BY EDNA KENTON

IX—THE OLD TIME “BOOKS FOR CHILDREN”

IN those days also were books for children! There were *Maria Cheeseman*, or, *The New York Match Girl*, and *Cats and Dogs*, or, *Nature's Warriors and God's Workers*. There were the *Rollo Books* and the *Lucy Books*; the *Dotty Dimple Books*, the *Bessie Books* (Bessie at the Seaside, the City, the Mountains, at School, and on her Travels!). There were the *Elsie Books* and the *Little Prudy Books*—*Little Prudy's Sister Susie*, for instance. There were *Queechy* and *The Wide, Wide World*. There were *Little Dot* and *Whiter Than Snow*, and always Charlotte Yonge and Maria Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*. There was Mrs. Sherwood's *The Fairchild Family* of 1818. There was even *Emily, a Moral Tale*, by the Rev. Henry Ketts, published in 1809.

Emily was the daughter of Colonel Lorton, exquisitely beautiful, and in process of education at the hands of her father, one of the world's most informative men. Colonel Lorton was wrong, even for 1809 about tides, the moon, sun, and stars. But we are his enduring debtors for examples of the epistolary art he set his little daughter, and particularly for this glowing sample of letters for children—a completely despairing lover is supposed to be addressing his coy mistress:

Impell me not, I supplicate, to the abyss of desperation. Emancipate me from the tortuosities of agonising dubitation, nor drive me, oh Cognitation pre-eminent, terrified, to seek on the ramification of a tree or in the voraginous profundity of a stream, the privation of my vitality.

There were always prefaces in those early books for children, that “ex-

plained” away strange stigmas. Maria Edgeworth apologised for her “plots,” on the plea that “to prevent the precepts of morality from tiring the ear, it was necessary to make the stories in which they are introduced, in some measure dramatic, to keep alive hope and fear and curiosity by some degree of intensity.” At the same time, “care has been taken to avoid inflaming the imagination or exciting a restless spirit of adventure by exhibiting false views of life and creating hopes that cannot in the ordinary course of things be realised.” The Edgeworths realised that “few books can be safely given to children without the previous use of the pen, the pencil, and scissors.”

The author of *Cats and Dogs*, sure that children will ask unanswerable questions concerning the divine will regarding these animals, says: “It appears necessary that the elements of destructiveness be accepted from God's hands as his appointments and subservient to higher good.” She therefore employed a few leisure hours in writing down ideas that “will prevent a useless and dangerous collision in young minds with the Divine Will.” The preface to *Little Prudy's Sister Susie* says gravely: “I hope that all my dear little friends will see how kind it was in God to send the slow winter and the long nights of pain to Little Prudy.” For Little Prudy carelessly fell downstairs on Christmas Day and cracked her hip.

As for the informative author of the *Rollo Books*, he states his own case, not usually in prefaces, but in paragraph 1, chapter I. *Rodolphus*, for instance, opens frankly with: “The manner in which indulgence and caprice on the part of parents lead to the demoralisation and