

# CARTOONISTS AND SUCH!

By O. O. McINTYRE

Using today of the limners—the blay and white masters. In short, the cartoonists. From the solemn-faced Tad to Rube Goldberg, the merriest wag of the lot.

Day in and out they lighten our sorrows—giving us pungent, individualistic criticism of human life and human problems more humanizing at times than the printed word. They are sometimes impudent, but always clever.

There is Jay N. Darling, to his readers "Ding," who can draw a warped board fit for the galleries. "Ding" lives in Des Moines, where he owns stock in a thriving newspaper. He comes to New York often, but all the purring of publishers cannot make him leave the great middle west.

I have found pseudo-intellectualism among cartoonists as I have among some writers. "Ding" will sit in a draw, tell a good story, play a practical joke, but, at the same time, he is a thinker. He is able to assimilate and digest life and draw his own conclusions.

**McManus Is Cut-up.**

George McManus is short and pudgy, with a certain gravity of demeanor until you know him. And then he proves a cut-up. Sometimes you will find him at "Dinty Moore's"—the corn beef and cabbage cafe near the Globe. His cartoon character was not named after the living "Dinty." It just happens the living "Dinty" and Mr. McManus are friends.

"Tad," whose pseudonym comes from his initials, is T. A. Dorgan. He was born in San Francisco and had a boyhood playmate of Jijn Corbett and they are neighbors now at Great Neck, L. I.

"Tad" has an English look and the droop of the scholar. Just when he was making good as a cartoonist an accident deprived him of a finger and he had to learn to draw all over again with the other hand. He has given the world more slang phrases than any other person.

In the good old days he was a nightly visitor to the Battling Nelson Grill of Jack's restaurant. His companion was "Hype" Igoe, a sporting writer, and with their ukuleles they made things hum in the nocturnal life of the Roaring Forties. But the old days are gone

and "Tad" does not come to town so often. Golf has claimed him.

H. T. Webster came out of Tommyhawk, Wis., to add zest to the cartoon world. Fired in Denver for incompetency, he landed right side up as Page One cartoonist on the Chicago Inter-Ocean and, as is usual with his ilk, New York claimed him

him. In the summer he goes to the island he owns at Meddyborsps, Maine, fishes and lounges about the village store.

On another island, hard by, lives Clare Briggs, whose "When A Feller Needs A Friend" and other comicallities have sent laughs around the world. Briggs is the

angle. Briggs' New York home is at New Rochelle. His home, "Blue Anchor," is made of old ship timbers and is one of the show places of the suburb that George M. Cohan immortalized in his "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway."

There is a Kelly pool room, a big flower conservatory, a swimming pool and a huge studio room with an open fireplace in this house that laughs built. Briggs, of course, is a small town product and was born in Reedsburg, Wis.

**Knott Stays in Missouri.**

Jean Knott, the penny ante sketcher, lives in Clayton, Mo., the county seat of St. Louis county, but spends part of his time in New York. Almost any sunny day you can find him lounging with the loafers about the court house. It is difficult to get him to motor into town—not even to see "Eddie"—unless you suggest a game of penny ante. He loves the game and why shouldn't he? Its gentle stimulus has taught him the art of living in plenty without toil.

E. A. Bushnell resides in Cleveland. "Bush" began life at hard labor but his unusual talents were soon recognized. He is shy and different and avoids cliques and back-slapping dinners.

The only dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker I knew among the comic artists is Jack Callahan, who first saw the slight of day in Brooklyn.

Rube L. Goldberg was born in San Francisco but seldom goes back any more, although he owns several apartment houses there. He says the old town is changed. He thrills to his view of Broadway from the Tiges Building at which he works.

He stomped all the newspaper shops when he came to New York with no success and was about to return to the Golden Gate when he got a small chance to "do his stuff" on the Evening Mail. He has developed into one of the highest paid cartoonists in the world.

**Always Called Rube.**

He, like Briggs, is a boyish, unspoiled young man. He works with a furious intensity but plays just as hard. He is at home in a lath house where prizefighters loaf as well as the Ritz. It would be difficult to call Rube "Mr. Goldberg." I think he would resent it.

Fontaine Fox is a tall, slender young man with a short light mustache—English fashion. From Louisville, he migrated to Chicago and then the usual stopping place—Manhattan, where original drawings and ideas won him a national following. He is rather quiet and unassuming but withal extraordinary. He was born in Louisville, Ky.

Al Frucher, the caricaturist, is a droll appearing young man. He hails from Lima, O., but has spent the larger part of his life in Paris and New York. One might find his double in front of the village drug store almost any summer evening.

Herb Roth is a Californian of short but athletic build. He has blond curly hair and the most distinguishing feature is what Carolyn Wells terms his "button nose." He lives in Gramercy Park, a few doors from the Players, and his off moments are spent canoeing or playing handball. He used to chew tobacco and once grew a beard that was the despair of his friends.

**Weeps Over a Flower.**

He likes to appear "a rough guy" to hide the romanticism that is his. Friends found him one morning with tears in his eyes in a public park. He was gazing at a crushed flower.

There are others—too numerous to mention here—who, however, add just as much to the galaxy of nations. And they compose an unusual group of small town boys who have made good in the big city.

Their salaries are always big, but success has not turned their heads. They are home-loving, law-abiding and just regular fellows.

They proved their sterling worth during the recent world war. The influence they wielded was astounding. They sped up activities with simple and homely delineations and they gave of their unusual talents freely.

It is small wonder that one of the richest men in America selects as his confidants and companions the men who draw the cartoons. He has found that they are shrewd and wise, wonderful friends and always loyal.

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America's great cartoonists taste success, but they worked hard for it.

—but not before he had circled the world.

**Ferocious Black Cigars.**

Webster is a six footer. He smokes ferocious black cigars, wears his hair fiercely pompadoured and is as gentle and kind as a wobbly little lambkin. The small town folk are his motier. Boyville still calls

Peter Pan of the cartoon world, if he lives to be 80 he will never grow up. He will always belong to the Stone Brusee Age.

Walking with Webster one gets an impression of Rhode Island and Texas. Webster tall and massive. Briggs short and dumpy. And each smokes the cigar at the Joe Cannon

**The Altar That Claimed  
Thousands of Victims**

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tion, however, is not derived alone from its former association with a bloody ritual but from its very extraordinary artistic character. The objects that make up that collection would not be intelligible, however, if viewed apart from the national customs and beliefs.

"Like the art of other African peoples on the west coast in the Congo Basin, the fetish is the central and imposing fact and the artist's work is response to beliefs connected with fetish worship. The fetish and the potent spells for good or ill, ancestor worship and a belief in watchful powers readily moved to make or mar—this tremendous background of belief and of tradition from which the idols emerged under the sculptor's hand as the embodiment of the great realities of his conscious existence, directed the artistic impulse and presided over the creative work of the craftsman."

**Bits of Information**

A watch holder has been designed that can be slipped over a man's belt.

For the use of travelers, a hat box has been invented that folds when empty.

Compressed air is now used in stone quarries in place of blasting powder.

Building blocks coated with stucco are being made in France from napped straw compressed in hydraulic presses.

A pneumatic apparatus has been invented for packing cube sugar in boxes without touching the pieces with the hands.

On the sliding rule principle is a circular calculator that has been invented for computing values in the construction of radio apparatus.

A box containing a system of mirrors has been patented to enable a person's feet to be examined for any irregularities while standing upon it.

By means of small metal roofing clips, attached under sections of composition shingles, roofing can now be laid from the inside of a building.

Electricity is now supposed to be, according to scientists, a rapid movement of electrons from atom to atom in the wire or wherever the current is.

An electric appliance has been invented that can be connected to a light socket and placed over the end of any faucet to heat the water as it flows.

**Farrand's Last Role**

(Continued From Page Three.)

beggar, sometimes a prince, sometimes a highwayman, sometimes a red Indian. Whatever he was, he took the part seriously and kept it up for days and weeks at a time. He made all the other children accept it. The whole town talked about him. Some people thought he was—a little queer. But his father was prodded if him. A year or so after we left Weyo I heard that Dan had sent the boy east to college.

For some reason she could not go on. Her throat and lips felt dry. "Do you remember the youngster's name?"

"He was always called 'The Play Actor,' by the boys and girls. I'm not sure of his first name, but I think it was—was—"

Again her voice faltered her. "It was David. The chauffeur's name was Farrand, though he was no kin to the old professor with the garden. That boy's name was David Farrand, Miss Belden, and—he is 'play acting' still!"

There was a long silence which the girl could not break. The young man went on.

"That's why I slipped back this last fortnight," he explained, in a queer, flat voice from which all vitality had gone. "I had made up my mind to stay here all summer and act the role of Harry Farrand, so that you would come to see me, so that our friendship would go on. My slipping back was play acting, my man of mystery attitude was play acting, my isolation was play acting. Nobody wrote to me and nobody came to see me, so I had adopted the role of sick hermit to save my pride. When you wrote I didn't reply. I was still keeping my role of sick hermit. But I had a better reason. I was afraid. I thought you would come once or twice and then get bored and stop. I didn't want that to happen. I couldn't have endured it. The memory of you meant too much to me. For at last,—and now his voice grew more natural—"I haven't deceived you in one thing. You were the princess—you are—you always have been and always will be. Even when I was an unwashed cub I used to hang around the garage, till I found out when you were going off in the car, and then I was sure to be where I could see you go. But—could I tell you that? What had you and Dan Farrand's son in common?"

Again he stopped, but still she did not speak.

"So when you came," he continued with an effort, "I play acted even with you. I had not planned to—I give you my word. But when you took me for Prof. Farrand's grandson, when you talked of the old garden, the temptation was too great. Don't you see? It gave me my chance to hold your interest for a little while. What chance would Dan Farrand's son have had? And remember you were the girl with the blowing hair, that I did all my acting for when I was a boy, whether or not you were anywhere around."

Again silence lay between them.

"I have not lied to you," she heard him resume. "I never claimed to be Prof. Farrand's grandson. And I knew every inch of the old garden," he explained dully, "for I had explored it a thousand times. Harry Farrand used to let me in on the sly. We could always keep out of the old man's way. That was one of our adventures—pretending he was the ogre and avoiding him."

His voice seemed running down from fatigue, but he doggedly kept on talking, as if now he feared to stop, lest she blast him with her reply. His face had taken on a look of grim acceptance.

"So now you know. You would have known today, anyway. I had realized that I must tell you the truth. I couldn't play act—with you—any longer. One does not play act with the woman one adores. O, yes, I'm going to say it, even though I am a beggar and Dan Farrand's son. And—I can't say I'm sorry I did—what I did. In my role as Harry Farrand, the role you yourself offered me and which I grasped, I stepped into your life for a few weeks. You will admit that I—I—took no advantage of it. I merely played my part. I gathered and piled up my memories. By God, I'm glad I did it," he broke out fiercely. "Those memories, at least, you can't take away from me."

He broke off short, leaned forward to stare at her, stretched out a desperate hand that failed to reach her, and uttered an inarticulate sound. Both her hands were covering her face, but between the fingers he saw tears. He recalled as abruptly as he had reached out to her. Those hands, he thought, were shutting him away,—those tears were the tears of hurt pride. Even as such he could not bear them.

"Don't," he begged, hoarsely. "Don't—don't cry. I—I can't bear it."

She took her handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her eyes.

"I'm—I'm an idiot," she stammered.

"You're an angel. Don't be sorry for me. Don't think you have broken me. Try to realize what you have really done for me. I have acted all my life, but now I have played my last role. I shall leave here as soon as Brown lets me go; and somewhere, somehow, I'm going to make a man of myself—in memory of you. So, you see, you have done all you tried to do for me, and more." His voice grew desperate, "Please, please don't cry again!"

Once more Miss Belden wiped her eyes. Then she spoke in a voice whose delivery was greatly handicapped by the childish gulps with which her words came out.

"I'm—crying—because—you—were—so lonely—and—you—were—so—stupid," she brought forth, "with—with your—self-reproach—and your—your—valedictories. I—I want—to—see—you—go—to—work. I want—to—to help you. And—and so will dad. Who cares whose son you were? I don't. Dad won't. And I don't see why you should think I am a snob. Those medals and wounds of yours make you anybody's equal. And—and—if you don't say some nice things—this—very—minute about that girl with the blowing hair—"

"Come here," cried David Farrand, in a new, triumphant voice. "Come here this instant or I'll—I'll tip over this wheel chair!" She came and the two clung together inside the wishing ring.

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A portable electric machine for setting screws and nuts has been invented that has a self-contained electric motor which can be operated from a light socket.

A "flying railway" is the claim of a French inventor, who says by using aluminum cars the railway could carry 60,000 passengers a day at 90 miles an hour.

The University of Pennsylvania has four expeditions in Egypt where excavators are searching for bits of information relating to the activities of men in past ages.

Chemists in Germany have produced a colorless, odorless liquid that will take wool mothproof without in any way injuring or changing the fabric that is treated.

**"Never Mind a Royal  
Crown—I Want Love!"**

(Continued From Page One.)

When she was only 13 years old she had earned the title of "Little Mother" among the country folk around the palace of San Ressore, near Pisa, where the royal family usually spends the autumn. She overcame in those early days the shyness naturally caused by the bar of royalty to mutual understanding in conversation.

"It is not my fault that I am a princess!" she once burst out to an old woman who steadfastly refused to thaw in her presence and remained standing in spite of the girl's insistence that she be seated.

Then Yolanda advanced and, putting her arms around the woman's neck, touched her shriveled cheek with her lips. All class distinction suddenly vanished in the wave of emotion on the old lady's part.

Another proof of the princess's disregard for court convention is her answer to an Italian tailor in this country who asked permission to make her any kind of a dress she desired if she would only send him her measurements.

"I want," she wrote to the horror of her ladies in waiting, "a perfect fitting riding habit, as I have never had one."

In due time the riding habit arrived. It fitted to perfection, and thus for the first time Yolanda wore something that had not been prescribed by her mother and the court dressmakers.

Lucky little princess of the "golden heart!" Wouldn't every other daughter of royalty be happier if she could have her own sweet way in love just as Yolanda has had? Perhaps more of them will, now that Yolanda and her soldier husband have shown what a little determination can do, even in the face of the sternest royal tradition.

An electrical apparatus has been invented by a mechanic in Prague which automatically displays illuminated signs in railway cars just before the arrival at each station.

An American inventor has found it possible to make a soap from corneal that will not only remove spots, and dirt from the skin, but will do away with stains and smudges on all kinds of fabrics.

A dental lamp which casts a beam of light through the teeth has recently been invented which eliminates a long-felt handicap to successful dentistry. The lamp tube contains a vacuum, so it will not become hot and burn the mouth.