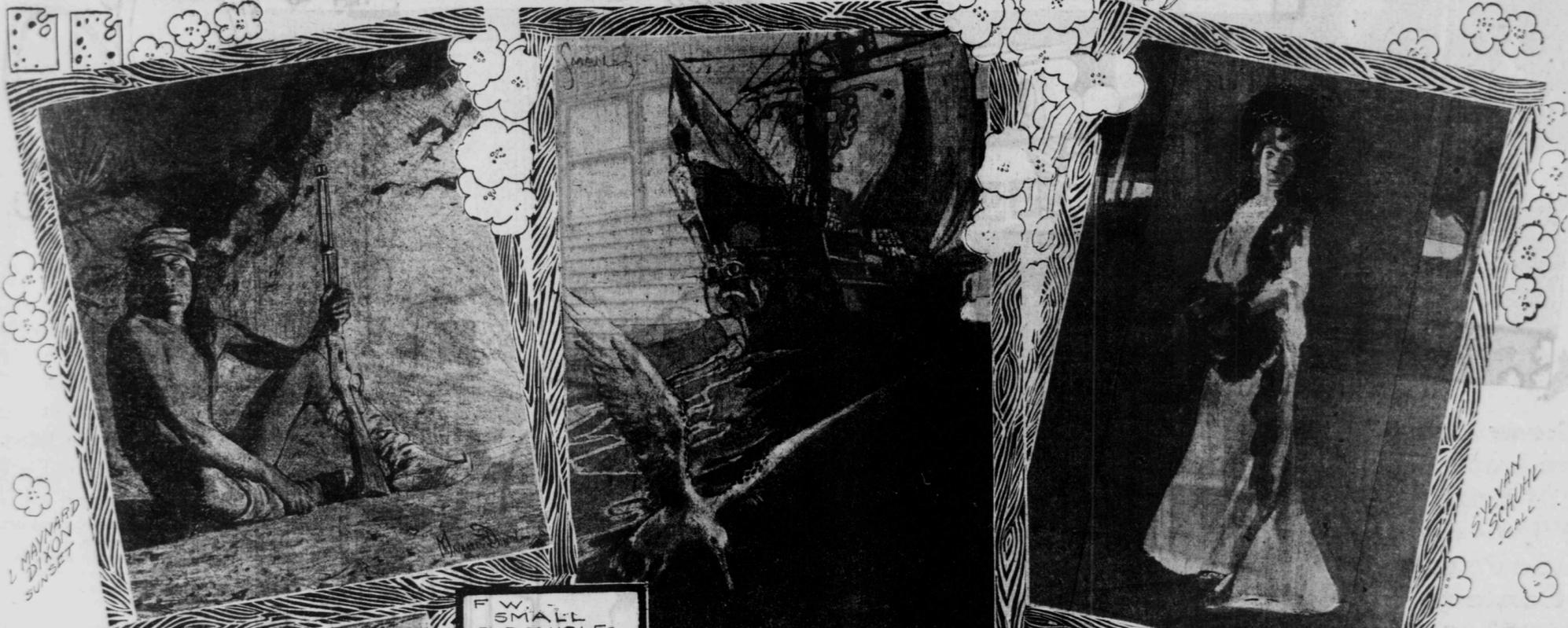


THE NEWSPAPER ARTISTS' EXHIBIT



F. W. SMALL
"CHRONICLE"

ADONICA
FULTON
"BULLETIN"

R. THOMSON
"CALL"

BERT A.
IGOE
"EXAMINER"

DAN C.
SWEENEY
"EXAMINER"

R. O. YARDLEY
"CHRONICLE"

THE newspaper artists are to the fore again and seem unusually pleased with themselves for being there. And the reason for all their glory is just this. Beginning on the eleventh day of October they virtually own the Maple Room of the Palace—and incidentally everything that is in it. For, be it known to the uninitiated, their second art exhibition will be opened with the flourishing of trumpets, and every man jack in the length and breadth of this city who follows the difficult row of newspaper or magazine illustrations will be represented. And well represented, too, for he has put forth his best work and has handled subjects of every description and worked in every "medium," from pen and ink to oils.

Last year a league was formed, for the hard-working everyday illustrators wanted to prove to the public in general and themselves in particular that they were capable of doing something better than fifteen-minute sketches, turned out under hard pressure, because another "two or three column" was waiting for them. They wanted to prove that there was plenty of ability and skill behind them, and they did it beyond their fondest hopes.

Nowhere else in the world does the newspaper man hold the unique position that he does in America. He cannot be a dreamer and work by fits and starts, according to inspirations, or else he will suddenly wake up to find himself on the ragged edge of nowhere. Unless he is up to snuff he is out in the cold. He must of necessity be versatile, quick-witted and well read, or he will be forced to earn his bread and butter by the sweat of his brow and not by the force of his pen. Unless he can take his daily assignments and turn out a finished product with remarkable rapidity, he is hopelessly behind the times and a back number.

And what is his reward? The product of his skill and brain lives for a day and then is lost. From first to last his work is done under pressure

and yet there is a degree of art in it that is little short of wonderful. In fact, he realizes that if he would get recognition of his work he must put a certain amount of excellence of execution in it and that it must have the idea behind it.

It may be all well enough and good to amuse the fickle public a minute or so daily, but this is not the ambition of the newspaper illustrator. Nine out of ten aspire to magazine and book work and when that step has been achieved they long and dream of the day when the wolf can be kept away and the larder supplied by the skill of the brush and not the pen. This, forsooth, is one reason why he tries his hand at a little of everything—pen and pencil, wash, water colors and oils, first one and then another, to see which medium is best adapted for his own particular style of work.

And so it is that the everyday lightning artist is slowly but surely working his way to prominence in his chosen profession. Almost in the dark as it were, for, while he is experimenting and gaining, the world sees his hurried sketches of daily happenings and gives his ability scarcely more than a passing thought.

It is rush, rush, rush, in a daily paper, with the men and women of the artroom above all other departments. There is no time to sit and dream and plan. And artists can't live on aspirations and day dreams. And so it is just because the best work of artists whose names are familiar to all newspaper readers cannot of necessity appear in the papers they work for that the league has been formed for the purpose of bringing to the notice of news-

paper readers and art enthusiasts in general the really splendid and high class work that can be accomplished by these hard worked newspaper artists when they take a brace and knuckle down. Incidentally lovers of fine work will have ample opportunity to buy.

Last year the league received such encouragement that they decided to follow in the footsteps of the Eastern artists and hold an annual exhibition of their work, both for competitive and practical purposes, and so well have they paved the way that the proverbial stumbling block, whose chief duty in life is to annoy and disturb genius, is absolutely non est.

So here's to the success of the league, the members of which, by the way, are the following:

Theodore Langguth, Chronicle; L. Maynard Dixon, Sunset; Gordon Ross, Chronicle; R. Thomson, Call; Haig Pattigan, Town Talk; Bert A. Igoe, Examiner; W. L. Cook, Call; V. Nahl, Examiner; J. Kahler, Bulletin; W. Francis, Call; Laura E. Foster, Bulletin; J. A. Cahill, Call; Adonica Fulton, Bulletin; F. W. Small, Chronicle; Charles F. Miller, Chronicle; F. V. Smith, Examiner; Frank Todhunter, Chronicle; L. C. Fedler, Chronicle; Oscar M. Bryn, Call; S. Armstrong, Call; R. G. Russell, Call; C. S. Donnelly, Examiner; H. N. Bunker, Chronicle; W. A. Coulter, Call; R. O. Yardley, Chronicle; G. A. Bronstrup, Call; Merle Johnson, Examiner; C. W. Rohrbach, Call; A. Methfessel, Sunset; Dan C. Sweeney, Examiner; Harry Warren, Call; William Stevens, Examiner; Ralph Springer, Examiner; H. G. Peter, Bulletin; C. D. Pitchford, Sunset; S. Schuhl, Call; Charles Schultz, Bulletin; G. Winemiller, Sunset.