DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1903.



The Vulgar Lady of Wealth and the Bank Note-His Caricature of Joe Chamberlain-Verbeck's Bears and May's Street Urchins:

Special Correspondence. London, Oct. 15 .- When Phil May, joking to the very end, died of consumption not long ago, the world lost one of its greatest fun makers, one of its cleverest humorist artists. Phil May could put more jollity itno a picture with fewer touches of his pen than any contemporary. In this peculiarity he is closely resembled by T.-S. Allen, the New York artist, whose favorite type is also the street gamin and who has often been called "the American Phil May." As a practical joker Phil May ranked with the late Eugene Field, and

he was a genuine humorist, for he wrote his funniest jokes himself. De-spite his great success—he was one of Punch's leading artists at the time of his death—he never took a drawing lesson in his life.

son in his life. Since he died the English papers have been full of anecdotes of May. One of them describes him as at a supper party in London, where he made an ex-quisite drawing on a menu card for the lady in whose honor the party was giv-en. This was seen by a wealthy wom-an present, who sent the waiter with a

pound note to the artist asking

do a similar drawing for her Mr. May, disgusted at the woman's impertinence, took a good look at her and then made an appallingly truthful and then made an appallingly truthful carleature of her features on the back of the bank noice, which he returned. During his visit to this country at the time of the Chicago World's fair, which he sketched for the London Graphic, May fell in with Frank Ver-beck, whose illustrations chiefly depict bears and other animals. They first swore an eternal friendship and then proceeded to pass an agreeable night. Rather late May leaned over the table and said: and said:

Ather late May paned over the data and said: "Verby, your bears are so charming -by the way, how many bears have you probably drawn in your time?" "About 3,000," returned Verbeck. "They are so charming that I sup-pose you must have gone out in the woods and made studies from the life." "Phil," replied the other, "Ive always lived in town. I never saw a the bear in my life. But your delight street children, now: you've studied them at first hand, I'm sure." "Verby," answered May solemnly. "I never saw a street child. I always travel in a sedan chair and with the curtains drawn. All my family are dukes except the ladies, who are more like what you might call duchesses."

One of the best of May's sketches hangs in the library of Joseph Cham-beriain. It portrays a thin, hangdog man in the prisoners' bar, talking to a very sympathetic looking judge. "Your face is familiar here," the

judge said. "It is, your honor-worse luck," re-turned the prisoner. "Are you married yet?" "Not yet, sir."

Not yet, ch? How long is it, now, that you have been engaged?" "Seven years, your honor." "So long as that? Why in the world

haven't you got married in all that "Because, your honor," the prisoner explained, "Ann and I haven't man-aged to be both out of jail at the same

time." It was the London street gamin who appealed most strongly to Pail May. The dirty, irresistible street urchin of the amoky, fog enveloped metropolis and as relations were to May sources of orstant delight. His "guttersnipe" fairs reeks of London and is sul gen-eris, sure enough. One can almost dis-cover the "his" he has dropped, smell the odor of the soft coal that permeates his clothes and hear his melodious, un-grammatical voice. The 'Arriets Mr. May drew exude a gentle perfume of gin straight from the public 'ouse, while their bonnets are marvels of Whitechapel confection. His Bills, Toms and 'Enerys, dirty of neckerchief, frowsy of linen and weird of hair, are poems in their way, photographic in their faithfulness of types. May's drawings proved very clearly that he possessed not only unusual in-sight into character of a developed hu-man being, the necessary intuition to pervoduce an impression of truthful portraiture, but his skilfull pencil ren-dered in an artistic synthesis the very It was the London street gamin who

depths of unwashed infancy and child-hood. He saw right into their souls and pictured what was there.

and pictured what was there. Indeed it was in his simplicity of technique that the germ of Mr. May's genius lay. One of his cleverest carl-catures was that of Joseph Chamber-lain in which by the use of that states-man's famous monocle he wrote the name "Joe" across the subject's face without the introducing of any super-fluous penciling. This simplicity was not always spontaneous however, for flucus penciling. This simplicity was not always spontaneous, however, for the artist sometimes first produced a finished picture, afterward erasing all but the salient lines.

finished picture, afterward erasing all but the salient lines. As he was always looking out for "types," so he was always on the qui vive for jokes. Everything was grist that came to his mill. When his fe-cund imagination ran temporarily dry, when accident failed to supply the beeded hint, he was glad to fail back upon the suggestions of friends or cor-respondents. He made a practise of jotting down upon his cuffs anything that he overheard or was told. "As almost every one thinks he has some-thing more or less funny to tell me as soon as we meet, you may imagine," said he, "the state of my cuffs after a day's outing. The cuffs are carefully copled out by my wife before they are sent to the laundry."

When Phil May went to London from Leeds he found himself as friendless and penniless as the hero of any boys' book. Taken from school at the early age of 12 years, his one enjoyment and pastime was drawing, mainly battle scenes, consisting of much smoke, with sundry bayonets emerging here and

pastime was drawing, mainly battle scenes, consisting of much smoke, with sundry bayonets emerging here and there. Observing the boy's devotion to art, his father sent him to an architect's to learn the art of fashioning plans and drawing elevations. In the architect's office May remained just two weeks. Then he joined a company of strolling

players at a salary of 12 shillings a

He drew caricatures of the leading actors, which were displayed in shop windows in the towns they toured in, and, as a rule, his part commenced and ended with, "Your carriage waits with-out, my lord," or something of that sort

sort. In 1885 May went to seek his fortune in Australia and joined the staff of the Sydney Bulletin, and four years later he returned to London to contribute to the St Stephen's Review, his first work for which was a sketch of Mr. Toole, the comedian. May's mode of working was peculiar-ly his own. He would hire a cab and drive all over London, from Pall Mall to Petitcoat lane. Lightning sketches were made of funny situations or queer characters: At swell bars Phil May saw the overdnessed "bounder" and

characters: At swell bars Phil May saw the overdressed "bounder" and committed the outline to his own shirt cuff. Elderly bons viveurs were en-countered in the empire lounge, and dividend days found London full of fine examples of elderly and fussy la-dies. Every one of May's inimitable sketches was taken from life, even if the whole had to be made up of a dozen different sketches, taken at different times in various places. The indefati-gable artist would even follow a good "specimen" down the Strand, now alongside of him and then in front of him, to get various effects of a valuable type. type.

Makes a Clean Sweep.



Good set of teth 5.00

tooth.. 5.00

