

upon a bench, who was saying his spelling lesson. Under it were these words: "Teacher—'Bobby, what does b-e-n-c-h spell?'"

"Bobby—'I don't know, mum.'"

"Teacher—'Why, what are you sitting on?'"

"Bobby—'I don't like to tell.'"

"My other school boy efforts were somewhat similar, such as any school boy might originate. One, for instance, was a professor reading from his lecture, with a little girl standing beside him with a statuette of Bonaparte in her hand. The professor meditatively exclaims: 'Analyze or break the bony part and the inside will be found to hollow out.' Following this were the words: 'So Ann Elizar breaks the Bonaparte, but presently hollers out herself.' I continued making cartoons like this throughout my school days. It didn't pay much, however."

"You were in the army, Mr. Beard; how could you pass the examining board with your deaf ears?" I asked.

"That is quite a story," replied Frank Beard. "I tried to pass the officers, but failed. I was just eighteen when Fort Sumter was fired upon. With the first shot an epidemic of patriotism broke out all over the north. Every one wanted to go right away and fight for the country. I got the epidemic and was crazy to go. I went down to Camp Dennison, near Columbus, Ohio, and attempted to pass the examiners. This was at the first of the war, and they were more particular then than later on. I knew they would not pass me if they discovered I was deaf, so I learned the order of the questions and committed the answers to be given to them. I met a number of men who had been examined, and I thought I had it down pat when I went in. It happened, however, that one of the board had heard something of my infirmity, and at his whispered suggestion the order of the questions was changed. Instead of asking me my name the first question was:

"'How old are you?'"

"'Frank Beard,' I boldly answered."

"'What is your name?'"

"'Eighteen years old,' was my reply."

"This went on for perhaps half a dozen questions when the officers burst into laughter, and I saw that it was no go. They refused to admit me into the service. I hung around the camp for a short time and was about to go home in despair, when one of the captains took pity upon me. He told me that I might go with his company without pay, and that he would get me a uniform and musket. He did so, and I served throughout the war as a private without pay. I did some sketching, but not much, and made just about as much out of my pictures as I would have received from Uncle Sam had I been on the regular pay rolls. This seems rather extraordinary now. You can hardly understand it. It was not strange in 1861. Patriotism was then alive. The country was on fire with it. There were thousands of young men who would have done the same."

"What was your regiment?'"

"My regiment was the seventh Ohio. We had a rather serious time during some parts of the war. A number of our officers were killed, but I escaped without being wounded. I underwent all the duties of a private soldier, though the officers were very lenient with me on account of my receiving no pay."

"You must have had some curious experiences?" I said.

"No, not particularly so," replied Frank Beard. "My life was that of the private soldier. I had perhaps a few more privileges than some others, but not many. I remember one funny thing which occurred during the campaign in West Virginia. Lieut. Col. Creighton was in command of our regiment. We were on a hard march, and we had gone for nearly a day without water. I was very thirsty, and I noted that the colonel's negro servant had a load of full canteens on his back. I concluded to have some of that water, and I assaulted him and grabbed a canteen. The colonel saw me and he came up and asked me what I meant by such an action. I replied that I was thirsty and that I was bound to have a drink. I said: 'You fellows riding along on your horses don't know how we fellows on foot suffer. You ought to get down and try it. If I had a horse like you I wouldn't grumble, and I wouldn't growl at the fellows who grabbed at canteens to save their lives.'"

"'Well' said Colonel Creighton, 'why don't you get a horse?'"

"'I would if I could,' I replied, 'but if I did you would not let me ride it.'"

"'Yes I would,' was the rejoinder."

"'Then where can I get one?'"

"'There is a cavalry regiment just behind us,' replied Colonel Creighton. 'It is in camp over there, two miles away. Why don't you go there tonight and take one?'"

"He said this, of course, in a joke. There was much liberty allowed between officers and men at the beginning of the war, and he had no idea I would carry out his suggestion. That night, however, I slipped out of camp and went to the cavalry regiment. I took the best horse I could find and brought it back with me. Before morning the cavalry was ordered to march on, and no inquiry was ever made about the horse. He had the letters U. S. branded upon him, and he was a first-class animal. The colonel carried out his promise and didn't object. I rode him for more than a year, and it was only through my peculiar position as an artist private that I was permitted to do so."

"The war was practically the mother of American newspaper caricature, Mr. Beard, was it not?'"

"Yes," was the reply. "The illustrated newspaper grew rapidly during the war. Before it the only cartoons of much account which we had were in the paper which I spoke of, known as 'Yankee Notions.' It is true there were cartoons, but they did not appear in the newspapers. They were drawn and lithographed and sold by the sheet. The cartoon most in vogue prior to the war consisted of stilted figures with words coming out of their mouths, and the words and not the pictures told the story. I think I am the author of what was perhaps the first war cartoon. It was in 1861, and it represented a southern march on Washington. General Scott was in command of the army, and was defending the capital. The rebels were threatening to march to the north. I made a cartoon representing General Scott as a big bull-dog with a cocked hat on its head, sitting behind a plate containing a bone marked 'Washington.'"

"Back of him were some tents and the American flag. In front of the bone,

and trembling with fear, cowered a lean, hungry hound, labeled 'Jeff Davis.' This hound was looking at the bone, but it feared to seize it. Under the cartoon were the words, 'Why don't you take it?' This cartoon made a great hit. It was lithographed, and we sold it in Cincinnati for ten cents apiece. It was copied all over the country. It made a great sensation. The newspapers published it and commercial houses had cuts made from it and put on their envelopes. Had I had the sense to have copyrighted it, I would have made a great deal of money out of it. But I was a boy then, and did not know as much as I do now."

"What did you do after the war closed?'"

"I went to New York and made sketches for the Yankee Notions. I did work on a number of different papers, and turned my hand at anything I could find to do in the way of sketching. I had a bad time at first, and sometimes I nearly starved. I have walked the streets night after night in New York because I had not enough to pay for lodging, and I have made many a lunch off of crackers and cheese. I could have gotten money, of course, by sending home but I was too proud to do so. After awhile, however, I got a foothold, and I did work on nearly all of the illustrated papers."

"Tell me something about cartoon making in America."

"The first paper that published cartoons was the Yankee Notions of which I told you. This was owned by a man named Strong, and it had a long run. Then Nick-nacks appeared, which was followed by the Comic Monthly and Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun. Then we had Vanity Fair and then Mrs. Grundy, illustrated by Thomas Nast and published by Harpers. Puck and Judge were later creations, and now the daily newspapers are publishing their cartoons."

"Speaking of the cartoon in the dailies, Mr. Beard, do you think it has come to stay?'"

"Yes," was the reply. "Pictures tell a story so much quicker than anything else that they will always be in demand. They have increased the circulation of the daily and Sunday newspapers, and they are improving in quality right along. I believe they will continue to improve, and that invention will make such processes of printing that we will be able to produce good work in the daily papers. I think the demand for good sketches increases. Printing must be illustrated nowadays, and the cheap processes will make an increased demand."

"What is the effect of this upon artists and illustrators?'"

"It increases their value, of course," replied Frank Beard. "But it also brings up a great crop of new sketches and of mediocre men. By the poor processes of printing now used in the papers the sketches of the best artist look scarcely better than those of the amateurs who scratch out pictures on the chalk plates in the country newspaper offices. Take Dana Gibson's pictures. They would lose half their force if published in the daily newspapers instead of in the magazines. Still, the increased demand helps the better artists, too. Prices are twice as high now as they have been in the past, and the demand for drawings has never been so great as it is now. It is