

wet season, during which the village agriculturists must work long hours in order to get the cultivation completed. The one problem, therefore, of the 800,000 villages of India, if poverty is to be avoided, is how to employ usefully the slack months of the year, in the dry season, when very little agricultural work is possible.

This problem, so it is asserted, was solved in ancient India by the use of the home spinning wheel and the village loom. Each village produced its khaddar, and thus saved the expense of purchase from abroad. The argument runs on that Lancashire during last century profoundly disturbed this village economic life of India by flooding India with cheap cotton goods. Little by little the temptation to buy these Lancashire goods and to wear them, instead of the coarse homespun, crept in. This

became the fashion in India even among the poor.

In direct consequence of this change the arts of home spinning and home weaving died out. India became almost entirely dependent upon foreign cloth. The villagers spent their spare time idly, instead of industriously. When famine came they had no occupation, nothing to fall back upon. They either died or else subsisted on Government doles. So the poverty of India increased. Therefore the modern economic solution of poverty in India is to find out a way to reverse the process by building up the village industries once again.

I have stated the argument without any qualifications. It will be necessary to examine it; for it means a new situation to be worked out, not only by the villages of India, but also by the Lancashire population.

THE TRIALS OF A CARICATURIST

BY BLIX

[The Living Age has already reproduced a number of caricatures by Blix, appearing in the Copenhagen Berlingske Tidende and the Swedish Göteborg Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning.]

From *Berlingske Tidende*, January 13

(COPENHAGEN CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

I HAVE drawn many people, and I must say that not all of them have been big enough to stand it. Persons with regular and fine features take on superior airs. They can never be caricatured enough. Recently I drew such a man. He would have been so grateful if I could have made a real caricature of him, for, as he said, 'No one has so far been able to find anything char-

acteristic in me, whereas my partner seemed to be made for caricature.'

'Was he so handsome, then?' I asked.

'No, but he was a hunchback.'

This is the common, old-fashioned conception of caricature: to bring out a man's external shortcomings. But something more is required. We want a man's true character, good or bad,



UNCLE SAM: Another entry less on the exchange list. In time the European-debt question will solve itself.

and if the caricaturist does not discover it in his features, then the result becomes either an indifferent portrait or an offensive distortion.

When I was twenty years old I published a collection of Scandinavian authors. My experiences were bitter for a young man. I dare only say that many of these authors, when they saw the drawings, developed in their rage a



STARGAZER: The year 1924 will bring blessing to mankind — Through the darkness I see a star shining over Europe — America extends a helping hand — The hope that failed last year and the year before is fulfilled — Now I see more clearly. . . .

CLIENT: Is it the salvation of Europe?

STARGAZER: No, the annexation of the North Pole.



CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHS

temperament that was lacking in their books. Since many of them are dead, and the majority were Danes, I must be careful of what I say. Björnsterne Björnson, when I met him later, could not find words to express how miserable he thought his picture was. 'But all the others were d—— good,' he said.

That is what they all say. It's always the others' pictures that are good. The only one who did not get angry was Jonas Lie — but he was almost blind.



With Apologies to Leonardo

Women who have been caricatured are the worst. I once drew Mme. Breval, prima donna at the Paris Opera, and because the sketch was to be published in *Le Figaro* I took extreme pains. When I was through, she wanted to see it. She did not faint — on the contrary, with a dramatic fervor one seldom sees on the stage, she tore the drawing into small bits. Then she asked anxiously what my price was.

I know of only one female caricaturist, and she was a fraud. It was the Empress of Russia. Once during the Russo-Japanese War I saw in a prominent English magazine some caricatures of Japanese generals. From the accompanying text I learned that they had been drawn by the Empress, who was described as a caricaturist famous in her own country.

I recognized them very well because I had drawn them myself. They had been published a year before in a French paper. I wrote to the editor of the paper, who replied that these caricatures had gone through the entire Russian press as her drawings. Since payment had long since been sent to the Empress, he did not feel inclined to pay again, but he offered his services if I desired to denounce her publicly.

I know many of the European artists, and I must say that I cannot understand how they are able to work. How can one draw when somebody stands and looks on? Once I sat in a theatre next to the famous French caricaturist, Sem, who was sketching an actress, and it struck me how awkwardly he worked. 'Now you can see for yourself that I do not know how to draw,' he said.

The fact, of course, is that Sem is extraordinarily intelligent and can draw well enough to make with a few strokes a profile over which all Paris goes mad. When the subject taxes his

skill as a draftsman too much, he hires, for fifty francs, some poor, gifted, and unknown artist to help him. I have also known great artists without intelligence, who, as they were not able to buy wit for fifty francs, now lie forgotten in their graves.

Humorists seldom grow old. Their work is killing. Just imagine having to produce on the dot something clever which thousands of people can sit and enjoy! The question is never asked whether the caricaturist is in the right mood; he seldom is. Usually he is a melancholy chap. It is very important for him to have his stomach in order.

Whether a caricaturist is often exposed to unpleasant experiences is a private matter, but it is helpful in his work that dueling is forbidden. Furthermore, there are delightful caricaturists, even of the popular kind, who see things with a kindly eye. Oberlander was such a one, loved and honored to the very last; and Caran d'Ache, who was more feared, once said something that made a deep impression on me: 'I don't believe that with a single line I have ever done anybody any harm.'

Personally I never read the funny papers. The world no longer cares for the jokes that are the only good ones — those that are true. Such jokes flourished in France under the Citizen King, Louis-Philippe, and reached their glory in *Simplicissimus* under Wilhelm II. Now the Germans ask only for bread, and the French only for tights, which have formed the principal contents of their funny papers for decades.

The English *Punch* has not changed in a century. Its artists still have the old style of humor: big heads and small bodies. One object is labeled 'Militarism' and another 'Parliamentarism.' How can modern folk rub their hands or slap their thighs at anything like that?

In America they draw something I

cannot understand: men or animals with teleplasms coming out of their mouths on which is written what the artist ought to have expressed in his drawing. When, for instance, you see a man with a bubble projecting from his mouth and on it you read, 'I'm very much astonished,' you are reminded of the author who wrote, 'I have no words to describe. . . .'

No, throughout the world there is no joy in the funny papers. They live on shears. Old copies are being cut up and new ones pasted together, and this is only natural. When people have to give up so many necessities, how can they afford luxuries such as humor and satire? And we caricaturists, who are the unlucky providers of such things, become discouraged.

KU HUNG MING

BY ALFRED DACHERT

[The distinguished Chinese scholar and philosopher, Ku Hung Ming, is already familiar to readers of the Living Age by reason of numerous articles from his pen which have appeared in these pages.]

From *La Revue de Genève*, January
(SWISS POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE most striking impression that the traveler in China receives is the uniformity of Chinese civilization. Whether you go to Nanking or to Nankou — cities as far apart as Madrid is from Nizhni Novgorod — you still see the cooks making the same spindle-shaped fritters, or the cutlers fashioning the same chisels with enormous rings and tiny handles, or the mothers caressing their babies all in the same fashion, as if the little things were bunches of flowers.

This external uniformity is but the reflection of a spiritual uniformity that is still more complete. Every Chinese is convinced that man is good, that existence is a privilege, and he finds an infinite happiness in being a part of life. It is pleasant for him to have many friends, many wives, many children, and he endeavors to make himself as dependent on others as he can.

The independence so beloved of Europeans is beyond his comprehension. He has, indeed, a kind of horror of it.

You ask yourself in astonishment what kind of constraint has been required for such complete unification of an empire big as a continent, in which so many people live, and where twenty-four different languages are spoken. You investigate the number of officials required in ancient China to arrive at this perfect unity, and you learn with amazement that there were only six thousand. Six thousand! Why, a single French Department would have more than that! And how, with so few officials, can it have been possible to control a country bigger than Europe, and to administer it so intensively?

It is true that these officials had some gendarmes at their back, but their true strength lay in another