Neysa Moran McMein

One of the most popular of magazine cover artists drops her pastels long enough to pose for an exclusive snapshot with Canac, her Esquimax dog. *Photo by C. Curtis.*

ARRESTED for stepping on the accelerator of her car a bit too persistently over on the Jersey side one day, an attractive blue-eyed, brown-haired chauffeuse was hailed into court before a magistrate, the nationality of whose forebears there was no mistaking. "Young lady, the charge ag'inst ye is speedin'. What's yer name?"

"Neysa Moran McMein, sor!"

"Is that so! Case discharged!"

And so it has ever been with Neysa—the artist folk up Fifty-seventh Street way all call her Neysa—hitting it up at full speed right down the middle of the road to success.

Born in Quincy, Ill. An only child and christened Marjory. One of the Chicago Art Institute's star pupils. First a fling at newspaper cartooning—soon chief millinery designer of Marshall Field's at $5,000 per. Then New York called, and eight years ago she came on to try her luck with the magazine publishers as a cover artist. All of you who read "McClures," "The American Magazine" and "The Saturday Evening Post" know how well she has succeeded. To borrow a verse from several that Ring Lardner wrote a couple of years ago:

"I manage before they are old and gone
To lamp each cover design,
And as sure as my name s not Jim Vaughn
I swear that, recently, all are drawn
By Neysa Moran McMein."

Miss McMein's talents are as manifold as her cover types and her experiences as colorful as her pastel box. With a girl companion, a newspaper writer, she travelled by motor boat along the coast of Algiers, joined a tribe of Arabs, was proposed to by a Sheik (refused him) and rode 100 miles across the desert sands on camel back. She has been entertained by Count Zeppelin (before the war, of course) and has made a flight in one of his giant dirigibles. She has written an opera (by the way, one of the songs in "Hitchy Koo 1919" is hers), has travelled extensively on three continents, has walked and ridden hundreds of miles in suffrage parades, has appeared on the stage in several of Paul Armstrong's plays, is an expert swimmer and rides a horse like a cowgirl.

A single poster decided her profession—until she painted it she couldn't make up her mind whether to be an artist or a musician. And we, for one, are glad she chose the former.

No, Neysa has never married, though she probably holds the world's record for proposals—2,100 in a single evening. While in France entertaining for the "Y" (her act included a song and dance, a bit on the mandolin, drawing caricatures and posters and doing a movie stunt) she was on one occasion, according to Ring Lardner, "appearing before an audience of 2,100 Yanks and midst them was a kid from her home town, Quincy, where it ain't no secret that she was christened Margery, so this kid hollers out, 'Why did you get your first name changed?' and she hollers back, 'Because I couldn't get my last name changed,' and the whole 2,100 of them jumped out of their seats and hollered, 'I'll change it for you!' "

Should you ever be fortunate enough to meet in person this charming little pastel expert you'll agree with F. P. A., who, on being attracted recently by one of her particularly striking magazine covers, soliloquized, "Drawn by Neysa McMein. Huh! So am I!"

The two pastels on this page are reproduced through the courtesy of The McClure Publications. The one to the left appeared as the cover of April "McClure's" and the one above as the cover of "McClure's" for June.