

Caricaturists and Their Work.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

MR. DUDLEY HARDY.



MAN of the middle height, twenty-eight years of age, auburn-haired, grey eyes glancing at you through a pair of *pince-nez* that give much character to his face, a moustache smartly twisted upwards, a tremendously broad-shouldered, deep-chested, narrow-flanked man, brimming over with wit and humour, alive to his finger-tips: and this is Dudley Hardy.

A large studio, the walls of which are decorated by his skilful brush from floor to



DUDLEY HARDY.
From a Photo. by C. H. Cook.

ceiling, and from which bright-eyed hours from the far East, or young women absolutely up-to-date, smile briskly down upon the curious visitor; a few beautiful rugs and cloths artistically and carelessly flung around, treasures from many distant lands lying in rich profusion, a general and, truth to tell, a *mélange* of infinite untidiness, an indescribable air of Bohemian ease and unconventionality: and this is the place in which the clever young artist lives and moves and has his being. I notice hanging upon the wall an engraving of his beautiful picture, "*Sans Asile*": Trafalgar Square at night, and

around the stately lions are crouched in varied attitudes the poor and destitute of a great city. A herculean labourer sleeps the wearied, restless slumber of the over-worked and underpaid; a powerful negro, in strange contrast to the little Cockney clerk beside him, gives character and movement to the scene; a tall, proud, beautiful woman, leaning against the pedestal of one of the lions, and whose face tells a sad story of poverty and suffering, gazes half sadly, half contemptuously, upon the mass of wearied and destitute humanity at her feet. A wonderful picture to have been painted by any man—marvellous it becomes when one learns that it is the work of a lad scarcely more than twenty years of age.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "of course it took me some time. I was walking home from the Savage Club one night, or rather early one morning, and I came across the Square. It struck me that the scene was worthy of reproduction. That night and for many nights I made careful pencil sketches and studies. I used to talk to the people, find out their histories, help them as well as I could, and so gradually I got into the spirit of the whole thing. Then I advertised



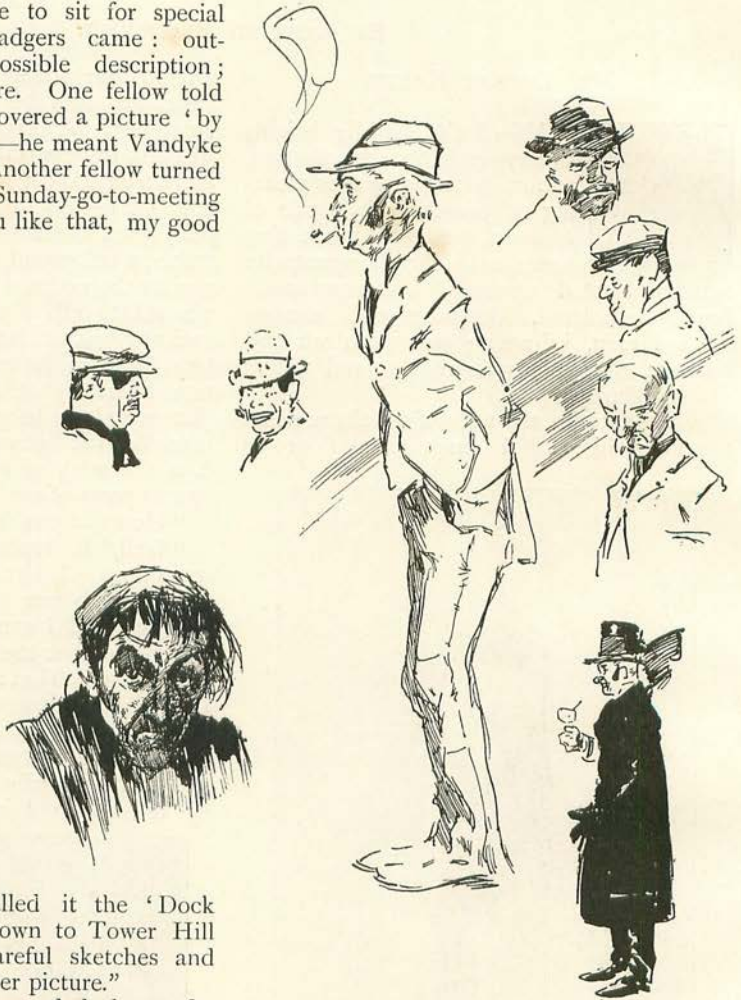
DUDLEY HARDY, AGE 9.
From a Photo. by Rowland Taylor, Edgeware Road.

for poor men to come to sit for special studies. Crowds of cadgers came: out-of-works of every possible description; and a queer lot they were. One fellow told me his mother had discovered a picture 'by a man named Wanduck—he meant Vandyke—worth £25,000!' Another fellow turned up very smart in his Sunday-go-to-meeting togs. 'I don't want you like that, my good fellow,' I said. 'I wanted you to come as ragged and dirty as possible.' 'All right, governor,' he replied, 'I'll soon make that right.'

"He walked off, and I, being rather curious to see what he was going to do, followed him. There he was, rolling in the mud and puddles! '*Sans Asile*' was exhibited in the Salon in 1889, and it has been on tour ever since. I was so pleased with this my first success in the '*Life of the Streets*,' that I planned and painted another picture dealing with the same phase of life, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy. I called it the '*Dock Strike*.' I used to go down to Tower Hill every day and make careful sketches and studies, just as in the other picture."

"You are going in a good deal now for 'advertising' art," I remarked, as the celebrated "*Yellow Girl*" in *To-Day* caught my eye.

"Yes," he replied, "I am, and I don't see why I shouldn't either. It pays well, and, without any cant or high-falutin', I think you can educate the masses to a great extent by improving the art of the advertisement. By this means you can make the streets the Royal Academy of the masses. They appreciate good work as well as we do, after their fashion. To do these things effectively, I argue that you must have them as simple and flat as possible in outline, and paint them so that they present a big brilliant flash of colour that catches the eye in a moment. No background: just a flash of light and life as one flies by them in a cab or carriage. The first one I ever did was, as you probably know, this '*Yellow Girl*' for Jerome's *To-Day*."



TYPES OF MODELS BY DUDLEY HARDY.

"'I want a striking figure illustrating a feature of to-day,' he said to me.

"I sketched a few then and there, and he chose the '*Yellow Girl*.' I did it in a week, rising from a bed of sickness to do it. The very first girl I met when I went out after I got well was a regular 'Arriet in that very costume, of course much exaggerated, flying down the street with her 'brolly' stuck behind her, exactly like the picture. Then came the '*Gaiety Girl*.'"

"Do you do them from models?" I asked.

"No; always done straight from my head. You very often in that way get more 'go' in them than you would working painfully and accurately from a model. I knock them out of my head first, then get a model and correct here and there, where necessary."

"Have you been long an artist?"

"My father is one," he replied. "T. B. Hardy, the sea-scape artist."

"Ah!" said I. "I know his work well. We have some splendid specimens of his at the Savage Club."

"Precisely. I was brought up in art; never knew any other atmosphere. Sketched at school, but never showed any special

MR. E. T. REED.

A VERY beautiful studio and a very æsthetic atmosphere, everything of the most perfect, greet the visitor to the now celebrated *Punch* Parliamentary caricaturist. He himself a young man, quiet, brown-bearded, with much charm of manner, and a pretty wit of his own; a son of Sir Edward Reed, the well-known naval constructor. Educated at Harrow, wide-travelled, trained for the Bar: capital preparation for the special artistic career which he has struck out for himself.

"I began my artistic career at twenty-two," he told me. "I studied for a while under Calderon and Burne-Jones—it is not generally known that Burne-Jones is a wonderful caricaturist. In 1889 I began



SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE EARL'S COURT ROAD. BY DUDLEY HARDY.

promise until I returned from abroad. I was at Dusseldorf for two years under Müller and Krowenstein; then to Antwerp and worked under Verlat. Then to London and worked on the Press. My first paper was the *Pictorial World*. I acted as their special artist in the Soudan. I never got farther than Hampstead, though," he added, with an amused grin of recollections at the way in which he had "faked" up moving scenes on the battle-field, and harrowed the innocent and unsuspecting public by his pictures of desert warfare. "My mother wouldn't let me go to the seat of war, so I had to do as best I could."



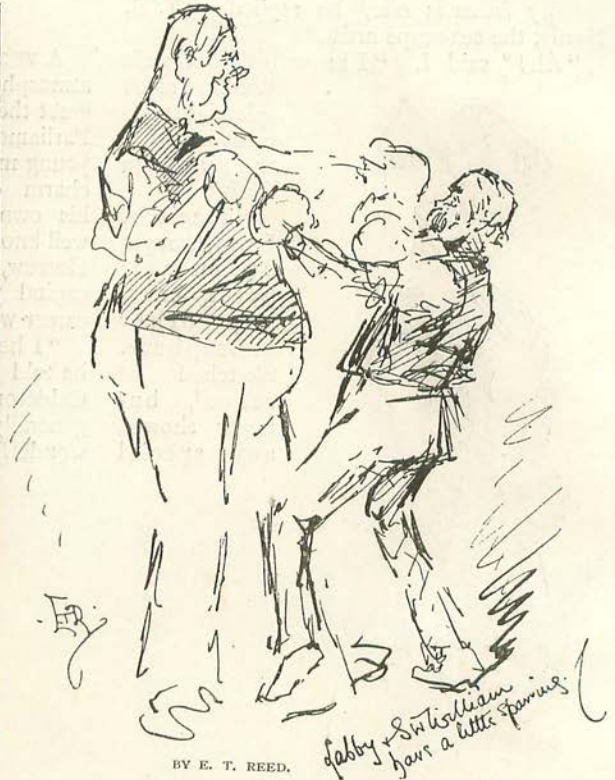
MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT. BY DUDLEY HARDY.



E. T. REED.

From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

black-and-white work for *Punch*. Some of my first sketches were done in the Law Courts, and very often I have worked from Frank Lockwood's sketches. I am very fond of wig and



BY E. T. REED.



BY E. T. REED.

gown, and the lighting of the Law Courts is very effective. The picture that first brought me out was the 'Slot-Policeman.' Then a sketch of Brighton Front; but social cuts are not much in my line. So I turned to the eccentric in art," and as he spoke he handed me the sketch of a skeleton, which he supposes is dug up many centuries hence—the skeleton of a bicyclist, which he calls "A Warning to Bicyclists," and which represents a gruesome figure, with bent back, tiny arms, and hugely-developed skeleton legs bowed over a bicycle. "Dr. B. W. Richardson referred to it the other day in a lecture on health and anatomy which he was delivering somewhere."

"What was the origin of your celebrated prehistoric sketches?"

"Well, I one day sketched a London cabby, who was supposed to have been dug up ages hence in the neighbourhood of the Cromwell Road. I showed it to Burnand, who was much taken with the idea: then came the primeval hansom. As soon



A STREET ARAB. BY E. T. REED.

as I found I had to take up Harry Furniss's Parliamentary work, I did a sketch of a prehistoric Parliament. I got in as many portraits as I could. The picture was a



BY E. T. REED.



BANTERING A WITNESS. BY E. T. REED.

of the prehistoric subjects. I suppose," humorously added Mr. Reed, "it is an easy way of learning the history of those far-off times."

"What is your method of caricature, Mr. Reed?" I asked, as I glanced round the beautiful room, upon the walls of which hung photographs and portraits of the leading men and Parliamentarians of the day.

"Well," he replied, "I go for a man's *expression*, and I try and caricature that more than his features, for if you take only a man's features, and do him constantly over and over again, you find yourself in the end very far away from the original face. I go down to the House. I carefully study a man. Next morning I sketch him from memory or

from very rough notes which I may have made in the House in my sketch-book."

"And who are your most difficult Parliamentary subjects?"

"Asquith, Morley, and Lord Rosebery. All clean-shaven men, all young-faced, all with great command of countenance."

"This is *not* personal," added Mr. Reed, with a smile, as he handed me the caricature of interviewing which is given at the beginning of this brief sketch of one of the cleverest black-and-white artists of the day.

MR. LESLIE WARD—
"SPY."

MR. LESLIE WARD, educated at Eton, and in that wider Vanity Fair of which the clever paper in which



CAPTAIN MACHELL. BY "SPY."

ever met. He is the son of a well-known Academician, whose wife, Mrs. Henrietta Ward, was the painter of that touching picture representing Elizabeth Fry passing through Newgate in the last century. His studio in Pimlico is a gallery of the times, for here upon the walls you see depicted the best known men of the day, the most familiar faces in the Row, at the play, upon the Bench, or in either of the Services. Lord Lytton "as he used to stand before the fire before going to dinner."

"He was a great friend of my father's," continues Mr. Ward, as he shows me a beautiful interior representing the dining-room at Knebworth. "That is almost the first picture I did. It practically determined my career as an artist."

Here, too, is my sketch of Corney Grain and Grossmith—the Giant and the Dwarf"; and



W. S. PENLEV. BY "SPY."

his bright and "fetching" work appears is the faithful mirror, is the very youngest looking man of four-and-forty that I have



A. W. PINERO. BY "SPY."



MR. JUSTICE CAVE. BY "SPY."

I may remark they are both excellent likenesses, scarcely even caricatures, so cleverly has Mr. Ward caught the characteristics of each.

"What is your method in caricature?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I catch hold of the leading feature and slightly, very slightly, exaggerate. I don't mean facial or physical features exactly, so much as that characteristic by which each man is known best to friend and foe alike.

"Yes, that's a sketch of Dan Godfrey. As you see, it was snowing hard on that morning; he was conducting at the guard-mounting at St. James's Palace."

"Do you often get regular sittings?"

"Well, only now and again. Frequently I have to make the best of very poor opportunities. For instance, having learned that Canon Liddon walked regularly at a certain hour in the Broad Walk in Oxford, I lay in wait for him. Punctually to the moment he appeared. I followed him up and down so persistently that at last—taking me, I suppose, for a fervent admirer—he turned and bowed to me with a very pleasant smile. Cardinal Newman, too: I saw him get out of a railway carriage and run into the refreshment-room for a cup of tea. I flew to the same table, ordered a cup of

boiling fluid, and studied him carefully all the time."

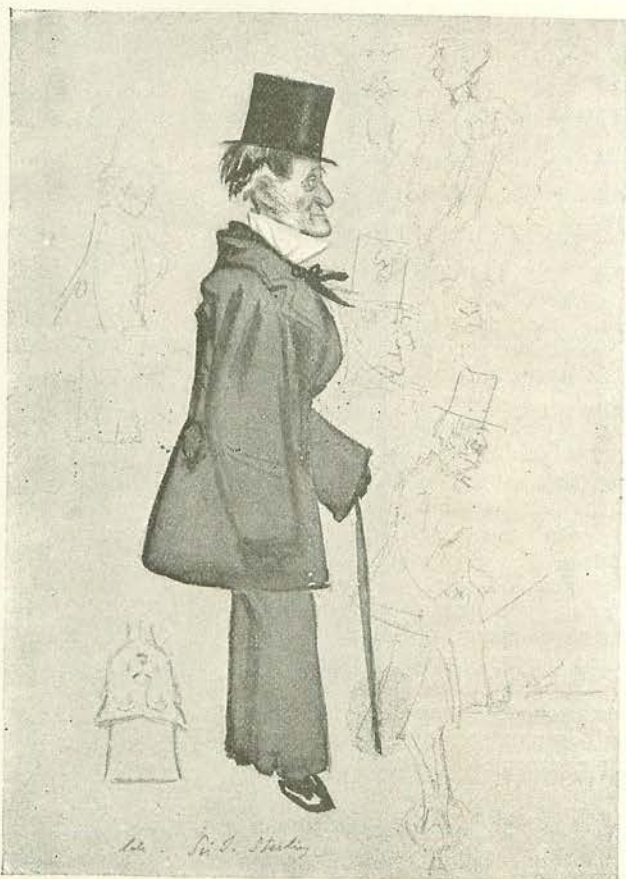
"But you can't sketch them at such times?" I objected.

"Oh, dear me, no!" he laughingly replied. "I make the vaguest notes: a line here, a dot there, anything to give me an idea, though they would be absolutely meaningless to anyone else. Then I come home to work out quietly what I have done. Now and again I get a regular sitting. Cardinal Vaughan was here, in this studio, for a long time."

"Some are good subjects, some are not!" was the rather obvious remark I made as I absently turned over the pages of an auto-graph book in which the name of almost every well-known man of the day was written.

"Why, of course. Indeed, I have got into a habit of dividing humanity into two classes—those made for *Vanity Fair* and those who are not."

"Do your subjects ever quarrel with your portraits of them?"



SIR J. STERLING. BY "SPY."

"Well, no; hardly that. I remember when I had done a portrait of old Dr. Goodford, Provost of Eton—old Goody, as we called him—he said, 'Surely that can't be me? I never stand like that.' But one day shortly after, he was walking down the 'High,' and catching sight of himself in a window, he said, 'Yes, that *Vanity Fair* man was right after all.' No, I never do women—stop a moment—with one exception: I once had a caricature in *Vanity Fair* of the fair Georgina Weldon. To make a portrait of the 'Master,' I used to attend his lectures at Balliol in cap and gown."

"Do your 'notes' ever fail you?"

"Very rarely. Sometimes a face will go altogether, and, do what I will to recall it, I fail, until it suddenly flashes quite vividly before me, often just as I am falling asleep. Needless to say, I record it at once. Yes, that's a fairly good one of Barnum. He was staying at the *Métropole*. I used to go there and have my breakfast at the next table to his, and so I managed to sketch him."

"What is the best caricature you have ever done, Mr. Ward?"

"Lord Haldon. I laugh myself when I look at it. You asked me just now if people were ever very angry. I remember one occasion. There was a certain old nobleman, a great friend of my parents. He said to me one day:—

"Now, look here, Leslie, you have done sufficient of these dons and clerics; people want you to do some well-known society characters. Do me."

"So I did a very fairly good caricature of him. He was furious. My mother

met him shortly afterwards, and asked him to dinner.

"'No,' said he; 'I'll never enter your house again while your son is in it. I couldn't contain myself if I saw him.'

"Now and again people have written angry letters to my editor, inclosing a batch of photographs to show 'how they have been libelled,' but such cases are very rare."

MR. HARRY FURNISS.

To detail Mr. Harry Furniss's methods of caricature is to go over a very oft-trodden ground indeed. How he pursues his victims on horseback, how he runs them to earth in the House of Commons, how he has caught them stepping into a railway carriage, all unconscious of the keen eye and the rapid pencil, the never-failing accuracy with which each well-known peculiarity has been portrayed:

have not these things been recorded a hundred times? Are not the methods of the clever little whilom artist of *Punch* known to the simplest dwellers in the farthest corners of our great Empire?

Therefore will I not take up the precious space allotted to me by the retelling of so oft-told a tale. Rather I will break new ground. He was on the very eve of producing his now familiar paper, *Lika-Joko*, and was up to his eyes in work when I went to see him for the purposes of this article.

"Ah," he said, as I entered the room. "Here I am, you see, a full-blown editor. I am forming quite new ideas on the subject of journalism."

"And what do you think of caricature?" I asked.



HARRY FURNISS. BY HIMSELF, AFTER THE MANNER OF WHISTLER.

"I have been asked that so often," he replied, "that it is difficult to say anything new on the subject. Now, however, I am not only a producer, but I am a purchaser, and I have some new ideas gained from my new experiences. I think at present that there is really more talent artistically in the ranks of the caricaturists than ever, but less judgment, by which I mean that caricaturists nowadays are chiefly copyists. They are led instead of leading. Take Phil May, for instance: an imitation of him and his style is fatal, because that facility of his, like all facility that is good, is only gained by experience and hard work; but it can be jumped at or imitated so easily that the imitator does not see his work shows even in a slight line a great want of excellence. Now, if a beginner imitates a different style—say, for instance, that he went in for pre-Raphaelitism—his work would always benefit, because, though he might fall short of



Q. C. M. P.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
BY HARRY FURNISS.

pressionism he will probably sink, and his reputation, at all events, will never rise beyond mediocrity. And so you see your Dudley Hardys and your Phil Mays, however clever they individually may be, have anything but a good effect on those who are coming on. I am now speaking in the editorial chair, and in striving to get new men of talent I have first to show them that, although imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, yet



THE G. O. M. PERSONALLY CONDUCTED THROUGH THE R. A.
BY HARRY FURNISS.

the excellence of the master of pre-Raphaelitism, yet, their style being over-elaborated, he has to master many difficulties and, therefore, he gains experience. But whilst he is striving to keep afloat by grasping at the mere straw of im-



THUMB-NAIL SKETCH. BY HARRY FURNISS.

*By Hand Laugh
14 of Cinnons*

flattery costs nothing, and will fetch nothing, and no artist or literary man can sell his wares in an over-stocked market if he is a mere imitator and wants to sell imitations of others, too slight, really, even in the originals, and much more so without the appendix of a well-known name. Nowadays, people to succeed must be original, and the day is fast coming when the public will demand more substantiality than this mere facility, so rife at present."

Here is a funny story, though he did not tell it me himself, that went the round of the New York clubs when Furniss visited the States two years ago. Be it known that American journalists and American *flâneurs* affect to regard *Punch* as a production absolutely devoid of humour, and inasmuch as it is a paper written "by gentlemen for gentlemen," it probably fails to secure general appreciation in journalistic America, though in certain circles it is as popular in the great Republic as it is here. Two men were quarrelling violently in a club smoking-room.

"I tell you I saw a man sitting here an hour ago laughing over a copy of London *Punch*."

"Impossible!" replied his companion. "I don't believe there is a man in America who *could* laugh over London *Punch*."

The discussion waxed furious, and at last bets were made on the subject. Suddenly a thought struck the second man.

"What was the fellow like you saw reading *Punch*?"

"A little, sandy-bearded man, with a rather bald head and a big moustache."

"Ah!" replied his interlocutor, "now I see. *Why, that was Harry Furniss himself!*"



BY HIMSELF.

hand in front of it. A roar of laughter greets the appearance of a coster lover or a typical



BY PHIL MAY.

'Arriet upon the board; a few swift strokes, drawn by an unerring hand, and the two most popular actors of the day, Henry Irving and dear old Johnny Toole, are presented to the enthusiastic crowd. They disappear to make way in a moment for the features of some well-known politician. And yet a few years ago the young artist, celebrated throughout the world, was a strolling player, picking up a few precarious shillings here and there, sketching now and again the features of his



BY PHIL MAY.

comrades for display in the shop windows of the towns through which they might be passing. But excellent practice for the young Yorkshireman, whose work was so soon snatched up by the quick-witted editor of *St. Stephens' Review*. Then he passed to the full tide of life in Australia, and here every phase of existence was mirrored by his faithful pencil for the many readers of the *Sydney Bulletin*, declared in those days by

its admirers to be the most humorous paper in the world. For four years England knew him not, but in 1889, after a few months' hard study of the "Immortals" in Rome, he returned to his native land to crowd the illustrated magazines of every description with his brilliant work.

Though giving the appearance of great rapidity, yet in reality Mr. May is a most painstaking workman. As Mr. Spielman has well pointed out in a delightful article in the *Magazine of Art*, "he will watch his victim and sketch him with the most deliberate care and conscientiousness; he will even 'get him in bits' if it is necessary, and not infrequently, when he returns to his studio, the artist will find that he has the nose on one page of his note-book, the eye on another, and the muscles about the mouth on



A STUDY. BY PHIL MAY.

fast asleep with his head pillowed on the paws of a magnificent lion, and crying out to him as she retires baffled from the scene, "You coward," or who has not smiled at the drunken loafer asking the barmaid if his friend had called in that night, and who, on receiving a reply in the affirmative, merely remarked, "Was'h I with him?"

"F.C.G."

FOR by those initials Mr. Carruthers Gould, the popular caricaturist of the *Westminster Gazette* and *Truth*, and one of the few Radical members of the Stock Exchange, is best known the world over. More than one of the leading artists of the day have assured me that his skill in presenting an absolutely faithful portrait, even in an excruciatingly funny caricature, is unsurpassed, if indeed it is not absolutely unequalled by any other caricaturist known. He is, as the very clever portrait of him which is here presented shows—and which was done by his son, Alec Carruthers Gould—a tall, broad-shouldered, singularly genial man. He is possessed of very decided political opinions indeed.

"I could not be a caricaturist if I did not hold the most definite opinions on political matters," he once told me. "I am an out-and-out Radical. I have never had any regular artistic career, so that the faculty of personal caricature has simply eaten out through the shell.

"Almost the first victim I practised on when I was a boy was the borough gaoler. He lent himself well, and I am afraid I was ruthless. One thing that used to exasperate him to desperation was a back view of him, exactly like the hinder part of an elephant.



MR. H. JACKSON. BY PHIL MAY.

a third; and to obtain a likeness these must all be pieced together." And then models are procured, and each detail of dress and pose is worked out with the utmost care. And no less remarkable than the beauty and exactness of his work is the man's sense of humour.

Who does not recall the furious wife shaking her fist at the drunken lion-tamer

By an arrangement of tail and head, which would slide up and down, I could present to him alternately the back view of himself or of the elephant. He went to the Mayor at last and complained of the persecution. His worship tried to pacify the complainant.

"'But, zur,' said my irate model at last, 'that bain't the worst of it, zur: why, he's been a caricaturin' o' yew, too!'

"Which was perfectly true. The gaoler evidently thought that his worship would immediately order me off to the lowest dungeon under his control—but he didn't, for he was a kindly man. Here are one or two sketches illustrating this.

"With regard to political caricature, my faculty as far as the drawing is concerned lies in the powers of grasping and recollecting the features which give the life-like

expression to a face, and then I am able to work up to it, knowing exactly when I have succeeded or where I fail in catching the life. As for the political side, that comes from a close study of and interest in politics. Then the principal thing is to translate your idea into lines that shall tell the story or point the moral clearly and dramatically by itself.

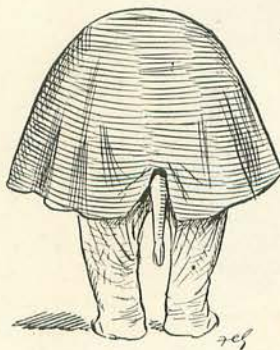
"One often hears of dashing off a caricature. That may sometimes be done by a happy inspiration, combined with a facility of draughtsmanship. But I find it necessary to work out the simplest political picture carefully and as systematically as if one were working out a problem in mathematics. There must be no weak point. Besides my political work I am very fond, when I have leisure, of doing and illustrating short children's stories. You can take a few specimens of this sort of work which I have done at different times. I have also illustrated for Fisher Unwin a translation of 'Brentanto's Fairy Tales.'"



MR. CARRUTHERS GOULD.
BY HIS SON.



HIS WORSHIP. BY F.C.G.



THE BOROUGH GAOLER. BY F.C.G.

