

VANITY FAIR:

A Weekly Show of Political, Social, and Literary Wares.

"That which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares."

A VISIT TO "VANITY FAIR."

BY J. D. SYMON.

Illustrated by "Vanity Fair" Artists; JAMES GREIG; and from photographs.



It was with a very pardonable misgiving that the interviewer drew nigh to Vanity Fair, for he remembered the misadventure of Bunyan's pilgrims in that place. Moreover,

he ran a double risk, for his profession requires him to be at once Christian and Faithful. But, as the event showed, apprehension was needless; the visitor enjoyed his sojourn, and departed marvelling greatly at those who imagine they have been jostled by the showmen. True, there may be several ways of getting into Vanity Fair, but on this point it is impossible to speak. The interviewer experienced but one way, and that was a way of pleasantness. As he knows, therefore, so must he speak.

To leave parables alone, the other day it was my good fortune to meet Mr. Oliver A. Fry, the famous

"Ruffler," editor and manager of *Vanity Fair*, and to hear from him the history of that journal, the pioneer of Society papers. At first, when I asked for history, Mr. Fry declared that none existed, but on a hint that such a defect could readily be made good, he spoke.

"As you are probably aware," said Mr. Fry,

"*Vanity Fair* was founded by Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, M.P. Mr. Bowles was the leading spirit of a coterie of smart young men about town who, in the sixties, conducted and privately circulated the little paper known as *The Owl*, which had, in its way, a brilliant career. At that time Mr. Bowles was on the staff of the *Morning Post*, and it was through a little difference with the editor of that paper that he was led to independent enterprise. Sir Algernon Borthwick declined to print one or two of Mr. Bowles's articles as being too outspoken, whereupon Mr.



From a photo by]

[Passingham, South Audley Street, W.

MR. O. A. FRY.
(Editor of "*Vanity Fair*.")



(April 27, 1889.)

"APE."

The late Signor Carlo Pellegrini.
(A cartoon by Mr. A. J. Marks.)

Bowles swore that he would have a paper of his own. He had three hundred pounds—his 'Owls' (two of whom are now Ambassadors) stood by him to a man—so he went to work, and in three weeks' time the new paper was launched under the title of *Vanity Fair*. It had an immediate success, and became the model—perhaps I should say the despair—of all subsequent Society papers."

"Did your series of cartoons begin with the paper, Mr. Fry?"

"No. The first number appeared on November 7, 1868; but it was not until January 30 of the following year that the first cartoon was published. Our earliest artist was that extraordinary genius, 'Ape,' the late Carlo Pellegrini, an Italian refugee, who fell into the service of *Vanity Fair* quite accidentally. Mr. Bowles happened to meet Pellegrini at dinner at the house of a friend, who asked Mr. Bowles why he didn't have Pellegrini to do some caricatures for his

paper. The idea was taken up, and shortly afterwards Pellegrini's picture of Beaconsfield electrified the town and sent the price of *Vanity Fair* up to a shilling. This cartoon was closely followed by one of Gladstone, which I consider a better picture than the Beaconsfield. Here it is," continued Mr. Fry, placing the first volume before me; "and, by the way, there is one thing I should like you to note about it. Mr. Harry Furniss is said to have invented the Gladstone collar, but if you look at Pellegrini's work you will see that the collar had been revealed to the public before Mr. Harry Furniss's day. The cartoons then became an institution, appearing with wonderful regularity, considering how erratic the great 'Pilgrim' was. He would flatly refuse to tackle any subject he didn't like, or he would insist on doing something that had caught his fancy. 'Ape' had to be allowed plenty of rope; indeed I may say that he was a sort of chartered libertine in art. He used to surprise his



(July 13, 1889.)

"TOMMY."

(Mr. Thomas G. Bowles, M.P., who founded "*Vanity Fair*" in 1868.)

sitters by his methods. When he wanted to catch a likeness he would get the subject into his rooms and entertain him with *contes drôlatiques*, never lifting a pencil all the time. Then suddenly he would exclaim, 'There, that will do. I have got you!' If the sitter expressed surprise, Pellegrini, tapping his forehead, would say, 'Yes, yes, I have got you here in my head;' and so the sitting ended. Of course sometimes his scheme did not permit of his meeting the victim, so 'Ape' would shadow the subject for days until he had fairly caught him.

"Pellegrini's portrait, by Marks, appeared in *Vanity Fair*, but the cartoon is not wholly successful, for it lacks the distinctive humour of 'Ape's' outward man. Pellegrini's work is now most ably carried on by 'Spy'—Mr. Leslie Ward—who will tell you his own story, for I expect him here immediately with some new drawings. One thing however Mr. Ward will not tell you, so I must do it myself. It is quite a mistake to say, as some people do, that Mr. Ward's work falls short of Pellegrini's. That is not the case; it is in many respects better. His caricature is more refined, more subtle; he has the gift of faithfully catching a person's peculiarities and of giving them just the right degree of accentuation. His caricature does not consist in attributing to his subjects features that they do not possess. It is equally a mistake to say that Mr. Ward is a mere imitator of Pellegrini. A comparison of their works will sufficiently prove the individuality of the two artists."

"Then the reception of the cartoons," I suggested; "is it lawful to inquire how the subject views himself?"

"In all cases of course the honour is beyond dispute, but some subjects are more delighted than others. A few curious mortals, indeed, have not been delighted at all. The 'friends' of the subject are invariably gratified; they always acknowledge the fidelity of the drawing which an occasional subject has been known to call in question."

"Did you ever receive a visit from a 'person represented' who desired to talk the matter over with you?"

"Very seldom. I'll tell you of one remarkable case. The cartoon was undeniably severe, so I was not altogether surprised when the subject was announced. 'Show him in,' I said. A baronet entered. 'I felt I must call,' he said, 'to thank you for the really admirable cartoon of me you published last week.' 'It's really very kind of you to say so,' I replied. 'Oh,' he returned jocosely, 'if a man can't laugh at himself he has no right to laugh at anybody.' It was an unusual incident. I can't recall another like it in all my experience of *Vanity Fair*."

"Your connection with the paper is not of yesterday I know, Mr. Fry."

"It dates almost from the time I came down from Oxford.

In 1879 I became a contributor. I thought *Vanity Fair* a great paper, and sent some paragraphs to Mr. Bowles. The paragraphs were accepted. I became a regular contributor, and finally I joined the staff as Mr. Tiller's assistant. Then I became editor; and when Mr. Bowles sold the paper he sold me with it. I now have an interest in *Vanity Fair*, the balance belonging to my old college friend Mr. A. G. Witherby, who years back contributed to the paper, and has



(January 30, 1869.)

MR. DISRAELI.

"He educated the Tories and dished the Whigs to pass Reform, but to have become what he is from what he was is the greatest Reform of all."

("Ape's" first cartoon in "*Vanity Fair*.")

also supplied occasional—too occasional—drawings. The cartoon of Mr. Montague Shearman, which you reproduce, is by him, signed, you will notice, 'Wag'—a transposition of his initials. He is the best of proprietors, full of ideas, and the truest of friends—a man you would do anything for. For the last seven years I have been constantly on duty, and have brought out every number but one. The first time since 1888 that I have been out of town for more than five days was when I went to New York just lately, when I left Mr. Oakley Williams, my assistant-editor, in charge. During my editorship we have never had a libel action, which means, in a paper like *Vanity Fair*, that we have been wonderfully accurate in our facts."

The robust front that *Vanity Fair* presents to the world reminded me that Mr. Fry was in his day a great athlete, so I asked him for some account of his prowess.



(February 6, 1869.)

MR. GLADSTONE.

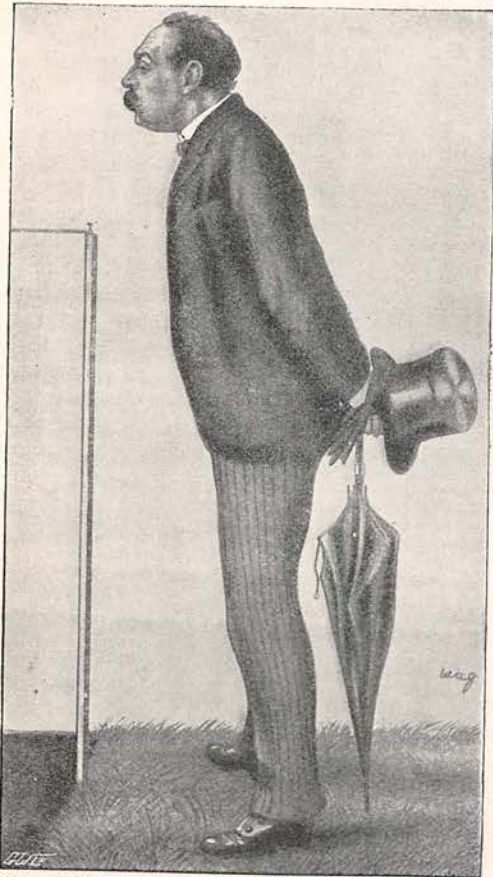
"Were he a worse man, he would be a better statesman."

(*"Ape's"* second cartoon.)

"That old fiction again!" he exclaimed, turning to his assistant-editor, Mr. Oakley Williams, who had joined us a moment earlier. "I don't know how the report of my being an athlete arose, unless it be that I'm a namesake of Fry of Wadham. I know of no grounds for the accusation."

In my extremity I also turned to Mr. Oakley Williams, and suggested that he should help me to bring the charge home. "The only foundation for the story," said the assistant-editor, "is that Mr. Fry was a big sprinter at the 'Varsity, where he helped to found a football club that was never beaten—the—what was the name of the club, Fry?"

"The Etceteras," said the chief unwarily; "and oddly enough Mr. Witherby was another of the founders." Then seeing that the game was up, he made a clean breast of it and confessed that at Oxford, besides organising "The Etceteras," he had rowed for his college (St. John's), and had belonged to a crack college football team which had



(July 4, 1895.)

MR. MONTAGUE SHEARMAN.

(Cartoon by "Wag.")

done big things; "but the credit of that," he said, "belonged to fifteen men, *quorum pars quindecima fui*." Under pressure, Mr. Fry owned to yet another athletic taste. "If he remembered rightly, he thought he was able to swim a little."

Having thus successfully convicted Mr. Fry of being an all-round man, I led the conversation back to *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Fry took me round his room, where many interesting pictures by the *Vanity Fair* artists are preserved, and showed me the beautiful series of portraits of eminent ladies by M. Chartran which appeared a good many years ago. One of the finest is that of Gladys, Lady Lonsdale—now Lady de Grey. These cartoons, of course, are serious portraiture; courtesy forbade caricature. Once or twice however something different was permissible, and of this variation Pellegrini's amusing study of the notorious Mrs. Star is the most striking example. This was Pellegrini's only drawing of a woman for *Vanity Fair*.

"Are amateurs anxious to contribute drawings?" I asked.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Fry. "Here, for example, is one of 'Roddy' Owen, on horseback, sent me from India, and another of Umra Khan, forwarded from Chitral. It was kind of the senders, seeing we had no artist on the spot. The drawings are not wholly bad."

"No," said someone who had just entered. "But how neatly the draughtsman has dodged the necessity of drawing 'Roddy's' face by turning his head aside."

The critic had a right to speak, if ever critic had, for he was none other than the great "Spy," Mr. Leslie Ward himself.

A chat with Mr. Ward followed, but as his time was limited he asked me to call on

him at his studio at an early day, so that we might discuss his work more at our leisure.

With Mr. Fry I lingered a few moments longer while he commended the lithographic work of Messrs. Vincent Brooks, Day and Sons, who have always reproduced the *Vanity Fair* cartoons. Though other systems, including French methods, have been tried, there are objections to all. Time is of course a great object, and the lithographers have, on emergency,

been able to do a picture in a few days by their process. Mr. "Ruffler" also boasted to me of his staff. "All our people stick to us," he said; "a fact that I am very proud of. There is Mr. Barton, my head printer—we print ourselves, you know. There are two floors above full of cases. Barton helped to compose the first number of *Vanity Fair* when it was printed outside. For a time he was on the *Pall Mall Gazette*; then when Mr. Bowles parted with *Vanity Fair* he was asked to take charge of it upstairs. And I could gratefully praise all the members of our other departments, only your space would not permit."

"By the way, will you satisfy my curiosity as to who were the owners of the initials lately appended

to cartoons of Edouard Strauss, the Viennese conductor, Dean Hole, and Lord Londonderry?"

"Well I don't think Mr. F. T. Dalton will mind my telling you that he drew Dean Hole and the Marquis of Londonderry. Mr. Eardley Norton did the cartoon of Strauss."

As to the literary contents of his paper, Mr. Fry thought it would not be wise to betray the identity of any of the mysterious writers. "Jehu Junior," he declared, was



(October 6, 1883.)

CHARTRAN'S PICTURE OF GLADYS, COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.



MR. LESLIE WARD—"SPY."
(Drawn by himself from a reflection in a mirror.)

not a composite character. Once upon a time of course the furious driver was related to Mr. Bowles, but beyond this admission Mr. Fry would not go.

He was delighted however to unbosom himself about America. "I have seldom," he confessed, "met an American I liked, or an American woman that I did not like. They are a different race, these American women. They are charming. I attribute this in great measure to the fact that they are brought up on English literature, while the man in America reads nothing but American newspapers."

"A final word as to *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Fry. What is your candid opinion of it?"

"I need hardly say that I think there is no other paper like it, and I am vain enough to suppose that some other people agree with me in that opinion."

"SPY."

It was written in the book of Fate that Mr. Leslie Ward should become an artist, or, to speak more correctly, that he should follow the profession of art, for he was an artist from the beginning. His father, Mr. Edward Matthew Ward, R.A., so much disliked his son's predilection for drawing

that on sending him to Eton he charged the masters to take the pencil out of the young man's hands whenever they caught him indulging the ruling passion. They had to do so pretty often. Finally, seeing that his son must follow art in one form or another, Mr. Ward determined that it should be in a very practical way and accordingly placed him in an architect's office.

"The artistic portion of the architectural work," Mr. Ward confessed to me when I called on him at his studio in Pimlico, "I liked well enough; but oh, I loathed the bricks and mortar!" and "Spy" signified by a comical glance that he still retains a very lively dislike of his matter-of-fact bugbears.

"What led you, Mr. Ward, to aid the up-building of that less prosaic fabric, *Vanity Fair*?"

"Close on twenty-three years ago Sir John Millais introduced me to Mr. Bowles as a likely man for *Vanity Fair*. I submitted a picture which was accepted. Here it is. It



(March 1, 1873.)

"OLD BONES."

The late Sir Richard Owen.

(*"Spy's"* first cartoon in *"Vanity Fair."*)

is entitled, as you see, 'Old Bones,' and represents the late Professor Owen. From that time onwards I have been constantly at work for *Vanity Fair*, with the exception of a year, when I drew for the *Graphic*. That study in black and white of Sir John Millais was done for the *Graphic*.

"You would like to know something of my methods? Well, from some people it is possible of course to get sittings; others, for obvious reasons, can't be got to sit and must be shadowed. My cartoon of Lord Ripon and Lord Spencer was suggested by seeing them cross the Park together. Of course they were not quite so dissimilar in height as I drew them, but the slight exaggeration helps out the idea. Some people again I can do best from memory, and have sometimes done a successful portrait though I had not seen my subject for two years. In such cases however I find there is a tendency to dwell too much on the man's peculiarities; one is apt to catch the peculiarity but to lose the man.

"Some people are very amusing; they come down to the studio and settle themselves as though they were at the photographer's. Then suddenly the sitter will exclaim, 'Oh, I forgot; the photographer tells me this is my worst side; I must turn you the other.' But I remark that, now he has given himself away, he must just let me continue. Once I drew a man in profile. When he saw it he could not believe he had such an appearance and paced my studio in great grief, trying to persuade me he did not resemble my work, turning himself about in every light to convince me. At last, in sheer pity, I had to draw his full face and keep back the profile from publication. A noted jockey, by the way, would not believe in his own nose, as I drew it, but his friends believed it. Friends generally do."

"How do you get at difficult persons, Mr. Ward?"

"In various ways. Once I wanted a young nobleman for *Vanity Fair*; so a little dinner was made up, and I was introduced to his lordship as 'Mr. Spy.' He did not suspect anything. After dinner my lord was taken in hand by a very charming lady, who aided me to the best of her ability, encouraging her charge to screw in his eye-glass and so forth. Once I made some remark beneath my breath to a man near me, and this offended the victim. "Mr. Spy," he said severely, 'don't you know it's very ill-bred to whisper?' I acknowledged that it was, apologised, and continued to take mental

notes. When the picture appeared he marvelled greatly, but he never exactly discovered how he had been had—at any rate he never suspected 'Mr. Spy.'

"There was another noble lord, an excellent old gentleman and friend of my family, who hinted to my mother that I should draw him for *Vanity Fair*. He had his wish and a little more, for when the picture appeared he was not at all pleased. He felt that he could not answer for what he would do if he met me, and declined an invitation to visit my mother because he heard that I was at home. My mother promised to lock me up at the top of the house if he would come, but his lordship would not consent. Wherever I might be stowed away he felt sure he would get at me.

"It is curious too how people try to impress my supposed mistakes on me. There was a man whose eyes were almost invisible owing to heavy eyelids. The lashes were heavily touched up too. Of course I drew him as he usually appeared, but he was at pains to convince me that I was in the wrong. He faced me and *actually held his eyelids apart* to prove to me what a fine wide-opened eye he had!

"How did you catch such likenesses as, for instance, those of Professor Robinson Ellis, 'The Shirt,' and *the Dean*?"

"In the first case I watched the Professor going to lecture, and even went to the lecture myself in cap and gown. For the second, I found out that every morning about eight the old gentleman walked round Christ Church meadow, so my course was clear. As for the Dean, I used to watch him going into the cathedral."

"Do you find, Mr. Ward, that some men appeal more to you than others?"

"Certainly. Some can be caught and set down almost at once, others again require repeated trials. You ask if I can show you any sketches representing the successive stages of a cartoon. Here is a portfolio full of studies; but I've nothing exactly like what you ask for. The nearest approach to such a thing would be found in my sketch-books; but my rough jottings would not be very interesting I fear."

Then Mr. Ward took me round his studio, the walls of which are hung with innumerable examples of his work, some of the lighter order, others serious portraiture. On this head of serious portraiture, as contrasted with his caricatures and character sketches, Mr. Ward told me something curious. "Not only," he said, "do



(April 18, 1895.)

MONSIEUR FELIX FAURE,
President of the French Republic.
(Drawn by M. Guth.)

people give me broad hints that they wish to appear in *Vanity Fair*, but some who favour me with a sitting actually try to bribe me to deal gently with them. During the sitting the visitor broaches a pretty little scheme. He wants a serious portrait, quite apart from *Vanity Fair*, and I am to have the honour of executing it. I am to please myself entirely with regard to it; am to choose my own style, my own treatment, even my own price, and so on he goes, painting the scheme in very glowing colours. Curiously enough that is all the painting it gets. I never hear any more of it, and of course," said "Spy," shaking his head in humorous despair, "I put no faith in any such promises."

In one corner of the studio is a most interesting volume of autographs containing the signatures of a great many celebrities who subscribed for his well-known caricature of Corney Grain and George Grossmith. The autographs of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha occupy a

prominent place, and beside these are innumerable signatures of men famous in literature, art and the drama. Between the leaves are also many autograph letters, one of the most curious being a note from Mr. Whistler, signed with his curious hieroglyphic. In this connection one may mention a quaint little sketch in oils of Mr. Whistler's head, crowned by the queer little round hat the artist at one time delighted to wear. This hat Mr. Ward was careful to point out to me, as the picture is perhaps the only record of this one of Mr. Whistler's many vagaries. Returning to the autographs: in a frame above the desk where Mr. Ward keeps his album hangs a characteristic note in black and red from Mr. Linley Sambourne, of whose recent cartoon in *Punch* Mr. Ward spoke in warm commendation; indeed hearty appreciation of the work of brother artists is one of Mr. Ward's most noticeable characteristics. When I met him at *Vanity Fair* office we looked over some French cartoons by M. Guth (those of General Duchesne, M. Pierre Loti, and others) which have recently appeared, and "Spy" specially called my attention to the admirable and peculiarly delicate finish of his Gallic contemporary's work.

Close to the entrance of Mr. Ward's studio hangs a series of his monochrome studies of famous athletes. These drawings Mr. Ward made for a private friend who has quite a remarkable collection of portraits of athletic



A RAPID SKETCH BY M. GUTH.

and sporting men. Right below these, close to the floor, is a funny little drawing by the late Mr. Alfred Thompson, representing Mr. Ward and Pellegrini. The two artists are standing back to back; each, by some miraculous twist, has his left arm round the other, the free hand in each case being at work on a drawing, for before each artist stands an easel supporting a half-finished sketch. These sketches, needless to say, are Mr. Ward by Pellegrini and Pellegrini by Mr. Ward. The picture itself is not happy in its presentation of "Spy," for it makes him resemble a twisted lamp-post. Now Mr. Ward is neither thin nor twisted. As for Pellegrini's portrait, Mr. Ward declares it is equally unfortunate. But apart from these defects, the composition is decidedly humorous. The most successful portrait of "Ape" is believed to be an unpublished one by "Spy" himself. This is in the possession of the Beefsteak Club.

Before I took leave of "Spy" he told me many stories, but space forbids me to recount them all. Some of them, too, were given me in confidence, and although these will tell very well perhaps twenty years hence, at present it might be unwise to give them to the world. One of the Pellegrini stories however, which he gave me at parting, cannot be omitted. It tells how a member of Parliament, on being requested to sit for a cartoon in *Vanity Fair*, came down from the House to expostulate and protest. Pellegrini allowed him to submit his reasons and to file his protests for some little time, then suddenly he took

the member's breath away by exclaiming, "There, zat is all I want; you may go; I have gote you!" and the legislator had to depart with the uncomfortable assurance that he had given himself away, and that "Ape" had indeed "gote him" in more ways than one. In due time the cartoon appeared, for, as already mentioned, Pellegrini's memory was tremendous. This gift of memory is quite as strong in Mr. Ward, who never forgets a face.

"There is an impression abroad," said Mr. Ward at parting, "that I was Pellegrini's pupil, and of course I should be delighted to be known as such but for the simple fact that his pupil I never was."

MONSIEUR GUTH.

As my pilgrimage did not extend as far as Paris I was glad to receive from a friend the following account of his visit to M. Guth, who has drawn several cartoons of notable foreigners in *Vanity Fair*.

"The atmosphere of the Quartier Latin," writes my

correspondent, "is to the awakening artistic genius what the fresh, sweet air of spring-time is to budding flowers and fruit. No artist, whatever his ability, can remain uninfluenced by the inspiring feeling which pervades this bohemian district. It affects him *de la tête aux pieds*. The evolution is first observed outwardly. The barber is forsaken, the fashionable clothes are replaced by more convenient and picturesque costumes, and occasionally in some cases I have heard that the bath is neglected. All this outward retrogression from conventionality does not in the least

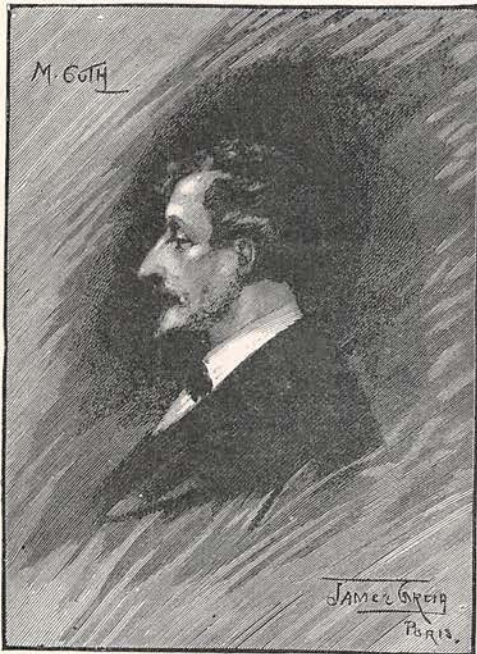


AN EXAMPLE OF MONSIEUR GUTH'S PORTRAITURE.

interfere with the dignity or respectability of the art tyro.

"*Égalité* rules in the Quartier Latin, at least, and the freedom is healthy. His inward growth is as marked as the outward change. His style becomes confident and free; his ideas, always sympathetic, are broadened and strengthened by contact with kindred searching thought, until at length he evolves into a full-fledged exhibitor at Academy or Salon, or becomes a black-and-white artist of celebrity. M. Guth, the clever French artist of *Vanity Fair*, is an excellent example of the latter class, a true product of the Quartier Latin.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I am Parisian *tout à fait*, and studied under Jerome at the Beaux



MONSIEUR GUTH.

(From a hasty drawing in a restaurant by James Greig.)

Arts, and at Colarossi's in the evenings. No, success did not find me easily. I worked long and hard making designs for glass windows. One day I made a plate for a *journal illustré*; it was a success, and since then I have done drawings for *L'Illustration* and *Vanity Fair*; and for the *Revue Illustrée* and the *Salon Illustré* I have executed in all 120 portraits of the celebrities of the time.'

"'Quite a historical collection. And how do you set about the making of the admirable portraits which have won you fame?'

"'Well I try to get a perfect personal knowledge of my subject. Then from sittings I make rough sketches, from which I draw a careful plan of the features and map out correctly the light and shade. It is then that I begin the vital and engrossing part by imbuing the face with the character of the man as it has impressed itself on me during the previous study.'

"That M. Guth's portraits are excellent likenesses everyone acknowledges. As an eminent critic has said, 'The fact that many of M. Guth's models are dissatisfied with the resemblance is evident proof of the truth of the likeness, and eulogy most absolute.'

"'General Boulanger objected to the first portrait I did of him. I depicted him from the point of view which showed the real character of the man. It was in profile, and the defects of his cranium and his weak shifty eye were so marked that the vain-glorious General would have none of it, and I had to draw him in *son chapeau à plumes blanches*, and with all his decorations on his breast.'

"It is perhaps to be regretted that M. Guth is quitting the Quartier Latin, where he has earnestly wooed and won success. Just now workmen are busy fitting up a fine studio for him in the Boulevard des Capucines, and he expects to enter his new *atelier* shortly.

"'Yes,' said M. Guth in answer to a question, 'I shall miss the quiet of the Rue de l'Abbaye, but then look at the fine light and the space I shall have here! Besides, what an opportunity the crowds below will afford me of studying movements, gestures and manners! Here I can sit and take notes without interruption.'

"In the studio he occupies at present M. Guth pointed to 'Spy's' brilliant *Vanity Fair* portrait of W. E. Henley, and ejaculated, 'C'est très bien. "Spy" il a beaucoup de talent.'

"'By the way,' I interjected, 'have you ever been in London?'

"'Oh yes, several times; and I like it very much. The fogs make it so *triste*, and the variety of types to be found there are so interesting to the artist. *Dit donc*, what do you call those soldiers with the *jupon court* and the *chapeau drôle*?—Ah, highlanders! They were very amusing. The London editors were very kind to me; and I have a high opinion of your illustrated papers.'

"Excepting a large and extremely clever caricature of M. Guth by Kenyon Cox, the

famous American artist—who was a fellow-student under Jerome—and two or three unfinished oil portraits, some one of which M. Guth hopes to complete in time for the Salon, his studio was empty.

"His projected 'fitting' accounted in a way for the emptiness, but the fact that the originals of his published drawings find a ready sale is the real explanation. However M. Mayer, the well-known expert of Rue Lafitte, very kindly showed me specimens of M. Guth's finest work, and allowed the WINDSOR MAGAZINE to reproduce the study of a girl's face.

"Careful modelling, characteristic pose, true insight and distinguished treatment marked them all. M. de Blowitz, the famous journalist, in his red robe, Baron A. de Courcel, Zola, Renan, Jules Simon, etc., were portrayed to the life, with a knowledge of essentials in the artistic treatment, and a grasp of character altogether remarkable.

"M. Guth is still a young man, and success has not spoiled him. If he has given up the slouch hat and corduroys he still retains all the geniality and kindness which animates the Quartier Latin."

"STUFF."

"It is three years ago," writes one of my friends, "since I interviewed Mr. Harold Wright, who has contributed a good number of cartoons to *Vanity Fair*, signing them 'Stuff.' He had just then been appointed stipendiary magistrate to the Potteries, and he had arrived at his Temple chambers fresh from his new duties.

"No paper was safe from my pen or pencil even in my earliest recollections. At school, during continental wanderings while

at the University, no chum was safe from having his peculiarities depicted for the amusement of his friends. When I was called to the bar I used to amuse myself with sketching in court, and this led me to make a number of drawings of the Parnell Commission. These were, at the request of a brother barrister, reproduced in black and white and published in portfolio form. Though I have never been other than an

amateur this supplementary report of the Parnell Commission created some notoriety for 'Stuff.' Though my subjects have been of such diverse characteristics in the majority of instances, a few lines often show the predominant points of the features. Sir Richard Webster is a very easy subject if you once get the wrinkles on his forehead right. Sir Edward Clarke's eyebrows are his chief characteristic. We have to look out for such features if we sketch people, and I find myself involuntarily searching faces for their "points," even when I am on the bench.'

"What was your first cartoon in *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Wright?"

"A picture of Mr. Alfred Cock, Q.C.—not an easy subject by any means. I followed my man all over the place, watching how he looked

walking and talking, and at last succeeded in pleasing myself with a sketch, and, better still, pleased Mr. Cock as well.'

"Well I suppose that led to other cartoons?"

"Yes, chiefly of legal luminaries. I had the audacity to do Mr. Justice Denman, who once solemnly reproved me for sketching in court. Then for a Christmas number, four or five years ago, I drew a big cartoon entitled "Bench and Bar." It was rather a



(January 17, 1891.)

MR. ALFRED COCK, Q.C.

"He has leathern lungs and a voice of brass."

("Stuff's" first cartoon in "*Vanity Fair*.")

tiresome piece of work, and had to be done under exceptional difficulties, for many of the men in the picture were out of town, and I had to rely on old sketches in my notebooks. As a matter of fact I was shooting on the moors when the editor commissioned me to do it. No, I don't fancy anybody was really offended at the liberties I took with their features, though some were offended at being left out. Genial Mr. Murphy, Q.C., met me soon after the publication of the cartoon, and I expressed a hope that he was not hurt at my sketch of his portly form. "Bless my soul! I don't mind, especially as you have put me in such good company." He was surrounded by judges in the picture.

"But you have done other cartoons besides those of lawyers?"

"Oh yes; a few cricketers, such as A. E.

Stoddart and S. M. J. Woods. About the latter's visit to my studio, I remember he came "turned out" in faultless style. Now Woods is usually *très négligé*, so I insisted on his being natural to the extent of taking his coat off and rolling up his sleeves, as you see in the picture, where he is sketched in the attitude of bowling. Then I have drawn Professor Bryce mountaineering, and a few other politicians.'

"Since you have been in the Potteries I suppose your pencil has been less busy?"

"Well, yes; except that I've promised my old friends of *Vanity Fair* to give them now and then some cartoon of a 'Staffordshire worthy,' I do little or nothing. I am flattered however in having various offers made me for my notebooks, which contain, I am told, more sketches than judgments.'"



MR. HAROLD WRIGHT—"STUFF."
(Drawn by himself.)