

# HOW I DO MY "PUNCH" PICTURES:

A TALK WITH MR. E. T. REED.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



It is curious to think that to the majority of living people, and, possibly, even more to posterity, our great people, the makers of history, are known mainly through the medium of the caricaturist. Their actual features, as indeed they themselves, are completely unfamiliar to the man in the street, although by means of the caricaturist he is enabled in a moment to "spot" a well-known personage as he passes him in a crowded thoroughfare, or as he may be fortunate enough to obtain a glimpse of him now and again either in the Houses of Parliament or upon the platform of some provincial meeting.

Comparatively few of us have ever seen the Grand Old Man in the flesh, but who is there that is acquainted with Mr. Harry Furniss's undying caricatures of him and his vast collars who would not immediately recognise him? Everyone knew poor Lord Randolph Churchill through the medium of the same clever and facile pencil far more readily than by any of the numerous photographs that were published of the deceased statesman. Hidden as Sir William Harcourt has so frequently been beneath the guise of one of Mr. E. T. Reed's charmingly suggestive prehistoric savages, yet there is no one that would not at once and unerringly pounce upon him, should he encounter him, as he is so often to be

met, in Parliament Street during the height of the season.

It has been suggested that caricature may one day take the place of, or at all events take precedence of, ordinary portraits and photographs. And for this reason, that in most cases a clever caricature places more immediately before you the actual man than does the mere conventional portrait

with which we are all so familiar. Caricature seizes upon the salient features in a man's whole personality as nothing else can do. Those little characteristics which go to the making of a man's individuality—that which separates him from his fellows, those things by which he is known best to his friends and to his enemies alike, some little trick of attitude or expression—are caught by the caricaturist and presented to the public in so faithful, so prominent, and so suggestive a manner that when the man himself is seen for the first time the stranger is able to say, "There! that is So-and-So. I have seen him a hundred times in that attitude in either



From a photo by]

[Bassano.

MR. E. T. REED.

'Spy's' pictures in *Vanity Fair* or in Harry Furniss's or E. T. Reed's illustrations in *Punch*."

This is a result that it would be impossible to obtain in an ordinary photograph, for the simple reason that a person is photographed generally at the very worst moment; for no time can be worse than when you are seated in front of the camera, and vainly endeavouring to attain or to preserve your



From a photo by]

[Mackenzie, Birnam.

MR. A. M. POYNTER. MR. J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.  
MR. E. T. REED.

own pleasing and natural expression of countenance. I always think of the unprepossessing maid-of-all-work, gloomily seated in front of the photographer's camera, with her head and bonnet fixed like a vice in the iron hoop behind her, and the photographer, in despair of attaining an even reasonably decent picture, anxiously imploring her to "think of 'im, miss."

Yes, without a doubt the caricaturist has a great responsibility laid upon him and also a brilliant future before him. It is something, indeed, to be engaged in the task of familiarising the great British public, and, even more, that yet greater public which is still unborn, with the features of those persons to whose hands are confided the fortunes and the history

of the British Empire. And that he should do this in a manner which brings a smile to all our faces and leaves a pleasing and humorous memory behind, is a consideration that is by no means to be lost sight of. It is, if I may so express it, a sort of royal road to politics—history without tears—where everyone is pleased, and by which the great people and the great events of the country are lastingly fixed upon the mind.

*Punch*, for instance, contains in itself a complete pictorial record, both as to persons, politics, and costumes, of the past fifty years, and all under the guise of caricature, a record which fixes itself upon the mind with far more vividness and actuality than could possibly be attained by mere dry-as-dust historians. Sir John Tenniel and Linley Sambourne, Harry Furniss and E. T. Reed are persons who have, perhaps, done more in passing on the history of our own time to our children and our children's children than any of those great historians with whose works comparatively few of the general populace are familiar. "Dropping the Pilot," for instance, has for ever fixed in the English mind the end of Bismarck's brilliant career. This and a hundred other pictures of a like nature that I could



From a photo by]

[Fradelle &amp; Young.

MR. REED'S STUDIO.  
(The birthplace of "Prehistoric Peeps.")

instance form a veritable gallery of historical events the value of which it would be impossible to overestimate.

At the present moment, perhaps, no one

Navy, and who had been invited thither by the Japanese Government.

"When I returned to England, I went for a year and a half to learn drawing at Mr. Calderon's Art School. After that I took to portrait painting on my own account. And then, just after the death of Charles Keene, came a chance of work on *Punch*. A friend of mine spoke to Linley Sambourne about me, and it was arranged that I should send some sketches in, which I did. Then Mr. Burnand suggested to me that I should do a sketch representing the three Parnell Commission judges enjoying themselves up the river. This was my first *Punch* picture. In 1890 I was appointed a member of the regular staff, and I can assure you that the news of that appointment was the best news I ever had,



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

The First "Hansom."

(Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")

is more engaged in this kind of work than Mr. E. T. Reed, the subject of this sketch and the Parliamentary artist of *Punch*.

for I can scarcely imagine any more interesting mode of life."

And here it is only proper that we should express our gratitude to Messrs. Bradbury,

"It is difficult to say when I first began caricaturing," said Mr. Reed to me, as I sat talking with him in his pretty studio in West Kensington; "for, as a matter of fact, I used to caricature Dr. Butler, who was head master of Harrow when I was at school there. I remember once," he continued with a smile, "that a certain master caught me doing a caricature of himself; so, as a punishment, he ordered that I should do him caricatures of all the other twenty-four masters. I took up drawing, I suppose, for the simple reason that I couldn't do anything else! I had gone in for the Bar, but, my health being bad, I went for a long voyage to Japan with my father, who, as you know, was the Chief Constructor of the



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

"No Bathing To-Day!!!"

(Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")

Agnew & Co., who, through Mr. Philip Agnew, gave their ready consent to the reproduction of many of Mr. Reed's sketches which have graced the pages of *Punch*.

"Amongst other early pictures," continued my host, as he took down a framed sketch from the wall, "was this 'Warning to Enthusiasts,'" and he handed me the picture of the skeleton of a dug-up bicyclist, hideous and awful in the extreme. "Unfortunately," he continued, "they've never taken the warning. Then there was that automatic penny-in-the-slot policeman to stop the traffic. In the Christmas number of 1893 I started my prehistoric series with 'The First Hansom.'"

With this series, of course, my readers are

worth, whilst little tiny prehistoric people with agonised faces are dropping into the gorge, dismayed both at the irate animal in pursuit of them and the amazing distance they have to drop.

"That series," continued Mr. Reed, "was very successful, and ran for a whole year, and I used to get hints from many people, and especially, curiously enough, from young officers in India. I made a careful study of prehistoric animals, both in South Kensington Museum and from Mr. Hutchinson's 'Extinct Monsters' and other books. In



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

"Coaching" from the bank was no sinecure in those days. (The "eight" all sixes and sevens—  
and only a few days to the race!)

(Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")

well acquainted; for it is chiefly by that brilliant idea that Mr. Reed has become familiar to a vast constituency. We all remember a quiet whist party in prehistoric days, when an irate host is seen earnestly and vigorously engaged in cutting up one of his guests into very small pieces with a prehistoric axe. Nor can any of us ever forget the first game of billiards, or that delightful picture in which is represented a time when relations between prehistoric animals and prehistoric humans were somewhat strained, and an antediluvian beast is represented coming round a mountain precipice for all he is

many cases I have invented my whole natural history, and my beasts and the possibilities of their co-existence with man are purely speculative. As I say, the idea caught on, and at Cambridge they actually had *tableaux vivants* designed on my lines; and only recently a swimming club in London presented a prehistoric water polo entertainment to the members. In India I am told that sports in prehistoric costumes have been represented at the different gymkhanas. It has been a great pleasure to find that my prehistoric sketches have appealed very much to the humour and fancy of boys at school.

"Then came a lot of sketches, or, I might term them, studies of life in the Law Courts. The late Sir Frank Lockwood, who, as you know, was himself one of the most humorous amateur artists of the day, used to send me in a lot of sketches, and, besides that, I used to go to the Courts myself and sketch from life. Barristers and judges are possessed of a delightful individuality. With reference to Sir Frank Lockwood's ideas, I might say that I often receive very able comic sketches from the outside public, and especially from the schools and universities."

"And how do you manage about your Parliamentary sketches?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I am allowed to sketch one night in the week in the Press Gallery, and two nights in the Lobby; but it isn't nearly enough. To begin with, my point of view from the Press Gallery is very bad, as I only look down on the top of a varied assortment of eminent heads; but it is more a hairdresser's point of view than an artist's. In the Lobby, however, I frequently



AN IMPRESSION OF EARL SPENCER.

have a very delightful and amusing time. Sometimes a member will catch me making a sketch of himself, and it is very droll to watch him throwing himself into an attitude in which he thinks he

would wish to be handed down to posterity. Very few men object to being caricatured, although now and again a private member

has been known to vigorously protest against being made ridiculous in the pages of *Punch*. In such a case, while unable to sympathise with his desire for seclusion, I am naturally careful not to offend him again. I think my best caricature of Mr. Gladstone was purely imaginary. It is the one which represents him when he was on board the *Tantallon Castle* at the opening, by the German Emperor, of the Kiel Canal, in which I sketched him quietly seated, reading by himself, absolutely abstracted from the crowd that surged all around him. And though this sketch was

simply a piece of imagination on my part, I was told by my brilliant friend 'Toby, M.P.', who was present, that it was an exact representation, attitude and all, of what had frequently taken place.

"Ah!" continued Mr. Reed, "it was a great loss to me to come after Mr. Gladstone had left the House. At the same time, I need not assure you that I couldn't have hoped to improve upon Mr. Harry Furniss. He was, perhaps, the most difficult man possible to succeed. I have, however, remodelled several even of his favourite characters. Mr. Tommy Bowles, the 'Cap'n,' for instance, I have very closely studied,



COUNSEL: Do you keep a diary, my good woman?  
WITNESS: Naw, sir! I kups a whuskey-shop!

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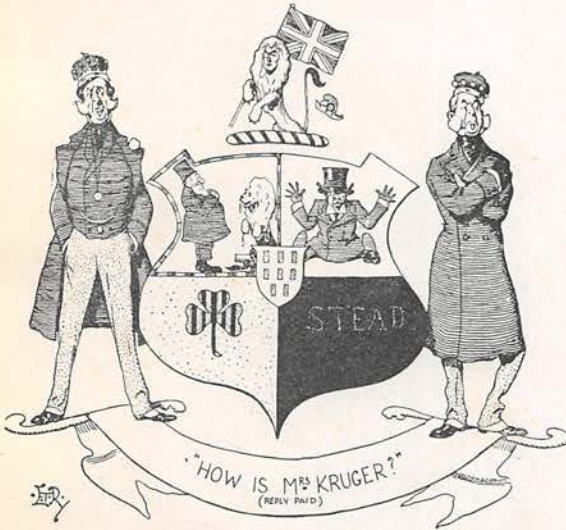


A HASTY IMPRESSION OF MR. C. A. CRIPPS, Q.C., M.P.

and under the advice of Mr. Lucy I have even gone the length of amputating some of his limbs, until we have

people?' The idea at once struck me, especially as heraldic language lends itself well to the purposes of caricature; because one can get as much fun into the legends, all of which I write myself, as into the drawings. It was rather a daring idea, and it has been very ticklish work to carry out, but people are very good natured, and, as a rule, are too sensible to take offence where none is meant. And so I have not got into trouble hitherto. Then, again, you may remember in last year's Christmas number I did a series of drawings under the general title of 'Unrecorded History,' which brought me the honour of an invitation to lecture at the Royal Institution."

And as he spoke he laid before me a few sketches, one of which, entitled, "Blacking up the Black Prince," represented that hero of our schoolboy days being vigorously japanned and blackened by his faithful adherents. In another picture Shakespeare, with a face of abject weariness, is seated opposite to the Virgin Queen, who, with a manuscript that stretches far over the



READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS).

Joseph, 1st Earl of Birmingham.

*Arms:* Quarterly; 1st, an antique boer in his glory regarding a lion spotted over a bordure (chartered) componée, partly white-washed; 2nd, an heraldic bartlet cuffed and erased under a chapeau doubled up carmine; 3rd, an irish shamro k, barred in perpetuity on a ground orange of prejudice; 4th, a mysterious libel voluntarily erased sable, rendered more or less illegible after the manner of the new journalism; over a l, on an escutcheon of pretence, several ministerial billets of the best, clawed and collared in advance. *Crest:* A lion of debate langue l mordant bearing in dexter paw the union flag flowing to the sinister, dropping in his progress a phrygian or republican cap of liberty "turnd up" and refaced ermine. *Supporters:* Two highly-crowned pillars of the constitution (sang-) azure in a demi-furious state of suppression.

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arrived almost at the 'irreducible minimum.'

"And now, Mr. Reed," I asked, "with reference to some of those remarkable series with which *Punch* now and again delights and startles its readers, will you tell me how they are originated?"

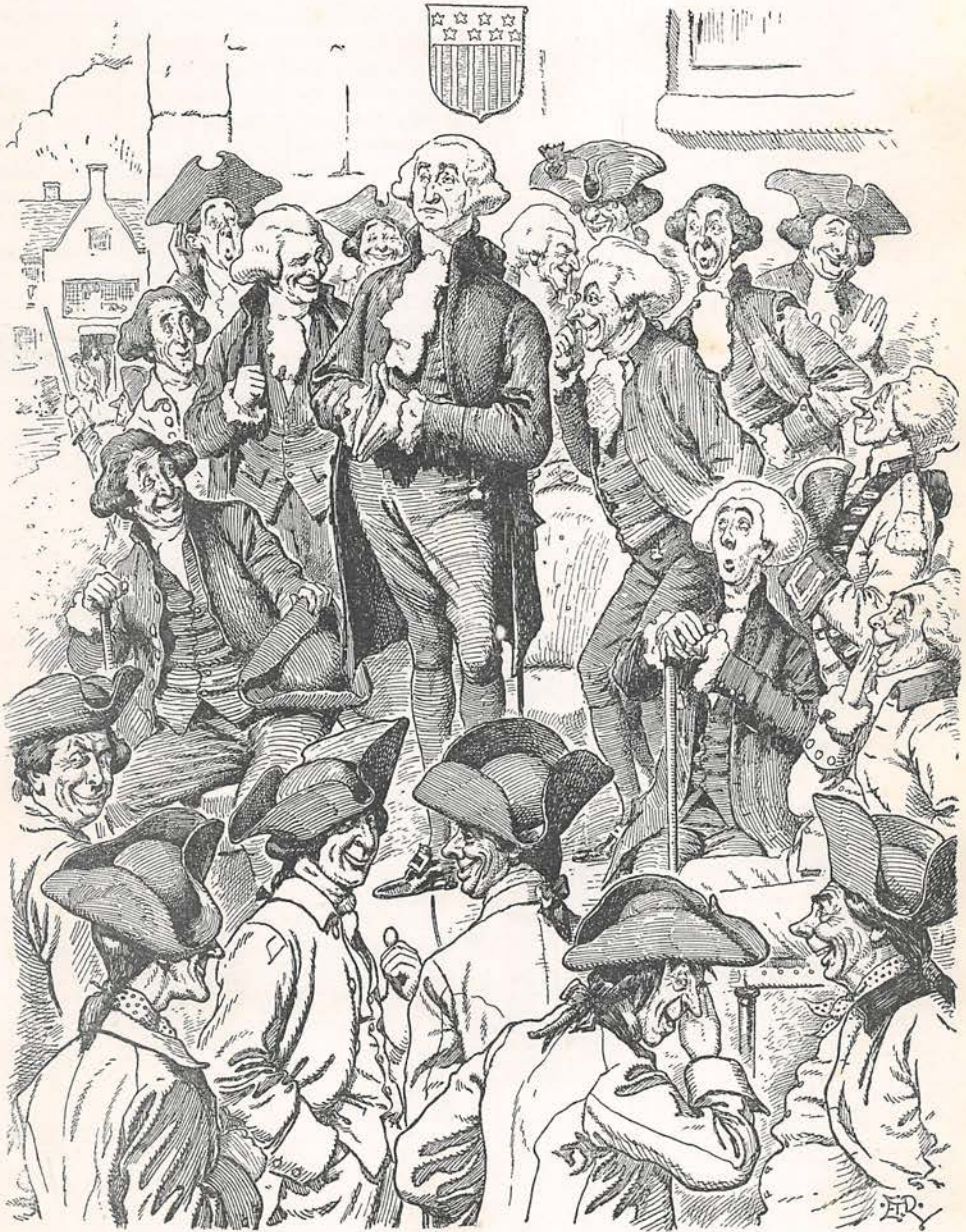
"Well," he replied, "I suppose you have noticed the 'Coats-of-Arms' which we have recently been supplying to prominent individuals. You will remember that an article appeared some time ago in the *Saturday Review* condemning the indiscriminate adoption and use of arms by people who really had no right to them. Burnand took up this idea, and he said to me one night, at the Wednesday evening dinner, when, as you know, we all meet and decide the chief cartoons for the following week, 'Why shouldn't we start a Heralds' College of our own, and furnish coats-of-arms to different



A PENCIL SKETCH OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

floor, is represented as reading "a little thing of her own" to the great dramatist and her dismayed and wearied courtiers.

and, in some cases, a scoffing crowd, "trying to tell a lie." On the wall hung the last and, in some respects, the most clever



UNRECORDED HISTORY! GEORGE WASHINGTON TRYING TO TELL A LIE!

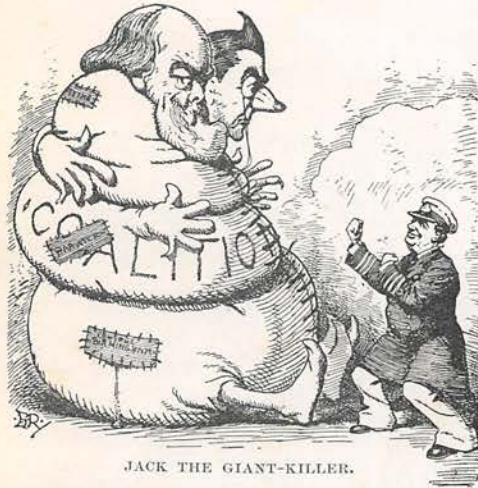
(Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")

But perhaps the most amusing picture represents George Washington in after life, and surrounded by an anxious and admiring,

drawing in this series of "Unrecorded Events in English History," in which an admiral in full uniform is represented as

telling a file of incredulous marines that they were about to evacuate Egypt. As soon as this sketch appeared in *Punch*

them have the original. An hour afterwards he received an equally urgent telegram from the Marines at Portsmouth, making the same request. A curious incident this, and a forcible illustration of what I have noticed frequently in my travels throughout the wide world, that soldiers and sailors have, perhaps, the keenest appreciation of any members of the community of the humorous and the artistic.



JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

L.D. CH. S. B. ... S. F. D.: "Compact!" Compact be blown!! I'll knock the stuffing out of the beastly thing!!!  
 (Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")

Mr. Reed received a telegram from the Marine mess at Chatham, asking him to let

In the recent Christmas number Mr. Reed had a short series of members of Parliament in the guise of prehistoric lizards. This series was suggested by an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Professor Munro's theory, that the success and superiority of mankind beyond and over the ordinary animal world is owing to the upright position of humanity, and that the only other animals who had ever realised that fact were the big lizards of prehistoric times, who, had the climate only suited them—which, fortunately, was not the case—might have rivalled or even excelled us in the struggle for existence.

"Well, now will you tell me how you manage to think out all these elaborate ideas, Mr. Reed?"

His reply was exceedingly unexpected.

"I find," said he, "that my best friend is



AWFUL RESULTS OF THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Hon. Members' views on cycling and golf are scarcely Parliamentary.  
 (Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")



influenza—recurring influenza—from which I am constantly suffering. I lie in bed and think out all these sketches. Do you remember that Parliamentary sketch in which I represented a number of well-known politicians bringing in their wax duplicates to preserve their seats for them. That idea came to me when I was lying in bed suffering from a violent attack of influenza, and I immediately jumped out of bed and committed it to paper. But then, as I said, people sometimes send me suggestions. A short time ago I had a sketch in which I represented Tommy Atkins dressed

by two pencil sketches which he had made on the beach at Folkestone.

"This," said I, "appears to be quite out of your usual line."

"Perhaps it is," he replied. "But you can have hardly any idea how rough, free, out-of-door pencil work like that assists me in the work in which I am generally engaged. It helps me greatly in observation and the depiction of people's special characteristics."

In one corner of the room were some very interesting photographs which had been specially taken for Mr. Spielmann's



A PENCIL SKETCH OF FOLKESTONE BEACH.

(Drawn by Mr. Reed ten years ago.)

up like an Afridi. That was a very humorous idea sent me by a correspondent. At the same time I am bound to say that, unless the suggestion is an obviously good one, you cannot possibly put as good work into another person's idea as you can into one that originates from your own brain."

As I strolled about the beautiful studio, hung, not only with his own sketches, but with the original work of some of his colleagues, especially Mr. Bernard Partridge, for whose work he has the greatest admiration, Mr. Reed explained to me those things which most took my fancy. I was greatly struck

wonderfully interesting "History of *Punch*," and which represented the famous *Punch* dinner which takes place at seven o'clock every Wednesday evening. There was seated the genial editor, who is said to be, and who, from my own personal knowledge of him, I can well imagine to be, the life and soul, as well as the skilful captain, of that distinguished gathering. There was Sir John Tenniel, a veritable maker of history himself, and perhaps the most distinguished cartoonist the world has ever known. There was Mr. H. W. Lucy, the well-known "Toby, M.P.," without whose presence no modern literary party can ever be considered

complete, and to whose kindly sympathy and advice many an artist owes to-day his



A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH OF  
MR. H. J. WILSON, M.P.

A'Beckett, and the late Mr. Milliken—an illustrious band, all of whose services have helped to make *Punch* the paper it is to-day.

Hidden away in a cabinet was a relic which was not without its special interest and meaning in this particular studio. "For that," said Mr. Reed, when I asked him what it was, "is a prehistoric skull from South Africa, and one of the most interesting in the world. And here," said he, as he placed in my hand a very ancient and worm-eaten piece of wood, "is a bit of one of the prehistoric lake dwellings in Switzerland."

Photographs of Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Roberts, and Lord Wolseley suggested to my mind the usefulness of photography in such work as that upon which Mr. Reed is chiefly engaged.

"Yes," he replied, "photographs are very useful for uniforms. But, as a rule, the roughest sketch, even

reputation and his success in life. There, too, was Du Maurier, who, alas! has quitted that festive scene for ever; Linley Sambourne, daintiest and most skilled of black-and-white draughtsmen, with Anstey, and Bernard Partridge, Phil May, Mr. Arthur

though it may only consist of two or three lines that would be incomprehensible to the outsider, that I might make in the House, would really be of more value to me than the best photograph. I do not think that you can ever make a good caricature from a photograph. You must have the actual living man before you, so that you can sketch him, if possible, unknown to himself, in his favourite and most characteristic attitude."



THE CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES,  
MR. J. W. LOWTHER, M.P.



Mr. Punch's representative at the opening of the Kiel Canal was so often confused with the German Emperor!

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Mr. Reed is very fond of doing pictures of men-of-war, which is quite natural when one remembers his parentage, and upon the walls hang very striking photographs of some of the finest men-of-war constructed by his father.

"My father, to my great regret, left Parliament," he told me, "very shortly after I entered it; but I once introduced him into a group of my Parliamentary caricatures."

It is interesting to state, perhaps, that the artist was one of the Harrow Football Eleven when he was at the great school. But it is as a cricketer that he now excels. He once made two runs! Of this feat he is inordinately proud; and once he begins to tell you of how it was accomplished, it is difficult to get him to talk of anything else!