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England's Foremost Caricaturist Comes to Study Us.



Mr. Harry Furniss, the Distinguished London Cartoonist, Now in New York, Analyzes the Faces and Features of American Girls and Hints That Our Manners Have Improved.

HARRY FURNISS, the distinguished English caricaturist and all-round purveyor of humor as it is laughed at on the native heath of London Punch, is now on a visit to this country for the second time in twelve years.

The lecture platform claimed Mr. Furniss during his former sojourn on these shores. This time—so he confesses—he is here on business, to make money.

Mr. Furniss's most effective caricatures, probably, are of himself. He also drew Gladstone in the gigantic poke collar which the statesman from that moment adopted as his own special brand. It is said that Balfour's legs have actually grown closely to resemble Mr. Furniss's

familiar but derisive perspective of them—and that Lord Randolph Churchill really became the "bad boy" in the British Cabinet after this conscientious artist had pictured him that way.

Now, in his maturity, Mr. Furniss has the distinction of being the only artist to illustrate the complete works of both Dickens and Thackeray.

With amiable benevolence shining in his rubicund British countenance—which needs only a trifle more nose to quite remarkably resemble that of the late King Edward—Mr. Furniss so far forgot his admitted "business" standpoint as to favor the readers of this newspaper with the following impressions of people and things American.

By HARRY FURNISS.

(In an interview.)

IDARE say Manhattan Island is the same shape it was when I last circumnavigated it twelve years ago. But New York isn't—not by ten or fifteen stories, counting from about the fifteenth on up into the sky. As an artist, I'm a bit grieved. The skyline I remember was one to make the fingers itch for pencil and a square of Bristol board—especially at night—with the terraced effects of lights rising from near the ground on the water front, higher and higher until they reached the clouds above lower Broadway.

No, I'm not going to deplore the skyscraper monopoly that now prevails from river to river and from the Battery to above Central Park. That's business. As I've told you, I'm here on business. I don't expect to carry away any of your tall buildings, but I feel entirely friendly toward the commercial spirit and financial enterprise that make costly Manhattan soil pay dividends on the 'ceases.

Don't think I'm offering English hedge ropes in exchange for American Beauties.

Honestly, there are a number of reasons existing yet—twenty-four hours after landing—why one hardly seems to have left London. We came up the bay in a thick fog. My daughter, Dorothy Furniss—also an artist, you know—thus missed the best first impression of the Statue of Liberty. It was the same familiar old fog. Was it possible that we'd got turned about in mid-ocean and were entering the mouth of the Thames?

On the pier there was momentary reassurance. Certainly the Port of New York bears the world's palm for enthusiastic customs officers. Yes, we were in New York, but—

This happened on the way to our hotel. Surely nowhere but in London was the traffic of a great thoroughfare managed so deftly as that which let us through with only a momentary slackening of speed, obedient to an alert and courteous bluecoat's uplifted finger. That is a "flat impression" worth recording. It is corroborated by one afternoon's drive about the city in a motor car. Hats off to New



The Difference Between English and American Girls—By Harry Furniss. "In England the men talk and the girls listen."—"The American girl talks and the men listen."

In—and where else but in England could one get a tap room, a tea room, a "lounge" and similar cosy conveniences thrown in with all the comforts of home?

American women? Oh, yes, one sees American women everywhere. I believe my daughter anticipates getting acquainted with them as they are at home. Per-

sonally, I've paid my respects to American women and American girls upon more than one occasion in the past. But it's a risky subject. Suppose that, already I should observe improvements? Would they thank me for ever observing that there was room for improvement?

But, pshaw! You've said it yourselves often enough in your own newspapers—how a certain class of American women with feverish social ambitions were—to use an artist's expression—"out of drawing"—owing to their anxious affectation of Old World customs and manners.

If that charge ever were true, there's no evidence that it holds to-day. On the contrary, it seems to me that you meet nowhere women of any culture or refinement at all who stand more solidly and attractively on their own personal and social foundations. Already this fact has appealed to me—after an evening at the theatre and an hour or two in one of the best restaurants. As to manners, it is absurd to imagine that, nowadays, in the case of people who have manners at all, there is any difference whether you meet them in New York or Paris or London.

It is rather short notice, this, when you bring up the matter of comparisons between American girls and other girls. But I am inclined to believe my former observations are verified. It is noticeable that, in face, the American girl is quite distinct from her English sister. There is a difference in the way the upper lip sweeps down from the outer edge of the nostril; but more noticeable still is the fact that the cheek bones of American girls are not so prominent and the smooth curve down the cheek to the chin is less broken by smaller curves.

In social life the American girl charms an Englishman by her natural and unaffected manner. Our English girls are very carefully brought up, and are continually warned that this thing or that is "bad form." As a result, when they enter society they are more or less in fear of saying or doing something that will not be considered suitable. As a matter of fact they are not lacking in energy or vivacity, but these qualities are suppressed in public, and only come to the surface in the society of intimates.

American girls from childhood upward are much more independent; they have much more freedom and encouragement in coming forward than ours. The vivacity and liberty expected of an American girl in social intercourse are considered—as I say—bad form for our girls.

The observant stranger will, if an artist, also be struck by the fact that the face

of an American girl, as well as the voice is often that of a child; in fact, if one were not afraid of being misunderstood, and therefore thought rude, one could better describe the American girl by saying that she has a baby's face on a woman's body than by any word painting or brush painting. The large forehead, round eyes, round cheeks, and round lips of the baby remain; and, not long ago, it was the fashion to dress the hair ornamentally, after the fashion of a doll, thus completing the picture.

The eyes of an American girl are closer together than those of her English cousin, and are smaller; her hands are smaller, too, and so are her feet, but neither are so well shaped as the English girl's.

Let us follow the American girl from her babyhood upward. First, there is the baby, plump, bright-eyed and with more expression than the average English child; a little older, see her still plump, short-legged, made to look stout by the double covering of the leg bulging over the boots; older still, but still some years from her teens, she is still plump from the tip of her toe to her eyebrow, with an expression and a manner ten years in advance of her years, and you may take it from this age onward the American girl is always ten years in advance of an English girl.

Next, the schoolgirl, then that ungaily age, "sweet seventeen." She seems twenty-seven, and thenceforward her plumpness disappears generally, but remains in her face, and the cheeks and the chin of the baby are still with her.

Suddenly, ten years before the time, and in one season, happens what in the life of an English matron would take ten. The bubble bursts, the baby face collapses, just as though you pricked it with a pin, and she is left sans teeth, sans eyes, sans beauty, sans everything.

This is the American girl in a hurry, and these remarks only apply to the exhausted New York, the sensational Chicago, the anxious Washington and the overstrained child of that portion of America in a hurry.

As I've said, these are observations made heretofore, and they may be open to revision. There were many exceptions, of course; not everybody in America is in a hurry. I've a feeling already that the pace here is not so fast as it was and that cultivation of a calmer, more leisurely manner of going about business and pleasure already has produced beneficial results. Nowhere will they be observed sooner than in the independent, thinking, adaptable American girl.

Various Types, as Seen by Mr. Furniss.