

ALL WOMEN MADE BEAUTIFUL

EITHER BY SURGICAL OR BY SOUL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Even if the Camera Won't Lie It Can Be Made to Produce Effects That Were Obtained Formerly by Retouching—Way of Eliminating Defects in Looks.

The photograph of a woman reproduced in a periodical publication recently attracted more attention than such pictures usually do because by somebody's mistake it showed two lines of crosses made on the plate to call the attention of the photographer to the necessity of reducing the hips of the subject to the point where fashion has decreed that even the matronly figure of wife and mother must stop.

At one of the fashionable studios on Fifth avenue, where it is rumored that the hips in question were deftly removed without the use of any known anesthetic except diathermy, surgical operations, so it is said, take place every day.

Into this surgical studio a woman may go so ugly that the boy who opens the door wonders how she has the face to have her picture taken, and when she gets the completed portraits with them comes a request from a magazine for permission to reprint one in the next number among its "Fairest Women of the World" or "Harlem Belles."

The eyes of the proprietor of this establishment, notwithstanding the cold weather, positively flash fire when he is politely asked if he dares remove the hips and

up by explicit directions the way that Nature should have done, and the photographer will do the rest when he receives the marked proofs.

The method of procedure in this studio is very simple. It is not far removed from the old fashioned country establishment, where a rest was used for the head and the sifter was told to "look straight at the camera and wink as usual."

The preliminaries of the sitting consist of a makeup put on with the assistance of a professional, and, if so desired, the freedom of a wardrobe of property clothes.

"Personally I prefer the latter state. I think the photographer who cuts the negative is as far removed from the true artist as is the fuzzy one who furnishes a label with his work so you will know that the photograph is of your wife or husband, and believes that in doing this he is becoming a secessionist and consequently is a state in advance of all others in the same profession."

"Twelve years ago I would do what I would not think of doing to-day. Not only have my plates developed in that time but so too have I."

"I recall one instance where I removed three inches of adipose tissue from the back of a woman very prominent at that time in literary and artistic circles. I knifed the negative to do it and was quite proud of my work."

"To-day I speak of it with shame and regret, even though I have been told that the woman still shows the photograph as proof of the fact that she had the hand-some neck and shoulders in New York in her younger days. She mourns that her beauty has faded, and I am informed."

"She calls flagging attention to those wonderful curves and that restraint of flesh which she claims that Time has stolen from her. Time never stole it. I did."

"At that time I had a staff of twelve retouchers in my work room, where to-day with twice the amount of work I have only three, because the era of retouching is over and the surgical photography that has appeared in the past to a lot of unthinking women, who thought that was the only way to be beautiful in their pictures has practically had its death knell sounded."

"Even the most unlearned of that class expect to receive the proofs so perfect that there is scarcely a bit of retouching necessary and would resent the appearance of half a dozen with directions that they are to suggest where alterations are to be made. My last sitter, a beautiful young married woman, told me that she did not wish the proofs retouched a bit, and they did not have to be, except for a couple of lines near the mouth which were not visible at all in her face but were disclosed by the photographic lens."

"The work of the artistic photographer to-day is done on the ground glass. He does all his changing beforehand, not afterward."

"He studies his subject carefully. He finds out exactly her weak points and her strong ones. He knows to a dot which position she should assume, the tilt of her head, the kind of costume she should wear and the sort of background."

"It may give him a couple of hours of preliminary work. He may require two or three sittings, during which time he is merely experimenting, waiting for the moment when he can get the expression, the harmony of pose and thought that he desires. It often takes him as long as it takes a portrait painter to get a satisfactory likeness in oils."

"I attribute my success to the fact that I have always made the figure a very important part of my work. I have never limited my expression of a likeness to the face, for I do not believe there are half a dozen women in New York or any other city who are beautiful enough to depend for their successful portraiture on the face alone."

"Think of any one of your friends and you do not think of the face alone. You do not wonder how they look, and you would know them just as well when you meet if the face and head were hidden."

"The photographer who has only the head and face to work with and is expected to make a satisfactory portrait is terribly handicapped. With the figure you have just so much more opportunity, and if a woman is so homely that the face is hopeless you can pose her in such a way as to bring out the few good points she has brought out. In my many years experience I have never seen a woman who did not have some one good point."

"Take this portrait of a young woman in a summer gown at an open window which shows the branch of a flowering peach tree. Her hand and arm are resting on the desk with an open book."

"This picture has been much admired, as well for its likeness as for its graceful quality, and the background is not unduly conspicuous. Yet the girl was one of the most hopeless propositions that I have faced for a long time."

"She was absolutely colorless. Her hair, six eyes and dress were all of the same hue, but they fit perfectly into the background that gives them meaning and individuality. That picture could not have been made by any retouching process, by any cutting of the negative. It had all to be done before the shutter was closed."

"I studied another young woman for a long time one day while we looked at other photographs and I showed her specimens of different styles, presumably to get her ideas in reality to give myself time to set up my mind in regard to her. Finally she frankly told me that I did not want to take her picture so long as she was worried as she was at that time."

"I advised her to go home, put herself on a plain, simple diet, free her mind from all anxieties and come back to me in three or four days. When she returned she was a different creature. She had followed my advice, cut out all rich food and late hours and had removed anxiety by divorcing her husband. The photograph fulfilled the expectation that I had from her beautiful face and figure, an expectation which had prompted my advice, for as an artist I was willing to run the risk of her not returning, rather than submit her to a test which would not do her just justice."

"Few photographers know what to do with the hands, so they cut them out. They should no more be eliminated than should the figure."

"They can be made so important a part of the portrait that you will look at them first and last and will often not notice the face at all, so surprised will you be at the unexpected beauty disclosed by their proper position. A woman in a dozen knows how to use her hands, even when she has beautiful ones, and when she sits before the camera, they naturally assume ugly, wooden positions."

"Referring to a copy of the Venus de Medicis in the corner of the studio, the society photographer continues:

"I am constantly pointing out to women who come to sit for me that the perfectly formed woman has hips broader than her

shoulders, as has this wonderful specimen of Greek art, the most beautiful example of the feminine figure in the world to-day, just as the possible man has shoulders broader than the hips, but when women want to be made to look slim where nature has put on flesh have to follow their wishes, and I pose them so that the desired effect is produced."

"By placing a woman who has one eye larger than the other with the larger eye furthest from the camera that defect can be obliterated. The crooked nose, the short upper lip, the physical blemishes of one kind and another can all be concealed by the artist who knows perfectly his rules of foreshortening and perspective. Masses of shadow can give color to the colorless."

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supposedly good points. Very often it happens that a woman tells me that a certain side of her face is much more perfect than the other, when the exact opposite is the case."

"The reason for this is that a woman never sees herself as she really is. When you look in a mirror you see the reversed face, and although by looking at two mirrors you could get a more accurate reflection the angles are wrong and the unusual method is not entirely satisfactory. Women who study poses before their mirrors should remember this, but they do not."

"There is a good reason why so many photographers have to resort to the surgical method for obviating blunders. When they look through the camera they are looking through one eye instead of two, and if you close one of your eyes and look at the object at which you have been gazing you will notice the entire change in perspective, the foreshortening, &c."

"Any amateur can take as good a picture as a professional when it is merely putting a sitter in front of the camera and going through the usual mechanical process, but it is the work beforehand which differentiates the artist from the artisan."

"However, it is amateur photography that is responsible for the tremendous impingement upon the profession to-day. When the amateur discovered how easy it was to take pictures, taking pictures became the amusement of thousands of people over the country."

"Developing these plates and films developed the artistic faculty. When the amateur reached the point where he could give a standing picture, not of a woman he knows, but perhaps has never thought of as being especially beautiful, he doesn't say as he might have at one time, 'You are a picture,' but he says, 'I don't look like her.' Instead of that, he is apt to remark, 'It is Miss So-and-so at her best,' and he realizes that the photographer has studied the woman, discovered her best points and successfully shown them to the world. That, in a nutshell, is artistic photography whose development has been hindered by the work of the amateur photographer."

"In the studio of an artist whose work has already placed her in the front rank of the secessionists a large photograph of Rodin is pointed out as being her most successful work."

"It is to me two years to bring it to a point where I was satisfied with it," she confessed. "Of all the sitters I have ever had I consider him the most wonderful in his patience and helpfulness."

"He is simple, sincere and direct as only the great dare to be, and I have tried to bring those qualities out in his face. I think I have succeeded."

"The ordinary photograph of Rodin, especially those done by his own countrymen, and you get the impression of a very crude, gross figure. I had that. Every one that has seen showed me what a large neck falling over his collar in the back as his head was thrown back and the uplifted face forced you to look at his heavy nose and eyes, which added to the grotesque appearance. I had said to myself, 'This man is a brute.'"

"When I met him I was ashamed of my own work, and now that he has properly posed, with his head bent a little forward, his eyes looking on the ground so that you get the fine line of his brow and nose, and the entire effect is so different. I could have made him look like an animal if I had wanted to."

"You can make any man look brutish if you set out to do it, and most people as they are, but you must find out what they

are in need of overcoats of some sort, no matter how inexpensive so that they were warm, and no less than twenty-four men on her list whose feet were actually on the frozen ground for lack of decent shoes."

"Therefore, she said, she was making a little canvass among gentlemen of reputed kindness of spirit to see if she couldn't obtain a few more for the purpose of protecting these worthy unemployed men against the rigors of the bitter winter until they could find something to do."

"She was perhaps, I considered at first, a bit too ornately dressed for a young person engaged in such exacting duties as those which I speak to the lot of settlement workers—I speak now of the quite audible frou-frou of her silken skirt, of the rather ultra ideas of millinery which adorned her head, and of such details, which to a man of my old-fashioned type seemed at the outset of my interview somewhat incompatible with the nature of the work to which she was addressing herself."

"Immediately she began to speak, however, I discerned that she was a young person of the greatest seeming refinement, modesty and culture, so that I felt a trifle ashamed of having permitted my mind to dwell even momentarily upon what seemed to me so ridiculous and incongruous of her striking investiture."

"She quickly advanced to the pith of her purpose in visiting me—of whose distressing condition she had heard, and, generally, she had frequently heard. There were a large number of laboring men in her settlement division, she said, who had been entirely out of employment for some time."

"These men, she continued, were more or less removed from the sphere of charitable workers because, being unmarried, they of course had no families. She said that charitable workers only addressed themselves to the aiding of the wives and little ones of men out of employment—a practice, she added, which involved considerable injustice with reference to married unmarried men."

"It was, she told me, for the assisting of such worthy men as these that she was working. There were, she continued, four men in her settlement district who were



COMING TO POSE FOR HER PORTRAIT.

really are not, what the superficial eye of the unthinking world says that they are. A photographer has no right to show any one to the public unless he shows the very best that is in that person."

"Asked regarding that seemingly all important question of the woman who is going to sit for her photograph—the costume—this artist admits that the matter is one of little importance."

"So long as the dress does not interfere with the picture by attracting attention to itself unduly I do not care very much what it is; in every case it should be subsidiary—

he came there for weeks, told me a pitiful story of his hardships in his struggle to devote himself to his chosen profession and worked on my sympathies in many ways."

"When I saw his face through the camera I could not believe my eyes. The word 'thief' was written there so plainly that I could not mistake it. I sent for a legal friend and he looked up his records. It was as stated. He had served a term in prison; he had stolen the minutiae and had taken many things from the studio that I had not missed until then."

"It is interesting to notice how people learn to care for this soul photography even when it destroys the canons of art that they have always accepted as their creed. When I saw his face through the camera I could not believe my eyes. The word 'thief' was written there so plainly that I could not mistake it. I sent for a legal friend and he looked up his records. It was as stated. He had served a term in prison; he had stolen the minutiae and had taken many things from the studio that I had not missed until then."

"The old couple came to me a while ago simply because they had been sent by their son, who was an art student. I could see that they absolutely did not know what to make of my portraits; they were dazed by them, absolutely dazed, but they insisted on obeying their son when I suggested that perhaps some one else could do better for them."

"They were perfectly dear and sweet. The old lady pushed up her specs when she sat down in front of the camera and the old gentleman held the thumb of one hand by the fingers of the other. I took them in that perfectly natural position and the pictures were a delight in everybody who saw them. The son wrote to thank me, and even the old couple when they got back had sent me word that they were very satisfactory."

"To make an artist in photography you must be a psychologist as well."

"I am very sorry," she said, "for it was inconspicuous," she said. "Many women who have heard of my work and come to me because they believe it to be a find and consequently their patronages are over-dressed and overloaded with jewels."

"I actually beg them to go elsewhere. I even give the names of photographers I would refer them to. I have seen them persist I am quite obdurate in my commands that they shall change their costumes and adopt something very simple."

"I was interested to know if the most artistic woman photographer of New York was in the building, and he allowed that she was. Then she said, 'Are you sure?' I was told that she had a studio here and that there was a hairdresser on the floor below. The boy allowed again that she was the case, but that the hairdresser had never seen people as they are, but you must find out what they

the hairdresser that I wanted." Really you can't tell how glad I was when she went out.

"Photography is the shorthand of the soul. When I look through the camera I can tell how the young girl of 17 will look when she is 70."

"I can see those incipient wrinkles, little unbroken lines, tiny marks of sorrow and age. Oftentimes people whose complexions are wonderful display freckles and blemishes of one kind and another."

"One day a man sat for me and I had all when I faced him without it. A week later he died of bilious fever."

"The woman who seems to her friends to have reached middle age without any of the lines which usually denote that period is judged by them as lacking in feeling and soul reveals to me evidences of great thought and sentiment."

"Oftentimes it takes me weeks before I bring a woman to the point where she reveals her soul, and then the second corner I snatch it eagerly. Then, very likely, her friends say that I have sacrificed the likeness for the sake of artistic effect."

"That is because they have never known that woman in her soul moments. They would probably never want to, and the expression of the soul is strange to them."

"The value of the background? Once I had a group of children posing. They were very wooden and were obsessed with the idea that they were there to have their pictures taken and they would not be natural."

"I tried them with crayons and slates and toys, but it was useless. Finally I dragged a Christmas tree out of the corner and suggested that they trim it."

"They were delighted, but the mother kept breaking in and saying, 'Will it show? Are you going to use that for the background?' 'Will it be very conspicuous?' and every time I answered her more and more impatiently. Finally she protested against it, saying, 'You know how Hebrews!'"

"Of course I knew it, but I had been so absorbed in the idea of making the children forget themselves that my knowledge of orthodox harmony was lost sight of."

"The camera is very psychic in its revelations. One day a young woman, a friend of mine, brought a very uninteresting looking person of the most exulting imagery and a monocle, a lip and had been mixed up in one of London's unsavory divorce suits. I hated him and persistently evaded her suggestions that I get him to sit for me."

"A week later I was cornered in such a way that I saw no escape and I looked at him through the camera. It was a revelation. I saw in that face evidences of the most strenuous soul struggles, a fighting against hereditary tendencies, a gradual development, sweetness, strength and resignation."

"This reading was afterward proved by his life and his work. A year after that I received a volume of poems that he had written, of the most exulting imagery and sentiment. His life was one long sacrifice to others."

"Another time a young man who had brought some miniature for me to look at, claiming that he had painted them, was allowed the freedom of the studio."

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humps of society in this flagrant manner. When the show cases at the entrance are pointed to and he is asked if the diaphanous draped, illusive, intangible, evanescent beings portrayed there are really just plain garden varieties of folks that you see around at theatres, shops and parties he gets positively fussed and proclaims that his profession away in that manner."

"There is a picture of a bride you happen to know in the show case. She is sitting in a swirl of draperies that look like summer clouds. There is a scrupulous smile of content in her eyes, and tiny hands and feet complete the effect of a fairy figure."

"In real life she is rather demure, she wears number six shoes and six and a half gloves, and her eyes, to your certain knowledge, have never scratched a tiny bit. And yet the strange thing about it is that there is a sort of likeness and you would recognize the dress anywhere."

"You ask in your most polite manner if you can see the surgical ward where these extraordinary transformations take place, and you receive a curt refusal. It is plain to see that your questions are so crudely put that they pain the recipient, who blusters out that to him all women are beautiful and says he has no professional rates for this state of mind."

"The only bit of satisfaction that is secured is the quiet aside of an employee who states that any one could have an appendix removed there and that there is no facial blemish, no irregularity of contour, no shapelessness of physique that photography will not take away, and that all a woman sitter has to do is to make her figure



REDUCING HER OUTLINE.

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SHOCKS FOR MR. FALLGYE

TWO CALLS TO HELP HIS FELLOW MAN AND TWO SEQUELS.

He Took Part in the Rescue of a Promising Lawyer From Drink, and a Winsome Young Woman Cared Him to Open His Check Book—And Then Afterward!

Mr. Fallgye gazed reflectively out of his office window.

"Sometimes," he remarked, "I fear that I am too incautious and too precipitate a giver. Recently I have had several quite perturbing experiences."

"Perhaps the incident which gave me the greatest mental discomfiture was that in which figured the exceedingly plausible man who informed me that he was collecting a fund for the praiseworthy purpose of having a fallen friend—a man of quite remarkable ability, he told me—treated for the liquor habit."

"The collector of this fund visited me here at my office one forenoon while I was disposing of my morning mail and he certainly demonstrated his possession of the gift of convincing language. A promising young lawyer friend of his had been unfortunate enough to allow the liquor habit to gain the upper hand of him and through this wretched indulgence had fallen to a most miserable state."

success in curing his patients' appetite for liquor.

"My visitor—by no means a wily do to man, he modestly informed me—was undertaking, at a considerable sacrifice of time and of personal feeling, to raise a fund for this purpose. He was at some pains, he informed me, only to broach the matter to such men as were known to him as being of broad and generous view in respect to such delicate matters, and my reputation as a man of this character had reached him, he added, rather agreeably."

"Several men in this building, he told me, had been good enough to write him their checks for this worthy purpose, and he felt