

SOCIETY WOMEN WHO WILL BE AT THE HORSE SHOW



Miss Mary Duke

PHOTO BY MISHKIN STUDIO



Mrs. George J. Gould



Mrs. Arthur Iselin



Mrs. Henry S. Redmond



Mrs. Charles de Looney Oelrichs

PHOTO BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, N.Y.



Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas

PHOTOGRAPHING ALL OF THE PRESIDENTS FROM THE TIME OF GENERAL GRANT

I HAVE photographed every President since Gen. Grant," says a Washington photographer, "and I have found President Taft the easiest poser of them all. President Taft isn't particularly fond of having his picture taken, but when he does face the lens he falls naturally into the right position, doesn't have to be told to smile, doesn't stiffen up like so many photographic subjects, and generally knows the game so well that all of his pictures are successful. Mr. Roosevelt is an excessively hard man to pose for the camera. He is what we call a frigid subject, and it is impossible, it seems, for him to fall easily and naturally into the desired position. He unconsciously fights the photographer,

as we say. When in the chair for a bust picture he has a way of thrusting his chin far forward in a grotesquely aggressive way which, in a picture, would make him appear to be saying to the beholder of the portrait: 'Say, what's that you are talking about? Say it again! I dare you to say it again!'

"And Mr. Roosevelt is generally stricken with the fidgets when he faces the camera. It appears to be a positive misery to him to stick to one position for more than two seconds at a stretch. The very low cut collar that he wears appears to bother him when he is before the lens, and he has a way of incessantly grabbing at the front of the collar with the right hand as if he wanted to jerk it off and toss it

away. His hands appear to be doing something at all times, and I never photographed a man who had less natural repose. I often wonder how Mr. Roosevelt ever sleeps at night—how he gets to sleep, that is. 'Once I asked Mr. Roosevelt to permit me to photograph him without his eyeglasses, just as a sort of novelty, but he wouldn't consent to this. 'The eyeglasses are just as much a part of me as my ears,' he told me, 'and I have a bad staring look without them. I look like somebody seeing a ghost.' 'He never brushes down his hair if it happens to be tousled when he removes his hat upon entering the studio. 'I don't like sleek hair,' he informed

me once, when I handed him a brush before starting to pose him, and the best that he would do was nervously to smooth down his hair with his hands. 'During the last two years of Roosevelt's incumbency he didn't much like to be photographed full length or three-quarters, for he grew undeniably stout in spite of all his tennis, horseback riding and wrestling. He is always in a terrific hurry to get out of a studio, but beyond a doubt is fond of looking at his finished photographs. He always wants proofs of all the plates and generally ends by ordering copies struck from all the different negatives. 'McKinley was a singularly easy man to pose for the camera—patient, plastic,

submissive to the operator's requests and possessed of a certain natural grace that made him a valued photographic subject. He too, toward the latter years of his life, grew to dislike any but bust pictures of himself, for his tendency toward stoutness was ever increasing. 'But no photograph ever quite did Mr. McKinley justice. All in all, he had the most remarkable pair of eyes that I ever saw in a man's head. They were literally as mellow as the eyes of an antelope, brooding, darkly luminous, suffused with pity, and yet they were strong and wholly masculine eyes too. 'It was hard for a photographer to catch him without an expression of almost ineradicable melancholy in his

face. His smiles were rare and fine, but they passed very quickly. He was often compared with Napoleon for facial resemblance, but his face was much finer than Napoleon's. It was as strong, but lacked the hardness of the Corsican's. For a handsome man, with a really noble head, Mr. McKinley was the least vain personage that I ever leveled a camera at. 'I suppose there are few people who know that Mr. Cleveland had a decided aversion to the camera. It almost took wild horses to get him to be photographed while he was President. Had it not been for his admirable wife we might never have got him at all, for she always assisted us in our efforts to obtain sittings from him.

"The curious rugged honesty, not to say the stubbornness, of the man was shown by the fact that he despised a photograph of himself the negative of which had been retouched. He wanted the picture just as it had been taken. He liked, for example, to stick his left hand beneath the flap of his frock coat in the conventional statesman pose. But that sort of thing went out of date with Webster, Clay and Calhoun and was made ridiculous by black-faced stump speakers of the minstrel stage when Mr. Cleveland was yet a boy. All the same, we always had trouble in preventing him from striking that outworn attitude every time he wanted a three-quarter or full length photograph."

WEBER AND FIELDS AND THE NEW MEMBERS OF THEIR COMPANY AT THEIR FIRST REHEARSAL



(Left to right) NORA BAYES, MARIE DRESSLER, BESSIE CLAYTON, HELENA COLLIER GARRICK, FLORENCE MILLER



(Left to right) LEW FIELDS, JOE WEBER, JACK NORWORTH, FRANK DANIELS, ARTHUR AYLESWORTH, THOMAS BEAUREGARD