

LONDON'S NEWEST MUSEUM

Salient Feature of a Group of Great Public Buildings.

SOME NOTABLE IMPROVEMENTS IN CAPITAL

Victoria and Albert Museum in Kensington Almost Complete—Will House Collection Illustrative of Applied Arts.

LONDON, May 17.—If one may prophesy from the buildings and streets begun, completed and contemplated in the last seven years...

The rebuilding that followed did not, however, make for beauty. Grant Allen has described London as a "walled village."

Such partial truths serve only to suggest the faults of London as it really is.

"London," says a writer of today, "has never yielded any delight to the admirer of the classic streets."

The twentieth century seems determined to change all this.

In Whitehall new buildings, which would be notable in any city, have been and are being erected.

But the most imposing of the new buildings which will be the present glory of London's rebuilding is one which is now nearing its completion in a modern part of the city.

Seven years ago Queen Victoria laid its foundation stone.

Quadrangular in form, the building satisfies from any point of view, for the architect has made the mistake, so common in British architecture...

The principal facade overlooks Cromwell Gardens and Thurloe Square.

Between the windows on the top floor, right round the two chief facades, there are niches of fame in which thirty-two distinguished masters in art and science stand in enduring stone.

Millais, Leighton, Constable and Watts are among the painters.

On the facade looking toward the Natural History museum there are so varied a company as William Morris and Roger Payne, a pioneer in beautiful bookbinding...

Beneath the curved flying buttresses upon which she stands there is an outside screen of pillars arranged in two tiers...

The great building meets you suddenly as you swing around the corner of the Brompton road.

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ROOSEVELT HARD TO POSE

President a Trial to the Photographer Before the Camera.

SOME OF THINGS HE DOES UNCONSCIOUSLY

Gets in the Wrong Position, Thrusts His Chin Out and Flights—McKinley and Arthur Good Subjects.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—"Mr. Roosevelt is a hard man to pose," said a Washington photographer who had aimed the lens at all of the presidents from Grant to the incumbent.

"It is impossible for him to get easily and naturally into a desired posture. He has to be bent, twisted and generally forced into the position. He unconsciously and involuntarily fights the photographer."

"When in the chair for a best picture he subjects his chin to a most unbecoming protrusion. In a grotesquely aggressive way which in a picture would make him appear to be saying to the beholder of the portrait, 'What's that you say? Say it again! I dare you to say it again!'"

"Moreover, he has the fidgets. It seems to be a positive misery for him to stick to one position for more than two seconds at a stretch."

"The very low cut turndown collar that he always wears seems to bother him constantly, and he has a way of incessantly grabbing at the front of the collar with his right hand as if he wanted to yank it off and toss it away. His hands are going all the time, anyhow. I never met a man who was so restless."

"Eight Minutes of Effort." The last time I photographed him he was sitting back in a deep chair beside a table. It took me a good eight minutes to pull and tug him about in the chair so that he'd look natural, and he's so unyielding that it was like moving a sackful of steel billets.

"Mr. President," I finally said, "I am all for peace. I hope I have not said or done anything to cause you to look that way—as if you had a chip on your shoulder and were waiting for me to knock it off," and once again I pulled his head back.

"He laughed good naturedly, and then I sneaked the prongs of a headrest up to his back hair, although I knew that he didn't like headrests."

"I started to say you head against this," I started to say as I essayed to fix the back of his head to the prongs, you'll have the right position, and—

"No, no, no! Take that thing away! Take it away, by all means, at once!" he broke out as soon as he understood what I was doing, and he shot his head forward away from the prongs, and I had to move the headrest off the scene. I'll hold my head, all right," he went on. "Just go ahead."

"He did pull his head back a bit then, but he immediately began to drum on the table with the fingers of his right hand."

"Focus Comes Hard." I requested him to bely that while I was focusing him, and he began to beat the devil's tattoo on the armchair with the fingers of his left hand. He smiled very broadly when I asked him not to do that, and by this time he was huddled all in a bunch in the chair again, and once more I had to take hold of him and unravel some of the knots from his rigid position.

"Finally I got the snap at him, but the picture wasn't satisfactory to me, although he seemed to like it. He was profoundly bored, apparently, by the time I got through pulling him around in the chair, and when Mr. Roosevelt is bored his expression is sardonic."

"His lips curve away from his expression in a most contemptuous and contemptuous in that picture seems to say, I wish this infernal imbecile of a photographer would hurry up and let me get out of here, and as a matter of fact he's always in a most terrific hurry to get out of a photographic studio."

"For all of this, I think Mr. Roosevelt likes to be photographed—likes at least to see the finished pictures. He always wants proofs of all the plates and he always ends by ordering some copies from every one of the negatives."

"Of late years he doesn't care much to be photographed for length or three-quarter length, for he is growing undeniably stout in spite of all his tennis, horseback riding, wrestling and so on. About eighteen months ago, by dint of immense effort and dieting, he took off some fifteen pounds. When he came to my studio for some new negatives I at once noticed his decreased girth."

"You don't want to get too thin, Mr. President," I said to him. "Polka won't recognize your pictures if you do."

"I seemed immensely pleased. 'I am pretty well down, don't you think?' he asked, and he patted his waistcoat with manifest delight. 'But it's a fight—it's a fight,' and his teeth suddenly came together with a click."

"One on Tom Reed." "Then I told him that story about the late Tom Reed, and if he hadn't heard it he'd at least let on that he hadn't. When Tom Reed, a few years back, his death weighed something like 280 pounds, one of his chummies asked him how much he weighed."

"Two hundred pounds," was Reed's solemn reply, without batting an eye.

"Tut, tut, Tom, don't tell me nonsense," said his friend. "Why, anybody with half an eye can see that you—"

"My friend," cut in Reed, maintaining his solemnity, "no gentleman ever weighs more than 200 pounds."

"And Reed was right—everlastingly right," was Mr. Roosevelt's comment when I told him the story. I was tempted to ask him if he thought Mr. Taft would agree to any such proposition, but I didn't."

"I once asked Mr. Roosevelt to allow me to photograph him without his eyeglasses, just for the novelty of the thing, but he wouldn't consent. It was a business."

"They're just as much a part of me as my ears," he said, "and I have a bad staring look without them—like somebody seeing a ghost."

"He won't brush down his hair, either, if it happens to be touched when he removes his hat on coming to the studio. 'I don't like sleek hair,' he told me once when I handed him a brush before starting to pose him, and the best that he would do was to nervously smooth down his hair—which has a tendency to oowlickness—with the palms of his hands."

"Mr. Roosevelt's face is what we call an even match. That is to say, neither side is better than the other. This is very unusual. Most folks have a better side to their faces, and the left side is generally the good side."

"Mr. Roosevelt's countenance offers no choice of sides, and somebody in my business must have told him that a long time ago, for he invariably consents to be photographed full face or nearly full. He won't sit for a profile."

"Mr. McKinley was a singularly easy man to pose—patient, plastic, submissive

to the operator's requests and possessed of a certain natural grace that made him an appreciated photographic subject. He, too, toward later years, grew to dislike any but bust photographs of himself, for his tendency to paunchiness was ever increasing.

"No photograph ever quite did him justice. All in all, he had the most remarkable pair of eyes I ever saw in a man's head. They were literally like 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 that 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. His face was much finer than Napoleon's. It was as strong, but lacked the hardness of the Corsican's face. He was a handsome man, a man with a really noble head, he was the least vain personage I ever leveled a camera at."

"Cleveland Did Not Like It." "Mr. Cleveland had an aversion to the camera, and it took wild horses to get him in front of one when he was president. Then he'd usually come to us in a sulky frame of mind, for he no doubt regarded us as very great nuisances. Had it not been for his admirable wife we might indeed never have got him at all, for she always assisted us in our efforts to force sittings upon him."

"The curious, rugged honesty, not to say the stubbornness of the man, was illustrated 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."

"Mr. Cleveland's face was always deeply marked and the defects of his facial outline were brought out exaggeratedly to finish his pictures without thoroughly retouching the negatives, yet this always displeased him. He wanted the photographs to be just like the proofs."

"He rarely or never had this preference obeyed by photographers for whom he sat, which perhaps was one of the reasons why he hadn't much use for our tribe. He was a 'rich' too, and very hard to pose. He inclined to ponderosity in the poses he struck for himself and he just naturally hated to be smoothed out of these poses."

"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 and Clay and Calhoun, and was being made ridiculous by black faced stump speakers of the minstrel stage when Mr. Cleveland was a boy. Yet he had all kinds of a time preventing him from striking that outworn attitude every time we wanted a full length or three-quarters of him."

"I think Mr. Cleveland never possessed much sense of humor. One day he was booked to come to me for a sitting, and his barber knowing this gave him exceedingly strangely and homely mistake a natty brilliantine twist at the ends. Mr. Cleveland didn't notice this till he reached the studio, and then just as he was about to take the chair he caught sight of himself in a glass. He gave a snort, and pulled and tugged at his mustache till he had got it all stringy and straggly again, and then he appeared to be satisfied."

"Harrison Also Averse." "Mr. Harrison didn't care for photographers either. He said to me once that he thought it foolish for a man to have his photograph taken after he'd reached the age of 40. We had to set all manner of traps to get him and at that he was the least photographed of all the presidents of my period as a Washington photographer."

"He was keenly sensitive as to his lack of height. He had a long body and very short legs, and once when I passed him in a chair for a bust picture the chair was high for him—though the right for a man of average stature—that his legs dangled and his feet didn't touch the floor."

"Noticing this I put a hassock under his feet. He must have been inwardly fuming over the fact that his feet didn't touch the floor, for when I placed the footstool for them he kicked it away with some sort of expression in the eyes. His expression in that picture seems to say, I wish this infernal imbecile of a photographer would hurry up and let me get out of here, and as a matter of fact he's always in a most terrific hurry to get out of a photographic studio."

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Advertisement for Union Outfitting Co. featuring 3 rooms furnished for \$59.50, iron beds, sanitary couches, sideboards, bed room suits, extension tables, and various other furniture items. Includes a list of prices and a coupon for a free cash offer.

Advertisement for Rock Island Excursion Rates to Jamestown Exposition. Features 15-day, 60-day, and season tickets, and information about the Rock Island Railroad.

Advertisement for Eastern Express Iowa Limited, detailing routes to Chicago and Omaha, and departure/arrival times.

Advertisement for Queen Quality shoes by Hayden Bros., featuring a large illustration of a shoe and text describing the quality and variety of footwear.

Advertisement for Japanese Matting Cases, highlighting the quality and variety of matting products available.

Large advertisement for Jap-a-lac wood finish, featuring the slogan 'Wears Like Iron' and 'The Original Stain and Varnish Combined'. Includes illustrations of various furniture items and contact information for The Bennett Company.