



The Japs.

MADAME LALLIE CHARLES'S PORTRAITS.

(ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.)

AS in many other professions, the photographer is born, not made, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the successful photographer must be a born artist.

This is most certainly the case with Madame Lallie Charles, for she has never received any lessons in photography, but taught herself everything she knows, and, she will tell you with a smile, she is still learning.

Photography has never been more popular than it is to-day. Every other person one meets is an amateur photographer, and all are anxious to know about those who have been successful in the art.

Although it is only three years since she

entered the ranks of professional photographers, Madame Lallie Charles's work is in such demand that it is almost impossible at times for her and her sister, Miss Rita Martin (whom she finds an invaluable assistant), to keep pace with it. Ladies naturally prefer a lady to photograph them, the more so when all their friends have already been photographed at the same place. No doubt a great many men prefer it too; but Madame Lallie Charles confines herself, except in rare cases, to ladies and children.

Madame Lallie Charles attributes her success in a very large measure to the Press. When first of all she entertained the idea of making photography a profession, she took several "studies" she had done round to

various papers and magazines. These were not only re-produced, but in several instances a paragraph or short article was inserted about this new lady photographer. The rest was easy. Editors were anxious to procure her work, and those who saw the pretty pictures it was possible to make of portraits were eager to test the ability of an artist who could give at the same time a faithful yet pleasing likeness; for, after all, the aim of photography is to produce a truthful impression, and its art lies in rendering that impression the most pleasing without losing its resemblance.

It was not long ago since one was asked on entering a photographer's shop the rather uncomplimentary question, "Do you wish for a portrait or a picture?" That it might be both did not seem to enter the photographer's mind. By a portrait, presumably, was meant a painfully true likeness without any of those softening touches



THE HON. MRS. FRED CURZON.

which can do so much to make a plain face look its best; by a "picture" an idealised photograph so manipulated as to bear little if any trace to the person whom it was supposed to represent. Gratifying though it may be to the owner of a homely physiognomy to find herself transformed to a thing of beauty, it is not satisfactory to her friends, who want to be reminded of the familiar face they know and love, and not to be the possessors of a fancy picture of which every one asks, "Who is that?"

A gentleman received one morning by post the photograph of a lady entirely unknown to him. She appeared to be in fancy costume, and was emerging from a stage bower of leaves and flowers with an open book in her hand, looking a little surprised at finding herself in such a position. The whole style of the picture led him to conclude that it was the portrait



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art and skill and science, and whatever others may have done in the immediate past, Madame Lallie Charles, at all events, has proved that portraits and pictures are now compatible terms.

It is easy to touch up a portrait out of all recognition, but to retain a striking likeness and yet to make each portrait a picture is an accomplishment which only an artist can achieve. This is one of the secrets of Madame Lallie Charles's success—flattery without lying; and it is the methods she employs which bring about this result.

Imagine yourself paying a professional visit to Madame Lallie Charles's studio. You

of an actress sent as an advertisement; but it transpired afterwards that this was the photograph of a cousin who under the photographer's hands had become fair, though by nature she was distinctly dark, and whose expression had undergone such a transformation that it was only after long and careful study that any faint resemblance to the original could be found.

This was a capital illustration of what the photographer used to term a "picture," for it could not certainly with any degree of truth be called a "portrait," as the dictionary explains the word—"a vivid, graphic description." But all that is changed now. It is no longer a shop, but a studio; photography is no longer a trade, but a profession requiring



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arrive at a charming little house appropriately called "The Nook." It is just a private residence overlooking the park, and there is nothing shoppy about it. You are shown into the waiting-room on the ground floor. It is a cosy little room, artistically furnished. The walls are lined with photographic pictures and studies. There is nothing to make one think it is anything but a private residence. Then, when the studio is ready, you have

but to step into the next room, where Madame Lallie Charles and her sister are awaiting you.

Here, too, except for the camera, the room differs in no way from any cosy little snugery. There are no instruments of torture such as head-rests, and there is no preliminary fussing or unnecessary delay. Indeed, Madame Lallie Charles seems determined to give you no time to get nervous, and even were

it otherwise she seems to inspire a confidence in you which expels all nervousness. You seat yourself carelessly on a table, and are taken in a natural attitude, without time even to say, "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prisms!" You have no opportunity of getting your eyes fixed into a vacant and meaningless stare, which is so distressing and apt to make the most harmless, sober-minded persons appear as if they were on the point of taking leave of their senses, and you are spared that long interval of waiting, too, which usually sets in just after you have arranged your best smile, and which brings on such an attack of nervous anxiety that you begin to wonder if you could feel worse in the dentist's chair.



MISS WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES.



THE LADY JULIETTE LOWTHER.



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At Madame Lallie Charles's it all seems so simple, but therein lies her art. Her quick eye notices at once your strong point, your best feature, and prominence is given to that, thus ensuring the most pleasing likeness it is possible to produce. In the present day, when every detail of the head and face comes out so clearly in the large-sized photographs that are produced, this is very necessary. How different from thirty years ago, when it was the fashion to take

a full-length portrait on a carte-de-visite, so that there was an excellent view of the style of dress then prevalent, but a decidedly limited one of the face!

In her sister, Miss Rita Martin, Madame Lallie Charles has a most capable partner, and one who is quite indispensable to her. Indeed, it would seem strange to an old client who was paying a professional visit to "The Nook" not to have both Madame Lallie Charles and her sister to assist in the



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“operation.” Of course, many sitters return again and again to have their photographs taken, and no doubt Madame Lallie Charles could tell many funny tales of their vanity and little idiosyncracies.

It will be seen from the accompanying illustrations that Madame Lallie Charles's *clientèle* is a wide one. The portrait of the three mysterious “Japs” will be interesting to those who frequent their haunts. That of Lady Alice Montagu, the beautiful daughter of the Duchess of Manchester, has a melancholy interest, as it was one of the last taken before she left for Davos. She was one of the beautiful twin daughters of the Duchess of Manchester; her loss will be sadly felt by her many friends, among whom she was most popular and universally

beloved. Lady Juliette Lowther will be remembered as the most beautiful *débutante* of last year; the stage is represented by Miss Winifred Arthur Jones, the popular daughter of the well-known dramatist, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys (the Hon. Mrs. Fred Curzon). In addition to some beautiful examples of “studies,” we give a portrait of Madame Lallie Charles herself.

There is another branch of photography which Madame Lallie Charles has to a great extent developed—the use of the camera in illustrating stories. In addition to the beautiful portraits she has laid at our disposal,



THE LATE LADY ALICE MONTAGU.

Madame Lallie Charles kindly consented to illustrate one of the stories in the current number of this magazine, so that our readers may be able to see both sides of her work.

The large number of women photographers

who during the past few years have entered into competition—really serious competition—with the old-established firms is but one indication of the progress and popularity of photography. To the artist, also, photographic portraiture must be a serious rival. It was only a short time ago that a wealthy parvenu arranged with a well-known artist to paint his portrait for a very handsome fee. He had no sooner made the agreement than some trivial circumstance impressed upon his mind how lifelike (and life-sized) a photograph could be. He therefore immediately



LADY DE GREY.

wrote off to the artist and cancelled his previous order, "Since," he said, "I despair of ever getting paint to equal photography. Besides which," he added artlessly, "it is some hundreds of pounds cheaper." Not

only this, but one hears of direct colour-photography, and before very long there is no doubt that this branch of photography will be perfected, though whether that will be an advantage is doubtful, since it is

not every one who cares to have her complexion exactly reproduced in its natural colouring. The plain take refuge in an ordinary platinum-type or silver print, where the light and shade play as important a part as expression does in music, emphasising what is beautiful while minimising that which is ugly.



MADAME LALLIE CHARLES.