

ing of a heart. It was as soft as an echo and as tender as the memories of love and youth.

"We have to be very particular with Hal-lie," said the general, by way of explanation. "The Union soldier in our burying-ground is intimately connected with her bereavement and ours. Hers is the one poor heart that keeps the fires of grief always burning. I think she is willing the story should be told."

"Yes," said his mother; "else she would never go to the piano."

"I feel like a criminal," said Helen. "How can I apologize?"

"It is we who ought to apologize and explain," replied General Garwood; "you shall hear the story, and then neither explanation nor apology will be necessary."

(To be continued.)

Joel Chandler Harris.



THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE subtle alchemy of the hobby has never worked more interesting results than in the case of the amateur photographer. That gentle madness which has given a triteness to the phrase "enthusiastic amateur," is especially engaging in the person of one who has succumbed to the curious contagion of the camera. And there is something so communicable in this enthusiasm, that it behooves no one to regard the phenomenon with disrespectful flippancy. Who is to know that his best friend has not been taken down over night? In the street a man feels a hand upon his shoulder, and is served by Banks or Temple with a moral subpoena for a sitting.

Once acquired, the photographic passion is easily gratified. The inventive genius of the century seems to have conspired for its encouragement. The daintiest devices in wood and brass, the coyest lenses, the airiest tripods, the snuggest carrying-cases,—all seem especially endowed with that peculiar quality which tempts one who has straddled a new hobby to plant the spurs impetuously. A few years ago matters were very different. The keynote of amateur photography, the "dry-plate," has been supplied within eight or ten years, since the dry-plate process, though in use for more than a decade, was not brought to trustworthy perfection until it had undergone several seasons' trial. There were, indeed, "wet-plate amateurs," and there are to-day some who follow the example of many professionals in adhering to the older method. But amateur photography now practically means dry-plate photography. It was the amateur who welcomed the dry-plate at a time when the professional was yielding it only a cautious tolerance. Why he welcomed it may scarcely require explanation.

The principle of the wet-plate process is suggested by its name. The glass negative-plate is coated with collodion, exposed in the camera while wet, and developed at once. This implies the presence of appliances within a short distance of the place where the exposure is made. In order to make views out-of-doors the photographer was obliged to carry an outfit which in these times would look lugubriously elaborate. I have seen a "home-made" amateur wet-plate apparatus, made very ingeniously of telescoping boxes, with an eye-hole at the top, an arm-hole at each side, an orange-light window in the front (for all the tinkering with the moist plate had to be done without white, actinic light), and the whole, with its trays, baths, solutions in bottles, etc., could be reduced to a relatively small bundle.

When the dry-plate arrived it became possible to do away with all this ponderous machinery. The dry-plates, bought ready prepared, can be kept for months before use, and for months again after exposure before they are developed—a phenomenon of which the wonder is always new. Thus one may carry a camera with him through Europe, pack up the exposed plates, and, unless some custom-house official, to the amateur's unspeakable despair, insists upon opening a few of the packages to discern the meaning of their ominous weight, develop them all on his return home.

This element of portability is not the only feature of the dry-plate process which had an immediate influence upon the development of amateur photography. A capacity for rapid work was from the outset an important characteristic of the process. By continued experiment the sensitiveness of the gelatine film with which the plates are coated was from time to time increased, until now an exposure for the two-hundredth part of a second is sufficient to secure an adequate negative. The value of this achievement is wider than the field of the amateur. Within the few years during which instantaneous work has been possi-



A STREET BAND. (TAKEN FROM A THIRD-STORY WINDOW BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.)

ble, both science and art have increased their obligations to the camera. Every one remembers the burst of merriment and wonder that greeted Mr. Muybridge's pictures of the horse in motion. The motion of a sound-jarred lamp-flame, the flight of a cannon-shot, the forkings of lightning, and a thousand other phenomena have been dexterously photographed. Through this medium both the naturalist and the surgeon have gained a better knowledge of muscular action. One anatomist uses the rapid plate to settle the long-standing dispute as to whether, in the twirling of the fist, the *ulna* or the *radius* moves the more; another fastens with bee's-wax upon the line of a model's spine a row of glistening Christmas-tree balls, and then takes a dozen impressions within a second while the model is walking away from the operator. It is in this manner that instantaneous photography has made itself invaluable to students in many departments of knowledge, students who, while they are in a sense amateur photographers, make professional use of the product.

A novel result of the instantaneous process is seen in the camera without legs. "There is only one way to get along without a tripod," said a well-known New York photographer. "You must focus, and for this purpose a stick, inserted in the bottom of the camera and resting in the ground, might be used." After being assured by excellent authorities that the idea was absurd, Mr. William Schmid, of Brooklyn, N. Y., made the first of the "detective" cameras. Mr. Schmid is neither a professional photographer nor a mechanic, but a musician. Let me say behind a respectful parenthesis

that most of the improvements in modern photography have been discovered or instituted by amateurs. Working only for pleasure and attainment, the amateur thinks nothing of a risk. He indulges in most unorthodox measures, violating recognized rules of procedure, and with bewildering impunity. Then, the amateur blunders. To blunder is to discover, though it is infinitely more pleasurable to have the other fellow do the discovering. With his client waiting without to learn the result of the sitting, the professional cannot afford to discover at this price.

The "detective" solved several problems. Focusing, which is a simple matter of arithmetic, was accomplished with a lever. In order to discover the field of the lens and the situation of the image on the plate, a small camera obscura was fitted in the front of the box; and a perforated disk of black rubber made the exposure in a space of time ranging between the thirty-fifth and the one-hundred-and-thirtieth part of a second. Nothing connected with photography has proved so fascinating as this "detective" camera. Disguised in a small, inconspicuous box, which might readily be taken for a professional hand-satchel, it is indeed a "witch-machine," as it was named last summer by an astonished resident of the Tyrol, when, under its inventor's arm, it was winking its way through some of the quaintest towns of Europe. In the open air nothing is closed against the "detective." In the rigging of a tossing ocean steamer, or in a crowd on the Bowery, it is always prepared, with one eye open and the other shut. Fragments of street scenery, little *genre* bits in out-of-the-way corners, tableaux in rustic or town life, requiring instant capture, all impossible to the ordinary camera, are caught by the "detective" in their very effervescence.

In the hands of police officials the "detective" has justified its name. It has already several times figured in court proceedings, and may well be regarded with uneasiness by those whose face is not their



A "HOME-MADE" WET-PLATE OUTFIT.



MABEL. (TAKEN BY ALEXANDER BLACK.)

fortune. An English detective is described as having disguised himself as a bootblack and hidden a camera in a foot-box, with results very gratifying to the Police Department and very bewildering to the rogues.

Several varieties of the "detective," or portable, camera are in the market. Then there is the "vest camera," consisting of a false vest in which one of the false buttons forms the neck of the lens. For stealing portraits the arrangement is very ingenious, and ought to prove a valuable assistant to the caricaturist. The pictures, though small, are sometimes surprisingly good. Again, a German has secreted a camera in the hat. An ostensible ventilating aperture in the front is the eye-hole of the lens.

For larger and more serious work the portable camera is, of course, inadequate. Probably the favorite size of camera with experienced amateurs is the camera fitted for 5×8

inch plates. The size has, after all, little to do with the value of the result. Wisdom dictates the utility of a modestly small camera at the outset. In sizes larger than 5×8 inches, or 6½×8½ inches,—another useful size,—plates become somewhat expensive playthings. The discovery that negatives can be made with gelatine-coated paper, which is placed on rollers and reeled, panorama-like, at the back of the camera, has opened up interesting possibilities to the photographer.

Vastly more important than the precise size of the box is the character of the lens, upon which the quality of the photograph is wholly dependent. In his selection of a lens every shrewd amateur is careful; but as every shrewd amateur is not shrewd when he buys his first lens, it is not inadvisable to emphasize at all times the prudence, whatever the cost of the outfit, of spending at least half of the sum on

the lens; to say two-thirds of the sum would be stating a better rule.

But out-of-door apparatus is no bugbear to the amateur. So far as the camera and its immediate appliances go, no difficulty is commonly found in getting just what is needed, provided the buyer does not stake his happiness on the first camera that is shown him, without looking over the series of later inventions.

Photography indoors and the processes of the dark-room have not so many ready-made features as picture-making in the open air. The dark-room problem must be solved

of the plates is deferred until the evening (a common practice), the precautions for excluding light will be to a great extent unnecessary.

Whether simply or elaborately treated, the dark-room is certain to remain a "matter in difference" between the photographer and the head of the domestic bureau. Whether he has an apartment dedicated to his uses, or an impromptu den evolved from the bath-room and an assortment of blankets and shawls, the amateur incurs a liability to feminine displeasure, and must find his own way of offering propitiation. In case the photographer is of the other sex (a possibility of which the chances

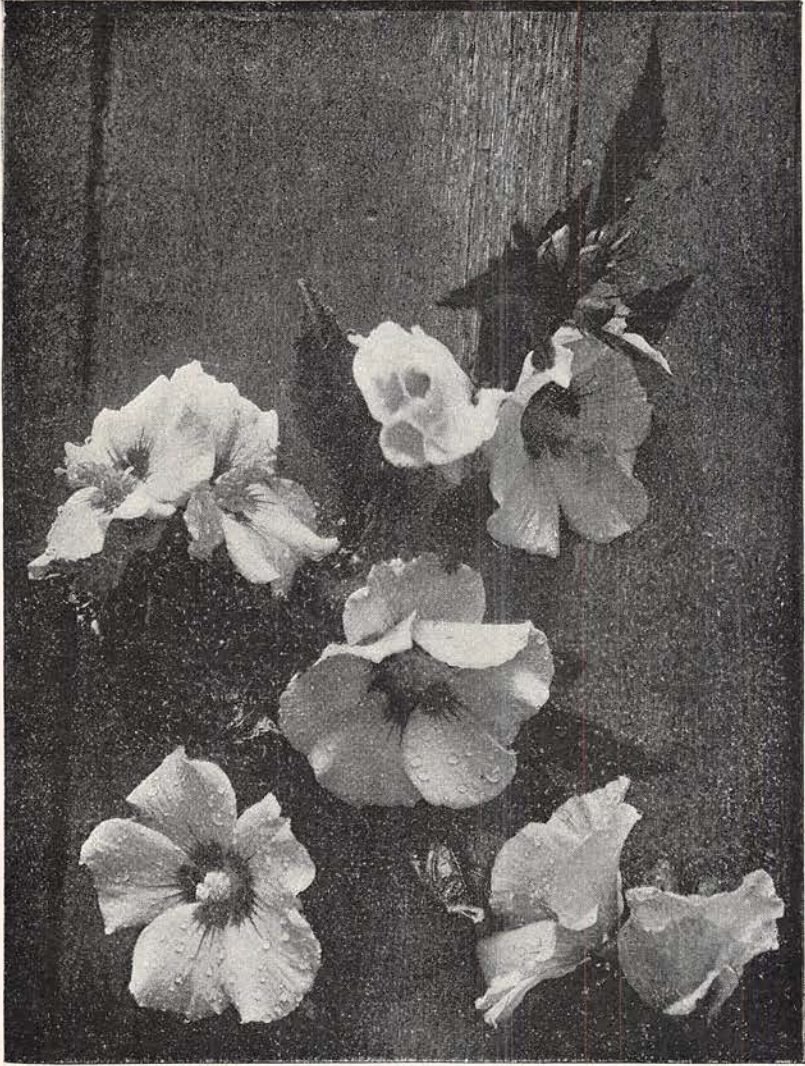


ON THE MIAMI CANAL. (TAKEN BY J. D. SMITH.)

at the very beginning. The photographer must find some place in the house from which all light can be excluded, and where there is, if possible, running water. "I would like photography a good deal better," said a Boston lawyer the other day, "if my attic ceiling didn't slope so suddenly." It is not so much that attics are apt to have a forty-five degree emphasis, as that the absorbed operator, working with a dim light, forgets all about the slope. A permanent dark-room is probably the exception among amateurs, who are generally able to find a room or the corner of a room which may be pressed into service during the time developing is going on. If the development

daily become interestingly greater), woman's superiority over the domestic forces upon which it is necessary to rely will come into play to her benefit.

In making pictures indoors, the illumination, instead of being managed by nature, as out-of-doors, must be managed by the photographer. In the house, unless the amateur has a roof-opening of some sort, securing the "top light" of the professional, portraits and groups must be made with only the side light of windows. This unfavorable angle of light must be overcome by the use of reflectors, which may consist of an adjustable white screen, or have the unpremeditated pictur-



ROSE OF SHARON. (TAKEN BY GEORGE B. WOOD.)

esqueness of a sheet thrown over a clothes-horse. One of the first enterprises an amateur essays is the photographing of an interior. In this way he characteristically begins at the most difficult end of the art. Nothing is more precarious than photographing an interior. The windows, which supply the light, are the source of the greatest anxiety, since they themselves generally require only the short exposure given a landscape, while the dim interior demands an exposure perhaps fifty times as long. To overcome this difficulty, windows coming within the range of the lens must be covered carefully until a sufficient exposure has been given to the rest of the room. The cap is then replaced, the window coverings removed, and a short exposure given the whole.

An interior may often be photographed to advantage by gas-light. The chief obstacle in the way of success by this method is that of keeping the source of light out of the range of the lens. Several hours may be required to make a satisfactory negative, but the result will be an ample reward. A New York publisher, who can show a handsome series of negatives, once undertook to photograph his library by gas-light. So that there might be no possibility of intrusion, he did not set his camera until ten o'clock in the evening, and concluded to leave the cap off for two hours. On that night his daughter was going to an evening party. He asked her when she would be home. "At twelve o'clock, sir," she replied with readiness. There was obviously no

reason why the publisher should sit up; his daughter understood the cap arrangement thoroughly. "Maggie," he said, "when you come home you will find my camera set in the library. Go in and put on the cap and turn off the gas." The next day the publisher developed the plate. It was a complete failure, horribly over-exposed; scarcely an object was discernible. "Maggie!" called the publisher from the door of his den, in tones that forbade equivocation, "*what time did you get home?*" "At—three o'clock, sir," said Maggie.

Portraits and all amateur indoor pictures are liable to have this characteristic of deep shadows, so repugnant to the business photographer.

bicyclist screws a jaunty, elfin camera upon the cross-bar of his wheel; the canoeist stows one in his locker.

Transparencies and lantern slides are readily made from negatives, and are a special hobby with many amateurs. Chicago has formed a Lantern Slide Club, evidently with a view to coöperation in this particular field. We shall doubtless soon hear of Composite Clubs, since composite portraiture has completely subjugated the amateur. A thrill of excitement is occasionally caused by the announcement that some one has photographed in color; the truth being that some one has a new scheme for the photographing of color.



ON THE WAY FROM SCHOOL. (TAKEN BY WILLIAM SCHMID.)

Yet these are the strong lights and shades the artist loves. The effect is warmer, more individual, than in the so-called "well-lighted" portrait or interior. I have seen portraits that left a little too much to the imagination; there is a happy mean.

In many other respects amateur work has its own special charm. Freed from the commercial necessities which fetter the professional, the amateur need have nothing but the principles of art for guidance. In this delicious liberty he well may be, and is, envied by those who must yield something to the whim of the buyer, and who have a hard fight with the Philistines in every effort to elevate the standard of their art.

The amateur has an opportunity to infuse individuality into his products,—one is expert at portraiture; another at landscape; a third is noted for his city types and localities; a fourth takes up with natural-history subjects; a fifth with yachts and water views; the

Isochromatic, orthochromatic, or axioscopic photography, as we may agree to term it, has drawn a great deal of attention of late from all who for any reason are interested in photography. The Germans have made great progress in the *farben-empfindliche* ("color-sensitive") methods. In the United States science and art have been placed under obligations to Mr. Ives, of Philadelphia, who has completely mastered the hitherto insurmountable difficulty of gaining in a photograph the relative color values of the objects photographed.

A New York physician, the windows of whose house overlook the East River from the bluff on the east side of the city, is too busy to go after subjects, but lets his subjects, like his patients, come to him. At the window of an upper room in his house he has a camera set with a drop-shutter,—used for instantaneous work,—carefully adjusted. From his easy-chair in the consulting-room on the lower floor he can look out on the river, can see the



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD. (TAKEN BY ALEXANDER BLACK.)

plebeian river craft crawling and smoking upon the water, and every afternoon may watch the self-important Sound steamers churning their way past the indifferent small fry of the stream. When one of these autocrats of the Sound or some other floating object of importance looms within the range of the lens, the doctor may touch an electric button near his inkstand, and upstairs at the window that little shutter-guillotine bites off a square inch of light, which carries the image to the sensitive plate at the back of the camera. After office hours the doctor goes up and takes out the plate.

The curiously diverse *personnel* of amateur photography* includes a large number of active physicians. It is worthy of note that the profession of medicine seems to foster the cultivation of hobbies. How great a debt art owes to the fact that Dr. Haden began playing with the etching needle! Some of our prominent Eastern merchants have gone into photography in a characteristically sumptuous way, fitting up luxurious sky-light rooms, and adding to the dark-room equipment every mechanical comfort money may buy. A Massachusetts parson, who loves to drive a decorously fast team, has a cluster of prints illustrating the

* The Tzar is said to be one of the growing company of Russian amateurs; the Prince of Wales, President of the Amateur Photographic Association of

charming region through which he makes his Monday tours. A Brooklyn Court stenographer can reveal the vagaries of the police station and the Black Maria. It is, perhaps, not essential to the unity of this sketch that I should mention, as illustrating a phase of the subject, a hospital steward at the Sandwich Islands who took up with photography for the purpose of practicing on the leprosy patients; or the Canadian sheriff who added the tortures of an unwilling pose to the misery of a batch of prisoners who were about to be hanged!

The rapid growth of amateur photography is forcibly indicated by the number and size of the amateur photographic societies. All the large and many of the smaller cities have now one or more associations of this sort.

Many New York amateurs are associated with the Photographic Section of the American Institute. The Columbia College Amateur Photographic Society finds a leading spirit in Professor Chandler. The Society of Amateur Photographers, of New York, organized four years ago, is now a large and prosperous organization, holding annual exhibitions and awarding diplomas for the best examples of work in different fields. The Society's influence has had the effect of elevating the artistic standard not only of amateur photography, but of photographic art in general. At the semi-monthly meetings the members discuss with frankness the experiments they have made, relate their mild vicissitudes, describe their blunders and the resultant discoveries. No one is ashamed that he should have made mistakes. An amateur who had no failures would be regarded as a sort of artistic snob. As an off-set to this variety, where it exists, there is generally the humorous fellow whose plates always either "fog" or "frill," whose prints freckle, and who, when he insists on "silvering" his own paper, gets a little nitrate of silver on the end of his nose, where it promptly blushes brown on meeting the sun, and can only be removed, if it must be removed at once, with pumice-stone or sand-paper.

The "Field Day" has become an institution with the amateur societies, and woe to the sensitive who get in the path of one of these armed bodies! On these excursions the member with the "detective" usually has his best sport in practicing on the other members, who, at the moment of a photographic crisis, are not always so impressive as they themselves could wish.

What a flow of "developer" after one of these country tours! Far into the night, perhaps, the trays are rocking, and the lanterns dimly flickering; and in quarters, mayhap,

Great Britain, has acquired much expertness with the camera, and royal sanction has elsewhere, it seems, been very heartily given.

that were hard to secure and duly transform. Country-side and sea-shore know the amateur photographer, his practices, and his needs. We cannot believe that the country boarding-

house, certainly not the well-regulated hotel of the future, will neglect to incorporate in its table of attractions, "Improved Dark-room for Amateur Photographers."

Alexander Black.

THE CAMERA CLUB OF CINCINNATI.

ONE evening in January, 1884, in response to a circular letter of invitation issued by Mr. Gilmore and the writer, some eight or ten amateurs met at the house of the former in Cincinnati and determined to form the Camera Club. After some discussion of the subject and a luncheon, washed down by a cool beverage which Cincinnati thinks she can make better than Milwaukee, a committee on organization was appointed, and we adjourned subject to the call of our chairman, a worthy doctor of medicine, when our committee should be ready to report. After some ineffectual efforts to ascertain what the older clubs formed for a similar purpose had done, our committee decided to "go it alone," and proceeded to draw a constitution and by-laws providing for officers, members, meetings, excursions, and lantern-exhibitions, the exclusion of professional photographers, the admission of

others, males, interested in the gentle art of light-writing, and further providing for many minor matters which have long since been forgotten by the framers of that organic law of the club. So much having been accomplished, we had a second meeting at a law office in Fountain Square, and the Camera Club there came into an actual, if not a legal, existence — it having been decided not to apply for the statutory articles of incorporation.

The constitution provided for an election of officers by ballot and upon notice, but the club at once proceeded to an election by acclamation; and although the constitution was thus shattered within a few moments of its adoption, the Camera Club has flourished and prospered and grown to a membership of some fifty persons, who meet from time to time in a well-fitted club-room, and have lantern shows and excursions whenever they see fit.



IN THE LANE AT SHORT HILL. (TAKEN BY DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON.)

The club-room is on the top floor of a large building on Fourth street. There is no elevator, and the stairways are high — but the rent is low.* Climbing the stairways, we enter a large room well lighted by three windows and a sky-light on its northern side. The camera, the screens, the head-rests, and the tables littered with lenses, plate-holders, and printing-frames give the room the appearance of a photographic gallery. The many pictures on the walls, however, are the pictures of amateurs. Technically they rival the best professional work, but in subject they are entirely different; for the professional must necessarily consider what is salable; the amateur need only consider what is picturesque.

The professional, traveling for a railway company, for example, will secure as many rails and telegraph-poles as possible; the amateur in going over the same ground will leave the railway out.

A large frame on the club-room wall contains the prize pictures of the field contest of 1885. Another frame contains a number of pictures of an old mill on the Kentucky River, from the same negative, but printed on different kinds of paper, showing a variety of the modern printing processes.

The dark-room adjoins the gallery and is large and spacious. It is well lighted with two windows glazed with ruby glass and screened by yellow curtains. Beneath the windows there is a long sink with several faucets flanked by small barrels of "Hypo" and alum and numerous shelves containing the necessary chemicals and many trays and glass graduates. On a table are the scales, and a gas stove with its kettles for making the "hot solutions." The dark-room is approached by means of double doors with an intervening dark lobby, so that members can go in or out without admitting a single ray of white light.

The image formed on the plate can, as we have observed, be developed at any time. The latent image is developed by pouring upon the plate any one of the number of simple chemical solutions, the receipts for which come with the plates. This must be done in the semi-darkness of the dark-room, as the plate is, of course, still sensitive to light. The actinic ray of light, it has been ascertained, is that farthest from the ray of heat, and the red ray has but little effect upon the sensitive plates. In the rosy twilight of the dark-room, the plates (which perhaps have received an image months ago in Florida or California) are placed in trays and the developing solution poured on. In a few seconds the picture begins to appear. First come the sky, the

*The club has since taken quarters with the Society of Natural History — the fixtures are the same.

water, and the lighter objects, and these are soon followed by the deeper shadows of the foliage. It is an interesting process and smacks, indeed, of necromancy.

In the month of February, when the Camera Club was but a month old, the great floods in the Ohio Valley came. The river at Cincinnati reached the highest point it has ever attained, and came rushing through the streets of the city, bringing ruin and destruction to many houses and families, but affording a rare opportunity for a photographic contest between the amateurs and their professional brethren. Every camera in town was at the river front, or cruising about the flooded streets; and it is but fair to state that the work of the amateurs on this occasion compared favorably with that of the professionals. The amateurs, too, being ready with their instantaneous shutters, secured the only animated picture of that remarkable event.

Since the organization of the Camera Club the regular meetings have been well attended. Almost any day at noon several members may be found in the dark-room developing plates or instructing each other in the magic of the photographic art.

Early in the summer of 1884 we had our first annual outing. A small river steamboat, the *Silver Star*, was chartered, and at eight o'clock left the wharf with a jolly and enthusiastic crowd, notwithstanding a dark and gloomy morning. As we steamed away down the placid stream which divides the North from the South, the smoke hung low upon the river; it seemed to grow darker and threatened rain. The camera-boxes and tripods remained unpacked on the cabin floor, and we sat about in groups and "talked about the weather." "Wake up, boys," said the secretary; "I never yet saw the day I couldn't make a picture."

"Yes," said his companion, "we made some good pictures of the flood while it was raining." "The plates are so sensitive," remarked the professor, "that with a large stop I have no doubt we may get some instantaneous pictures, for the river, you know, reflects most of the light."

Then our artist claimed there was a softness about pictures made under a cloudy sky and that the sun made sharp and disagreeable contrasts, and a younger member disrespectfully remarked, in an undertone, something about sour grapes. But as the secretary was recognized as an authority, his confidence was reassuring; we accepted the situation, and were soon at work.

A passing steamboat, with its dense clouds of black smoke waving astern, caused a scrambling for the forward deck, and one camera

went overboard, but was fortunately rescued. A picnic boat, with flying flags and crowded decks, was the occasion of a similar scene; but as none of her portraits have ever appeared in the club-room, it is fair to presume that the light was insufficient, the aim bad, or something happened in the hurry of the moment. The secretary, avoiding the crowded deck, erected his tripod by a cabin window, and secured an instantaneous picture of some fishing-boats as our steamboat passed them.

The artist sat upon the forward deck smoking his cigar and scanning the banks of the river for some unusually picturesque spot. A bit of country road on the Kentucky shore having caught his eye, he persuaded the committee of arrangements to make a landing, and our little craft was soon made fast among some drift-wood and willows. The artist, with his servant-model carrying his Blair box, climbed the steep river bank to the picturesque roadway. Some sought the shaded path on the hillside, others remained among the willows on the shore.

The *Silver Star* was ordered to cruise about within easy range while the secretary gave the professor some practical lessons in instantaneous photography, and nearly every drop-shutter in the ranks was let fly at her. At noon we landed at Short Hill, a fine old country-seat owned by one of the club-men, who, with his two young boys, met us at the landing. Our luncheon was served upon the lawn, and before we had finished eating, the "engineer" had a

clever group which he entitled "The Club at Work," and which, upon the screen, won the plaudits of the audience at the lantern exhibition last winter. In the afternoon we continued our cruise to the mouth of the Great Miami, and at evening returned well laden with something over a hundred exposed plates, most of which made fine negatives.

During the summer many of the club-men left the city, and all made good use of their cameras. In the autumn the travelers returned with many pictures of many places. The sec-

retary, by means of a pneumatic tube and shutter, had succeeded in including himself in most of his pictures. A fair sample of his work is his "Quail-shooting in Kansas." In this "auto-photograph" (if I may coin a word) the secretary stands in the foreground of his picture and his dogs are pointing the birds, some of which a moment later, upon the closing of the camera-shutter, fell to the guns.

The secretary declares that next year he will shoot a bird and photograph it in the air before it falls; and no doubt he will, for he has already in practice "bagged" the fragments of a clay pigeon.

"The Diver" is a clever instantaneous shot made by a club-man who went down by the sea. This picture is not only remarkable for the short time in which it was taken, but it is a beautiful bit of landscape, with some salt-grass and two boats in the middle distance and a few sloops lying at anchor just beyond, — a little out of focus perhaps, but for that reason all the more sketchy and artistic.



A MOUNTAIN RANCH. (TAKEN BY H. F. FARNY.)

The artist wandered away to the far Northwest and brought back, besides his color sketches, many photographs of Indians, cowboys and plain-men, ranches, prairie, badlands, sage-bush, and everything, in fact, which an artist could see in the wilds of Montana. One member returning from Newport brought many pictures of the sea, yachts under full sail, armed vessels of the navy, craft of all sorts, and charming marine pictures which would delight a painter. Others came from Lake George and the Adirondacks, with grand

views of lake and mountain with foregrounds full of summer friends and picturesque coaches and canoes.

In the autumn and winter others who went to the South returned with the light-writings of a Southern sun, including an occasional "drop-shutter" picture from the hotel window.

In the winter the club had its first lantern exhibition. For weeks prior to that event the club-rooms were a scene of activity, the members all being engaged in reducing their negatives to small positives on glass for exhibition on the screen. A committee of judges, having with the aid of a lantern tested the hundreds of slides offered, selected enough for an evening's entertainment, to which the friends of the club were invited, and one of the members described the pictures as they were thrown

upon the screen. All the slides exhibited were made by club-men from their own negatives.

Upon our second outing several detective cameras made their appearance, and they have become a popular and very fatal weapon, and there will probably be many persons at our next lantern show who are unaware that they have had their pictures taken.

Such is an outline of the history and more important doings of the Camera Club. Since this article was written the American Clubs have arranged for an interchange of their lantern exhibitions, and the London Club annually exchanges two hundred lantern pictures for a similar number from the Associated American Clubs.

Dwight W. Huntington.



THE DIVER. (TAKEN BY JOHN L. STETTINIUS.)

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

WHAT is diviner than the peace of foes!
 He conquers not who does not conquer hate,
 Or thinks the shining wheels of heaven wait
 On his forgiving. Dimmer the laurel shows
 On brows that darken; and war-won repose
 Is but a truce when heroes abdicate
 To Huns—unfabling those of elder date
 Whose every corse a fiercer warrior rose.
 O ye that saved the land! Ah yes, and ye
 That bless its saving! Neither need forget
 The price our destiny did of both demand—
 Toil, want, wounds, prison, and the lonely sea
 Of tears at home. Oh, look on these. And yet—
 Before the human fail you—quick! your hand!

Robert Underwood Johnson.