

a feeble circulation ought to abstain from bathing except under very special circumstances.

Certain precautions must, however, be observed even by the most robust. (1) If the body be in an overheated state, the sudden rush of blood to internal organs due to its displacement from the surface vessels may induce a "congestion," which may only be temporary, or which may if it reaches a certain intensity cause serious illness. (2) Bathing must not be indulged in immediately after a meal. During the reaction the blood is withdrawn from those organs which need a large supply for the due exercise of their digestive functions. (3) Nor after a too long abstinence from food—for under these circumstances the reaction is apt to be delayed or feeble. (4) Another obvious precaution is to avoid remaining an inordinate length of time in the water. Reaction begins in from

three to five minutes, and lasts a varying length of time, not often exceeding ten to fifteen minutes. It is well to leave the water before the reaction is succeeded by depression, for the secondary depression is more profound and lasting. Continuous motion of the limbs while in the water, as in swimming, diminishes the depression, and enables the immersion to be prolonged. Cramps are induced by a lengthy immersion, and the bracing of the system is replaced by exhaustion. The bather may then suffer from lassitude and fatigue for many hours. (5) Although cold bathing is most valuable for the proper hygienic care of the skin, yet persons with irritable skins or suffering from any skin disease would be well advised to abstain from sea-bathing.

After leaving the water, the body should be carefully dried and well rubbed, and efficient reaction induced by immediate exercise.

MY STRUGGLES WITH A CAMERA.

"YES," I decided, after reading the florid description (in an advertisement) of the wonders accomplished by the "Clipper" camera, "evidently the one thing needful to make existence useful, profitable, and delightful is a photographic camera." As with the tempting occupations which offer to either sex a rare opportunity to increase their income, "no previous experience is necessary," and unparalleled results are obtained from the trifling exertion involved in pressing a button or touching a spring. That would just suit me. "And there is no occasion to purchase an expensive outfit," I mused, "when such brilliant successes can be achieved by the aid of these small affairs."

Within a few days I was the proud possessor of the "Clipper" camera, with plates, slides, hydrokinone, and other known and unknown (chiefly the latter) appurtenances thereunto belonging, and was off for a holiday to the Highlands. These not altogether unknown regions should live again in the hearts of Englishmen, and be further revived and beloved, when I gave my photographs to the world. I took a long and delightful excursion—it was worth while to incur a little expense for the sake of the scene I should by this means secure—and boldly held my camera up in front of one of the biggest mountains. As I had omitted to ascertain the manner in which photographs are usually taken, and had, in fact, no idea of the process, it was a fine opportunity to call common-sense into play. I did so, and decided, first of all, that by turning the broad end in which was the plate towards the mountain I gave the latter a much



"BOLDLY HELD MY CAMERA UP IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST MOUNTAINS."



"I LOOKED AND ROCKED, AND ROCKED AND LOOKED,
IN VAIN."

better chance of immortality than if the small lens had been pointed at it. I drew out the paper Chinese-lantern arrangement which fixed the "focus," released the spring, and the thing was done—as easy as child's play! I ordered a meat tea instead of dinner at an early hour that evening, so that I might devote an unclouded intellect to the science of photography.

At last my arrangements were complete: the mysterious mixtures in the bottles were at hand, the "actinic" light was blown out, and I was left by the vague illumination of the ruby lamp to explore into the recesses of my camera, take out the plate, and place it, "film side upwards," in the dish. Then, with a beating heart, I deftly poured on the developer, and rocked the dish. I rocked assiduously, zealously; there could have been nothing more perfect in that line had I been a paterfamilias. I kept looking, as the directions enjoined, to see "the image appear gradually"; but I looked and rocked, and rocked and looked, in vain: my mountain never appeared at all. After a couple of hours of this sort of exercise, I left the plate to steep in the developer, and sought relaxation.

An acquaintance to whom I casually mentioned my *modus operandi* and singular lack of success, poured out on me a vast amount of advice. It is surprising from what an elevation a six months' possessor of a camera bestows counsel. However, I am not above accepting information, and I resolved, as my own way had failed, to give his a trial. Accordingly I sallied forth again; and this time I attacked a loch—with the lens, instead of the shutter-end, directed to it; and again I at night poured on fresh developer, and rocked. The result was more manifest, though scarcely more

satisfactory: a heavy blackness settled on the plate, through which it was impossible to discover any "image" at all, except that of darkness visible.

The failure which attended the mode of procedure recommended by my friend was not such a severe blow as the failure I had experienced on my own account, and I resolved to give the theory another try. I was not going to be beaten by a machine 8 in. by 6 in.: I would try a "time exposure."

I did so. I tried a short-time exposure and a long-time exposure—from five seconds to five minutes, and so on to half an hour. I tried indoors and out-doors, shine and shade, animate and inanimate objects, and precisely the same result followed in all cases—or, rather, total lack of result. I consulted two other amateur photographers. It is very easy to obtain advice from the amateur, especially the amateur photographer, who is at large everywhere—the difficulty more often is to avoid it gracefully.

"Oh!" exclaimed Amateur Number One, taking up a plate (the one which I had, in desperation, exposed for half an hour), and holding it with a knowing air to the light, "easy to see what is the matter here—not sufficient exposure!" Amateur Number Two seized on another representation of darkness, blacker than I should have supposed anything could get in five seconds—indoors, too—with "By Jingo! over-exposed!"

My faith in the wisdom of my photographic friends was shaken. However, I had no objection to borrow the "Abracadabra" camera from them, and to follow their advice; returning my own, accompanied by a



MISS MERRIDEW.



THE PORTRAIT OF MISS MERRIDEW.

letter expressing more grief than anger, to the makers. The "Abracadabra" camera is a neat article, more important in appearance than my first experiment, and even simpler in its adjustments: a "fixed focus" is warranted to take anything, except the influenza. I carried it with me on one of those long excursions

that I rocked and developed the plate, inspired anew. Rapture! At last my efforts were to be crowned with success: something—mysterious, vague enough, but still *something*—appeared. I persevered; irregular patches of light and shade could be described, whilst the circle of the lens was distinctly visible. I could not discern anything definite, but, no doubt, that would come with the "printing" and "toning." I had a vague idea that on the negative objects appeared the reverse of what they were: the more reverse, the better—something was bound to turn up right in that case. I could not sleep that night. Miss Merridew must be somewhere on that slide!

Next morning I "printed"; but, alas! where were the rocks, and where was Miss Merridew? A light blank was, no doubt, the water; a fiery chocolate blank was, no doubt, the grassy foreground: was that a stone in the top left-hand corner, or could it be—yes, it was!—Miss Merridew's skirts! The remainder of Miss Merridew had got outside the "fixed focus," and disappeared.

arranged in Scotland to keep you at it all day without letting you get away too far from your starting-place, by coach, steamer, train—steamer—train, coach—train, coach, steamer. The changes are rung *ad infinitum*. A charming girl displayed the utmost interest in my camera, which I exhibited to her with the *sang-froid*, I flattered myself, of an old hand. She was charmed when I confided to her that I was going to "take" the Craighkilochlochkilchree Falls. "Oh, would I give her a photograph? She so loved those Falls—they were so picturesque and all that!" I said I would if she would assist me in its production. (Of course I knew she could not help me, but it sounded polite.) She did not get so much in the way as I had feared, and after the supreme moment, about which, I verily believe, she was as anxious as I, and that is saying a good deal, we— But this is beside the question. It made me, however, determined to succeed with this photograph. It would be a tender and appropriate memento of the day; and what a graceful *souvenir* it would be! I would, regardless of expense, get it silver-typed. How tenderly I drew out the slide that evening by the non-actinic light!—*she* had slid the shutter that morning! I slid it back now; but horror! where was the plate? I shook it—there was no answering rattle. Consternation! No plate had been inserted. I draw a veil.

Cool reflection next morning—I am of an eminently philosophic and reasonable turn of mind—convinced me that the omission of the plate could not be ascribed as a fault of the camera, and that therefore I should—particularly as it was borrowed—give it another try. I put Miss Merridew off with vague remarks about "toning" and "touching up" when she inquired after the Craighkilochlochkilchree Falls, and, to divert her attention, I said I would photograph her. She threw herself into a most graceful attitude, leaning against the heather-covered rocks, and I could not help exclaiming that she made a charming picture. After

I have come to the conclusion that photography offers a larger percentage of crushing blows and humiliating experiences than any other pursuit, and yet it has a fatal fascination which allures its victims. Now that the makers of the "Clipper" camera have sent me a new apparatus, with the explanation that a pin-prick in a vital part had been the cause of my failures with it, I shall probably renew the attack; but this time I shall pursue my dark investigations alone and in secret, and to mortal man—least of all to woman—shall never be revealed the failures and vicissitudes which I foresee must be my lot before I burst upon an astonished and admiring world as "Mr. Smith, the accomplished amateur photographer."

M. G.



DESPAIR