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## The SNAPSHOT GUILD

OUTDOORS AT NIGHT



Flash bulbs make outdoor snaps possible at night, even with slow lens cameras. Here, lantern provided atmosphere, but flash bulb, held above camera, supplied light needed for detail in subject.

UNTIL a few years ago, snapshots outdoors at night were rather hard to make. Now, thanks to extra high speed film, thousands of snapshots take them. The fast film plus a fast lens is sufficient for brightly-lighted street scenes and flood-lighted buildings.

For outdoor pictures of people at night, all one needs is a camera that can be set for a time exposure, and a "flash" bulb in its inexpensive flashlight-type holder.

To take such pictures, simply place the camera on a firm support, and set the shutter for "time." Position the subject in front of the camera, click the shutter open, flash the bulb and close the shutter. If the surroundings are dark and there are no lights within the view of the lens, the camera may be held in the hand.

For flash pictures, the camera can be loaded either with regular "chrome type" film or one of the panchromatic films. The distance between the flash bulb and the subject determines the size lens opening you should use.

Here are suggested distances from bulb to subject, outdoors, when you use a No. 10-size bulb with the metal reflector that is a part of the small battery operated holder: for "chrome" type film, 7 feet; for high speed film, 14 feet. These distances will provide correct exposure when you use a box camera, or a camera with anastigmat lens set at f.16. Correct distance from light to sub-

## Through a Glass Darkly

By OTTO GEISS  
© D. J. Walsh—WNU Service.

THE general manager of the company was in a temper—a fearful one, the outer office decided—and it really wasn't their fault, singly or en masse that Miss Walker, his private secretary, had up and got married right in the midst of the most important convention of the year. But they—the outer office—reflected gloomily that it was those she left behind her who would suffer for her detour into the path of romance unless the SOS call sent out to the agencies that morning resulted in the speedy appearance of a super-efficient secretary.

"It's a confounded nuisance," growled the general manager to the vice president, "every time I get a girl trained to do my work the way I want it done, she goes and gets married."

"Oh, well," remarked the vice president, "unsymptomatically, 'there's just as good fish in the sea—'"

## SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

"What of it?" demanded the general manager crossly. "Even if I find another good girl, she's certain to leave me in the lurch at a critical time like this just to marry some strapping fellow who probably makes less money than she does."

"Haven't your secretaries all been rather—ah—attractive-appearing young women?" asked the vice president thoughtfully.

"How do I know?" said the general manager, wearily, gazing at his watch and mentally mathematizing the employment agencies.

"Why not ask an agency to send a competent girl who would not be so—so matrimonially eligible, as it were; glasses, say, severely dressed hair and—"

"I'll do it. I'll call up now and tell them I want a girl whose looks just naturally place her in the spinster sisterhood."

With the advent of Miss Mary Marshall the dove of peace appeared to have established its residence in the office of the general manager. Miss Marshall was efficient, she was self-effacing, she was zealous in the performance of all the many aggravating details that so irk a busy executive. The general manager occasionally wondered how on earth he had managed to get along without her. Salesmen never paid the slightest attention to the exits or entrances. With her hair drawn tightly back without even a part, with heavy horn-rimmed glasses and with an unvarying, uniformlike costume of dark blue with severe white collar and cuffs, she made no bid for masculine admiration.

"Until next week Thursday, then Miss Marshall," concluded the general manager, somewhat hesitantly, as he took the traveling bag that she had arranged to have sent from his hotel as soon as she had learned of his decision to take a sudden trip east.

It was 6 o'clock. The outer office was empty and Miss Marshall wanted to finish a few extra tasks caused by the unexpected departure of the general manager, threw the heavy, horn-rimmed glasses on the desk with a sigh of relief. Even though the glass in them did resemble window glass, the frame irritated her nose. Her hair had been too tightly strained back for comfort that morning, so she took out the hairpins and let the mass of brown curls fall loose. Then she went on with her work. She was too absorbed in it to notice the door open and the thick rug silenced the footsteps of the intruder. Accordingly, Mary literally bounded up from her chair when a hand reached out and picked up her glasses from the desk. The general manager smiled quizzically as he raised them to his eyes and looked at her through them.

"I decided to take the Century and so put off my trip until tomorrow," he began brusquely. "As a matter of fact I felt so darned lonesome when I got to the station that I just had to come back to you," he wound up in an entirely different tone.

"Glasses and all?"

"Glasses and horrible coiffure and boarding-school uniform and all, you little hypocrite," said the general manager. "I've been wise to you since the night you dined at the Brake with the six feet of good-looking masculinity that I longed at the time to annihilate. I felt better the next day when the clerk informed me that the Adonis who had got me so green-eyed, was Robert Marshall of Louisville."

Mary blushed.

"However did you recognize me?" she asked.

"Just because you're entirely different from any other girl in the world. I'd know you in an Eskimo's outfit," said the general manager, taking a small plush box from his pocket.

"The marrying jinx is sure on the trail of any girl who takes that secretary job," decided the outer office cynically.

## Death Penalty for Most Crimes in Aztec's Land

The following facts, relative to the inhabitants of southwestern America before the arrival of the white man, are from a book by F. Martin Brown, and retold by a writer in Everybody's Digest.

A large part of the Aztec's time was occupied with religion. Even gambling had a sort of religious significance for him. A game like dice was played with beans painted black on one side and white on the other, and the players pleaded with their dice to fall right.

The Aztec dances were very closely tied up with religion, and generally men danced with men and women with women.

The Aztec laws were extremely strict and death was the penalty for nearly every crime, whether major or petty.

The Aztec had slaves, but the slaves could own property. Frequently a man would sell himself into slavery to pay his debts, and it was possible for him to buy his way out of the hands of his owner.

The poorer Aztecs used the barter method in trading; that is, they swapped one thing for another. The wealthier Aztecs used cocoa beans for "pin" money. Sometimes sacks containing 400 to 8,000 of the beans were used in paying large bills. Tiny nuggets or flakes of gold packed in transparent duck quills were used for money where extremely expensive purchases were concerned. Small irregular pieces of tin were also used as money.

## Yeast Plant is Classed Next in Value to Wheat

If tea, coffee, cocoa and tobacco plants all ceased to exist tomorrow, life would go on much as usual. But if grass disappeared, so would man, and with him, all the other warm-blooded creatures, writes T. C. Bridges in London Answers magazine.

The banana gives more food to the acre than any other plant, and is grown in the whole belt of the tropics for 25 degrees on either side of the Equator. All it asks is heat and moisture. It does not need replanting, but keeps on throwing up shoots from the same root, and each shoot blooms and bears fruit in 18 months.

The yam does require cultivation, but not much. Slips of the vine stuck in moist ground at once, and produce tubers weighing up to 10 or 12 pounds each. They are even more nourishing than the ordinary potato of the temperate zone, and form a large part of the food of about one-third of the world's population.

Peanuts, rape, poppy, the oil palm, the sunflower, and the cotton plant all produce valuable oils. On these oils we depend for soap, margarine, paints and varnishes, stock feed and many other necessities.

Last, but certainly not least, comes a plant so humble that few have ever seen it, yet everyone eats its product every day. We refer to the yeast plant, the minute fungus which causes our bread to rise. Except baking powder, there is nothing to take its place. You might almost class it next to wheat.

## Habits of Ant-Eaters

In tropical countries there are large mammals known as ant-eaters. To thrive in the ant-eating line it is necessary that the creature should be armed with powerful limbs for tearing open the nests, and also be immune from the bites and stings. So Nature has provided it with a long, worm-like tongue, coated with a sticky substance with which it is able to lick up large numbers of insects as they run about in the wreckage of their home. Some species of ant-eaters have no teeth, states a writer in London Tit-Bits Magazine. In their place they have long, tubular jaws, for ants are small and need no biting; the length of the jaw assists them in their work, for they are able to stick it into crevices and holes in which the ants attempt to escape.

## Kings' Horses Lose Shoes

Many a king's horse has lost a shoe at Oakham, near London, because of an old custom, the castle there having the right to demand a horseshoe from every peer who passes through the town. If anyone refuses, a shoe can be taken from the horse.

If all the spark plugs in use to-day were cleaned properly once a year motorists would save nearly 2,000,000,000 gallons of gas.

You can do all you can for the other fellow, but it is a failure unless he himself is willing to get up in the morning.—Jack Miner.

Joseph Baker, of Mesford, an octogenarian in the best of health, has his coffin made and says he is ready to die when the time comes.

He has no trouble at all making out his income tax returns.

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Robert Niven, assistant district passenger agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Toronto, since 1926, who has been appointed general agent, passenger department, for the Ontario district of the Company, with headquarters at Toronto.

## Van Becomes a Mixer

"GUESS I'll take a smoke," said James Van Dorf, after traveling bags had been stowed away, the coats had been hung, footstools had been pulled out and the three other members of his party appeared to be comfortably supplied with papers or magazines to their liking.

"Go ahead, Van, I'll stay with the girls," said Tom Pritchard, settling down to read the latest fight news.

"Now, for goodness sake, Jim, don't forget we're here and stay in the smoker all evening," cautioned Molly Van Dorf, who had traveled with her husband times enough to know that he was liable to do that very thing.

The limited pulled out of the union station a few minutes later and in due time the conductor came through the car to collect tickets. Tom produced four through tickets, remarking casually, "You'll find my brother-in-law in the smoker."

As it happened, however, Mr. Van Dorf had not gone to the smoker; he had stepped out on the deserted observation platform where he proceeded to enjoy his cigar and the passing panorama of the city and suburbs. There the conductor found him.

"Mr. Pritchard has my ticket," he mumbled without taking the cigar from his mouth, "going to Banff."

## SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

Shortly after the conductor's departure, a woman stepped out on the platform and seated herself near by. "Isn't this air refreshing," she exclaimed spontaneously, taking several deep breaths. "The car gets so stuffy, I keep in the open as much as possible."

"That's my idea, too," said Mr. Van Dorf mendaciously, for he invariably spent most of his time on a train in the smoker where the air grew thick enough to be cut with a knife.

"Are you, too, taking a well-earned rest?" inquired the lady pleasantly.

"Yes," said Mr. Van Dorf, "in fact this is the first vacation I've taken in five years."

"And where are you going to play and who are your playmates to be?" asked the pleasant lady coaxingly.

"Oh, I'm with a party," he answered evasively, beginning to suspect that it might be well for him to be getting in before Molly sent Tom to find him.

"Oh, please don't let me drive you away," cried the lady as he started to rise, "you haven't half finished your smoke and I'm going to leave you to enjoy it in peace."

Mr. Van Dorf relighted his cigar. He'd take a few more puffs anyway before going inside. But just as he was about to leave a man appeared who took the lately vacated seat next to him.

"Got a match?" asked the stranger, taking a cigarette from a case. "Fine night," he went on after lighting up. "Are you going far?"

"Canadian Rockies—Banff—Lake Louise," replied Mr. Van Dorf.

"Oh, so you're touring," said the man, "with a party, I suppose."

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Van Dorf, beginning to feel a trifle irritated.

"Many in your party?"

"Four," answered Mr. Van Dorf shortly. Gosh darn it! he thought, why were people so interested in where he was going and whom he was with?

"Four!" exclaimed the man in a surprised tone. "Did I understand you to say four?"

Mr. Van Dorf arose. "Since it seems to interest you," he said coldly, "I am traveling with my wife, my brother-in-law and his wife. Let me bid you good night."

"Just a moment, old chap, do you mind telling me your brother-in-law's name?"

"His name is Pritchard, but I assure you, my good man, if you are a detective your clues have led you far afield."

"Ha-ha-ha," shouted the man, "the joke's on us all right. Did you tell the conductor that Mr. Pritchard had your ticket?"

"Certainly. He has all four of our tickets."

"Listen, old man, you see we're a party of ten being conducted on a tour to Banff by a Mrs. Pritchard and the conductor understood you to say that Mr. instead of Mr., so our Mrs. Pritchard delegated the lady who talked to you earlier and myself to find out if you were trying to horn in on her party. It's been tried before, you see, and this really looked like a clear case."

"Where in the world did you meet all those tourists, Jim?" asked Molly the next day in the diner.

"They're not even in our car."

"I'm a great mixer, my dear. I don't believe you've ever properly appreciated my ability in that line," replied Mr. Van Dorf, a trifle nervously, as a smiling young woman bowed to him from across the next table.

## SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

Next in Value to Wheat

Yeast Plant is Classed

## Van Becomes a Mixer

RED HOT

He—Mazie is a red-hot mamma. She—Well, she's nobody's fool.

## Through a Glass Darkly

Death Penalty for Most Crimes in Aztec's Land

## Yeast Plant is Classed Next in Value to Wheat

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