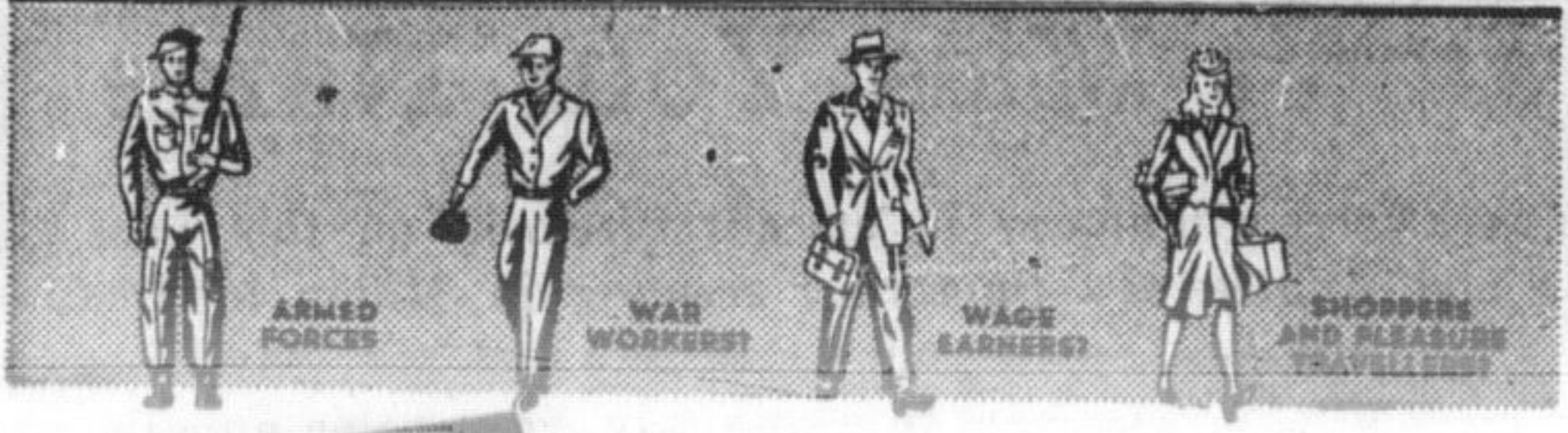


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The SNAPSHOT GUILD

THINKING AHEAD



"Think before you shoot" is something worth remembering. Watch out for distracting elements in both the foreground and background, if you'd produce "story-telling" snapshots like this.

TO TAKE appealing pictures, well-organized and pleasingly composed, we must train our eyes to view a scene in the all-inclusive manner of the camera lens. If untrained, the eye conveniently ignores most of a scene, and observes only its interesting points. But the camera literally "sees all and tells all," missing nothing. Therefore, if we choose a picture subject which is surrounded by disturbing detail, or has a background that is spotty and confusing, the obedient camera records it faithfully—and our picture, when printed, offers an unwelcome surprise. In such a case it is wrong to blame the camera. We should place the blame where it belongs—on our own carelessness and haste.

"Look before you shoot" is a cardinal rule of good picture taking. Observe more than the principal subject. Study the foreground that will appear in the picture. Examine the background. Make sure that the setting is suited, and helps the effect desired. If it doesn't, change it—either by adopting a different viewpoint, or selecting another location.

Those who take fine pictures think of these things. It's not difficult—just a matter of observing, studying a scene, really "seeing" it before you snap a picture. Any amateur can form the habit of thinking before he shoots—and it is such thought, rather than trick gadgets or magic formulas, that produces excellent pictures.

John van Gulder

Surprise for Eunice

By M. SCHOLL
Associated Newspapers, WNU Service.

EUNICE read the paragraph again. "Will anyone knowing whereabouts of Lawrence (Larry) McNulty please communicate with Rita, Felton, N. Y. He was last known to have been in the vicinity of eastern Pennsylvania."

After the second reading she became aware of a queer sensation. It had been Eunice's habit to read the personal column in the morning Sun every noon while eating her sandwich and drinking her glass of milk at Ned's place. There was no particular reason for it. It was just something to do during her lunch hour. Personals always interested her.

Eunice folded the paper neatly and put it on the table. Tony, who always brought Eunice her sandwiches, would pick up the paper when he cleared off her table—as he had been doing every noon for three years.

Eunice sat for a long time on this particular day and stared at nothing. She was thinking of Larry McNulty, to whom her engagement had been announced a month ago. They were to be married on Thanksgiving eve, only three weeks away.

In a sense she had taken Larry at his face value. That is to say, he had come to Norton and had gone to work for an insurance company, and had chosen to offer no information about where he had come from or what he had done in the past.

He was, so to speak, a sort of mysterious person. Perhaps it was this mystery that had intrigued Eunice. She loved Larry for what he was, not for what he had been.

But now this! What in the world could it mean? Who was Rita, Felton, N. Y.? Who was it who wanted to communicate with Larry? From whom was he hiding? Yes, he must be hiding. There was no other explanation for it.

Eunice felt a little ill at thoughts of the possibility of Larry's being married. And on the heels of this agonizing thought came another: He

Larry grinned: "Oh, bother! Time enough later to meet the folks."

But what could it mean? Eunice struggled against a vague premonition of impending disaster. She tried to tell herself that there was another Larry McNulty. But this was little comfort. If she had only known something of his past, where he came, from, his folks.

Eunice roused herself at last. The time lacked five minutes of the end of her lunch hour. She went out and hurried to the dentist's office where she was employed as assistant. The afternoon dragged. Tonight she'd see him. She must find out...

Eunice departed rather at five o'clock, following a rather unsatisfactory afternoon for both the dentist and herself.

En route to her apartment she reached a decision. She couldn't openly ask him. That would betray a doubt. And not for a single instant did she doubt Larry's love, or her love for him. She was willing, despite all the hideous possibilities that constantly and persistently crowded into her mind, to take him at face value. Yet, somehow, she must know. She'd have to be tactful. She'd have to hedge, beat about the bush. But she'd have to get it out of him—if for no better reason than to satisfy her curiosity.

Larry, as usual, arrived promptly at eight o'clock. He was a tall youth, with fair hair and blue eyes that constantly twinkled, and made Eunice love him more profoundly. On this night he was in a jubilant mood. He had received a raise at the office. The boys were going to throw a stag party in honor of his forthcoming marriage. He had obtained tickets to the best play in town to celebrate.

Eunice couldn't very well refuse the theater. She'd have to postpone her tactful inquiry until later. And even later, when they were seated in a dine and dance emporium, she had difficulty in bringing herself to the ordeal. But it had to be done. She

kept repeating it over and over. At last she said:

"Larry, dear, do tell me something about yourself—where you lived before you came here—your folks."

Larry grinned: "Oh, bother! Time enough later to meet the folks. The town I came from is only a pin-hole on the map, anyhow."

"But—but you must have some folks; you must have someone who is interested in you?"

Larry sobered instantly. "My folks are all dead, Eunice. All but one."

Eunice felt a curious feeling of mixed pity and fear. All but one. She struggled to keep her voice nonchalant.

"And that one—who is she?"

"She? What makes you think it's a she?"

Eunice's eyes opened wide. There! She'd put her foot in it that time. Without thinking, too. Well, it showed pretty clearly how her thoughts were running.

"I don't know," she said casually. "I just took it for granted."

Larry leaned across the table. "Would it make any difference, dear—about us? I mean, in regard to my folks?"

Eunice couldn't resist that look. "Of course not, darling. Not a particle. But a wife naturally is interested in her in-laws."

Larry was grinning again. "Good. That's what I wanted to hear. You see, I have only one sister—left. Father and mother were killed in an auto accident. It upset me terribly. I had to get away. And I couldn't bear to talk about the old home town—or them. You understand, don't you, dear?"

A sense of relief swept through her. "Of course, darling. I'm sorry." Eunice suddenly began to laugh. "It was so silly, but this noon I was looking through the personal column of the Sun and I chanced upon an item asking a Larry McNulty to get in touch with a mysterious Rita. I was curious for a while. But of course it wasn't you."

"Oh, but it was."

Eunice looked at him, a little startled, a little bewildered. "It was? Then—then—" She couldn't finish.

And Larry smiled at her puzzlement. "I inserted the advertisement myself, darling. I knew you looked through that personal column every noon, and I couldn't for the life of me understand why—especially so when you never discovered an item about anyone you knew. I, therefore, decided to give you a little surprise. I'd like to have been there when you read my name."

"I wish you had," said Eunice, looking at him in mock severity. "For it was only ten minutes after I'd read the item that I decided to take you on face value."

'Fiery Serpent' Found To Be Parasitic Worm

The "fiery serpent" of the Old Testament was probably the Medina or guinea worm, which still parasitizes man in Egypt, the Near East, Russia, India, and the Dutch East Indies, according to Dr. James T. Culbertson of Columbia university. In the Western hemisphere, the guinea worm occurs in the islands of the Caribbean sea, Brazil, and the Guianas. It measures up to four feet in length and lodges deep in subcutaneous tissue.

Knowledge of the largest helminths—parasitic worms—had begun to accumulate by the time of the first written records available today, Dr. Culbertson, assistant professor of bacteriology in the Columbia university school of medicine, points out. In the Papyrus Ebers of the 16th century B. C., a helminth is mentioned, along with a remedy for infection with it. Some of the teachings of Moses were directed toward protecting the Jews from the helminth parasites in scavenger animals. Hippocrates, as well as other medical men recognized the existence of the parasites, although the relationship of the cysts to tapeworms was not then suspected.

An infusion of pomegranate bark described in the Papyrus Ebers was evidently the first substance employed successfully for removing tapeworms, Dr. Culbertson says. The principal material used at the present time, obtained from the fern *Aspidium filix-mas*, has also long been known, and was recommended about 300 B. C. by Theophrastus, a student of Aristotle.

Almost Always Veiled

In northern Africa the Moslem woman of the city is almost always veiled. The desert women go unveiled. In Turkey the situation is somewhat reversed. The city woman has given up the veil, but the more conservative villager and the woman of the older generation still cling to this ancient custom which had its origin in pre-Islamic days when morals in Arabia were low and rough Bedouins from the desert roamed through the cities and towns. Moslem men—a trifle on the jealous side—veiled their women from roving eyes and insults. The veil, however, has not always been a screen for feminine beauty alone. The Tuaregs of Africa, sometimes referred to as "the people of the veil," cover the faces of their men, but allow their women to go unveiled. To these men the veil is so important that it is never removed. The men of the upper class wear black veils while the men servants must wear white.

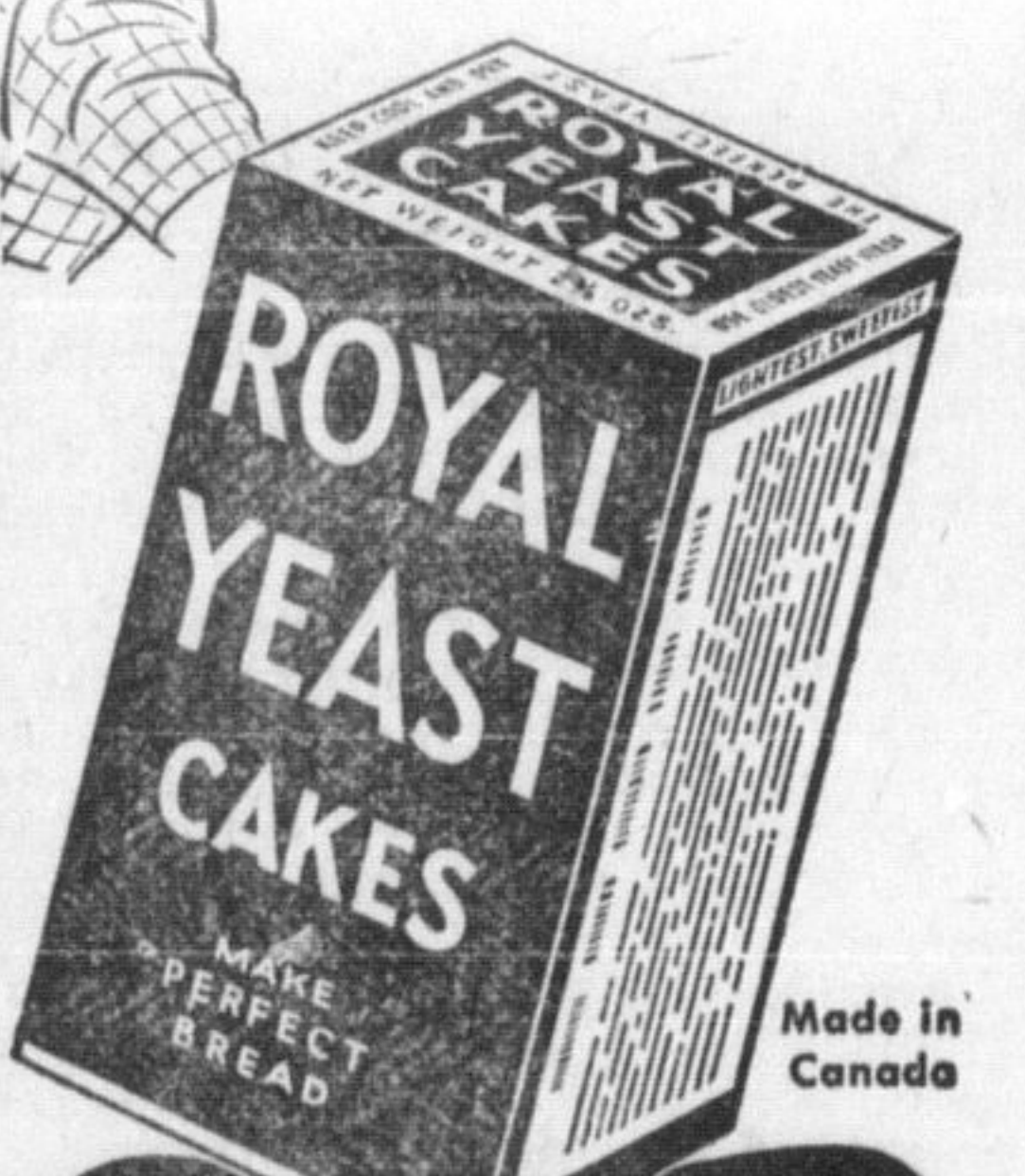
"It Pays To Deal At Days"

Art Goebel, American World War aviator, now owns two permits to fly over Tokyo. The first was given to him by the Nipponese government during a good-will flight to Japan in 1928 and the second was presented to him by the American government in the form of a diploma from the Midland army flying school in Midland, Texas, where he was graduated as a bombardier.

Tough Cavalrymen
Fort Riley, Kan., has a well-earned reputation for turning out skillful, tough cavalrymen. One reader's research proves they've been doing it for at least 100 years. He sends along an official Fort Riley order, issued October 23, 1842.

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