The SNAPSHOT GUILD

'Close-ups' and 'Back-lighting'

Proper lighting will add much to the quality of your pictures

WITH the sun so much brighter and stronger now, it is time to exercise a little care in shooting directly into the sun when taking snapshots to avoid "lens-flare" in your pictures. I do not mean by this that you should make it a strict rule not to take pictures with the sun shining directly toward you and your camera for in doing so you will pass by many chances to incorporate fascinating, artistic "back-lighting" in your pictures. However, it's a caution worth remembering.

Lighting is of equal importance with arrangement of the objects or subjects in your proposed picture. It is the variation in the lights and shadows that gives a picture depth and roundness, making the subject stand out from its surroundings. Usually the shadows should be transparent, to a degree, but full in detail. This is obtained by a rather full exposure. If the sun strikes directly in a person's face they are likely to squint and the picture will not be a good likeness. Better have them turn slightly so that they are not bothered by the sun—then you will get a natural, life-like expression. Another point is to avoid making a close-up of a person out in glaring midday sun. At this time of day the strong overhead light casts heavy shadows under the eyes and nose and the picture is far from pleasing. When making a picture of a person during the middle of the day be sure to have him turn his face away from the sun or snap him in bright shade, which can be done very successfully with modern snapshot film.

If the illumination, or sunlight, comes from *directly* back of the camera, the shadows are more or less lost, giving a flat appearance. When you are a little more advanced, try some early morning or late afternoon shots for splendid pictorial studies for at these hours you get long, fascinating shadows.

Attractive, artistic pictures may be made from a position where you face the sun and shadows fall toward your camera rather than away from it. In "back-lighted" work of this kind, be sure that no sun rays directly strike the lens of your camera. This can often be avoided by standing so that the shadow of a tree trunk, a bush or the corner of a building protects the lens from these direct sun rays.

Under such conditions you should give a slightly longer exposure than would be necessary if the sun rays were directly on the front of the subject. Perhaps the next larger diaphragm opening will let in enough light to record the detail desired in the shaded parts, or, if using a small aperture for increased depth of focus, a slow exposure, 1/10 of a second, or a very short time exposure will bring excellent results. Try it.

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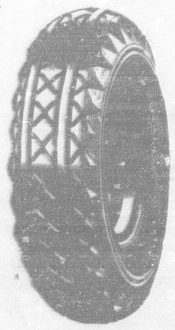

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Tete-a-Tete for Three

By THAYER WALDO

MARIE discovered it at twenty-seven minutes after nine while she was looking under the vanity table for her slippers. She was still standing there regarding it, when someone knocked on the door. She turned slowly, drawing the marabou negligee about her, and said, "Come!"

The butler opened it, and over his shoulder she could see the dark composed face of Roderic Ashe.

"Come in and shut the door," she said at last. He frowned and nibbled his under lip, asking:

"It's—it's perfectly safe?"

"I thought you'd say that! You always were a scared fool."

He stared at her, lips parted in mute astonishment.

"Don't stand there gaping," she snapped. "You're going to hear a lot more. I've made up my mind to tell you a few things tonight."

"Hold on," he began; "I'm afraid I don't understand—"

"Of course not! You don't understand anything—I don't believe you ever have. That's why I'm fed up and sick of you."

She had backed away as he came forward. Now they stood in the center of the room, between vanity table and bed, facing each other at a distance of three or four feet. Perplexity had given way in his expression to sheer bewilderment.

"That's a smart look you're wearing," Marie told him contemptuously, "but I'm not surprised. I didn't expect you even now to know what I was talking about. You poor sap!"

She turned away with a toss of her sleek brown head, and sauntered across the room to pluck a cigarette from the case on the mantel. There was silence in that interval, for Ashe found no further words.

"Look at you now—all dolled up like an ambassador! And that's the way you've been every night I've asked you here. A tuxedo and a polite smile and talk, talk, talk. My G—d, you're dumb! I didn't think anyone in Hollywood could be so dumb about a thing like that."

He seemed to sag back in the chair, but his tone was quiet enough.

"Have you," he asked, "gone absolutely insane, Marie?"

She laughed again, and again it had a forced staccato quality.

"That would be all you could see in it," she shot back at him; "you're so blind and so stupid I almost feel sorry for you. You know, for a little while right at first I couldn't believe it. I told myself you were pretending not to understand just because you'd always been Peter's best friend. And maybe I was right, but I doubt it. I don't think anyone could be so lily-pure.

"Well, all that counts is that I played it straight to you and you either couldn't get the idea or didn't want to, and now I'm through with you. Through, you hear me? And if you've acted this way out of loyalty to that crippled husband of mine, I hope you feel properly noble. If I ever decide to tell it on you, you're going to be laughed right out of pictures.

"Now go away—leave me alone! Of course I'll have to go on seeing you every day at the studio, and playing with you in that silly story of Peter's; but I'm never going to spend another minute with you off the set if I can help it. You're a boob and a flat tire and a big pain in the neck. Get out!"

The final words were almost shouted. Marie crumpled her cigarette and flung it into the grate. After a moment Roderic rose, rather deliberately, and made her a brief bow.

"I'm told," he began, "that riddles are very popular this season, so—"

"Oh, shut up and go!" she broke in swiftly, spinning around to face the wall. An instant longer he stood looking at her back, then strode to the door, opened it, and went out without another word. . . .

* * *

Peter North lay quite motionless in the bed, a look of profound emotional disturbance on his thin face. A screened black box stood upon a stand beside him; his secretary sat by the foot of the bed, pencil and notebook in hand. Peter North reached over and snapped a switch on the black vox, then said:

"Take a letter please, Miss Allan. To Roderic Ashe, Zenith Studio.

"Dear Rod: I've a confession to make that isn't easily made. Shame stabs me like a knife. I hid a dictograph attachment in my wife's room tonight and listened to everything you said. How could I have been such a fool as not to know that if anyone were cheating with me it would be my ungrateful wife but never you, the finest friend a man ever had! Just the warped creation of a sick man's brain, I suppose. Forgive me and God bless you, old Pal.

Peter."

* * *

Marie stood by her boudoir windows, gazing out. There in the broad drive below she could see Roderic's car. He was entering it. His face showed set and angry in the light from the veranda.

Marie turned away. Her gray eyes, her cheeks, were wet with unchecked tears. The small enameled clock upon the mantel stood at 10:12. She sat upon the bed and took off her satin slippers. Then she replaced them beneath the vanity table, beside the microphone which she had first discovered at twenty-seven minutes after nine.

Making Common Glass

Common glass is made by mixing 100 parts of white sand (largely silica), 35 parts of soda ash (dry washing soda or sodium carbonate) and 15 parts of limestone (principally calcium carbonate). This mixture is placed in a crucible and heated to 1,260 degrees Centigrade (2,300 degrees Fahrenheit) or more, until it melts to a clear mass about as stiff as ordinary molasses on a warm day. In addition to these raw materials a large percentage of old broken glass (cullet) is also used.

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Cartier of St. Lawrence Fame Native of France

Jacques Cartier, discoverer of the St. Lawrence river, was born on December 31, 1491, of good parentage, at St. Malo, in Brittany, France. His early youth was spent upon the sea, and when, on May 2, 1519, he married Marie Catherine des Granches, the daughter of a knight, he was a master pilot. In 1534, Philip Charbot, admiral of France, persuaded King Francis I to resume the project of founding a French colony in the New World. Cartier set sail from St. Malo on April 20, 1534, with two 60-ton ships and 122 men.

The expedition reached Cape Buonavista, on the east coast of Newfoundland on May 10, and entered a port to which he gave the name of St. Catherine, now called Catalina. He spent some time exploring the sea and islands about Newfoundland, and then headed for the mainland. Cartier first mistook Magdalen and Prince Edward islands for the mainland, but soon reached what is now New Brunswick, and there made friends with a tribe of Indians from Quebec, two of whom he carried off with him. He finally decided not to stay in America that year and returned to France, reaching St. Malo on September 5.

From 1544 until his death at St. Malo, on September 1, 1557, Cartier appears to have done little else than give technical advice in nautical matters and act as Portuguese interpreter.—Philadelphia Record.

Jazz, Echo From Jungle; Brought Here by African

Behind the jazz rhythms to which our ears have become accustomed there is a background from the other side of the earth. The uncanny meter, the noise and primitive quality of the music, are an echo from the jungle. We catch the sound of tom-toms, of bare feet of African tribes, as they dance about their ceremonial fires.

Of course, our American jazz was brought to us by the African, observes a writer in the Washington Star. A story is told of a Southern colored man who was performing a wild dance while his friends beat time with their hands and chanted to maintain the rhythm. A theatrical man who had witnessed the dance approached the colored man at its conclusion and asked, "What kind of a dance was that?"

The man replied, "Jes' jazz, sah, jes, jazz!" And the name has been popularly applied to that particular sort of dance and its accompanying music ever since.

The Black and Tan Terrier

Outside of their short, glossy coat, the most distinctive thing about the black and tan terrier is its markings, the tanned muzzle with the jet black nasal bone; the tan spot on each cheek and over each eye and hair inside the ears the same color; the fore legs tanned to the knees with black pencil marks on each toe, writes Ruth Mansfield, in the Washington Post. The average weight is around seven pounds. The dog has a moderately short body, curving upward at the loins; ribs well sprung, back slightly arched at the loins and falling again at the joining of the tail to the same height as the shoulders; straight legs; feet more inclined to be cat than hare-footed; moderate length tail. The head is long, flat, narrow, level and wedge-shaped, with small, sparkling and dark eyes, oblong in shape. The coat is close, smooth, short and glossy.

Raising the Hat

Raising the hat in deference to a lady is still a mark of a gentleman. If she stops to speak with him, he will remove his hat for the conversation, and carry it in his hand unless, because of his age or of inclement weather, she requests him to replace it. If so, he will again raise his hat when she leaves. The fact that some young men in college ignore the courtesy does not affect gentlemanly behavior. The origin of the courtesy is speculative. One version is that it arose in the days of chivalry when, in deference to his superiors and to ladies, a knight removed his headgear. —Literary Digest.

Blind Tom, the Musician

Blind Tom, who was Thomas Green Bethune, was born blind and a slave near Columbus, Ga., May, 1849; died, 1908. At two years of age he could unerringly recognize tunes, played the piano at four years, and at an exceedingly early age could imitate winds, rain and birds, as well as classical music. He gave his first concert when eighteen years old, toured Europe and both North and South America. It is said that he could play any selection after hearing it once.

U. S.-France Naval War

The naval war between the United States and France in the early days of our country lasted about two years. It was ended by a treaty of peace ratified by the senate February 3, 1801. During this warfare 84 armed French vessels and nearly all privateers were captured by the small, new United States navy. The Retaliation was the only ship of the navy which was taken by the enemy.

As Sun Affects the Skin

The sun does not tan and darken the skin of all light-colored races, writes Ray Holland, Jr., Kenmore, N. Y., in Collier's Weekly. Many of them such as the Chinese, the Sandwich Islanders and the Fuegians of South America, find that their skin, unlike ours, fades when exposed to sunlight and consequently they are several shades lighter in the summer than in the winter.

First Electric Lights

Credit for the basic discovery of the electric light is probably due to Sir Humphrey Davy, an Englishman, who observed in 1810 the electric arc and produced the incandescence of a fine platinum wire in connection with his famous experiments with a 2,000-cell battery. On 1862 an arc lamp was installed in a lighthouse at Dungeness and supplied with current from a cumbrous magneto-electric machine. This lamp was used for many years and is generally credited with being the first electric lamp in regular service.

Memories

By HENRY MILLER

THEY brought him back to the lake where they had been when he wandered, smiling, clear-eyed, wondering, into their camp.

Mr. Grove Hendryx led him as if he were afraid for him. Mr. Hendryx' wife, and his daughter Alice, stood on the other side watching.

"Now, John, try just walking around the lake. Come back here afterwards. The psychologist said that you might remember when you saw something that you had seen that day."

He smiled at Alice. His eyes were as clear as a child's, as trustful, as desirous of pleasing. She smiled back at him with faith and hope.

He wished that he might go around the lake as Mr. Hendryx advised and come back with a memory of his life. He had no memory except that of a few weeks. It began that day he had walked into the Hendryx camp. His mind had been a blank then.

In the camp he saw Alice; she was leaning over some coffee. She straightened up; saw him. She was the first girl he ever remembered seeing. She had seemed like the loveliest thing anywhere.

"Hello," she had said, smiling inquiringly.

"Hello," he had answered. The word had sounded strange to his ears, yet familiar. He had felt it coming naturally to his lips.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"Can you tell—me—who—I am?" he had asked, each word a new adventure to him.

He smiled now, at Alice again. During the few weeks since his birth, full grown, she had come to mean everything to him; love, happiness, hope.

He started to walk. His mind was calm, rested, for he had not troubled himself before with his identity.

Perhaps half an hour after he had left the Hendryx trio, he came to a stone. It was of granite. He knew that he had seen that stone before. The rains had hollowed out a sort of pot in the granite, deeper than the Indian squaws used to make for pounding their meal.

Puzzled, he looked at the stone. He couldn't remember when he had seen it.

He walked past it, but his smile was gone. He turned around, surveyed the stone. Sometime in the past he had sat upon it.

He retraced his steps, climbed upon the stone, sat upon it. A branch of the oak tree above his head swayed. A sharp realization made itself manifest. He had seen that branch sway in exactly the same way sometime or other.

An excitement ran in tremors through him. He was on the point of remembering his identity.

He remembered a scene in a great flash. Bits dribbled into his mind, it is true, but now he was sure who he was.

He remembered two men in a room. They were brothers. Their last name was Jackson. Milton Jackson was a private secretary to a large banker in the South. Butt Jackson was the black sheep of the family. Butt had seen the inside of Sing Sing and not as a visitor, either.

The man without a memory had acquired a sharp, terrible memory. He remembered creeping, creeping upon his unsuspecting brother. He remembered raising the sandbag which was loaded. He remembered, just at the critical moment, the sudden turning of his brother Milton. In Milton's eyes he had seen his accusation, the complete understanding of all that had gone before.

That glance was the thing that had driven him off; that had made him lose his memory in an unconscious attempt to put the awful horror out of his mind.

He sprang to his feet. He would run back and tell Alice. He paused, one foot outstretched, and stood still. "How can I tell her?" he asked the oak. "I held up, perhaps, killed, my brother."

He loved Alice. He couldn't stand before her confessed as Butt Jackson.

"I feel clean!" he cried. "Oh, God, why couldn't I really have been recreated this time? Why do I have to take the punishment for something I did in another life?"

It was not only he who would have to take the punishment. It was Alice, too. She loved him. She was willing to marry him even now, though she hadn't the slightest idea who he might be.

He couldn't tell her. He couldn't make her Mrs. Butt Jackson.

He started to walk away from the lake. He would find a train, hop a freight. He would live straight. Butt could never have had a thought like that. He wasn't really Butt; he was a mysterious person who had been created anew.

As he walked he put his hand to his forehead. There was something odd above that. He touched it, touched the top of his head. His eyes swelled. He tried to remember the inside of Sing Sing. He couldn't remember, strain as he might.

He remembered the inside of the bank; the bank officer he assisted. He leaped into the air shouting with joy, scaring a poor cottontail almost out of its wits.

He ran back the way he had come; laughing, shouting, holding his hand to the top of his head.

His fingers touched the tiniest remainder of a once large bump.

A Scotch Verdict

A Scotch verdict means not proved. A jury in a criminal trial in Scotland can bring in this verdict in certain cases. The defendant cannot then be tried again on the same charge.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL!

Drive Carefully!

Setter Formerly Known as the Setting Spaniel

There seems little doubt that the English setter was first known as the setting spaniel and was a smaller dog than the setter we know today. With the development of the breed and with the arrival of the gun to replace the net, writes Frank P. Dole, in the New York Herald Tribune, larger dogs were desired and the setter was perfected.

The first comprehensive account of the setter is found in the writings of John Keys, founder of the college at Cambridge university that bears his name. He wrote a book on dogs about 1570. He gave much attention to spaniels, and as a subdivision of this breed he wrote of "the dogge called the setter, or, in Latin, Index."

One portion of this is of sufficient interest to dog lovers to be quoted, shorn of its medieval spellings. It follows:

"There is another sort of dog, serviceable for fowling, making no noise either with foot or tongue, while it follows the game. These dogs attend diligently upon their masters, and, from their directions, such as calls, motions and gestures, such as it may please them to give, either go forward, draw backward or move to right or left. When he has found the bird he keeps sure and fast silence, stopping and, with close watching eye, lays on the ground, creeping forward. As he approaches the place where the bird is he lies down and with a mark of his paw shows the place where the bird is resting, whereby it is supposed this kind of dog is called Index, or setter, being indeed the name best fitted to his qualities. The fowler then spreads his net, intending to take the bird. When this is done the dog, at the accustomed sign from his master, rises up and draws near the bird, that is startled into being the author of its own ensnaring and be entangled in the prepared net."

The setter appears to have been developed on the estates of country gentlemen and nobility in England.

Portion of Our Country Once Property of Mexico

Nearly a third of the territory of the continental United States was once a part of Mexico. It was acquired by the United States in three annexations. The first was when Texas, which had rebelled from Mexico and set up a separate government, was annexed to this country in 1845.

The question of the Texas boundary led to the Mexican war, at the conclusion of which our southern neighbor ceded everything north of the Rio Grande and Gila rivers. In 1853 this country settled a number of questions of boundary, property and damages by purchasing an additional strip of southwestern land from Mexico—the Gadsden purchase.

Included in these three cessions were all of the states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California; more than half of Colorado, and parts of Oklahoma, Kansas and Wyoming.

Not Always Flower Garden

Hawaii, flower garden of the Pacific, was not always a floral paradise. Before adventurous sailors struck its shores it had only a limited crop, as seeds reached the land that the sea yielded only by their rare good fortune. The sandalwood tree was native, and traffic in that crop was a factor in the introduction of other plants. When the white man went to settle on the islands, he took with him saplings and flowering shrubs and vines from all parts of the Pacific. They thrived in a favorable climate. The banyan tree of India, with its meandering branches; the monkey-pod tree, looking like an umbrella decked gaily with flowers, and many other beautiful types of foliage were imported, and the land became a lush flower garden.

America Once Had Queen; Throne Room Now Empty

In the Capitol building at Honolulu, where the Hawaiian legislature meets, is to be found the only throne room under the American flag. The throne stands in majestic emptiness in a room where it suggests the tragic story of a great queen who was forced to vacate it four decades ago. The queen was Liliuokalani, who abdicated a few years before the United States annexed Hawaii in 1898. She was the only queen ever to become a citizen of the United States.

Stubbornly resisting the overthrow of her monarchy, Liliuokalani yielded only after she had been taken prisoner and a provisional government, under Sanford B. Dole, as president, had been set up. The queen protested to President Cleveland that United States troops had been landed to aid the revolution, and she appealed to him to restore her to her throne. Unsuccessful, she finally abdicated and, ex-queen, though she was, devoted the rest of her life to performing works that endeared her to her people.

She composed the touching Hawaiian song "Aloha Oe," heard by everyone who knows the name of Hawaii. She wrote poems. She dedicated herself to promoting education, and before she died she established a trust the income from which was to be used to found and maintain orphanages.

Big Lake and Salt Bed Combined in Australia

Although several water courses, frequently swollen by tropical rains, pour their waters into Lake Buchanan, Central Queensland, the lake empties itself almost as quickly as it is filled and is often a vast white field containing millions of tons of salt. The glare of the sun on this 100-mile-round field is intense.

A circle of hills forms a natural basin for Lake Buchanan, from which there is apparently no outlet for its waters. Scientists, however, declare that the contents find their way to the Great Artesian basin, which lies under part of Central Queensland and Northern New South Wales.

Explosions resembling heavy artillery frequently boom forth from within one of the lake's surrounding hills, earning for it the name of Rumble Hill. Their origin is unexplained, as is the fact that a vapor continuously sprays up from a cavern there, drifting to earth as a fine salt. Ranch owners in the district obtain their salt supplies from the deposits left by this vapor. Owing to the lake's remoteness, no attempt has been made to use its salt supply commercially.—New York Times.

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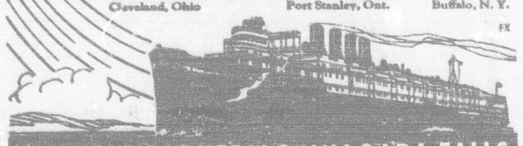

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