

MAKING SNAP- SHOTS OF CELEBRITIES

THE past few years has witnessed the development of a unique activity, the purpose of which is to satisfy public curiosity regarding men and women who are prominent in one or another of the conspicuous walks of life. This particularly up-to-date vocation might be denominated the "snap-shooting" of celebrities, which means the making of instantaneous photographs of the people who are temporarily or permanently in the public eye and whose personal appearance is consequently a matter of interest to the people of all parts of the country.

Few newspaper readers who take delight in the mass of pictures spread nowadays over every printed page, ever stop to reflect what a comparatively short time ago it was that first saw such embellishment of the chronicle of the day's happenings. Most of our readers can doubtless remember distinctly the time when pictures were unknown in their favorite newspaper, and even after crude cuts began to make their appearance in the advertising columns of the weeklies, and later in the dailies, it was a long lapse ere the pictures were to be found in the reading columns and a yet longer time before the reader came to expect not mere scenic subjects but graphic pictures of the current happenings of the busy world.

The vocation of snap-shooting celebrities has been the outgrowth—the very latest outgrowth, it might be termed—of the practise of recording in picture as well as in story the doings of all the world. When the newspaper-reading public came to expect the quick reflection in picture form of great happen-



GEORGE VON L. MEYER PITCHING THE BALL INTO THE FIELD FOR A SOCIETY BALL GAME



SECRETARY OF STATE KNOX, BARON HENGELMULLER, JUSTICE HOLMES AND JOHN BARRETT.



SECRETARY OF STATE KNOX AND MRS. P. C. KNOX.



JAPANESE AMBASSADOR AND BARONESS UCHIDA



SNAP SHOT OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AND MRS. JAMES BRYCE

The Stolen Hour

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

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The jeweled clock chimed five. Millicent True touched the bell. Her decision was final. There remained only the task of handing the missive to the servant, who would deliver it to Lord Windmere. From that moment she would become the affianced wife of the English nobleman. Hearing steps, Millicent, without turning, held out the letter.

"See that it goes at once!"

"Is it so very important?"

At the voice, so entirely different from the one she expected, the girl sprang up. "Oh, Adam, I'm glad—but first I must dispatch my note."

About to restore the letter so oddly thrust upon him, Howe's eye fell upon the address. "Let us talk first," he suggested, coolly; "there's plenty of time."

"Barely sufficient; it's already five. His lordship remains at his club till six, when, should there be no message, he starts on his deferred trip to California. Why doesn't James come?"

"Allow me," Rowe assuredly crossed to the mantelpiece, his gaze lingering on the girl, tidying papers in her desk. Suddenly bending above the clock, his broad shoulders masking it from view, he remarked, "Five, you said? Your clock says four."

"I can't be mistaken—" In the act of consulting her watch she was arrested by an exclamation from her guest, whose sleeve had brushed roughly against a statuette, promptness alone on his part saving it from destruction. Millicent shuddered in mock relief.

"Today is my lucky day," he assured her. "I feel capable of miracles—even of convincing you to my way of thinking. Come." Half jocularly he pushed a chair before the hearth, then set another for himself. Hands thrust deep in his pockets, he nodded toward the clock. "For one hour we will talk."

"And the subject?"

"Everything that concerns you—or me."

She studied him from the corner of her eyes, contrasting the fine proportions of his muscular frame with that of Lord Windmere, to the latter's disadvantage. "I am a head taller," she thought, experiencing a quick sense of repulsion.

Rowe smiled quizzically. "You approve of me physically? Good!"

"I was not thinking of you."

"So? I was—about you. Who would have dreamed that such a scrawny kid could develop into the beauty you are now. No offense—looks being your second biggest asset in the game you're playing."

"You are coarse; I won't be talked to so!"

"After today, maybe, I shan't care to talk to you at all."

The girl's face softened. "Oh, yes, you will. The spice of things has been in our discussion of them afterward. Your point of view is direct. It's the reward of keeping at sufficient distance to permit of a perspective. With me, relative values often grow confused."

"You remember the creek where we fished as youngsters?" the man demanded, irreverently. "And the day you insisted on crossing the slippery log alone, and tumbled in?"

Millicent laughed softly. "I can see you now, with your torn cap, your knickers rolled up and your home-made rod. I thought you awfully brave when you pulled me out—two feet of water, wasn't it?"

"But think of the reward you promised."

"Children make pie-crust promises!"

"Just so you remember, that's all." Adam stretched his long legs to the blaze and his companion, conscious of his slightest movement, felt a half-frightened resentment at the power of her old playmate to crowd out all other personalities from her thoughts.

"I'm thinking of the night you told me of your father's first big successful speculation. It was raining; we were in the best room, abominable stuffy because rarely opened. Your life was changed by that deal just as the mountain stream is changed when it falls into the river. It became merely a question of time before you would reach the city to be engulfed."

"You thought it would make a difference in our friendship, but"—almost wistfully she touched the arm of Rowe's chair—"t hasn't!"

"It has." The man's tone struck back harshly. "Had we stayed out there in the foothills you would never have known about society, or the magic of a title dangling like a scalp at the belt of your wealth. Life might have meant work, but it would have meant freedom. Think of galloping over the rolling plains, the soft grass flying from the horses' heels, the wind in our nostrils—the width of the sky above—just we two."

"Stop! Sometimes the longing makes me mad—it seems as if I must run away back to it all! It's the plainsman's heritage." The words tumbled over each other as if the speaker had no choice but to give them utterance. "All day I've been fighting. It has been that craving against my ambition and—and I had strangled it, or thought so, till you

came with your talk of freedom." Her voice broke, but she held her head proudly. Later she must yield to the flood of emotion, now held in check; it was the bitter price that she must pay for victory, tangible in her letter to Windmere, but not until she was alone.

"Suppose the man you marry can't understand that sort of hunger—has never felt it? You might blow your brains out some day when the fever's on!"

Thrusting her chair abruptly back, Millicent stood a little behind him, where he could no longer watch her face. When she spoke it was with an effort, her tone showed strain.

"I never should have allowed you to rake up the past today." She dropped her chin upon her arms, crossed on the high back of his chair; she stared, dry-eyed, into the glowing coals. "Mother was always ambitious, even when we lived in a cabin and she did the family wash. She's the same today, only instead of money she craves position and power. Got so much for herself as for me, and—within certain limits—she has made me like herself. She dragged me at the heels of society until she compelled recognition. In return she asks only that I marry well. That letter would have paid my debt to her—" She broke into an almost hysterical laugh. "Mother failed in her generalship when she admitted you today, for—with you here, summing up pictures of the past—I can't do it!"

"You don't object if I smoke?" Rising abruptly, Adam selected a cigar, and the hand that held the match was unsteady. The girl, having risen, also watched the flickering flame, hands clasped before her. "You, with a thousand moods a day, how do you know that this will last?"

The brutality of the question whipped the girl to fury. Catching up the letter she tore it, shred to shreds. "By this and this—" she cried passionately, flinging the fragments into the flame. Then, empty hands spread wide, she turned from him, suddenly weary of controversy.

"Now go, I shall not marry Lord Windmere."

The hands of the clock having completed the circle, its silvery gong struck five. Within the hour Howe had made good his boast, but something in the girl's attitude spoiled the flavor of success.

"Until you put that letter into my hand I had no notion the fellow's claim was so pressing," he said tersely. "You see, the girl we've been talking of could give herself for nothing less than love. And I had come here, free, for the first time, to speak plainly. Your attitude seemed to say that time for discussion was past, so—I made time—I stole an hour—set your clock back! But if you regret your decision, it's not too late. Send your letter to the train, it will catch Windmere all right."

"Please go," repeated the girl wearily. "I'm tired—and mother will have to be told."

"I said we should discuss matters concerning us both. I can't go till I've said my say. Luck has stood by me, thought it's been touch and go with most of us on the street these last few months. But I'm out of the woods now, and I'm going to take a long vacation."

The girl's lashes flickered; otherwise she did not stir.

"I'm going back to our hills and plains; I want to take you with me."

At last, when she was off guard, the only vital issue between them had taken form. Always, forming the background of her life, she had discerned Adam's love. Yet, with a woman's weapons, she had avoided recognition of it between them, since, once acknowledged, it could only be a struggle to the death between it and her ambition. Yet, now that he had broken down her barriers, values seemed different, life less complex. A new world opened—one in which her feet would trace familiar paths that might lead to peace.

You don't guess how far I've grown from our old life?"

"Nor do I care, girl—girl! It's years since the child gave her promise to the boy; need the man wait longer for his wife?"

Slowly her wavering eyes were drawn back by his, filled with inarticulate love and worship, and the blood leaped in her veins as she surrendered herself to his arms. As they closed hungrily around her it seemed as if she had been waiting for this moment always, though she had not known.

A New Ireland.

There is now a new Ireland—an Ireland which is practically unknown to the vast majority of the Irish race in America. This new Ireland has been created mainly by the recent land acts, although there are other causes—social, economic, as well as legislative—which are silently but surely at work in the regeneration of the unhappy Erin of old. Intelligent and fair-minded Irish-Americans who have within the last five or six years visited the "old country" after a long interval, see this wonderful change for the better, and freely acknowledge it.—James Boyle in the Forum.

ings all over the world it speedily progressed from interest in places and things to curiosity regarding the actual appearance of the people regarding whose doings the papers had much to say. It was not enough that the newspapers should print as a counterfeited presentment of this or that public man a carefully posed bust portrait, touched up to show the subject as he wanted to appear rather than as he actually did appear. Newspaper readers with a thirst for accurate information came to demand pictures that would show the subjects as they actually appeared. Moreover, they wanted not a commonplace bust photo, but a full-length picture that would represent its object as he would appear to one who met him on the street and with a hint as to his distinctive characteristics as to dress, etc. From this demand was born the personal "snap shot."

Nowadays the snap-shot is to a large extent displacing the stereotyped visage in the public prints. Almost everybody who achieves fame or notoriety must needs fall victims to the sharpshooters of the camera. The snap-shooter is no respecter of persons or callings so long as "human interest" is present, and everybody, from preachers to pugilists and from statesmen to suffragists, is the quarry of the camera scout at one time or another. Some of the people who are snap-shotted manifestly relish it; a great number accept it as a matter of course and a minority wriggle and squirm and even fight at sight of a camera. Conspicuous among the latter are Harry Lehr, the Newport society pet of monkey dinner fame, and J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier. It must be admitted that the father of trusts does not make a pretty picture when taken unawares and he evidently realizes this, for he is usually guarded by several private detectives when he appears in public and carries a cane which he is quick to use on any offending camera that he can reach.

Public officials, headed by the president of the United States, are usually the most satisfactory subjects for snap-shots because, whatever may be their natural inclination in the matter, they quickly learn to submit gracefully to this sort of attention. A leading statesman or army or navy official who realizes that at public functions he is liable to be continually in the camera eye is likely to instinctively avoid those awkward attitudes and facial grimaces that sometimes spoil things in the case of a celebrity who is new to the game and self-conscious in consequence. From the standpoint of the snap-shooters perhaps the most satisfactory subjects in this country are the diplomats at Washington—that is, the alien officials who are stationed at our seat of government as the ambassadors or ministers of foreign powers. For one thing, these titled foreigners are possessed of gorgeous uniforms that show up well in unconventional pictures, and then again they are accustomed to being constantly on dress parade.

The snap-shooter must "quick on the trigger" and he cultivates ability in this direction almost as earnestly as the gun fighter of the west did in the old days. The newspaper snap-shots are made by means of special cameras made specially for the purpose, and costing as much as \$250 apiece. Only a fraction of a second is required, of course, to make a snap-shot, once the lens is focused upon a celebrity in a desired position, but the uncertainty lies in the fact that the celebrity is seldom actually posing for his picture. More than likely he may not realize that he is being caught by the camera or mayhap may be trying

to dodge the glass eye pointed toward him. In any event quick action is necessary at the critical moment if the subject sought is to be caught ere he moves away, turns his head or otherwise spoils the picture. Indeed the snap-shooter who would "catch on the wing" such restless spirits as Colonel Roosevelt must develop a sort of sixth sense that will enable him to anticipate with reasonable certainty the future moves of his subject.

No other American of the day is so much photographed as is Colonel Roosevelt, and yet he is by no means an easy subject for good pictures. It is not that he objects to the operation; indeed, he seems to utterly ignore the cameras that are pointed at him a dozen times a day. But the colonel is one of the most active and sudden of men, and the snap-shooter must be on the alert every minute of the time or he loses the golden opportunity to catch the ex-president at the "psychological moment." This was admirably illustrated

ENTERTAINING THE BLIND.

"In these days of specialists you can't just step out and help your fellow humans in haphazard fashion," said the matron on an institution for the blind. "You have to take a course of training before you can even do good in the world. In this position the task that requires most diplomacy is declining the services of people who offer to entertain the blind. All sorts of incompetents volunteer. Their intentions are good, but their achievements are deplorable. Poor readers are most numerous and are hardest to manage. They have had no practise in reading aloud since they left the lower grades in the grammar school, yet when the fires of benevolence break out that is the first thing they want to do."

"The blind are particularly sensitive to the quality of a voice. A harsh, high pitched voice that rambles on without rhyme or reason gets on their nerves, and it is our duty to shut out all such readers. They have to be handled with care because their hearts are in the right place, and with tact their good intentions may be deflected into some useful channel."

KING'S BEARD MODEL FOR ENGLISHMEN.

Beards are at present the order of the day among London's fashionable "men-about-town." In remarking about the prevalence of facial hirsute adornments, a prominent hairdresser said: "One would not have thought that the coming of King George to the throne would have made much difference to the fashion of current hairdressing, in view of the fact that his father wore a beard for so many years, but I can assure you it has, and a very great difference at that."

"In all probability the present fashion of the point beard is due in a great measure to so young a man affecting one. I have been told that there was a great rage for beards among 'men-about-town' when King Edward first grew a beard many years ago."

"In my opinion the average Englishman is tremendously imitative. The style of beard King George wears is appropriately named the 'torpedo' in the navy, and since the king's accession many of the younger men in the service have started to grow them."

the western towns seemed to have much more self-importance than common sense. In Denver two of the camera men were left behind when the colonel and his party went to the auditorium and arrived to find that building packed to the doors and surrounded by a ring of mounted police. To one of these they appealed in vain. "But we are supposed to be with Mr. Roosevelt's party," said one of them finally. "Well," was the chilly response, "if you are supposed to be with them, why aren't you?" And the officer's horse scornfully switched his tail in their faces.

It was in Denver, too, that one of the most amusing scenes of the trip was witnessed. The Press club gave a "chuck-wagon" luncheon to the colonel in a park. "Here," said the camera men, "is our chance for some good stuff." So they put in fresh films or plates and hustled out there by the dozen. The colonel, in the midst of a throng of self-invited Colorado deputy sheriffs, stood at the rough board table and every time he reached for a bit of meat or put a morsel of food into his mouth there was a perfect fusillade of clicks from the cameras that surrounded him. The photographers were ranged in a triple ring about the chuck wagon, those with little cameras in front, stooping low; next, the men with the larger hand cameras, and in the rear the local artists, who had big machines on high tripods. It was in truth a conical sight, but the colonel did not seem to mind it a bit, and went on eating and talking with the utmost enthusiasm.

The visit to Cheyenne, of course, gave the snap-shooters their best chances for picturesque views, for there the colonel could be caught almost any time shaking hands with the cowboys, cowgirls and gaudily painted Indians, or applauding the work of the broncho-busters.

There is a Chicago newspaper man who once had the unique experience of being the only person with a camera present at the coronation of a king. The monarch in question was Mataafa, who had been elected king of Samoa by a majority of the inhabitants of those delectable islands in 1898. His reign, to be sure, lasted but a few months, for after a gallant struggle he was most unjustly deposed by the Americans and British, who thereupon partitioned the islands with Germany. The performance took place in the open, but the king and the chiefs who anointed him were not to be approached within some fifty yards. So rigid is Samoan etiquette that the one man with the camera did not dare to break through the surrounding ring of natives, and had perforce to be content with such views as could be had from a distance.