

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-



JAPANESE AMBASSADOR AND BARONESS UCHIDA



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. R.C. KNOX.

trated many a time during the colonel's trip through the west. Several professional photographers accompanied him, and a number of the press correspondents also carried cameras, and often it was a wild race for them to keep up with Mr. Roosevelt and be on hand at the time when the good "human interest" pictures were to be had.

Whenever Colonel Roosevelt appeared, unless the police arrangements prevented, he was at once surrounded by a cheering crowd, every man, woman and child of which was trying to get close enough to grasp his hand or at least to say "Hello, Teddy." At such times a snap-shot usually yielded only a mass of heads and backs surrounding a set of gleaming teeth. If Mr. Roosevelt was carefully guarded by police or soldiers, as was the case in some cities, the task of the photographer was almost as difficult for the "coppers" and deputy sheriffs of



SNAP SHOT OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AND MRS. JAMES BRYCE

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 victim to the sharpshooters of the camera. The snap-shotter 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-shotter 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-shotter 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 especially 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-shotter 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-shotter 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 bristles, 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 comical 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-shotter 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.

TO CIRCLE COUNTRY

Kansas City Couple on Eight Thousand-Mile Tramp.

Their Route Leads to Southern, Eastern and Northern Boundaries of the Nation—Are to Camp Out a Year.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Woolf, who walked from Kansas City to New York last summer in ninety-five days, are well started upon a walking trip which is to consume 7,500 miles and circle an area of nearly two-thirds of the United States. They were accompanied by their dog, "Don," which walked with them on former trips, and their horse, "Lody," which pulls a small two-wheeled cart containing food, a tent, extra clothing and cooking utensils.

"Walking Round the United States" was painted in large white letters on the bed of the cart. In smaller letters it was stated that Kansas City is the destination as well as the starting point of the trip. Mr. and Mrs. Woolf, dressed in brown suits which they designed themselves as best suited to the exigencies of tramping, led the way, Lody, traveling undriven and unled, followed, and Don, the dog, trotted along behind under the cart.

As neighbors came in to say goodbye and things were brought from the house and loaded on the cart, the dog's excitement increased and was not allayed until after the last neighbor had shaken hands and the entire party had passed through the side gate and down the street. Then he stopped barking and took his accustomed place under the cart.

The route of the walk is from Kansas City to a point in Texas on the coast, east to Jacksonville, Fla., north to the Canada line, west to Minneapolis and thence back to Kansas City. The winter will be spent in the south and the summer in the north, so that they will suffer no inconvenience from sleeping on the ground during the entire year. They expect to return to Kansas City November 1, 1912.

Before starting, more than 3,000 tags and labels pasted upon the wagon during the previous trips were re-



The Pedestrian Outfit.

moved and the cart was repainted. These are a few of the things packed within the one small box:

A tent, two cots, two sets of bedding, cooking utensils, provisions for dog, man and horse for three days, guns, fishing tackle and clothes, camp stove, stools and table, 5,000 blank postcards, photographer's outfit, 2,000 sheets of music, writing materials, violin, checker board, five gallons of water and an icebox.

"I feel like Columbus starting out to discover America," Mrs. Woolf said, when asked by the neighbors if he did not dread the trip. "We expect both to stand it and enjoy it."

FIRST PROTESTANT MISSION

Famous Old Methodist Church Still Stands in the Suburbs of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Upper Sandusky, O.—The greatest Methodist event in recent years was the pilgrimage to the famous old mission church, at the edge of Upper Sandusky, O., the first Protestant mission in America. In the adjoining cemetery are the graves of John Stewart, founder of the mission, and some of



The Old Mission Church.

his converts. This mission was the result of Stewart's efforts to give the gospel to the Indians of this territory. Stewart died in 1823. It is universally admitted that the organization of the parent mission board of the Methodist church in 1819 was due to the success of this mission to the Wyandotte Indians. The mission was organized in 1816. From that date to 1907 the Methodist church has raised through its missions boards the sum of \$46,485,957. For many years the church was allowed to fall into decay. In 1889, through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Love, it was restored to its present condition. A granite block marks each grave and two larger slabs built into the south end of the church are engraved with historical and biographical data.

A Sure Cure.
Mother—I'm afraid Gwendoline is setting her heart on that young Pen-nell.
Father—You think so?
Mother—I am almost sure of it.
Father—Well, he is not a fit person for her to marry. He is as poor as a rat and has no prospects. Something must be done to set her against him.
Mother—I have thought of that and have hit upon what I think is an excellent plan.
Father—Yes? What is it?
Mother—We must tell her that we want her to marry him.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than in any other district put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctor prescribed a local remedy and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable, because they never discovered that it is a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. H. J. CATARRH CURE, manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Significant Wink.
"I think," said the weary stranger, "that I'll go somewhere and take forty winks."
The hack driver looked puzzled.
"What's the trouble?"
"I was wondering whether you wanted me to drive you to a hotel or a drug store."

Feminine Logic.
Her—A woman is always right.
Him—How do you figure that out?
Her—Well, a woman is, isn't she?
Him—Yes, I suppose so.
Her—And Pope says: "Whatever is, is right." See?—Chicago News.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.



Mr. Kicker—Your bill actually makes my blood boil.
Doctor Slick—Then, sir, I must charge you \$20 more for sterilizing your system.

END STOMACH TROUBLE NOW

Dyspepsia, Gas, Sourness or Indigestion Go Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or you feel bloated after eating, and you believe it is the food which fills you; if what little you eat lies like lead on your stomach; if there is difficulty in breathing, eructations of sour, undigested food and acid, heartburn, brash or a belching of gas, you can make up your mind that you need something to stop food fermentation and cure indigestion.

A large case of Pape's Diapepsin costs only fifty cents at any drug store here in town, and will convince any stomach sufferer five minutes after taking a single dose that Fermentation and Sour Stomach is causing the misery of indigestion.

No matter if you call your trouble Catarrh of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Nervousness or Gastritis, or by any other name—always remember that a certain cure is waiting at your drug store the moment you decide to begin its use.

Pape's Diapepsin will regulate any out-of-order Stomach within five minutes, and digest promptly, without any fuss or discomfort, all of any kind of food you eat.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any chronic case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other Stomach trouble.

Should you at this moment be suffering from Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or any stomach disorder, you can surely get relief within five minutes.

She Covered Her Head.
Scene, a country church of Episcopalian denomination in process of being decorated for the Christmas season. The rector, who has a strong leaning towards forms of all kinds is fastening a festoon of evergreen about the baptismal font, when, enter Miss Dymple, who unceremoniously flings her hat upon the seat of a pew and comes to his assistance. The rector suddenly observes that she is hatless and remarks severely: "Miss Dymple, it is particularly forbidden that women shall come into the church with uncovered heads."
"Oh, bother, I forgot!" responded the young lady irreverently. "Well," grabbing up the rector's derby and setting it jauntily on her pert little head, "will this do?"

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Not to the Wise.
Howell—A word to the wise is sufficient.
Powell—Then how do you account for the long-drawn-out speeches over the telephone?