

THE MOST THRILLING FAD IN PHOTOGRAPHY

Men Hurl Themselves Over Precipices, Fall Into Bottomless Pits, and Stand in the Path of Avalanches—Before a Picture Machine.

FALLING off the Alps, being caught in avalanches, dropping into crevasses in Alpine glaciers, and being photographed in the act is the latest and most thrilling fad in photography. Six Englishmen, younger sons most of them, and four Alpine guides are engaged in this neck-breaking enterprise. Half a dozen times a day they have faced death, taken chances that make even the most hardened Alpine climbers shudder, fallen from heights into snowdrifts, plunged at the end of a rope down deep crevasses, clung to the faces of sheer bluffs while great stones thundered past them into the depths—and all that the world may be thrilled by seeing a moving picture machine depict their wild adventures on the canvases of vaudeville theaters.

Each time that they fall, or slide, or climb a moving picture machine is whirling away nearby recording their every move. The victims throw themselves over beetling cliffs, slide with incredible rapidity down the face of some awful glacier, stand on fearful looking slopes while their companions loom, great masses of snow and start miniature avalanches that overwhelm them and sweep them into gorges—and the man at the picture machine gets a new thriller to delight his spectators.

Horrors for Theater Audiences.

And, this being the season of terrible accidents in the Alps, the lecturers who accompany the picture machines attach the names of distinguished victims of the Alps to these mimic tragedies, and skim breezily over the explanation of how a moving picture machine happened to be at the best possible place to take pictures when the fearful calamity occurred.

The men who are the actors in these mimic tragedies have suffered severe injuries, but all have recovered, and they declare that the work is more entrancing than any Alp climbing they ever attempted, and that the terrors of the Matterhorn are dull compared with the joyous delights of throwing oneself thirty feet over a cliff in order to be photographed while falling. They tell weird tales of the picture machine operator coming to them to look natural while an avalanche is whirling them away, and of the pleasures of dodging 500 pound boulders while clinging like flies to the edge of a cliff. These men have no desire to die—they are working for wages, and, as they are all enthusiastic Alpinists, they find fun in their work, which commands big wages.

Picked Mountain Climbers Get Jobs.

The picture machine men wanted pictures of accidents in the Alps. Now, there is but one way to get a photograph of a man falling over a cliff—and that is for the man to fall over while the machine is near enough to catch him in the act. So advertisements were printed, and a score of men who are perfectly willing to fall over cliffs rushed to get the jobs. The ten men picked were all expert mountain climbers.

The results achieved are something terrifying. The audience sees a man clinging like a fly to the face of a bluff, crawling upward slowly, surely, planting his foot with extreme care, and digging his fingers into the crevasses. One hand moves up and clutches a jutting stone. The climber lifts himself—a slip, a scramble, a wild upspringing of arms and clutching at nothingness, a little spurt of snow like gun smoke, and a black figure is seen, whirling over and over, pawing wildly at the air until it disappears into the seemingly bottomless gorge.

A shudder runs through the crowd, who fails to realize that the "victim" alighted in a soft and carefully selected snowdrift just the instant he disappeared off the film. The man looks in the picture as if he was falling 500 feet—but he probably fell twenty-five and was dug out of the snow bank by his laughing companions without so much as a scratch, and congratulated upon the artistic fall.

Dodging Showers of Stones.

Having secured some wonderful photographs of falls from giddy heights the picture man set about getting other realistic results. One of the principal terrors of Alp climbing lies in the danger of being struck by falling stones, loosened perhaps by the climbers ahead, or by a sudden slipping of snow or ice. These showers of stones usually claim their victims in "chimney climbing"—when the mountain climber essays to ascend to summits of great peaks by the narrow

row clefts in the face of the cliffs. If falling rocks catch their victims in one of these traps death is certain. The venturesome picture man and his "actors" determined to depict falls of stone—to dare death for the sake of photographs. And they did it in a way that made even the picture man wince to watch the perils to which he was exposing his employees.

The film shows a wonderful sight—four men, roped together, climbing slowly and painfully upward in a narrow cleft in a cliff. Up at the top—although the picture does not reveal it—one of the party was stationed at the side of a huge pile of stones, some of them weighing hundreds of pounds. By previous trials he and the others have discovered just where the stones will fall when pushed over the edge of the cliff.

Suddenly there is a prelude as the pebbles come rattling down. Then the men, flattening themselves into crannies in the chimney, hug the face of the rock while great boulders go hurtling and crashing past, bounding from side to side, narrowly missing the venturesome human beings. Whizz—crash—boom—the air is full of fragments from the cliff; the boulders, like shells from a thirteen inch gun, pass.

The peril is over—and even in a theater the crowd draws a deep breath of relief.

Being Whirled Into a Chasm.

One of the most striking moving pictures is that of two men, roped together, sliding down the face of a glacier—whirling, clutching, digging fingers, feet, and alpenstocks into the ice—and then, at the end, disappearing horribly into a chasm. The chasm, in reality, was only a few feet deep and packed with snow like other-down.

Another film depicts a tourist falling into a chasm. The climber is seen, five of them roped together, advancing towards a treacherous snow bridge. The first two walk over in safety. Suddenly, while the third is near the center, the snow breaks and the man crashes through. The two men on either side of the chasm fight with feet and alpenstocks as his weight drags them towards the edge of the precipice—and the man in the center hangs suspended in a huge crevasse perhaps a mile deep.

And all this for the sake of entertaining theater audiences.



The exciting catastrophe shown in the lower part of the picture is what the audience sees. The top part of the picture shows how it is produced, the small overhanging mass of snow being made to fall on the "victims," who throw themselves into appropriate attitudes on the slope slightly above the level of the ground.

A "dangerous" climb up a chimney. A small chimney is selected, the climbers start, and an operator hurls down bits of rock and stone so as to miss them. When the photograph is thrown on the screen to thrill the spectators, the top figure is omitted.

Society Beauties Seek Health & Complexion in Vegetables

Chicago—New York—Washington—Belles Turn to Scientific Eating. Meatless Dinners the Latest Fads of the Fair Sex. Rules for Vegetarian Feasts That Are Declared to Restore Loveliness.

SOCIETY is seeking beauty from vegetables, complexion from olives and olive oils, health, and beauty, and strength from nuts, and fruits, and melons, and vegetables. Meat has been abolished from many grand dinners, and the fancy for vegetarian dinners is spreading.

Since the Roosevelt cabinet and diplomatic Washington took up the vegetarian fad the society beauties—and, later, beauties who are not in society—have turned away from meats to seek more beauty in vegetarian dinners.

Brain workers—persons who prefer brains to beauty—are still paying heavy tribute to the beef trust, but the succulent sirloin and the royal roast has disappeared from scores of society dinners. Soups, desserts, and entrees are of vegetables, and only eggs, milk, and cheese, and fish can reach the table, being allowed by special dispensation to be classed as vegetables.

What Are Vegetables?

In Washington they call these foods health and beauty dinners. The president has attended them, and so have all the cabinet. There is a craze for them. There is a difference and a distinction in the matter of vegetables. All do not agree upon what shall be a vegetable diet. In one family, that of a judge of the Supreme court, the definition is sharply placed: "All should be strictly a product of the vegetable kingdom," said the judge's wife, "at a vegetarian dinner. But you can have chicken salad. This, owing to the oils, the mayonnaise, the lettuce, the hard boiled eggs, and the beets and celery, becomes so near a vegetable that you can call it such." So, in this family, they serve vegetarian luncheons with fruit, vegetables, hard boiled eggs, and chicken salad as a part of the menu.

Great Variety of Food Served.

The health and beauty dinners in New York are limited to vegetables, with eggs, and milk, and cheese counted in as vegetables. They use the shellfish, which they count as belonging to the vegetable kingdom.

The health and beauty dinners are most interesting. They begin with clams and soup, and lead right on into all sorts of dishes made from the vegetable kingdom. There are roasts made from ground nuts and meat, all nicely browned in a pan and made to resemble beefsteak. There are soups made from stewed fruit, which is strained and slightly sweetened and served with hot crackers. There is ice cream, made almost entirely from crushed fruit, and there are frapped dishes and frozen fruit dishes by the dozen.

The principles upon which the health and beauty dinners are conducted are these: The system demands a variety of food. There must be a little sweet, a little sour, a little fresh food, a little salt, and plenty of filling.

Six delicately cooked dishes are better than one heavy dish. The human system requires soups for digestion.

It requires sweets for muscle building. It needs green food for the appetite. It needs warm food for nourishment. It needs food for the palate.

Agreeable Company Adds to Meal.

The rule is that there shall not be less than seven at a dinner. The seventh or odd member furnishes the mental stimulus which would be lacking were all evenly mated off. In selecting companions remember these things: First, that a dinner alone is only half a dinner. That a dinner with one companion is little better. That a dinner with four is not sufficiently furnished with impetus, but that a dinner with seven is ideal. Seven is the magic number.

The conversation must be as varied as the food. The guests should be selected with a view of scouring the wide world of conversation while at dinner. To make the health and beauty dinner ideal the whole menu is cooked upon the table. The fruit soups are served from hot chafing dishes; small gas stoves quickly heat the easily cooked roasts and stews, while the hostess and her servants juggle the salads and the desserts. Even the kees are ground in a little freezer in the presence of the guests.

Principles of Vegetarian Dining.

The principles upon which the health and beauty advocates work are something like these. The leading principle is that food must be taken often.

Don't eat unless you are hungry. Is one motto. Don't continue to eat after you are filled up. Don't eat just because you are afraid you will be hungry before the next meal.

Don't overload your stomach for fear you will feel the need of more food in an hour. Eat just what you actually need. Don't eat alone. But, if it should so happen that you are obliged to take your food alone, there are food thoughts which should go with every meal. The first of these food thoughts is one that is borrowed from the philosophy of Calcutta. Translated, it means this: "I have before me the best dinner in the world." With this contented thought you go to work upon your meal.

Dinner Rules of India.

It would be well to learn the dinner thoughts taught by the old philosophers of India. They are these: "Good food is mine." "Appetite is mine." "My food is grateful to my stomach."

"Spices, fruits, the fullness of the earth are all gathered together to make my meal ideal." "I love my food." "My food loves me."

"Together we spend the best hour in the day—my dinner and I."

"I must not hasten my dinner or I offend my food." "I must not complain or I drive my food away."

"I must not envy the food of others, nor seek to take from them the food which belongs to them. My own food is the best of all foods for me."

"Therefore shall my stomach be glad." With each mouthful these precepts must be repeated. While eating there must be a spirit of contentment. All business cares must be driven from the mind.

Olive Oil Fine for Complexion.

The pretty girls of Chicago and New York are giving the luncheons of India. They call them the health and beauty luncheons. They make a study of the best foods, and they learn how to serve them. The centerpiece of the table is fruit, upon which the main body of the luncheon is built. They follow the London dietary laws, which have almost driven appendicitis out of London.

It was to a reigning beauty of London during the present season that the king's physician gave his famous advice. "What shall I take for my complexion?" asked this beauty, in distress. "I am in sight." "Take olive oil," said the physician. "Live on it, live in it, live with it. Eat it, drink it, dress your food with it, and don't do without it. Lubricate your system."

The beauty did as she was told, and her complexion improved. Meanwhile she ate no meat. She began to give health and beauty dinners, and the countess of Warwick, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Lady Henry Somerset, and the princess of Pleas joined her. Today their vegetarian dinners are famous.

Vegetables Not for Brain Workers.

"Do vegetables feed the brain sufficiently?" is a question often asked.

To this many a brain worker will reply "No." So with them it is a question of brains vs. beauty. Would you rather be beautiful with little brains, or brainy and ugly? That is something for each individual to settle alone. Ruskin tried vegetarianism for three years, and finally gave it up, directing that all work done during that time be destroyed. Gladstone tried it three days and gave it up. Bismarck wanted to try it, but never did. King Edward thinks it good, but not for himself. All the American statesmen have had a whack at it, but few have stuck to it.

But from a pretty girl's standpoint, it clears the complexion and does a great many other things.

Foods for Different Women.

For the woman who cannot exercise much the quickly digested vegetable diet is ideal.

For a girl who is low spirited vegetables, nuts, olive oil, and fruits lift the spirits.

For a woman who wants a peachy and cream complexion cooked grains are best. They clear the skin.

For the woman with a dull outside the all milk and vegetable diet will act like a scrubbing brush. And that is the reason why the health and beauty diet dinners are popular.

