

versed with me a few moments in most amiable manner. Shortly after he took his leave.

With the exception of a few such happenings as this, the days passed in ordered and uneventful groove. Once or twice a week some fifteen or twenty guests were entertained to dinner, mostly officers of the navy and their wives. These were very formal affairs, and I always tried to be excused; but occasionally found it necessary to attend. It was during one of these that I was perhaps afforded the best glimpse of von Tirpitz, of his philosophy and aim of life, as it were. At this particular dinner the talk was more than usual of naval affairs. I was seated near to the Admiral and beside a very brilliant young naval officer, von Arnim, of whom the Admiral was particularly fond. They were talking animatedly; and, as always, the conversation finally veered to the relative strength of the English and German navies.

They began by discussing various technical details,

but presently the Admiral made a remark that will always live in my memory: "Yes," he said, "we will soon now have a navy that will blow England's from the seas. If the fleets ever do come together the battle cannot last at best over twelve hours." He paused a moment, and in his eyes came a strange, far-away look, a look one might almost say of sadness, then went on: "But in such an event we will not come off lightly; we might, too, almost be destroyed. The work of a lifetime," he added heavily, "the work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours. But we would win," he added quickly, as if in those last words the listener might have sensed any possibility of defeat in his tone. Then, possibly conscious that he had said more than was prudent, at least before me, a foreigner whose sympathies were of unknown quantity, he changed the subject and talked in lighter tones.

But that picture of Admiral von Tirpitz sitting there at the head of his brilliantly lighted table,

immaculate in his quiet uniform, his bald head and high, broad brow and long beard marking him so distinctively as both a thinker, a dreamer and a doer, and that queer, half sad light in his eyes as he uttered those prophetic words: "The work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours"—that picture will always remain with me.

Though the navies of Germany and England have never met in just the manner he spoke of them doing—in full strength—there yet would seem to be a world of truth in his prediction, for how terrible was even that partial meeting off Jutland, how quickly was the destruction of enormous tonnage accomplished! Yes; I think the world will agree with what Tirpitz said that night, having so fresh in mind the memory of Jutland.

One day her Excellence came into my room, and, very much excited, announced the engagement of

(Continued on page 27.)

ARTISTS OF THE CAMERA

A Shrewd Study in Black and White

ALL summer long a vast army of people obey the injunction of the advertisements which say, "Take a Kodak with you!" Holidays are not complete unless there is some devotee of the camera to snap casual groups of merrymakers or secure a memento of charming bits of landscape. In the winter time, however, dust settles on most of the black leather cases and not until our annual sleet storm is followed by a day of dazzling sunshine that turns even wires and telegraph poles to things of crystallized beauty and trees to dreams of surpassing loveliness, do we exclaim:

"I must get some snapshots!"

Then some of us really do take down our cameras from the topmost shelf in the cupboard, but the majority allow the shining day to pass unrecorded.

For the real lover of photography there is no slack season. In winter portraiture and figure studies prove quite as fascinating as landscapes do in summer. The true artist of the camera tries to express his ideas of beauty by means of plates and acids, just as painters use canvas and brush. Many of the best photographers would have followed the greater pictorial art as a profession had the way been smoother or the advantages of business life less attractive, and these put their knowledge of light and shade, composition and values into photographs, while the camera supplies mere draughtsmanship.

IN most cities a camera club supplies a studio and dark-rooms, sometimes a large camera is also at the disposal of club members, with attachments for enlarging, but the business man can take small advantage of these arrangements, for his daytime is fully occupied, and now many of the best photographic portraits are taken by electric light.

The most artistic photography that has been exhibited in Toronto is the work of Messrs. Ashley and Crippen, two clever young amateurs who devote much of their leisure to this fascinating pursuit. Mr.

Charles Ashley studied in an art school for some years, and later took up illustrating, but eventually chose engineering for his career, and this combination of art and science ensures the success of his work in photography. Mr. James B. Crippen is also artistic, though his special line is literature, and working together they produce most felicitous results.

One of the pictures here reproduced is a landscape that might easily be mistaken for a copy of a painting by Corot, but was taken on the banks of the

Humber River, the other, the painting reproduced, is a portrait study by electric light at their own studio, which is fitted with a nitrogen lamp 1,000 watt., placed in a large reflector and diffused by means of a screen of oiled silk, while a less powerful light on the other side of the sitter, softens the shadows. These two young men have experimented with all sorts of cameras and have no less than twelve in their possession, preferring the soft focus lens for indoor work. They use a very sharp lens, fitted in a small camera for snapshots out of doors, and thus take pictures of great detail, which admit of considerable enlargement. They find plates more satisfactory than films, and do their own developing, printing and mounting. Though frequently solicited to turn their talents to pecuniary advantage, they insist on remaining amateurs, and only their friends benefit by these works of art which have carried off several medals at exhibitions in Canada and the United States. Mr. Ashley has also experimented in colour photography, but this is a troublesome process and at best results in but one plate, which may be viewed only against the light or by means of an optical lantern, and is consequently not popular with amateurs.

THOUGH a Swedish chemist was the first to investigate the darkening action of sunlight upon silver in chloride, in 1778, to England belongs the honour of producing the first

photograph. In June, 1802, Wedgewood published, in the Journal of the Royal Institution, the paper, "An account of a method of copying paintings upon glass and of making profiles by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver." From that day to this scientists have been indefatigable, working out new developments of this wonderful discovery, and now that the three colour printing process has made it difficult to tell the reproduction of a work of art from the original, while the Kinema colour holds the mirror up to nature in its most active moods,



"The White Fan," by Charles Ashley and James Crippen.