

HOW THE WOMEN FOOL THE CAMERA

MADE TO SHOW BEAUTY, WHERE
NONE REALLY EXISTED.

Confessions of a Woman Photographer
Who Takes Pictures of Women—
Rules for Being Pretty.

"I have been having troubles of my own," said the woman photographer, dropping into the woman's club for her afternoon gossip. "Thank heaven, it is a cloudy day. Cloudy days are a blessing to the photographer. They give him a chance to rest."

"I am one of the women photographers who take pictures of fashionable women. We make women look prettier than they really are, and our business is a paying one."

"I have a studio up under the sky. That is the fashionable thing to do. You take a skyman studio, hang out your sign, and send cards around privately to people. In a little while you build up your trade."

"But you must always keep it small. Fashionable women do not want to be crowded in the studio when they are posing."

"My business is to take a plain woman and make her ideal; and I succeed perfectly. All my customers are beauties. Sometimes it comes pretty high, this being transformed into a beauty."

"Fashionable women like women photographers better than men. It is this way. They are coquettish, they struggle desperately to be prettier, and they don't want a man to witness the struggle."

"I used to have a man operator. One day I went in under the skylight and there stood a woman crying. She was dressed in an evening gown and on her head rested a diamond tiara. Yet she was miserable."

"I don't want to look pleasant," said she.

"I dismissed the operator and focused the camera."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"At this she smiled sweetly and began the recital."

COULDN'T LOOK NATURAL.

"It is ridiculous," said she, "but I feel sensitive when a man stands staring at me like that. I simply can't look natural."

"And then she smiled a dazzling smile at me. Of course, I caught the smile, and the sinner was delighted."

"I have some rules which I give my clients. They are these:

"Don't get photographed the days you feel blue. The picture will have a blue look. Choose one of your best days."

"Don't put on a new gown. It will have a certain stiff look. Wear a gown that has become molded to your figure. The better it fits you the better you will look."

"Don't go to a hairdresser the day you are to sit unless the hairdresser is a very artistic one. You will want your hair put up loosely, and you will want countless little curls around your face. That is, if you are going to look your best."

"Plain hair is becoming to the classic beauty, but unless you are classic don't attempt it. A hundred little ringlets should veil your ears, your temples and your forehead."

"Only one ear in ten thousand is pretty. The chances are that yours are ugly. Don't run any risks."

"It is the same with your temples. Cover them with little curled wisps of hair unless they are very classic temples."

"I tell my sitters to dress in pale blue or in pink or something light. It will take almost white."

"I tell them to have some detail upon their gown. My best effect lately was in the case of a woman who wore a pale violet evening gown, with a touch of black in the makeup. The black set off the picture, yet there was not too much of it."

"As a rule I have my sitters wear gloves; that is, unless they are the owners of some art rings. By art rings I mean the immensely effective things worn by Bernhardt and Leslie Carter in their photographs."

"These rings are big enough to show off well in a picture. A small ring, or one with a moderate-sized stone, looks simply like a blemish in the picture."

GLOVES ALWAYS BECOMING.

"Gloves are always becoming and always graceful, and a woman's hand looks very pretty in gloves. At the same time they plump out the arms and conceal the blemishes."

"Women sometimes come to me with rouge upon the face. Now, as every photographer knows, red takes black. And the result is an ugly, dark skin that is admitted by none. We don't like makeup as a general thing."

"When it comes to taking the picture, we like to use a little red paint

upon the lips, if the lips are thin. I like to draw a line around the mouth, bringing out the Cupid's bow."

"I had a woman come into my studio some time ago. She was dressed in a purple brocade that she had brought from France. Her neck was high and she had a choked look. Her hair was dressed so stiffly that it looked as though it had been wired."

"Mercy!" I said to myself, when I saw her.

"My husband," said she, with a wistful smile, "is traveling abroad, and I would like to send him a photograph of 'My husband.' You see, only a few days ago he sent me these. He bought them in Belgium."

"Opening an envelope, she drew out a package of photographs and spread them out before me. There was Camille Clifford, dressed in one of her wonderful white gowns, fitting her like the paper on the wall and the hair like the paper on the wall."

"There was Cleo de Merode in a black lace gown over white, a chic creation, which makes her look like a dream. And there were others, ever so many of them, exquisite women, all photographed and perfect."

"Well," she said, "the woman, with a sort of apology in her voice, 'likes pretty pictures and he sent me these. I wish—I wish—and she hesitated a second, 'I wish I could have my picture taken to send back to him—like these!'"

"As she was 40, stout, not at all pretty, and with scanty hair. I had no doubts. But I resolved to go to work. Here was a chance for the home missionary."

"Come tomorrow," I said, "and wear a white princess gown. Don't have a particle of trimming upon it. Let the neck be low and bring a string of pearls. Choose the first pleasant day. It is hard to photograph on a cloudy day, because the exposure is too long. Choose a bright, nice day, and wear a white cloth or a white silk princess, if you have one."

"Well," she appeared clad in her white princess gown. It had a trailing skirt and the neck was low.

"Around the throat there hung a string of pearls. She had brought a pair of long black kids, which made her arms look very chic."

"I went to work upon her. I stood her upon a box to make her look taller, and I draped the train of the princess around her feet. She looked like a classic statue."

"But first I made her draw in her corsets until she had the waist of a waif."

"Grim and bear it for five minutes," I said.

"Meanwhile I went on draping her. Her neck was thick and her throat was flabby, but pearls will cover a multitude of sins, and I draped them around her neck in the Evelyn Nesbit style, falling to the waist. They looked too graceful for anything. Nor did I stop there."

"I took down her hair and tossed it up on the top of her head, fastening it with some long pins. Then I hooked on some curls to veil her ears, tiny little curls; and I put what they call dolly curls in the back of her neck. Nor was I ready to pause even then."

"Going to the back of the studio I fished out an old picture hat, and on this I draped a long black ostrich feather, something a la Gainsborough. This I put on her coquettishly upon the side of the lady's head."

"Then in one hand I put some big pink roses. I rested her hand upon the back of a chair, and I let the roses fall artlessly everywhere."

"Then I put an instantaneous plate into the camera."

"How lovely," I exclaimed.

"Do I look nice?" said she.

"And for a second there flitted across her face the most contented look I have ever seen. There was almost a smile and the suspicion of a dimple."

A Bad Time

to Catch Cold

The popular belief is that this is a bad time to catch cold because it is likely to be added to and to last all winter. But it is always unfortunate to catch cold and risky to neglect to cure one, for you can never depend on a cold passing away of its own accord. This policy of letting a cold look after itself is what fills the sanatoriums for consumptives, and leads to dreadfully fatal pneumonia.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has a place in the great majority of homes, because it cures colds no matter what time of year they begin, and no matter how serious they have become.

Though by no means a mere cough remedy, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine loosens the cough, aids expectoration, allays inflammation in the bronchial tubes and by thorough action on the whole system positively cures colds as well as bronchitis, croup and asthma.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size 50 cents, all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"I squeezed the bulb and the picture was taken."

The next day when I sent her the proofs she came down to tell me how delighted she was.

HUSBAND WAS DELIGHTED.

"But the sequel is yet to come. The photograph was sent to Paris, where her husband is spending a few months on business. By return mail there came this message: 'Send me a dozen of your photographs.'"

"So from this story it is easy to guess that a nice photograph can be taken of every woman if she tries. Of course, it takes time, and the trouble with most women is that they dress up too much and look too stiff."

"There never was a pretty picture taken in a linen shirtwaist with long sleeves, stiff cuffs and a high-necked stock. When a woman comes in here dressed as I practically say to her, 'Nothing doing.'"

"Last week a college professor came to me to have her photograph taken. She wore spectacles and her waist was an uncompromising shirtwaist of the striped linen variety."

"Never mind," she replied. 'Take me this way or not at all. My pictures always look terrible, and this one will be no worse than all the others.'"

"But, professor," I said, 'I can't make a fright of you.'"

"Then I inveigled her into taking off that awful shirtwaist and letting me drape a lace scarf about her shoulders. I caught up the scarf with a rose just upon the bosom. Then I did the master stroke of my business."

"Take off your spectacles," I said.

"With that I handed her a pair of new glasses. They had no eyes in them—just frames; but they made her look natural."

"Now, what do you think of that?" I asked.

"How perfectly ridiculous," said she.

"And then she burst into the merriest chime of laughter and her head, by the time she had recovered I had her picture."

"When she saw it she pretended not to like it, but we are just printing the fiftieth dozen of her. She is going to present one to each of her pupils. You see, even a college professor isn't proof against the charm of looking pretty."

"I don't particularly like my business, because it is wearing upon the nerves. And then we get many customers who simply will not follow our rules, but who kick and kick when they see the prints; but I suppose that is the part of the business."

"Good photographs are a matter of good grooming and artistic taste. We insist upon both, and we generally win out in the long run." New York Sun.

THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN PLOT

STRANGE STORY OF ATTEMPTED
ROBBERY AND MURDER
FROM INDIA.

A story of treachery followed by poetic retribution is told in a dispatch dated October 16 from Lucknow to a London newspaper. The scene of the occurrence is a little village with a police post a few miles from the Indian city.

Late in the evening a traveler, the story goes, realizing that he could not reach Lucknow before dark and fearing the dangers of the road, stopped at the house of the police inspector, a native official, and applied for shelter for the night.

"I am carrying a considerable sum of money," said he, "and in view of the dangers of the country I desire to have your protection until I can resume my journey by daylight."

The inspector made him welcome, gave him water and food, finally taking him to a sleeping room, where he left him alone.

As the night wore on the traveler was stricken with sleeplessness. Presently he heard voices near his window and strange sounds of labor. He got up and looked out. His eyes, used to the greater darkness of the room, discerned two men digging in a field at the back of the house. He strained his ears to catch what the men were saying, and realized in a few moments that they were digging a grave for him. They were in a plot with the inspector of police to murder him for his money and hide his body away before daylight.

In panic he stole through the house and crept by a back door. He dashed through the village as noiseless as he could, and a mile or so down the road climbed a tree where he sat in safety in the shadow of the foliage until daylight came. Then, as a patrol came along, he slipped down to the ground and told his story to the commanding officer.

All hands returned to the village, and there the first news that greeted them was the mysterious disappearance of the police inspector. The patrol took up the search on new lines. The traveler located for them the grave that had been intended to receive him. The recent disturbance of the ground was evident. The soldiers opened the trench, and there was found the body of the police inspector, horribly hacked.

The arrest of two men who had been seen with him late the previous evening followed, and then the whole case became simple. After arranging with his accomplices the plot to rob and murder the traveler, the police inspector started to get drunk while they were busy digging the grave. In this condition the idea struck him that he would go in and do the digging himself, and so skim the cream off the body instead of dividing evenly. Stopping over the bed to grip his victim by the throat, he must have fallen forward and passed quickly into a drunken slumber.

When the two accomplices outside got the grave finished they began to wonder at the inspector's late disappearance. They suspected that he was off drinking and they determined to do the job by themselves. Entering the house, they armed themselves with the inspector's sabre, and creeping into the room attacked the man in the bed, literally hacking him to death.

Then they struck a light to look for the plunder and, discovering their mistake, had nothing left to do but bury the murdered man in the grave they had dug.

WOMEN WHO ARE DOG THIEVES

PETS ARE STOLEN ON LONDON
STREETS AND AFTERWARD
DISPOSED OF.

London Daily Mail: Dog thieves have been very busy recently in the neighborhood of Oxford street, Regent street and Piccadilly.

The police believe that there is an expert and highly organized gang at work. The ordinary dog thief with his sack for small dogs and a stout piece of rope for the larger ones is always at work; but recent losses point to a more daring method of appropriation. It is believed that many of the thefts of smaller dogs are committed by women. They hang about on the outskirts of crowds of ladies looking into the shop windows, and the small terrier is snatched up and either concealed under the cloak or the thief halts a passing hansom. As the female thieves are invariably well dressed, the fact that they have a more or less protesting small dog under their arm occasions no comment.

Of the larger types, collies and poodles are the most sought after by the dog thieves because they seem to be more easily handled by strangers and because they always command a good market on the continent, especially in France. The smaller dogs have various fates. They may be "kennelled" in some quiet and downy "Club Row" in Shoreditch, where there is a regular dog market every Sunday morning, and where ten or fifteen shillings can easily be obtained for a good terrier, the purchaser, of course, having to run the risk that the dog is stolen and may be claimed. Another method of disposing of them is through the medium of various papers and a third resort is to hold them to ransom. This last method is by far the most profitable way of realizing, but it requires to be carefully carried through.

To show the extent to which dog stealing is carried on, it may be mentioned that at Vine street police office there were recently eight notices offering rewards for "lost" (the polite way of putting "stolen" dogs), and at Marlborough street and all the other West End offices a corresponding large number of notices were posted. The rewards offered ranged from a minimum of £1 up to £20.

WHERE CICERO CURED HIS GOUT.

Signor de Marins, the well known Italian deputy, has taken a leaf out of the book of his illustrious confrere, Marcus Tullius Cicero, bathing in the mud of Lake Aguan, as Cicero did two thousand years ago, in order to get rid of the gout.

The mud of the standing waters in the district west of Naples was famous from early times for the relief of arthritis; the luxurious high livers of the Imperial days knew its efficacy, and no doubt did their "cure" there in much the same rough and ready fashion as their modern representative does now.

She Was Wild With Pain

From Willow Creek, Ont., Miss E. Diegel writes: "I few years ago I was drenched with rain and got lumbago; it was like a steel rod piercing my back. I also had varicose and was just wild with pain. I applied bathing soaked with Nerve-Liniment to my ear and rubbed on Nerve-Liniment for the lumbago. That rubbing relieved, and in a few hours I was again in the church service."

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The plot, which deals with the conflicts of two generations and the bold passions of the Far West, takes hold instantly with a firm clutch, and the movement is steadily maintained throughout toward a vigorous climax.

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TAYLOR'S

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Above other books of the year, this deserves to be called a love story, for it tells a tale of love peculiarly sweet and tender, as graceful as the fairest maiden's fancies, as real as American life to-day. The revelation of methods of musical quacks in "The Charlatans" amounts to an exposé, but it amounts also to a tremendous quantity of fun.

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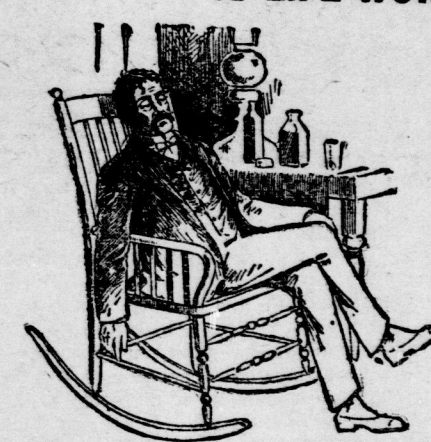
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