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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WE DO WHAT WE WANT MOST.

It was convention day. On my way to town I stopped in to ask my neighbor if I could do an errand for her. She came toward me, dices gazing the head phones from her radio set, her face bright with interest. "It's perfectly thrilling," she said. I've been listening in on the convention. I just dashed through my work to get ready. I listened all day yesterday. Why don't you just chuck that trip to town and listen in with me?"

Why not, indeed? Her living room was lovely and cool. Big, comfortable chairs stood invitingly by the radio. Ever since an inspired professor in public law made us feel the thrill of them, I have felt I would rather attend a political nomination convention than almost any other big gathering in the world.

And now the next best thing to that offered.

I Never Do What I Want To Do.

"But I can't," I said. "I have an appointment at the dentist and I have some things to buy that just must be bought." And then I added impatiently: "Oh, dear! It seems to me as if I never do what I want to do."

And I drove off in a very resentful mood wishing that for just a few days I might do exactly what I wanted to do.

How many times have you felt that way, Reader Friends?

Ten thousand, more or less, I suppose.

Well, here's a thought for your consolation and for mine. I was doing what I wanted to do. And so are you. If we weren't, we wouldn't do it.

"What nonsense," you may say.

Perhaps I Was Foolish.

But it isn't nonsense at all. True, a

"Stalking Big Game With a Camera."

Nearly 20 years ago a German called Schilling wrote a book on the photography of wild life in Africa, and stimulated scores of big game hunters to forsake the rifle for the Camera. Even those of us who have stalked game with a camera since Schilling's day must admit that Mr. Maxwell, the latest disciple, has surpassed all others in the beauty and clearness of his hundred photographs of elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, hippopotamus and giraffe. This success is partly due to his recognition of the fact that better forest studies of animals can be obtained at close range with fast, short focus lenses than with telephoto combinations, but is mainly the result of his fearless stalking of dangerous animals, and the fortune of having a reliable shot by his side.

Big game photography is extremely difficult. The photographer of bush-loving animals like elephant and buffalo has to contend with poor light and obstructed views, while his subjects are wary and often restless. Fearless close work with rapid lenses alone can assure success here, but Mr. Maxwell has secured it, and his 50 photographs of elephant are probably unique, while the two "close-ups" of a bull buffalo are very good.

For those animals which live partly in more open country the telephoto lens is available, which permits good pictures to be taken up to 50 yards, and the author shows such results in his studies of zebra and antelope; but he has chosen close work again for his 14 studies of the rhinoceros; used a motor car in order to obtain it in ten pictures of galloping giraffe, and stratagem in his magnificent series of 20 photographs of hippopotami. Here fortune favoured him for he found a herd of hippo deprived of their usual water retreat, and was able to make the bewildered animals pose at will and in the most comical way, amid the unusual surroundings of bush.

The reader who imagines these photographs easy of attainment because they are so clear should remember that they represent a meeting with but a dozen herds of elephants, and one or two of buffalo, hippo, and giraffe in all. Mr. Maxwell's wanderings. Probably many other photographs failed through bad light, impossible surroundings, or the difficulties of development in the bush.

Among so many good photographs, it is difficult to choose one that stands out, but the large picture of "Elephants advancing in the Loian Swamp" is almost unsurpassable, though no photograph can give an adequate idea of the majestic appearance of a herd of charging elephants which once seen can never be forgotten.

That stalking big game with a camera has its dangers is apparent from the following remarks made on

part of me wanted to listen to the convention. But the stronger part of me wanted to keep my appointment and get done the things that had to be done. Perhaps I was foolish. I'm not sure. Perhaps I would have done well to throw those things overboard and take the day off on the spur of the moment. But that wasn't the thing I wanted most or else I would have done it.

In a certain fascinating book there is a chapter called "Choosing Our Emotions." On this subject, the author explains that "each of us is acting in accordance with his strongest desire. There may be—there often is—a bitter conflict, but in the end the desire that is really stronger always conquers and works itself out in action."

If you stop to analyze any instance where you do something that you don't want to do, you will find that it is because part of you really wants to do that thing—perhaps I should say, really wants to get the results that come from doing that thing more than it wants anything else.

Part of You Wants To Just Whack It.

Suppose you are learning to play golf. Part of you just wants to whack the ball without waiting to get the proper stance and to control your stroke. But another part wants to learn to be a good player, hence you laboriously submit yourself to the discipline of trying to do it the right way.

Suppose you go and see someone who is sick in the hospital when you would have liked to go off on a motor ride. That's because you wanted more to bring her happiness than to enjoy yourself.

So after all, we do what we want most. And if we want to want something else more we shall have to make ourselves completely over.

Or else be satisfied with what we do and stop resenting the compulsion—which is really only the compulsion of our own ideals and personality.

a face to face encounter with an elephant.

To watch for the first time the reflected image of the giant (elephant) in this attitude growing larger and larger on the focusing glass of a reflex camera is perhaps one of the strangest for the huntsman, and one that is not easily forgotten by the enthusiastic photographer.

The long hours of waiting when the herd is first located, the excitement when a selected bull is at length marked down, and finally the speculative work of stalking up to this particular member of the herd until its image, in satisfactory size, is reflected on the ground glass, are all in the exciting game of animal photography. With what pleasure, finally, does the click of the shutter strike upon the ear! It is, to the beginner, a moment of triumph and suspense such as can only be appreciated by those who have lived through it. Then follow a few anxious seconds while you are getting out of the creature's way without its winding you, and stealing back to prepare for a second exposure.

Or these remarks when trying to photograph an irritated herd of elephants:—

Shortly after the first exposure was made they closed up in a mass, with their bodies almost flank to flank, apparently with intentions of a concerted attack on the intruders. Their movements were executed in perfect order and with the most daunting silence until they formed a superbly dominating frontage. Some of the members had their ears partly extended, others at full cock, as they lined up for a charge. Those eager to destroy their pursuers had begun to lower their heads with the banks thrust forward, as shown by the attitude of a pair on the right of the advancing herd. Others, on the other hand, appeared somewhat hesitant and less disposed to face their antagonists, but remained nevertheless influenced by the unwavering action of their leaders.

Slowly at first they converged towards the camera; as they came in the most complete silence and strode forward, presenting a picture of crushing might and strength.

There is a tendency to-day to mini-



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