

HOW I MADE MY PICTURES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.*

BY W. E. H. MASSEY.



BRITISH BUILDING.

ONE day last summer, while out in the country, I was walking along a small village street with my camera in hand ready to make an exposure, when a small boy came running up saying, "Mister, give us a tune on that, please." I have had some amusing experiences while out picture-making, but never before had I been accredited with carrying about a concertina, for which my innocent photographic instrument was evidently mistaken.

However, the World's Fair camera detectives, of whom there are several stationed at every entrance, are not so easily deceived in the outward appearances of cunningly devised and carefully concealed picture-taking apparatus; and though modern cameras scarcely look like photographic instruments at all, it is next to impossible to get through the gates with

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