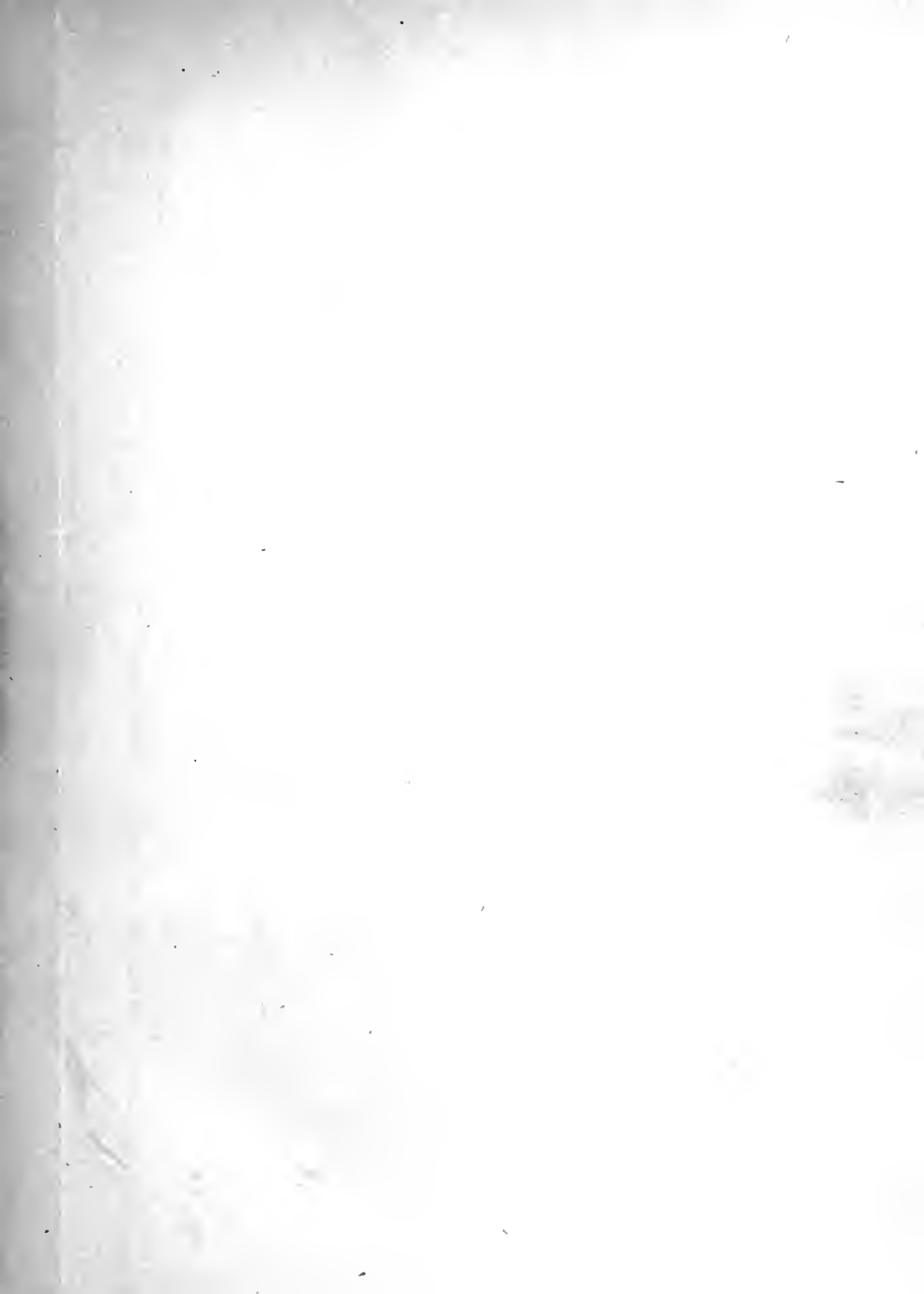


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PHOTOGRAMS OF THE YEAR 1917-1918

No. 1
Fine A

THE ANNUAL REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S
PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

EDITED BY

F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S.

*Editor of "The Amateur Photographer and Photographic News,"
"The Dictionary of Photography," etc.;*
*Author of "Marine Photography," "Magnesium Light Photography,"
"Photography for the Press," etc., etc.*

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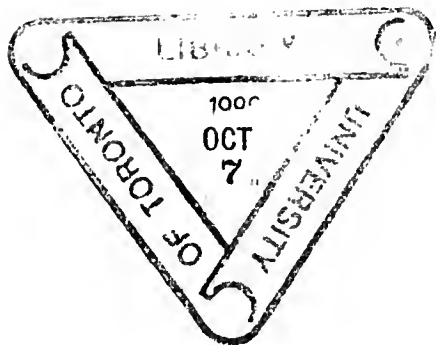


ONE of the most amazing things that the stress of warfare and strain on natural resources has brought to light is that a civilised people, nurtured in peace but suddenly brought into contact with a world-conflict into which they have been plunged unprepared, should steadfastly adhere to certain ideals associated with periods of comfort and luxury. A love of art, and much that progress in art stands for, is not the least of these ideals. Pictorial photography, although the youngest of the graphic arts, had become a vigorous youngster whose sturdy growth up to that fateful August of 1914 had received scarce a check. Those who predicted its sudden demise, scared out of existence by the clash of arms, did not take into account the "unexpected" character of the average Briton. Picture-making with the camera has continued unabated, while a latent reserve of strength has been called to action to deal with the Hun.

The last three volumes of *Photograms of the Year* have been a good indication of this, and it is here that the amazing thing referred to above has revealed itself. The output of pictures depicting "peaceful" subjects appear to have actually increased, and, what is more, their standard of pictorial merit has never been higher. This year still greater numbers of fine works have been submitted to us for inclusion in the Annual; and from our American cousins in particular, whom we are proud to welcome as allies in the arena of the war, the pictorial output tells the same tale. Our only regret is the impossibility of including a tithe of the contributions in our gallery, but our indebtedness and grateful thanks are as sincere to those whose pictures are not included as to those whose works are reproduced in the following pages.

Indices to pictures and authors, etc., will be found on pages 11-15-17-19-21-23-25-27, at end of the book.

Pictures intended for "Photograms of the Year," 1918-19, should be submitted not later than August 31st, 1918. Address: The Editor, "Photograms of the Year," 52, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



THE YEAR'S WORK

By THE EDITOR



N the fourth year of the war, *Photograms of the Year*, although belated through circumstances over which the publishers have had no control, again makes its appearance, with its record of work done with the camera in all parts of the civilised world. For twenty-three consecutive years the Annual has faithfully presented in pictures and articles an epitome of the progress of pictorial photography. Restriction in size of the present volume is the only reason why double or treble the quantity of pictures is not included. Work of the highest standard, and mostly from Great Britain, the Colonies, and America, has been sent to us, and in smaller numbers our Allies in the field have also contributed.

As a recording instrument of precision and reliability in warfare, the camera has during the past year amply demonstrated its unrivalled utility in the hands of those gallant members of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service, and the debt we owe them is vast indeed.

It affords us the greatest pleasure to know that some hundreds of readers of *Photograms of the Year* and *The Amateur Photographer* have joined the R.F.C. and R.N.A.S., in many cases with our personal recommendation from a knowledge of their work, and have been able to apply their photographic knowledge for their country's benefit.

Photography's part in the war is referred to more fully elsewhere in this volume, in an article by Ward Muir. It is eminently satisfactory to record that a number of noteworthy exhibitions of war photographs on a large scale have been held in London and other cities throughout the country in exploitation of the doings of the British Allied armies, and which have indicated that the antiquated ideas in Government officialism that obtained during the first two years of the war have been considerably modified in regard to propaganda work. A recognition of the value of the camera for the production of official pictorial records is now well established.

To deal with the two exhibitions which hold the greatest interest for the pictorial worker with the camera—the Salon and the Royal—it is a matter for considerable regret from several points of view that one and not two photographic exhibitions were held last autumn in public galleries within a minute or two of Charing Cross. Although the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition was held at

35, Russell Square, it necessarily became more or less a house exhibition, and in any case Russell Square is outside the main stream of London. In the last three autumns both the Salon and the Royal have been sanctuaries; they have supplied the needful sedative for jangled nerves. It has been delightful to turn in to either of them, for one has felt that, although they lacked colour, they had something which even the Academy itself could not quite give. For they introduced us to all the restful and eternal facts of landscape and sea, and human face and figure, and they made us feel, by the very fact of their photography, that the things they showed us did really exist and were not an artist's imaginings.

It is no small recuperation for either a wounded soldier or a worried civilian to turn in to an exhibition of photographic pictures. Such an exhibition proves an antidote to what the French call the "psychopathy of the barbed wire." This new disease appears to be due to war obsession, brought about by a constant dwelling on the facts of the war, and a continual enquiry as to the date of its termination. Its sufferers are counted by the thousand, perhaps by the million, and the doctors recommend sunshine and air, which are not always available or availing. But a remedy, or at any rate a palliative, might be found by a visit to an exhibition of pictures such as the Salon supplies. Such an exhibition tends to restore the normal perspective, which is apt to be lost through much reading of the newspapers. And if sunshine and air are wanted, here they are through dozens of windows.

By way of extending the international character of the Salon, and further to encourage an appreciation of British work abroad, a collection of pictures by members of the London Salon of Photography was sent to America early last year for exhibition in San Francisco. Although too late for the Salon of the California Camera Club, the pictures were specially exhibited, as a complete show in themselves, in different centres. They appear to have aroused a great wave of enthusiasm among the American workers on the Pacific coast, and there are two outstanding notes which are struck in the reports and letters to hand. First, this exhibition of British pictorial photography received a welcome and appreciation on the other side of the Atlantic equal to any which we have accorded to American work in London; and it is interesting to note that in many cases work which has been regarded as "old fashioned" here is greeted as something new and perfect out there. Secondly, the outspoken admiration of many of the leading workers of California for the straightforward characteristics and pictorial quality of the work of the members of the London Salon, as opposed to the tendency to "fuzziness" and the all-pervading fashion of using the soft-focus lens in America, comes somewhat as a surprise. To quote the secretary and chairman of the Californian Salon Committee: "It is years since we had a display of pictures on our walls which have attracted so many visitors or proved of so much interest to students of the art." The work of the Californian pictorialists themselves proved very strong indeed last year, judging from the specimens sent to us and to the Salon, and a number will be found reproduced in the following pages. We look to this group of workers in Western America to keep up a very high standard of pictorial photography in the future,

A notable achievement by the Royal Photographic Society, and one for which the council deserves great praise, was the getting together of a collection of pictorial photographs by members of the societies, for circulation and ultimate presentation in Australia, Canada, India, and South Africa. The collection was

exhibited at the R.P.S. House before dispatch. Its good effect in the Colonies should be undoubted, and should help to bring the photographers in the distant outposts of the Empire more in touch with the Mother Country.

Mr. John H. Gear, the President of the Royal Photographic Society, in his presidential address sounded a strong note of optimism, or rather of hopefulness, for the future of the Society, which we hope, for the sake of this old-established institution, will be realised. The new President, Dr. C. Atkin Swan, can be depended upon to put a great amount of energy and enthusiasm into the work of the Society, which may yet again fill the foremost place among photographic societies that it was originally intended to do.

The Camera Club has steadily gone ahead with a progressive policy, both for the benefit of its members and photography generally; and not the least of its activities has been the eminently interesting and instructive series of monthly exhibitions of pictorial work which have attracted great numbers of visitors interested in the work of the camera to the Club House, 17, John Street, Adelphi. The Club's President, the Earl of Carnarvon, too, has proved himself a keen worker of the front rank, and has taken a very active part in various movements put forward by the executive.

The British photographic societies, which embrace so large a number of the active camera workers of the country, have shown, on the whole, a remarkable vitality; and although in some districts, due generally to local restrictions regarding photography, there has been a slump, in others the work has gone manfully on, and both meetings and exhibitions have been held in considerable numbers. In view of the great depletion of the membership of most of the societies and clubs, owing to the call to arms that has been answered by the younger workers, this is highly satisfactory, and speaks well for the utility and bond of union that the societies have engendered among the other workers, and the still further helpfulness of the many federations and unions of societies that exist in different districts. These have fulfilled their purpose by the stronger assisting the weaker units, and encouraging the competitive spirit in face of considerable difficulties.

The restrictions on the use of the camera under the Defence of the Realm Act have continued in force much the same as was indicated last year, but in several areas the prohibitions have been relaxed somewhat, and permits have been readily granted to bona fide amateurs, members of societies, and others, who have thus been able to practise their art to a greater extent than might have been anticipated. The fruit of this has been seen in the local exhibitions and competitions.

So far as pictorial work from the Colonies is concerned, the London shows included a fair number of examples. From Australia we had hoped to receive a large collection of the latest pictorial work that was being got together by members of the go-ahead Photographic Society of New South Wales, also from Adelaide and Melbourne. Official restriction, however, prevented its passage, but a smaller collection was sent by a member travelling to England. The vessel on which he travelled met, alas! the fate of many another fine ship at the hands of the Hun pirates, and the prints are now at the bottom of the sea. The same fate overtook an article written for *Photograms of the Year* by H. Cazneaux, one of the leading spirits of the pictorial movement in Australia. But a few single prints finally reached us by post which we are able to include in the present

volume. We were also fortunate in receiving a visit from Cecil Bostock, another of the ardent pictorialists, who came over with an Australian contingent for the front, and he was able to supply some notes (which appear on another page) on the work done up to the time of his departure from beneath the Southern Cross. He is now fighting in Flanders, and we wish him and his comrades every luck.

From Egypt we have received evidence that pictorial effort is not lacking, and a little group of workers in Alexandria, headed by J. H. Coatsworth, are doing excellent work, mostly in bromoil. These workers are, rightly, of the opinion that art cannot be attempted without individual temperament and personal expression, and they are doing their best—and very successfully—to demonstrate to other Egyptian photographers that a photograph may be more than and different from the mechanical result of chemical reactions.

The effect of the war upon the artistic life of the Continent, and of France particularly, has been curiously different from the effect in this country. Here it has stimulated artistic expression in almost every form, but in France, at any rate, it seems to have rendered the painters inactive. While our Royal Academy has been crowded every war year, alike as to its walls and its floor, France has not had its Salon, nor either of the two auxiliary Salons. And the same spirit appears to obtain in the school of pictorial photographers. On the other hand, so far as photography in general is concerned, for record making and personal gratification, there is considerable activity. Such of the photographic journals as maintain publication are well crowded with advertisements—an index of vitality—and these not only display advertisements of the dealers, but, what are even more significant, the small advertisements from individuals desiring to buy, sell, or exchange apparatus.

If any particular phase of treatment can be said to have been specially prominent during the past year it has been the vogue for sketch-portraits—“*les portraits en photo-esquisses*”—in which the pencil is called in to assist the photographic image. This has been the subject of several articles and of correspondence in the French photographic papers. As in other countries so in France, new difficulties suggest new expedients, and the French journals are constantly describing what they call war developers and war exposure-meters and the like, the idea being to reduce everything to the simplest possible form, so that the many photographers who are still practising their craft away from home and without access to customary refinements and conveniences, may be able to carry on with as much advantage as possible.

Such photographic exhibitions as Paris saw during 1917 were generally concerned with the war. The second inter-Allied exhibition of war photography was held in the autumn of 1917 in a hall in the Tuileries gardens. The exhibition was organised by the photographic section of the French army and remained open for a month. In the Goupil galleries, also at the same time, Parisians had an opportunity of seeing the remarkable photographs taken with the Canadian forces. Of exhibitions of more technical appeal, one may note the exhibition of processes of toning which was held in the galleries of the Poulenci Frères' establishment, to which both professionals and amateurs were invited.

A sign of Continental interest during the year has been the publication of the *Annuario de la Fotografia* for 1917-18, which, although produced in Milan, has its

public on both sides of the Alps. The latest edition consists of over 300 pages, dealing in a very complete and up-to-date way with every branch of photography. From Milan also have come other considerable manuals, including a guide to the art of the photo-miniaturist, and a guide to cinematography, no inconsiderable achievement from so near the Italian front.

From Japan only a limited amount of work has reached us, and we hear from H. Yahagi, who has done much in Tokio to push forward the cult of the camera, that the Tokio Shashin-Kenkyukai held its seventh annual exhibition in a building at Uyeno Park. About three hundred prints were exhibited, all by members, and attracted many visitors. The bulk of the work was in bromide, but gum prints were also in evidence. An illustrated catalogue and "souvenir" was published, of which copies duly reached us. An example of H. Yahagi's work is reproduced on Plate XIII.

In Scandinavia a fair amount of progressive work has been done, and on another page Dr. H. B. Goodwin, of Stockholm, speaks of this more in detail, particularly so far as Denmark is concerned. In Sweden Dr. Goodwin can undoubtedly be regarded as the "big man," and is doing some fine work, both with his camera and raising enthusiasm for pictorial photography in others. During the year an exhibition of his pictures was held at *The A. P. Little Gallery*, and attracted considerable attention on account of their outstanding merits. All the pictures were of considerable strength and showed great originality of treatment. An example appears on Plate XXII. A beautifully produced book of portraits of "Artists" by Dr. Goodwin was sent us early in the year, and its appearance must have considerably enhanced this worker's prestige in his own country.

From the technical point of view, the past year has demonstrated more clearly than ever the enormous utility and adaptability of the small camera. The use of this little instrument for negative making, coupled with subsequent enlarging, has been responsible for probably four-fifths of the best pictorial work of the year, and in no case can the quality be said to have suffered. On the contrary, it has improved; and, again, it becomes evident that there is no "close season" for the camera, and that prejudices against photography as a picture maker by painters and art critics are growing less and less. The time has probably now arrived when these prejudices may disappear altogether in the broader-minded view taken of the real functions and possibilities of photography.

What 1918 will bring forth in the way of further pictorial progress with the camera remains to be seen; but while it is usual to speak of the "arts of peace" in connection with picture making, we are reminded that actually the periods of peace and prosperity in the past have seldom been the periods of great creative art. It may be that there is some strange stimulus in war which does heighten and refine the artistic powers of the race, though, to be sure, this fact, were it much more impressive than it is, would not outweigh the destruction of the artistic treasures of the past which war involves. But at a time when we are all searching for compensations, it is well if one should be found in the new artistic currents set in motion by the events in which we live. There is something in the atmosphere, an inspiration from the heroism of the hour, a swing away from materialism, which helps to form new ideals and evoke new forms of utterance.

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME PICTURES OF THE YEAR

By W. R. BLAND



FOR a fourth time in the history and presence of this great war, and at a period when it appears to be reaching its culmination of intensity and horror and glory, it would have occasioned no surprise had that pursuit of peaceful times, pictorial photography, with its attendant exhibitions, been suspended. But little of the kind has happened, unless it be the retreat of the Royal Photographic Society from the Suffolk Street Galleries to their house in Russell Square for the purpose of their annual exhibition.

To magnify prudence does not achieve a useful end: it may not even maintain the *status quo*. The course adopted by the R. P. S. relegated for the nonce the long-recognised position of its exhibition to a secondary place. Its rooms were not designed, in the imperative matter of lighting, as a gallery for the display of pictures, and thereby the effect of its good collection of exhibits was discounted. In other directions the *morale* remains excellent. For example, there has never been a finer show than that of the London Salon of Photography, again in the familiar galleries in Pall Mall East, and again with the familiar, dreary, funereal banner drooping aloft. [Praiseworthy war-time economy.—Ed.] More, it is a financial success, and a goodly sum is again allocated to the Red Cross funds. It is fitting to put these things on record.

Doubtless those who follow pictorial photography, either as active workers or spectators, find in it that change and relaxation, that loosening of daily war tension and lessening of anxiety, which helps so much to a balanced mind. One may—for a time—forget! Let us, now, forget.

The earlier workers in photography and up to a fairly recent date dealt with the concrete. To-day the qualities sought after are mood, romance, personal expression, the abstract. These are subtle things, profound advances, and have been made slowly, almost imperceptibly. They are and have ever been the only aim of the Salon.

The well-known vogues—white-striped sheep *et hoc genus omne*—all carried to extremes, are gone. Independence of outlook and personal artistic insight and expression are the "school" to-day. These constitute the key to exhibition honours and, what is more, to everything which is best.

Many of our pictorial workers have done and are doing pioneer work. F. J. Mortimer has raised the sea to a level formerly undreamt of; Alex. Keighley has become an apostle of romance; Frederick H. Evans has got bread from stones. Many names and instances might be given. The spirit thus personified is that which is the soul of art; and if photography be accepted as an art, it must be that its workers serve in this spirit.

Let us haste to pay honour to one of our brave dead. John Downie Stephen, of Aberdeen, in the flower of youth, was the moving spirit of the Scottish Salon Exhibition held in that city early in the first year of the war, 1914. He lies in a soldier's grave in France. R.I.P. "The silent snow possessed the earth" (Plate XLIII.) proves the artist we have lost in Stephen. It has not a single feature to commend itself to the searcher after "bits," or to hardly anyone else for that matter. In fact, the boldness and spontaneity of effect are astonishing: the scene has not even the sunshine usually depended on in snow pictures. Yet it is a picture by simple breadth of light, by truth of tone, through which the relation of sky to landscape plays its dominating part.

In war all soldiers are comrades, and R. M. Cocks's portrait, "Major Haldane Macfall" (Plate XLVIII.), must follow here. The attitude is full of life, intent—the soldier is there. The lighting and modelling of the face are masterly, and the plain background enforces the figure.

A notable acquisition to the ranks of successful exhibitors is Angus Basil, whose work is always forceful—at any rate, he always knows what he wants to say and says it. "Marga" (Plate XXV.) is a full-face, square-on head and shoulders—one of the notable works of the year, not only because of technical difficulties overcome, but as a sound achievement in the boldest of lighting, the artist having thrown all convention to the winds. The whites of the eyes, so fatally easily overdone, are "it," and very much indeed of the success attained is due to this. A similar essay in low lighting, but more from the side, is Jesse T. Banfield's "Zamelita" (Plate XLV.). The result, particularly with the inscrutable expression of the sitter, is important.

Contemplate the subtlety of filtered light on the face of "Portrait—Miss St. P.," by James N. Doolittle (Plate IV.), the perfect grace of pose, the *tout ensemble*, the joyous flower-margin with its contrasting and repeating and balancing shadows. There is in it just that suggestion of—shall it be?—gaiety and irresponsibility which are the essence of youth.

There is striking similarity of landscape composition between poor Stephen's "Silent Snow" and W. H. Porterfield's "The Hill Top" (Plate XVI.), in which the sky also dominates the scene, and in the grand manner. Mr. Porterfield is essentially romantic. Here an absolutely bald landscape realistically is transformed by light and mood into an enduring delight. It is art, and has personality written all over it. This artist creates a common meeting-ground for the esoteric and the exoteric, a very notable end to accomplish.

Alex. Keighley worships in the same church as Mr. Porterfield, but his faith is differently attuned. He adopts subject-matter over which to throw the mantle of romance, a method characteristic of English work, a frank appeal to the exoteric. The fairyland beauty of "The Dayspring from on High" (Plate VIII.) is compelling. A mere glance suffices to assure one that such convincing mood must stand prominently forth from the many transcriptions of the like, though it is improbable that one of such redundant beauty, combined with such tone-rendering and suave contrast, as here, can be recalled to memory. The fact must be that no picture on this theme has ever been shown which can equal this in the essentials of art interpretation and of Nature's charms.

The underlying fact is that these pictures and the others in this collection have that touchstone "quality." Unhappily, it does not follow that it will survive

the exigencies of the block-maker's process, be it never so skilfully—as it is—practised. It is this most elusive and precious property, quality, which crowns a picture and which makes the exhibition. It is indispensable. Postulate quality, and there follows everything, including that *sine qua non*, the power to suggest colour. Without it a photograph is a soulless document. It always characterises the work of H. Mortimer-Lamb, and it savours of temerity to assign a "best" to any of his pictures, but surely "Meditation" (Plate V.) must be one that any artist, be he whom he may, would be proud of.

Problems of lighting are upon the *tapis*. E. G. Dunning is successful in the atmospheric and sunny tones of "Dickie's Breakfast" (Plate XLVII.) The composition is piquant, carefully thought out, though it does not reveal the fact. The placing of the heads furnishes a decorative accent. The sweet influence of the background light is most pleasant: it owes much to the blessings of "halation."

"Swan-song (Dedicated to the Youth of the World, who have given their lives for an Ideal)," by Williamina Parrish (Plate XVII.), is truly the noblest of sentiments. The picture is allegorical, dignified, and withal topical. The artist is to be complimented on what is a new vision, an epic poem.

Scenes of peaceful country life are very grateful to us at this epoch. C. Ulrich, in "The Dance" (Plate LXI.), has an animated group set in a charming landscape literally charged with light and atmosphere. The tone-value of the sky should be noted. A similar essay in luminosity and air and space is "An Australian Homestead," by J. E. Paton (Plate LX.), a graceful composition, richly true and convincing and rarely recorded with such outspoken simplicity. This arises from its exquisitely harmonious tonal rendering of landscape and—be it noted because of what is said elsewhere—of sky.

None but a hardened misanthrope can be proof against the charms of children's portraits. "Young Canada" (Plate XXXVI.), by our welcome friend Mrs Minna Keene, is shown by the pose and poise of his head to be an inquiring and reflective person. His attitude and expression would do credit to a lecture demonstrator.

Wm. Harold House, in "Child with a Book" (Plate XXI.), makes a welcome departure from his habitual high-key and less natural "flat" portraiture. This child is round and robust. The tonal scheme is good throughout, but the composition is on an oft-used and formal side. It might be given a rest. "Vendetta," by Morgan Heiskell (Plate XL.) is, however, an example of legitimate placing of a figure close up to a wall, quite opposite in its naturalism from the artificial placing adopted by Whistler in at least two memorable pictures, and which has been followed by W. H. House and many others. The lighting of the wall is alone a pleasure, so too are the tones and textures of the steps. The figure is wonderfully done; only one hand and arm have yet ventured into full light. It is always informing for the spectator to go into these apparently small matters, as here, for instance, the effective carrying out of the idea is dependent on them. If the figure were placed in the full light higher up, the thing would tumble to pieces.

"Sur la Pointe," a dancer, by Mrs. M. Pearson (Plate VII.), has the simplicity and engagingness of child life. Some of this effect may be due to there being no cast shadows anywhere. The figure is airily posed on the toes of one foot, and apparently is without any of the resources usually availed of to support arrested motion. If this is so, the picture's technical qualities make it a *tour de force*.

A fashion has been noticeable for a few years past of unduly lettering portraits. Not only is the lettering often aggressive, but it is executed sometimes in styles so old as to be a shrieking anachronism when coupled with photography. Herbert Lambert, whose reputation is assured, has not resisted the temptation to overdo "Young England" (Plate I.), not seriously so, but enough to compete with a well-modelled face.

In lettering, Furley Lewis is ever on the side of the angels. So is William Crooke and others whose names, with Mr. Lambert's, are familiar everywhere. Mr. Lewis, with considerable assurance, has placed boldly on the left of the space the head in his portrait "The Lute-builder—Portrait of George St. George, Esq." (Plate VI.). At a little distance—that is, the proper viewing distance for a picture of this size—this head will be found to dominate the composition, to the making of which much knowledge has gone. Its general low tone is apparent, not real. Rather, it is reticence of tone which is characteristic of all Mr. Lewis's work.

A vivacious portrait, "George Esson, Esq." (Plate XLVI.), by William Crooke, is masterly work, as we expect from him. The half-humorous expression of the sitter is skilfully echoed, with thoughtful intent no doubt, by what may be described as joyous lighting. The canescent hair is of silky quality; the hands, modelled and expressive, have been made subordinate in "value," yet without a trace of degradation of tone. The lighting-echo, the half-light on the left hand, on the cigar, and particularly its higher key on the cuff of the right hand, is an inspiration in its completing effect.

"A Colonial Church," by Wm. H. Thompson (Plate LVI.), owes something of expression and concentration of effect to artistic treatment, as did James McKissack's "Guildhall, Stirling," at the London Salon. A mood has been induced which most likely would be missing were these pictures to be shown as absolutely unmodified photographic documents. By which is meant here that due meed of admiration should be paid to workers who realise what is wanted in a picture, and know how to get it. The figures in the foreground of Mr. Thompson's print, if of adventitious presence and grouping, are placed as well as if he had put them there.

A group of nine figures is a stupendous task to undertake, yet in Clarence H. White's "The Rest Hour" (Plate XXIV.) the pose, individuality, and character of every one of the nine ladies depicted—combined, be it observed, with lighting in front of the camera—justifies the description "stunning." It seems marvellous that each face, in whatsoever photographically trying position it may be, is a real and animated likeness. There is very much indeed in this picture to ponder over and wrestle with. In its own class it is a masterpiece.

Frank H. Read is a versatile man, as his pictures reproduced in these volumes prove. He has not often let himself go with such licence as in "A Country Fair" (Plate X.), but this daring has secured him, as nothing else could, the careless, irresponsible buxomness of his subject, one in which sunlight and shadow play so diverting a part.

Delicacy of tonal rendering is the means by which Sidney V. Webb presents "Wishing" (Plate LII.). One observer may delight in the kittens' expressions, another in the composition, and another in the delicate atmospheric tones. It is sure to have a large circle of admirers.

Quite a new and welcome note is struck by the Earl of Carnarvon in "The Frieze" (Plate III.), one very well worth following up, but on "flat" lines. The

governing idea is the classic, convention, but confusion arises from the adoption of a naturalistic method of lighting of figure and immediate background. The chief thing, however, is that the one isolated figure is not enough to support the frieze. Two at least are necessary, three might be better still, their respective poses being that which is grouped together as "similarity with difference." It seems also to be necessary that they should be treated conventionally — flat. By this means the disturbing influence of a figure which in the picture represents neither statue nor life, but something between, might be modified, or possibly disappear.

If photographers, among their many faults, have one more than another, one which sadly needs eradicating, it is that of untrue tonal value of skies. This has been preached over and over again, and there is no sign of the preacher getting as far as "secondly" by Doomsday. "My Summer Cottage," by Ivar Nordlund (Plate XXIX.), one of the most delightful pastoral pieces, is marred by a sky which is at variance with the lighting of the landscape. Far more convincing is the sky in Lieut. F. Powell Ayles's Corot-like "A Dutch Landscape" (Plate LXV.). Any artist would delight in this very painter-like production.

A symmetrical pose, not at all new, but not solely on that account to be discouraged, comes from Hugh Cecil, "Black Velvet" (Plate XIV.). A striking gallery picture, one which will carry easily across a large room. There was lovely quality in the black velvet as shown at the London Salon, and if it has vanished in the reproduction, the block-maker, who has done his work generally so well, cannot righteously be made the scapegoat for the loss of so elusive a quantity.

If the wind known as the Khamâsin was blowing when C. Mamlouk made his big, broad picture entitled "L'Emir" (Plate XV.), the atmosphere may be considered accounted for. It is very fine, so solidly put together.

One of the immediately arresting pictures at the London Salon was "Portrait of Miss Dextra Baldwin" (Plate XXIII.), by Edward H. Weston, who invariably contributes something of fresh insight. Very much "knowing how" has gone to the placing and posing of the figure, even if Mr. Weston had no hand in it as ladies' outfitter. The delightful figure, the decorative lines of light, not forgetting the lamp, have enduring charms.

Arthur F. Kales's "The Bubble" (Plate IX.) must necessarily be hailed as in the first flight of pictorial expression. How fatally spotty it might so easily have been! Coupled with this consideration is the broad and fearless treatment of lighting, as if the author had gone out of his way of set purpose to outvie Hercules in his labours. The pose is superb. A photographer will realise the technical attainments which have gone to this modelling in sunshine and shadow.

Action and splendour and great quality characterise Malcolm Arbuthnot's "Fantasy" (Plate II). The decorative design is very fine also. T. B. Blow's "Amalfi, Italy" (Plate LXV.), is full of colour, and suggests languor and noonday heat. Marcus Adams has a very painter-like portrait in "Fifine" (Plate LIII.), with a painter-like background. The entire "canvas" is an achievement, one which cannot fail to please. The skin has the texture and sheen of youth, not mottled or grainy texture, as photographers sometimes manage to produce as representing that of youth.

Henry B. Goodwin places a mass of very light tone against a dark background in "Sylfid (Jenny Hasselquist)" (Plate XXII.). The result is "cut-out" and somewhat jumpy, but arresting in its clever treatment of pose and textures.

"Above the Clouds," by Percy Neyman, Ph.D. (Plate XXXVII.), makes a very effective "spot," which doubtless was the author's intention. The clouds lack form. Two lovely "Little Women" (Plate XI.) are contributed by Donald J. Butcher, a little gem of marked quality. It will remain in one's memory. The background is quasi-conventional, and its high light, which has great value in the composition, is evidently the work of man. Two more little women are from J. Ortiz Echague, "Moros en frajé de fretta" (Plate XV.), who has produced in the past very remarkable pictures of swirling movement. Unity of purpose is secured by a common interest. The expressions of the girls are most animated and happy, and modelling of faces and figures is due to controlled lighting. The background, as in "Little Women," is scratchy, quasi-natural convention, and although neither engraving nor photography does not exceed the bounds of "pictorial" licence, whether of "photographic" licence is another question.

From the engraving-like quality of the above to the softness and naturalness of "Fishermen," by C. W. Christiansen (Plate XLVIII.), is a long stride. This last is composed with decorative intent, and is choice. The author has caught the pulling in of the net, the suggestion of actual motion, together with roundness and atmosphere.

The chiaroscuro which in many of his works has been the signature of Richard Polak, has given place in "Teaching Polly" (Plate LXII.) to far more suave treatment. The group of lady and bird is animated, the textures of the lady's dress and the tone-value of the open book of music, such a stumbling-block in general, are admirable. It will enhance Mr. Polak's reputation.

Essenhigh Corke has done a very big portrait in "Frank Fenner, Esq." (Plate XIX.). It has been described as an arresting work, an expressive epithet. Its large scale never fails to betray unskilful handling, but in the result Mr. Corke has come off with flying colours. Part of the space is "wropt in mystery."

A. H. Blake vests "The White Monument" (Plate L.) with glamour of romance. The subtle nuances of tone in sky, monument, and roadway are the picture, and as seen through the grille, which last gives contrast and passages of great beauty. Mr. Blake does not force his accent by darkening the sky. Would that others learn and profit.

Ward Muir solves the sky problem by doing without it or with so little of it that it doesn't matter. There is quite a large area of sky (for him) in "Edinburgh in Winter" (Plate LVII.). Yet he can treat skies as well as anyone, as his only example in these volumes shows (see 1910). Since then he has been pixy-led, and has not cast up his eyes to heaven, declares we are better without it. The strained perspective in "Edinburgh in Winter" is, of course, due to a very elevated view-point, perhaps one Mr. Muir selected when on an aeroplane flight. The tree branches are a graceful foil to the prevailing severity of line. More, a veritable mood gives distinction.

H. F. Canty must be congratulated on having seized the varied line made by camels and riders in "A Desert Caravan" (Plate XXVIII.). One wonders whether the arrangement was fortuitous, as it could hardly be bettered except by breaking the line just a trifle more.

There is complete coherency in "Eat to Live," by Major A. E. Jewett (Plate LXIII.). A subtle, tenuous veil of smoke drifts across, giving a rare, a pearly quality to the lights in the background. The dividing line between success and

failure is drawn to extreme tenuity with so outré a conception as "A Figure-head," by Arthur Lewis (Plate XLIX.). The audacity of the attempt compels by virtue of its complete success. Quite apart from the novelty of the design, the sweetly delicate tones and textures and the fine spot given by the head make up a very remarkable work.

It seems a long hark back to the superb still-life pictures with which J. M. Whitehead began his distinguished career. "Cloudy June" (Plate XXIX.) calls for a totally different temperament, as, too, have all this artist's productions for years past. There are real light here and air and a vast spaciousness. What miles away is the sky-line, how remote the lower reaches of the summer sky!

At the opposite pole in subject is Hugo van Wadenoyen, Junr.'s "Toys" (Plate XI.), a thing of luscious quality of tone and of grotesque human expression. These glimpses of the lighter side are a tonic.

Engr.-Commdr. E. J. Mowlam, R.N., has order and precedence, so despairingly difficult to get in sea pictures, in

"Break forth the mad white horses
To seek their meat from God"

(Plate LIV.). Sky and smoke are harmonious, as indeed is the long range of tone which goes to the telling of the story.

A notable sea picture, in which a lowering sky is completely in harmony with the scene, is "The Cruel Crawling Foam," by A. J. Wood (Plate LVIII.). The foam constitutes the only high-light, and with its expressive outline conveys a dramatically weird effect as of crawling of deliberate, inexorable purpose.

W. J. Clutterbuck's otherwise imposing "An Eastern Twilight" (Plate XXXIII.) has a sky which appears to portend a convulsion of Nature. The silhouetted horses and riders do much, by virtue of placing, to give focus to landscape and sky. There is a mixture of methods observable in the "busy" sun rays which, when all is said, does not help.

Charles Job is one of our oldest exhibitors, but there is never any sign of his becoming stale. "A Canal, Holland" (Plate LIV.), is told with a lilt. The tones of rich quality ring true. Its stretch of sparkling and liquid water makes a striking composition in conjunction with the decorative line of trees and reflections and the masses which give force to the design.

The mood of the season pervades S. Bridgen's "A Wintry Scene" (Plate XLIX.). Trees and sky are handled as a painter would love to do them. The snow does not suggest much more than a tone. Perhaps Mr. Bridgen wanted to get away from the usual snow "patterns." With the poor light prevailing at the time the photograph was taken, definite markings in the snow would have been of value, and would have explained themselves, which the present streaks in the foreground do not.

R. Eickemeyer, always an anticipated and valued contributor to these annuals, indulges in practically straight photography in "In the Heart of the Rocky Mountains" (Plate LXIII.). Such a view of nature unadorned and unimproved by the hand of man, so simple and true, is as water in a thirsty land. There is so much to be thankful for in pure technique. The boat gives a "spot" and life.

"Her Grandmother," by H. Yahagi (Plate XIII.), is a naturally posed group of two in a well-lighted room. There is no striving after effect, and so it is arrived at. The grandmother's features and expression are very real.

Alice Boughton has before proved successful with groups of three and four or perhaps more figures in large scale. "The Garden Path (Plate XII.) is signally happy in its three beautifully and varyingly posed ladies, each of whom has an expression and "regard" which spell unity. Each, too, is a speaking portrait. This is a good deal to achieve with a group of three in a flower garden which also has to be indicated. The quality is self-evident.

Filson Young's "The Wreck" (Plate XXXIX.) is well massed and placed in the space, but is incoherent in the stern of the vessel. As a design it is impressive, imposing. This must be its effect on the spectator at sight.

The accent of light on the water in "The Ferry Boat," by J. H. Coatsworth (Plate XXVIII.), is too pronounced, and is not explained. It has the effect of making the boat with its load too strong for its place, or if not that, then, to go back, the light is too strong for its place. It is one or the other.

When dealing with shadows or with the lower tones of his pictures, J. H. Anderson is apt to become unduly pessimistic. The sails of the boat in his "Running Homeward," at the London Salon, are a case in point, among others. The same thing, though happily less prominent, is to be seen in "Quai de Paris, Rouen" (Plate XXVII.). Surely the effect of outdoor lighting, notwithstanding the gloomy sky, is not realised with so long a scale of gradation. The work, however, is always of a high order, and shows the photogravure process at its best in the hands of an artist. Mr. Anderson's pictures have invariably a quality of dignity and strength that overshadows any minor defects.

"The Castle of Harburg" (Plate XX.), by James McKissack, is a close variant of the view reproduced in the 1914 annual. This is the better of the two, so opposite in treatment from the other as to premise that the author has felt it in a totally different, not to say contradictory, mood. This is daylight with tender tones throughout. Mr. McKissack distinctly scores by resisting with stern determination any temptation to make the castle shout.

Bertram Park is well known as one of our new-eyed, original men, one who finds sitters who respond to his elfish moods, or possibly reinvest him with them at the sight of them. "Mlle. Seraphine Astafieva in 'L'Oiseau Indien'" (Plate XXXII.) is spirited, a delicately fine translation. Note the well-modelled features, the striking lines, the sparkling dress, and the transient graceful pose. On the fantastic side, of course—that is part of the story—but how admirably has the process been kept in hand! Nothing is forced out of key.

W. H. Rabe's pictures exhale romance. There can be no doubt of the spirit which actuated him in conceiving "The Lighted Court" (Plate XXXI.). A twilight view, maybe, or in the gloaming. The composition of curves and contrasting straight lines with the differences of tone-values is masterly. The restrained light of the lamps keeps its place right in the picture, and so is an integral part of the theme, its soul, and excites admiration, even if it be but on purely technical grounds.

Harold Cazneau was hailed years ago by the late Snowden Ward as "one of a dozen or score of pioneers from whom we may expect anything." These volumes will show that Ward's insight was sound. "Souvenir, Australia" (Plate XXXIV.), is imposing in mass and arrangement of its main features.

Two pictures of church interiors may be considered together. The first is "Interior of Church at Vollandam" by J. F. J. Huysser (Plate XLI.). Photographed from a diagonal view-point, its composition is simply redeemed by the

introduction of a balancing and furnishing figure, the value of which cannot be over-estimated.

The other picture is Frederick H. Evans's " St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield—From Aisle to Altar" (Plate XVIII.). It is not going too far to say that those who know this church will be amazed at this, literally, supreme success. The difficulties in the way of securing even a photographic statement are vividly apparent, but to wrest this picture away in defiant contempt of them, entitles the artist to the Photographers' V.C. It is a due compliment to Mr. Evans to now let his picture speak for itself—and for him!

Walter Benington is the Puck of photography. Even his London street essays are bizarre, and no less full of style. Two years ago he gave us "The Wicked Stepmother," and "Miss Margaret Morris as 'Le Poisson d'Or'" (Plate LI.) is its brilliant peer. It forms an admirable foil to P. Pramm's picture, being alike harmonious and purely photographic. The finding and losing of the torso are features of this masterly work.

Reference was made in another quarter to a poetic mood which characterised American work, one which home workers never seem to assimilate. The opinion seems well founded. A comparison of the pictures herein will show a definite difference between American work and our own. "The Strollers," by John Paul Edwards (Plate XXX.), for instance, has this mood. So have nearly all the pictures from American workers. (By the way, in "The Strollers," two legs divided between two people seem enough for support.) Is it then part of the condition of things, and that "over there" they can't help it, and that we here do not get it often because conditions are different? This, however, is putting it rather low down!

"Miss Maud Emily," by Margrethe Mather (Plate LIX.), has this distinguishing quality—it is not one confined to outdoor views. It is a scheme of subtle, tender tones, from which "Flat School" enthusiasts might take a hint. There are, with all its daintiness, bodily roundness and modelling. The drapery falling to the ground at the back of the figure is introduced for balance and completeness. Observe the placing of the head, and that the tone is not forced. It is in these quiet, oft-unnoticed items that art feeling is manifested. Again, the same refined delicacy is present in "Vacation Pleasure," by the Hoover Art Company (Plate LV.). Thus even a company has a soul, notwithstanding the old dictum to the contrary! Although the differing properties of the items may distinctly be recognised, there is no realism. The beauty and pose of the lady, the poise of her head, are enhanced by a rendering of tones which run through the whole gamut but so exquisitely done as to give no such impression.

Whether C. H. L. Emanuel has ever before done anything in the way of "Washing Up" (Plate LXVI.) is not recorded, or at any rate remembered at the moment, his music being usually among the fancy and dainty chords, with no thundering bass accompaniment. In the original print the darks are articulate, and their very delicate nuances have not wholly slipped by the block-maker. The picture is noteworthy in tone rendering, and also in accent and simplicity.

"From Old Times," by A. S. Weinberg (Plate XXXV.), carries one back to the old times in which we were invited to admire quantity or variety, or both together, in ornate or reflecting surroundings. Here the artist sets out for our delectation harmony of beautiful line, of mass, background, chiaroscuro, and quality.

Francesca Bostwick's "Portraits of Children in Dutch Costume" (Plate XXXV.), is noticeable for the respective tonal renderings of flesh and white head-dresses.

A typical illustration of Australian local scenery and conditions is "A Mountain Saw Mill," by W. S. White (Plate XXXIII.). The block-maker has rendered it in rather too heavy a key. Another local picture, "Canal Scene," by Bern. F. Eilers (Plate LXI.), is of a type which abounds, yet rarely attempted by photographers with pictorial intent. The breadth of tone of the barge constitutes the principal feature and unites the composition. Its gradations are evidently true, and among other attractions are the important light and mood.

A strongly-modelled portrait, so forcible as to come forward (which William Crooke's and Furley Lewis's portraits never do), is "Portrait of Frederick McMonnies," by Pirie Macdonald (Plate XXXVIII.). The author's intention would appear to be realism. The lighting floods the forehead, drowning the lines thereon and unduly accentuating those about the eye. The gap in the features made by the very pronounced shadow of the nose is noticeable, and together with sporadic focussing, brought about for no artistic end but solely by the shortcomings of a portrait lens, is antagonistic to simplicity, surely a first consideration. Great distinction and grip are mainly in the forehead and hair. All this notwithstanding, the portrait compels by sheer virility. It is a gallery picture.

"Sierra de Grada, Spain," by Antonio Victory (Plate LX.), is pure photography. It has light, atmosphere, and the romantic call. The pinnacle on the left edge is a little out of tone.

Dwight A. Davis must have brought "the love we impart to the making" and much learning to bear on "Industry and Idleness" (Plate LXVI.). It is so coherent. The dresses and mode of hair-dressing are of the period. A tender, delightful thing of fine tonal rendering in a long scale of gradation.

The paramount call of duty is poignantly sounded in "The Scout," by S. Bricarelli (Plate XLIII.), in which decoration is called in as if to alleviate, if only by a hair, this everyday aspect of the hardships of a soldier's lot. The picture has remarkable dramatic force and truth.

"The Turn of the Road," by Fred R. Archer (Plate XXVI.), is precisely like a Ward Muir before he (Muir) threw up his blessed lot and departed for barren regions. Refer to 1907 volume, p. 148. Mr. Archer has done well. From somewhat forbidding features he has selected a decorative and very pleasing composition of suave pattern and gentle tone. The picture is not only most attractive in these qualities, but also is convincingly naturalistic.

Decoration runs riot in the bizarre "Under the Board-walk, Atlantic City," by W. G. Fitz (Plate XXX.). The lines lead to an animated scene and compel unity. Although the range of gradation is as long as it can be, it does not strike one as in any way untrue. This is one of the pictures which grow on the spectator.

Many most estimable workers would have felt tempted to make the ruin the principal feature in "Destruction," by H. C. Torrance (Plate LVIII.), instead of giving it a far less important place, as the artist has so wisely done. It is now so disposed as to explain the scene, but without insisting on itself, as this actual ruin is not the theme. Mr. Torrance has felt the real picture, that which he craved to say, in the tonal values of groups of figures, buildings, and jets of water graduated by smoke and vapour from strength up to the point of obliteration.

J. B. B. Wellington possesses an inexhaustible store of new topics, every one of which, as it takes shape in graphic form, is endowed, as Minerva was with wisdom, with all the refinements of pure photography. The modelling of "Mother's Jewels" (Plate LII.) is stereoscopic in effect, due partly, perhaps, to the nearness together of the planes, and principally to their actual tonal rendering.

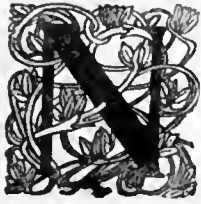
"Connecticut Landscape," by Karl Struss (Plate XLII.), is primarily romance and decoration, and not intended as naturalistic. Those who ask for truth to Nature may not be aware that there are also artistic truths. This is a decorative pattern of masses and lines and tiny figures to impart human interest, with the romantic feeling over all. Were everything here to be shown, literally there would be no romance, no mood, but merely the skeleton, the scaffolding of a pattern.

A very entertaining half-hour might be spent in finding out which way up Alvin Langdon Coburn's "A Vortograph" (Plate XLIV.) looks best. We read from left to right, and perhaps for that reason an apparently natural place for an accent is on the left or entering side. This, however, if put forward as a rule, would be most mightily distinguished above all other rules by the number of its exceptions. There is no position in which this Vortograph may be placed which will not have its supporters. Possibly it is most effective in accent if placed upside down. But it is not really the best way. Give it a half-turn from right to left, bringing it "landscape way," and then view it from the back by transmitted light. Perhaps the publishers would supply block pulls if there was a sufficient demand for them, or there may now be enough extras struck off in anticipation. Failing this, the only course is to resort to a looking-glass. If the foregoing directions have been carefully followed, it will be found that the accent of light comes in the upper left half, and that the doll's head then seen in it and a nose and one eye are reminiscent of the figure in Mr. Van Wadenoyen's "Toys." It is really complete and convincing this way up and roundabout, as two projections underneath the body of the machine, amid the barrage, are the little fellow's feet. All these things will then be perceptible to the meanest intellect. Everything else, too, arranges itself in pictorial mystery and "message." One word more, in solemn earnest. This Vortograph is uncanny. It haunts me. I begin to see things in it. There *is* more in it than meets the eye. After half an hour's consideration of and writing about it, it has become to me as a living imp of Satan.

It is interesting to go back in memory over F. J. Mortimer's exhibition career and call to mind his early work which treated of might and mood of the sea, and observe how he has been impelled to crown it with human drama. How he got his stupendously forceful "The Mine-sweeper and the Destroyer—All's Well" (Frontispiece) need not be pressed—perhaps from stock, aided by masterly artistry. This, and his seven pictures of "War-time Types" exhibited at the Salon, practically sum up the exhibited war records of the year so far as pictorial photography is concerned—and right worthily! The swirling wind-driven waters, the destroyer veiled by the spray-laden atmosphere, the tense attitude of the skipper weld the dramatic with the spectacular. It should be observed that unity and harmony throughout are completely obtained by the softness and breaking of the lines dividing the masses left and right. The sailor lighting his pipe in this riot is a genuine touch. It is difficult to imagine that the topical dramatic intensity of this picture can be excelled even by Mr. Mortimer himself or, in its field, equalled by anyone.

PHOTOGRAPHY'S PART IN THE WAR

By WARD MUIR



O one could have foretold, in August, 1914, how important were the parts which photography was to play in the War. A few acute minds, nevertheless, had an inkling. They saw, in the camera, an instrument whose value would prove enormous in two fields: (1) as a historical recorder, (2) for reconnaissance work. The first was obvious enough. Any student of back volumes of our classic weeklies, the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, must have felt, when the terrible conflict burst upon Europe, that no effort should be spared to delineate it adequately, both for our own benefit and for that of generations unborn. The second required a more prophetic imagination; and some day the tale will be unfolded of how certain innovators, overcoming opposition, founded what almost amounts to a new science—the science (to put the thing in popular phraseology) of *photographic spying*.

Photography, as a matter of fact, has been directed to other uses, in the War, in addition to those mentioned above. The camera is employed in all kinds of ways for testing purposes. These, and some quite extraordinary adaptations of that old toy, the "photographic gun," it is not admissible to describe for the present. After peace is declared it is to be hoped that someone will write up this fascinating subject. A comprehensive book on the camera in war time would be crammed with stories at once astonishing and romantic. The ingenuity which has been devoted to the adaptation of photographic apparatus for the Army and the Navy is wonderful: the mere details of patents listed in the technical press give us a glimpse of these manifold activities; and it need not be said that a host of the finest devices have been carefully withheld from even this comparatively limited publicity.

Another and more humanly exciting volume could be compiled from the experiences of war-correspondent photographers on the various fronts. In spite of every kind of hindrance, enormous numbers of record photographs have been secured. It is deplorable that so many of these—some of them of priceless historic interest—have been banned by the censor. Nobody would dispute the right of the military censor, at headquarters, to delay the release of a picture which might give information to the enemy: a picture, for instance, which betrayed the presence of the Blankshires at such-and-such a spot on such-and-such a day. But that the publication of the picture should be forbidden, not simply now or for six months, but for all time (or at any rate until some enterprising person unearths it at the conclusion of the War)—which seems to be how the censorship is, in most cases, operating—is absurd.

The *non-possumus* attitude of the Naval and War Office authorities is well illustrated by the case of the Allied War Photographs Exhibition, which was held at South Kensington and afterwards toured the provinces, drawing crowds wherever it went. It was an admirable and inspiring show, and greatly to the credit of its organisers, the Pictorial Branch of the Department of Information. Thousands of persons have viewed it. Thousands of pairs of eyes have scrutinised every inch of the photographs. Yet if a newspaper editor craved permission to reproduce one of those photographs, the chances are that he would be refused—not because the Department of Information objected, but because the Admiralty (or the War Office, as the case may be) would only allow the *exhibition* of most of the photographs, and absolutely tabooed their *publication*. A Gilbertian situation, to be sure! One wonders whether it will recur at the big Imperial War Exhibition in aid of the Red Cross, which, at the moment of writing, is in preparation at Burlington House. Here, too, a unique collection of Army and Navy photographs, got together by the Department of Information, is to be shown. Most of them (as at the 1917 exhibition) are by the official military photographers, Lieut. Ernest Brooks and Lieut. Warwick Brooke, D.C.M., and the official naval photographer, Lieut. Bernard Grant.

No visitor to the 1917 exhibition will need to be reminded that a considerable proportion of the work of these photographers—as well as of the unofficial work, some of which, it may be mentioned, was done by the Editor of *Photograms*—had sound artistic merit. In a few instances the most straightforward (and sometimes grim) subjects seemed to build themselves effortlessly into compositions of striking powerfulness. In others it was plain that care had been bestowed both on the choice of viewpoint and the ideal moment of exposure. Too much “art,” of course, is not wanted. Nothing which savours even in a remote degree of faking would be allowable in pictures whose veracity is their prime virtue. It is the “photography which cannot lie” that we depend upon to document and illumine the phases of the greatest event in history, and also to provide ammunition for our propaganda. (And speaking of our photographic propaganda, it is within the writer’s knowledge that German agents in the East endeavoured to buy up a gigantic quantity of our pictures: a singular testimony to the respect which they attach to the influence of the camera’s witnessings.) But that our record photography is none the worse for being skilfully composed and pleasingly presented—indeed, is all the more convincing if it holds the eye (and “holding the eye” is, after all, the ultimate aim of deft composition)—was demonstrated over and over again by individual works at the South Kensington, and also the Canadian, shows. Examining those shows, one felt not merely that the technique of our craft had reached an astoundingly high level (and in circumstances when blemishes would have been excusable), but that the principles of pictorialism, preached for years past in these pages, are now being wedded to technique as a matter of course.

But it is in the field of military (and naval) aerial reconnaissance work that photographic technique has made its most dramatic triumphs. This is a subject far too extensive to treat exhaustively here. Suffice it to say that photography from aeroplanes, which was scarcely more than a pious aspiration in 1914, is now a scientific system, daily practised over the enemy’s lines. Hundreds and thousands of photographs, flawless in their definition, have been secured from our machines flying at a height of ten thousand feet or more. Their numbers are continually being added to, for it is of the essence of this marvellous new development in map

making that the maps should be kept up to date, whatever the weather and however formidable the risk. Our airmen must be tirelessly at the job, for the microscopic differences in detail between the photograph taken yesterday and the photograph taken to-day will reveal, to the expert "reader," that the enemy has attempted certain movements or readjustments of his forces in the intervening night, that he has altered his trench, or built a new machine-gun emplacement, or put down fresh barbed wire, or what not—items which no human observer could have been trusted to note, but which the camera records with unerring exactitude and mechanical impartiality. This impartiality is a virtue impossible to exaggerate. For instance, in our bombing raids the airman may be convinced that he has hit his objective. The camera, which is part of his machine, and which it is his duty to operate—its operation, by the by, being virtually automatic—photographs the scene, and its plates announce unanswerably whether the bombs have, or have not, reached their mark, and what effects have ensued. Not infrequently the photographs secured on these bombing expeditions (or immediately afterwards) reveal magnificent successes. Some of them are, in this respect, positively thrilling.

In the month of November a selection of our military aerial reconnaissance prints were on view at the Camera Club. It was a peculiarly appropriate place of exhibition, for several members of the Club have distinguished themselves in the photographic branch of the R. F. C. The latter now has a large and highly specialised photographic school "somewhere in England"—a member of the Camera Club is at its head—and here a continual stream of khaki-clad students learn the mysteries of the development and printing of negatives which, it need hardly be said, bear but small resemblance to the ordinary terrestrial studio portrait or landscape. Technique reaches a fastidious pitch at this school, and the speed with which results are produced is—or would be, if one did not see it with one's own eyes—incredible. Scores of absolutely perfect bromide enlargements, dry and finished, can be supplied from the airman's exposures an hour after he has alighted and has handed over his changing-box of plates to the developing and printing squad. With the contents of that changing-box the airman himself has nothing to do; he need boast no knowledge of photography; his task is merely to move a lever when he is flying over certain areas. The camera is so faultlessly automatic that, in the words of the famous advertisement, it "does the rest": it actuates the shutter, places a fresh plate in position, and resets the shutter. This camera, whose evolution will be one of the most interesting chapters in the book which has been suggested above, is a monument of ingenious simplification. Its simplicity is in almost comical contrast to the wildly complicated apparatus devised by theorists who, in earlier days, hastened to patent reflexes and the like for aircraft work. No doubt the camera will be still further improved; if so, it is safe to guess that the improvements will be along the lines of simplification rather than elaboration. Meanwhile the records made by this camera on all the fronts are conveying information to our commands, without which, it is the bare truth to say, most of our advances, and many of our victories, would have been difficult or impossible. We photographers may take a legitimate pride in the circumstance that our hobby, quietly pursued in the days of peace, has proved itself an indispensable adjunct of the operations of war; has, by its power of observation, revealed otherwise invisible dangers, and thus saved an unreckonable number of lives, and, conversely, pointed out the objectives to be attacked, and thus caused the destruction of multitudes of our enemies.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY AFTER THE WAR

By ANTONY GUEST



IHAT pictorial photography is enthusiastically pursued and continues to gain adherents, even in war time, is a striking proof of the great popular appeal that it makes and of the gathering force of its advance. People are tired of the old lifeless and mechanical style of photographic representation, and with continuous educational progress, and the improved technical facilities for camera work, there are increasing numbers who require, not only to have beautiful pictures in their homes, but to produce them for themselves, as intimate memories of scenes that they have admired, and as expressions of their own feeling for Art and Nature.

Signs, however, are apparent that photography will have to face new conditions after the war. This, indeed, from the general standpoint, is inevitable. The great upheaval has revolutionised the world, obliterated the old point of view concerning many things that formerly seemed permanently established, and given free scope to the ever-persistent impulses of human development towards a better, purer, and more progressive life for the world.

The year that is past may be regarded as a memorable one in the history of the pictorial movement, for though the list of important exhibitions is singularly scanty, the marks of progress are more than usually decided. These signs are negative as well as positive (as is only appropriate in connection with such a subject), and in considering the former it may be remarked that such incidents as the Royal Photographic Society's restricted display in its own house instead of the usual extensive exhibition at the Suffolk Street Galleries, and the reduction of International shows to a single undertaking, by no means indicate a tendency to stagnation. The wonder is that any exhibitions have been possible at all, and it is still more surprising that the one great International collection of the year, held by the London Salon of Photography in the autumn, reached a level of excellence that eclipsed a good many of its predecessors. If the R. P. S. had to limit its enterprise this was not because of waning interest on the part of its members.

All the photographic activity that has been called into being for war purposes will not end with the declaration of peace. It will have to be organised and still further developed for future military needs, and in the next war, if, indeed, the world is ever again to pass through such another trial—which, whatever our hopes and beliefs, we shall have to prepare against—it is likely enough that photography will once more supply devices now as unsuspected as those engendered by the present conflict. Thus the Royal Photographic Society has a great duty before it

in preparing the way for the developments of the future. Its serious work lies on the scientific side of the craft, and probably in following the general tendency towards specialisation it will find this branch sufficient for its energies, and will leave the guidance of pictorial progress, for which it has never manifested a very ardent concern, to others who have made it their peculiar province, and who, by their zeal and achievements, are alike qualified for its direction.

While work of national significance has absorbed so much photographic energy and skill, there has still been a field for the graces of the craft, as manifested in its sympathetic and imaginative picturing of natural beauty and expressive portraiture. The abundance of the pictorial output is indicated by the two or three thousand works submitted to the Salon hanging committee from various countries, and when it is remembered that these prints are only the cream of the general effort, one cannot but be impressed by its vastness. That it should receive such striking manifestation in war time is sufficiently remarkable, and it would be interesting to enquire why so many people, most of whom have little or no artistic equipment, apart from their innate love of Nature and sense of beauty, are seeking artistic expression.

War has unexpected influences; it stirs human emotions, and has thus produced its crop of poets, many of whom had previously lived the lives of practical men and women, keeping their higher impulses under conventional discipline. The spiritual nature has felt the presence of the deeper realities and has responded; heroism and sacrifice, appearing radiantly against a hideous background, have stirred dormant souls to expression. Those that cannot find outlet for their emotions in words must seek some other medium. Perhaps there may be a general artistic awakening as a result of the war, and, if so, this influence must surely have a vitalising effect on pictorial photography. But this greatly depends on how advantage is taken of the new conditions. When the war is over, a great deal of the photographic effort now devoted on all the fronts to military purposes will require a new motive, and it will be a tempting transition from essentially practical aims to the indulgence of individual preference, tastes and imaginings. These will seek expression in many countries, and hence the general outlook for pictorial photography may be regarded as bright.

But an increased number of adherents by no means implies heightened standard of quality. Popular art is a by-word, and popular artists are to some extent a danger. They have their value in advancing popular taste to their own level, but their success is not without a demoralising influence on those artists who have met with little material reward for aiming at something higher. Now, it is evident that if there is to be effective progress there must be leaders who scorn cheap success, and are willing to show the way to artistic heights above those that satisfy popular taste. It is only through such pioneers that the general conception is led to further stages of refinement and improvement, and that the art which they practise can be dignified and adorned. A good deal of responsibility therefore rests on those at the head of the forward movement.

It is they who shape the character of the exhibitions and encourage or discourage tendencies one way or another. If, as seems likely, pictorial photography is to receive the impulse of a large accession of new-comers after the war, this responsibility will be greatly increased. It is before all else desirable that specious

artificialities and falsities should be eliminated and that the pictorial movement should go ahead under the standard of purity and truth to nature.

There can be no question as to the disinterestedness of those leaders who, from a love of their work and an enthusiastic desire to demonstrate the artistic possibilities of photography and to establish its position among the arts, have carried it to its present high level. Their work has been individualised, as, of course, all artistic effort ought to be; but generally they have followed their own bent in a "go-as-you-please" kind of way, content, each in his part, to do his best to forward the common cause, and perhaps to set an example for the less skilful to follow. There has been no regard to such possibilities of co-operation in carrying out distinctive aims as are represented by the various "schools" formed by painter-artists. Such associations undoubtedly promote emulation and zeal and have a stimulating and inspiring influence. On the other hand, they bring about, at least in respect of painting, some breaking up into sects upholding divergent theories, and in certain cases carrying independence to absurd extremes. This, however, cannot apply to photography. It is too young to have established traditions, academic methods, authority, and all the conventions that are the direct incitement of revolutionaries, as the healthy and natural antidote of stereotyped system. What pictorial photography has done is to accumulate a great deal of experience, which needs to be sifted, co-ordinated, and digested, so that its lesson may be available for workers of all degrees. Undoubtedly there are artificialities that may still be eliminated so that what is genuine and true may have freer and more convincing expression.

The lead has been taken by this country, and last year's international show at the Salon demonstrated in an unmistakable way that Britain not only retained pre-eminence but took a unique position as the world's single centre for an international display. The Salon has won a proud position, which is worth an effort to maintain. This position, however, will not be conceded as a mere act of grace or complimentary appreciation, in the new conditions of peace. Friendly rivalry, of a keenly competitive character, will certainly assert itself in other countries that the practical difficulties of war time have held in restraint. The vivacious and graceful art of France will claim fuller expression when it emerges into the light from the fog of war that has so sadly beclouded it for three years. Serious rivalry from America was plainly foreshadowed by the unusual strength of her contributions to the recent exhibition. These showed very clearly that America, after years of independent striving, with various experiments, and all the mistakes that arise from zeal vigorously seeking its direction, has developed a robust pictorial spirit that takes its stand on the healthy ground of adherence to nature in conjunction with free scope for the personal motive.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN AUSTRALIA

By CECIL W. BOSTOCK



IN these times of turmoil and strife, the art of the camera tends to subside in the presence of more important factors in the nation's welfare; for many of our photographers have joined the colours, and are now fighting side by side with their comrades of the Mother Country, and some, alas! will return no more to the land of sunshine. But such is the fortune of war.

The shortage of finer materials also plays an important part. In Australia, fortunately, the grim aspect of this Armageddon is not so manifest as in the Mother Country, and photography still goes on apace, though not nearly to the extent as in pre-war days.

The Photographic Society of New South Wales held a general exhibition about the end of the year 1916—too late for mention in the last issue of *Photograms*—which proved quite a creditable showing, several new men coming to light in the pictorial section—notably E. F. Broad and J. E. Elliott, the former appearing to advantage in some fine steel-plate engraving effects typical of the Australian bush, the latter in some dainty high-key renderings of landscape, very delicate in tone.

In South Australia the Adelaide Camera Club, about the same time, held an exhibition, and at their invitation the New South Wales Society sent a collection over, one of the finest pictures being a low-toned landscape study by Harold Cazneaux, from a negative made there some years ago, when resident in Adelaide, his native town. The show was quite a success, and was highly commended by the Press of that State.

The Victorian Societies are still working more or less on the usual lines, though we of New South Wales have seen little of their doings, with the exception of the work of Messrs. Merfield and Coulson, who have produced some fine prints which made an interesting "two-man" show. There have also been a few minor exhibitions by some of the suburban clubs, both in New South Wales and elsewhere.

Latterly, owing to the unsettled conditions prevailing, the societies have become rather stagnant, and unfortunately, coupled with uncontrollable conditions regarding the despatch of goods overseas, Australia will not be well represented in England this season. However, the work is by no means dead, and there are still a few of those ardent workers who labour on for the love of the art. Even more than this, for out of the stagnation there comes to light a new society in New South Wales—the Sydney Camera Circle. It includes leading pictorial

workers in the State, among others Harold Cazneau, W. S. White, Malcolm Mackinnon, James Paton, E. N. Poole, Chas. Wakeford, J. S. Stening, and C. W. Bostock.

The feeling had existed for some time that something more refined and progressive was wanted—something with higher ideals—which eventually led to the formation of the Circle. So, early last year, at the Little Studio in Phillip Street, Sydney, there met together a group of photographers, lovers of the art and zealous workers, with the object of forming an exclusive body, the aims being to improve and uplift in a practical way the pictorial side of camera work. Thus the Sydney Camera Circle became concrete. The standard of work is high, and the open hand of welcome to membership is extended to all who may qualify by merit of their work. There is no president, no office bearers, no fees. The meetings are Bohemian, and are held once a month. There is but one rule only, the condition of membership, and is such that each worker pledges himself to produce one picture during the month. At the meeting it is criticised, individually and collectively, and if of sufficient merit is accepted and stamped with the seal of the Circle, and becomes one of the portfolio. The progress has been all that could be desired, and the collection to-day comprises some excellent work. From month to month it is becoming more interesting, and if conditions permit it is the hope of the Circle that in the near future all those interested will have an opportunity of judging for themselves the merits of its members' work.

We deeply regret the absence from our walls of the work of that poetic and energetic worker Norman C. Deck, who has taken up missionary work in the Solomon Islands, where conditions are hardly favourable to photography. The standard of work of the Australian societies generally is good, and it is expected, when conditions are again normal, to exceed the quality and artistic merit of former years by a big margin. It is also a pleasure to note that the pictorial workers are aiming more at the effects of mystery and sunshine—both so peculiar to the Australian bush—than in previous years, when the tendency to imitate the tone work of the Mother Country was far too prevalent. Ours is a land of heat and sunshine and freedom in the early hours of dawn, and at eventide a land of mystery. As such we should endeavour to depict it. There is yet a wealth of material here to work on—untouched. It is in the hands of the artists as to what the future will be.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA

By W. H. PORTERFIELD



LOOKING back over the photographic activity displayed in the United States during the year 1917, there are three incidents which, by reason of their isolation, come readily to mind, and furnish the only subjects which a reviewer may find worthy of comment on this occasion.

Nor is it necessary to look far in quest of the reason for this seeming lack of interest in the work, which, a short time ago, had its devotees by the thousand, and the photographic press bulged with announcements of salons and club exhibitions, to say nothing of the many other events which the pictorialist had invented in his enthusiasm to place before a more or less appreciative public the result of his work with the camera.

I think it can be truthfully said, and with little fear of contradiction, that interest has not materially subsided, but that it is most difficult, if not quite impossible, for the average pictorialist to devote the time, and—well, money, if it must be mentioned—when the demands on both these essential factors are so heavy, and we have only started on our business of punishing the Hun, and “making the world safe for democracy.”

To do one thing at a time and do it well—or, at least, help to—is quite enough.

After this “de-Kaisering” job is finished, and things “put to rights,” it is not vain to look for a renaissance in all branches of art; and may not the humble pictorialist of the camera feel that he has a place there also, and proceed to occupy it with his old-time vigour?

In the meantime, as the fixed and most important annual event this side of the Atlantic, we have the Pittsburg Salon, that each year continues to show advancing quality and ever-increasing membership, and is undoubtedly the classic in American pictorial photography.

Quite the most ambitious attempt in recent years to effect a working organisation among pictorial photographers at large, but in New York particularly, had its inception in that city in the early days of 1917, under the leadership of Messrs. Clarence H. White, Edward R. Dickson, Karl Struss, and other well-known camera workers. The “Pictorial Photographers of America” plan to include in its membership not only those who produce pictures but all who are interested in the promotion of the art.

It is proposed to arrange travelling exhibitions, furnish lectures, collect and send out to members information concerning all subjects relating to photography, and maintain club rooms in the metropolises.

Any article on photography in the United States would be incomplete that neglected to mention the activity and excellent work of the Pacific Coast Pictorialists. All important exhibitions, both at home and abroad, during the year, have admitted work of the Californians, and frequent reproductions in the magazines attest to the popularity of their pictures.

The Pittsburg Salon has undoubtedly provided the incentive, which, in a measure, is responsible for the heights attained by the western workers, and in return it must be acknowledged that much of the Salon's success is due to their support.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN SCANDINAVIA.

By HENRY B. GOODWIN.



THE first article in this publication on Scandinavian matters, by the present writer, in 1914, only slightly touched on the prominent part the Danish amateurs played in the show of photographic work of the Baltic Exhibition of that year.

This year they have made another great stride, and confirmed their high repute by the success of their Exhibition in the Art Hall of that group of "independent" artists who are called *de Frie*. The Copenhagen Amateurs' Club had succeeded in not only bringing together some striking pictorial prints from the amateur workshops of their own leading men, but in encouraging some provincial clubs to take part and establish their *raison d'etre*.

Of course, what we easily gather from all the reports on the different countries represented in *Photograms*—that the history of our art is not a history of the people cultivating it, but that of a few leading spirits or still more often isolated "cranks"—also proves to be true of our Danish friends. Only there seems to be one characteristic difference, witnessing to the democratic spirit ruling all Danish life: the number of names worth our notice is comparatively large. It is even larger than the analogous number of workers of any ambition worth speaking of in the bigger brother country, Sweden. As to quality and outstanding merit, my impression is that perhaps the best men in Denmark cannot compete with some few Swedish or English amateurs, but there are more men in the small Southern country who arouse interest in their individuality and personal skill than there are men of real ambitions only among us.

Mr. Carl Fredriksen is among the founders of that second federation of pictorial workers which was based on the circulation of a Club Portfolio according to English examples, and this Club also exchanged portfolios with several English societies. The best names from this time, about ten years ago, were Dr. Moeller, the great landscape printer in gum, and Mr. Sigvart Werner, portraitist and explorer of the grand natural beauty of the environs of the Danish capital, who quite recently has collected a series of his portrait work covering the lifetime of his daughter Else from her birth to her middle teens, in a book of striking collotype prints from his bromoils. Men like Th. G. Soerensen, Th. Plum, I. Lindsteen, the brothers Duckert, and the artistically highly gifted but meteor-like Poul Wilde have cultivated all the modern means of expression and put themselves readily under the influence of English amateurs of their time, still keeping to a severe Northern individuality of their own. To this group, of which Werner no doubt is the most serious and most devoted worker in the field of artistic expression by the camera picture, belongs a man whose importance cannot be over-rated—Hanns Waagoe, the editor of the Danish sister journal of *The Amateur Photographer*, with that identical name on the title-page. Mr. Waagoe's many-sidedness, journalistic qualities, and vigour generally qualify him to an eminent degree to arouse the despondent and to conciliate conflicting interests. Quite the opposite of what we have been able to produce in Sweden, this Danish amateurs' paper is a most decidedly popular magazine with a comparatively large circulation. And yet its editor does not pander to the public taste, but caters for the connoisseur first of all.

The president of Koebenhavns Amatoer Klub (the official name of the society) is Mr. Brodersen, a conservative worker as far as his own production goes, and, consequently, of an exclusive turn of mind in his appreciation of certain modern departures in club life and in art life. But there again Mr. Waagoe's stern democratic, advanced ideas, propagated in papers read to the Copenhagen and provincial clubs and through the medium of the journal, proved the more healthy view-point, and now what with Mr. Sigvart Werner's continually increasing fame, Mr. A. Hind's (of Aalborg) eagerness in depicting his country, Captain E. Dalberg's rare skill in bromoil methods, and all the present-day workers' great public success when their Photographic Art Exhibition was opened last Spring, the future seems to be perfectly secured for the general recognition of pictorial principles versus both amateurish snapping and a professional proletariat.

To conclude, it is worth recording that in Denmark, as in Sweden, the Government has opened its eyes to the necessity of scientific and artistic instruction in photographic technique. In connection with the Polytechnic Institute of Copenhagen a permanent class is being instituted for teaching the elements of picture making. Miss Julie Laurberg, the Swedish Court photographer L. Albert, and Mr. Jule Folkman have been appointed teachers, but hitherto only one professed and devoted pictorialist of established fame, Miss Anne Knudstrup (see *Photograms*, 1914) has instructed the class in pictorial work.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN SPAIN.

By JOSE ORTIZ ECHAGUE.



ARTISTIC Exhibitions in Spain during the last year have been many. The National Exhibition of Fine Arts, the Exhibition of French Artists, the Quinquennial Exhibitions of the Fine Arts Club, that of ancient woven fabrics, and many other personal exhibitions have been held in Madrid and Barcelona.

The tendency which we have to record is a good one, namely, that towards small displays and exhibitions, in which a limited number of works—almost always from similar schools—claims the attention of the visitor, and leaves him unfatigued.

This Fine Arts Club, following a very praiseworthy tendency, maintains in the small Exhibition Hall of the Palace Hotel a series of artistic displays which are renewed every fortnight. One of these periods was devoted to photography, but as it was opened without sufficient notice, the number of works was small and the quality of the majority medium, only Salinas, Castedo, Arche, R. Gonzalez, Vallett, and one or two others, submitted works of positive merit. The Exhibition being also organised very late, was very little attended by the public. The "Penalara" Society of Alpinistes organised in the Small Hall of the Ateneo the second Exhibition of Mountain Photography. This Exhibition—better attended—was defectively installed, owing to the smallness of the hall and the low standard allowed in the admission of proofs. Among the latter there were some very interesting and well-executed ones by Eduardo Danis, Arche, Andrada, Castellanos, Tinoco, R. Gonzalez, A. Prats, and others.

The Royal Photographic Society announced an exhibition by youthful photographers, just as last year, which has not yet taken place. This exhibition is to be made up exclusively of works of those youths who attended the courses in Photography given by the Society.

This is a very praiseworthy course, and it is to be hoped that it will be continued in future years. In these courses of theoretical and practical photography the members give lectures, each on his particular speciality, and pupils are admitted quite free without limitation except as to age.

As to general tendencies among our photographic artists, especially amateurs, the chief one we have to point out is the attention that some of those of highest repute among them give to the bromoil process, which is becoming increasingly popular.

In Barcelona publication has been begun of a review of photographic art, entitled "Lux," under the direction of D. José Noria. It is a small journal, very attractive, owing to the care exercised in its publication, and it is to be hoped that later on its proportions, at present very reduced, will be enlarged.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN HOLLAND.

By ADRIAAN BOER.



IT was extremely depressing, that account by my friend Mr. Verster on the position of pictorial photography in Holland in last year's *Photograms*. And with reason. Hostilities have not yet been settled; and though we enjoy the blessings of peace, we don't miss the pressure of the war, which envelops us on all sides and which is daily increasing. Does the quality of our pictures rise? A different question to answer.

The Dutchman, though a fellow with distinct feelings for pictorial matters, is too good a merchant to cultivate a hobby without the prospect of making it pay. This belongs specially to the professional photographers, who in pre-war days used to give a good deal of attention to pictorial work, which was exhibited at home and abroad and frequently sold at reasonable prices. By the shortage and high prices of materials, scarcity of assistants, and failing of a good market, our professionals have hanged their harps on the willows, "work hard for their daily bread," and are hoping for better times.

And though the professional men and a good many of the older workers may fail, the walls of our exhibitions show pictorial work of a sound and progressive character. This was clearly demonstrated at the last yearly Salon of the Delft Polytechnic College exhibition, where, for the pictorial section, from about 300 works offered, some more than 100 were accepted from 34 exhibitors, about two-thirds of whom were nearly or quite new names.

Among these new exhibitors there were several workers who in the future surely will help to hold up the reputation of Dutch pictorial photography abroad.

Special attention must be drawn to the works of the members of the photographic society, *Gelria*, at Arnhem, which in the last few years has become a centre of pictorial workers under the leadership of Mr. P. M. G. M. van Haaren. From this society the works of Mr. van Haaren, Mrs. J. W. Frowein, C. J. Evekink Busgers, and D. J. de Jongh are of special merit. Another new worker, Mr. D. Blank, of Utrecht, specialising in woodland scenery, in bromoil, must be mentioned; also Mr. C. Ulrich, of Rotterdam, and Mr. L. F. Wiegman, Den Haag.

The oil processes, from which bromoil was first introduced here by the paper *Focus*, is becoming very popular now, and the majority of exhibition pictures are made in this process, which is known here as "Pigmogravure," a name that we think is a little more pleasing than bromoil. In this process some trials in colour

were shown, in natural and in subjective conception, in style of the older German multiple prints in combination gum.

We may conclude, therefore, that pictorial photography in Holland, though suffering from the difficulties of the present times, has not gone under, and may flourish richer and stronger than ever in the future when peace on earth shall have found its way again.

About exhibitions there is not much to tell.

Besides the yearly Salon at Delft, the big Netherlands Amateur Photographic Society is giving its annual exhibition, which, by postponement of date, is to be in the first months of the present year. The prospects are very good.

The Rotterdam Amateur Photographic Society intends to hold an important exhibition, for which the entrées shall not have to pass a jury, but shall be quite free, for invited exhibitors.

Regretfully there is to be mentioned the decease of the Nederlandsche Club voor Fotokunst, a society specialising in the artistic direction only. As may be known in England, this Society has done very much to bring Dutch pictorial photography to the front. The fairly small number of members (in the most favourable times about forty), spread over the whole country, made regular meetings practically impossible. The big Netherlands Amateur Photographic Society, which originally gave more attention to technical matters, is now also noticing pictorial work, and is arranging an annual exhibition.







FANTASY.

By MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT (LONDON).



THE FRIEZE.

BY THE EARL OF CARNARVON LONDON.



PORTRAIT OF MISS ST. P.

BY JAMES N. BCOLITTLE (CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.).



MEDITATION.

BY H. MORTIMER LAMB (CANADA).



THE LITTLE BUILDER. Portrait of George Saint-George, Esq.

By FURLEY LEWIS (LONDON).



SUR LA POINTE.

BY MRS. M. PEARSON (LONDON).



THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.

BY ALLEN KEIGHLEY (KEIGHLEY).



THE BUBBLE.

BY ARTHUR F. KALES (CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.)



A COUNTRY FAIR.

By FRANK H. READ (LONDON).



LITTLE WOMEN.

BY DONALD J. BUTCHER (FRINTON).



TOYS.

BY HUGO VAN WADENOYEN, JESK.



THE GARDEN PATH.

BY MISS ALICE BOUGHTON (NEW YORK, U.S.A.).



HER GRANDMOTHER.

By H. YAHAGI (JAPAN).



BLACK VELVET.

By HUGH CECIL (LONDON).



L'EMIR.

By C. MAMLOUK (EGYPT).



MOROS EN FRAJE DE FRETTA.

By J. ORTIZ ECHAGUE (SPAIN).



THE HILL TOP.

BY W H PORTERFIELD (BUFFALO, U.S.A.).



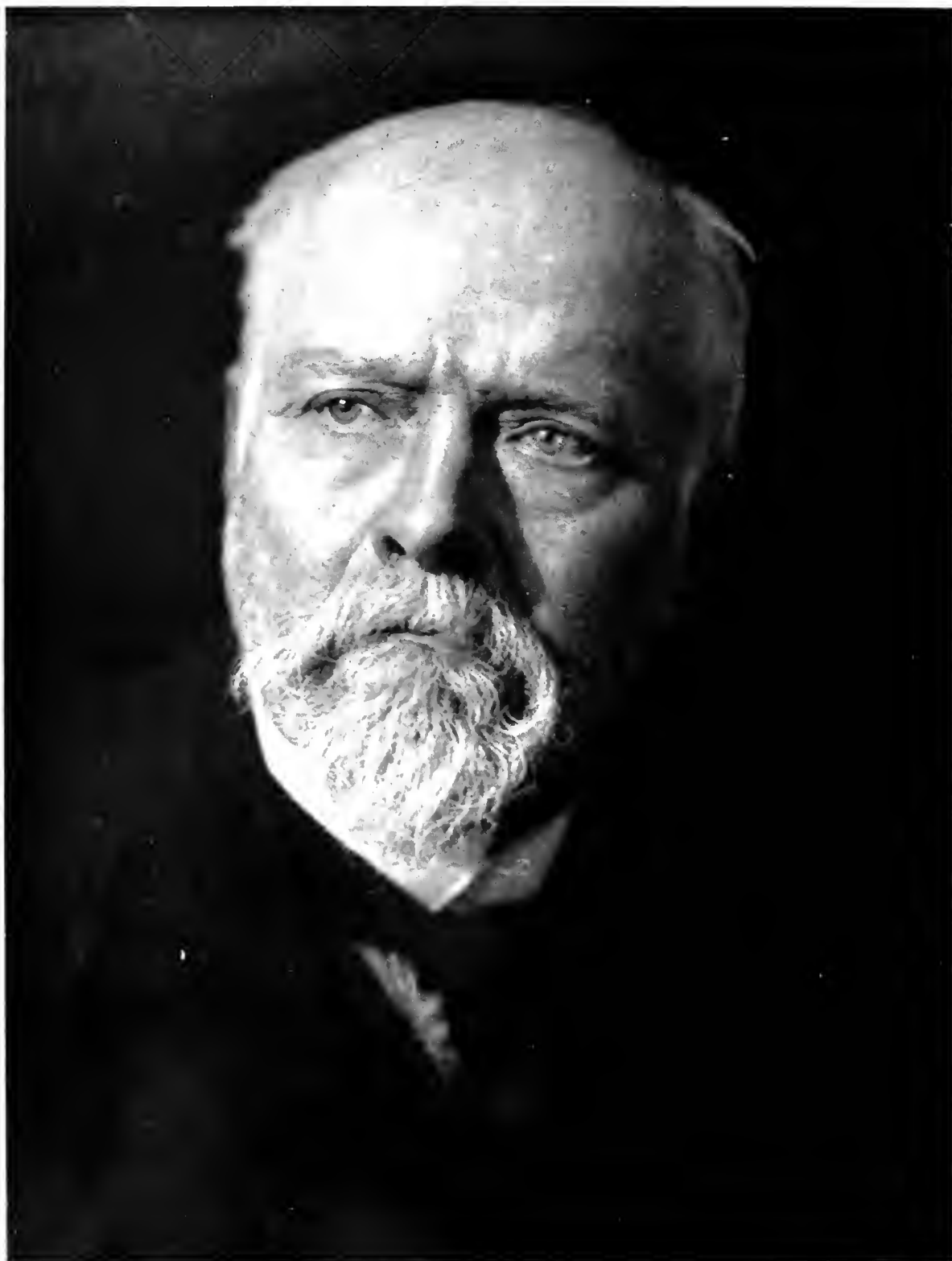
SWAN-SONG

(Dedicated to the Youth of the World who have given their lives for an Ideal)

By
WILLIAMINA PARRISH
(St. Louis, U.S.A.)



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, SMITHFIELD -FROM AISLE TO ALTAR. BY FREDERICK H. EVANS LONDON



FRANK FENNER, ESQ.

BY H. ESSENGHILL CORKE (SEVENOARS.)



THE CASTLE OF HARBURG.

BY JAMES MCKISSACK (GLASGOW).



CHILD WITH A BOOK.

BY WM. HAROLD HOUSE (SEVENOAKS).



SYLFID (JENNY HASSELQUIST).

BY HENRY BUERGEL GOODWIN (SWEDEN.)



PORTRAIT OF MISS DENTRA BALDWIN.

By E. H. WESTON (CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.).



THE REST HOUR.

By CLARENCE H. WHITE (New York, U.S.A.)



MARGA.

BY ANGUS BASH (LONDON).



THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

BY FRED R. ARCHER (CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.).



QUAI DE PARIS, ROUEN.

By JOHN H. ANDERSON (LONDON.)



THE FERRY BOAT.

BY J. H. COATSWORTH. EGYPT.



A DESERT CARAVAN.

BY H. F. CANTY. PERSIA.



CLOUDY JUNE.

By JOHN M. WHITEHEAD (ALVA).



MY SUMMER COTTAGE.

By IVAR NORDLUND (SWEDEN).



THE STROLLERS.

By JOHN PAUL EDWARDS (CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.).



UNDER THE BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY.

By W. G. FITZ (PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.).



THE LIGHTED COURT.

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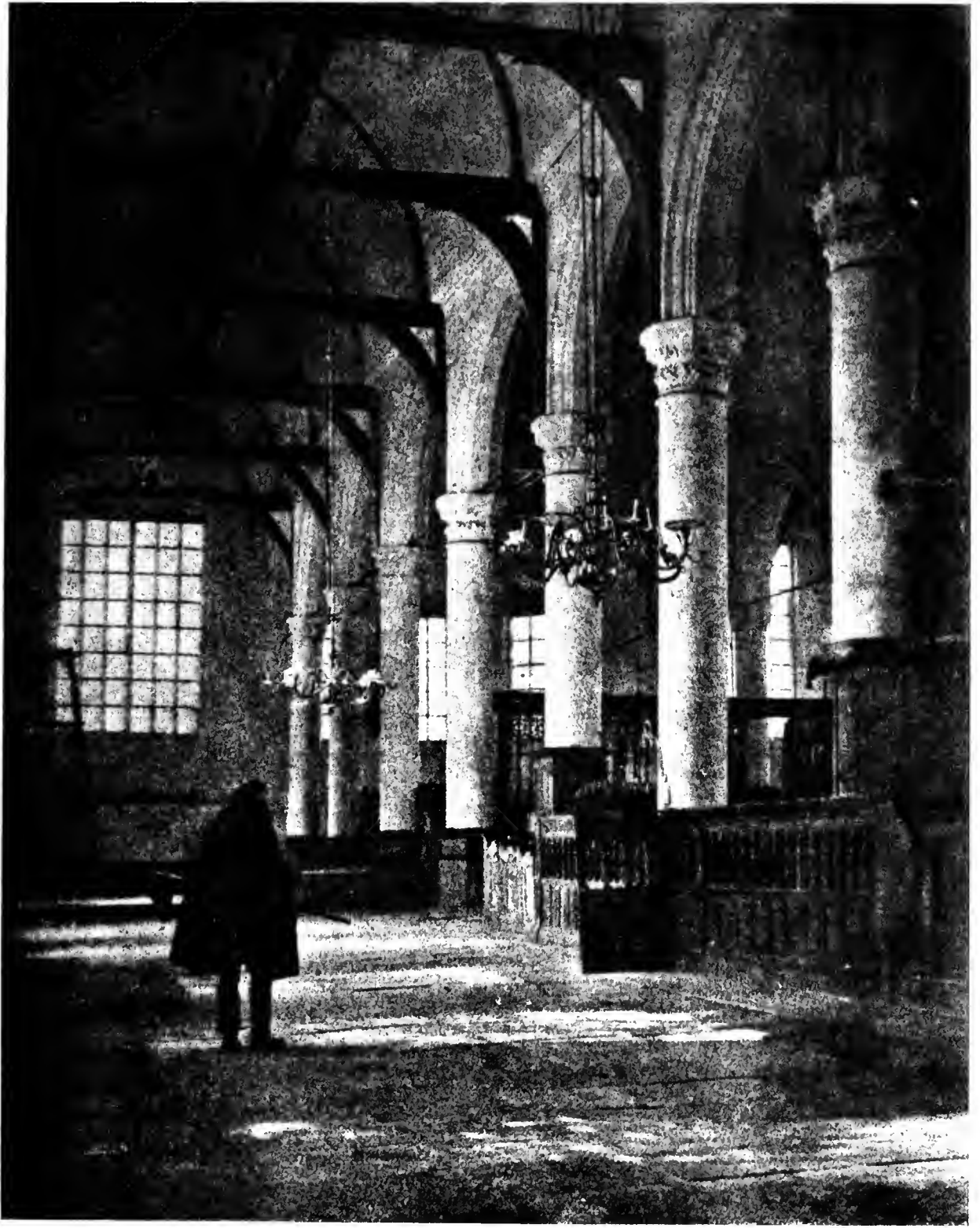
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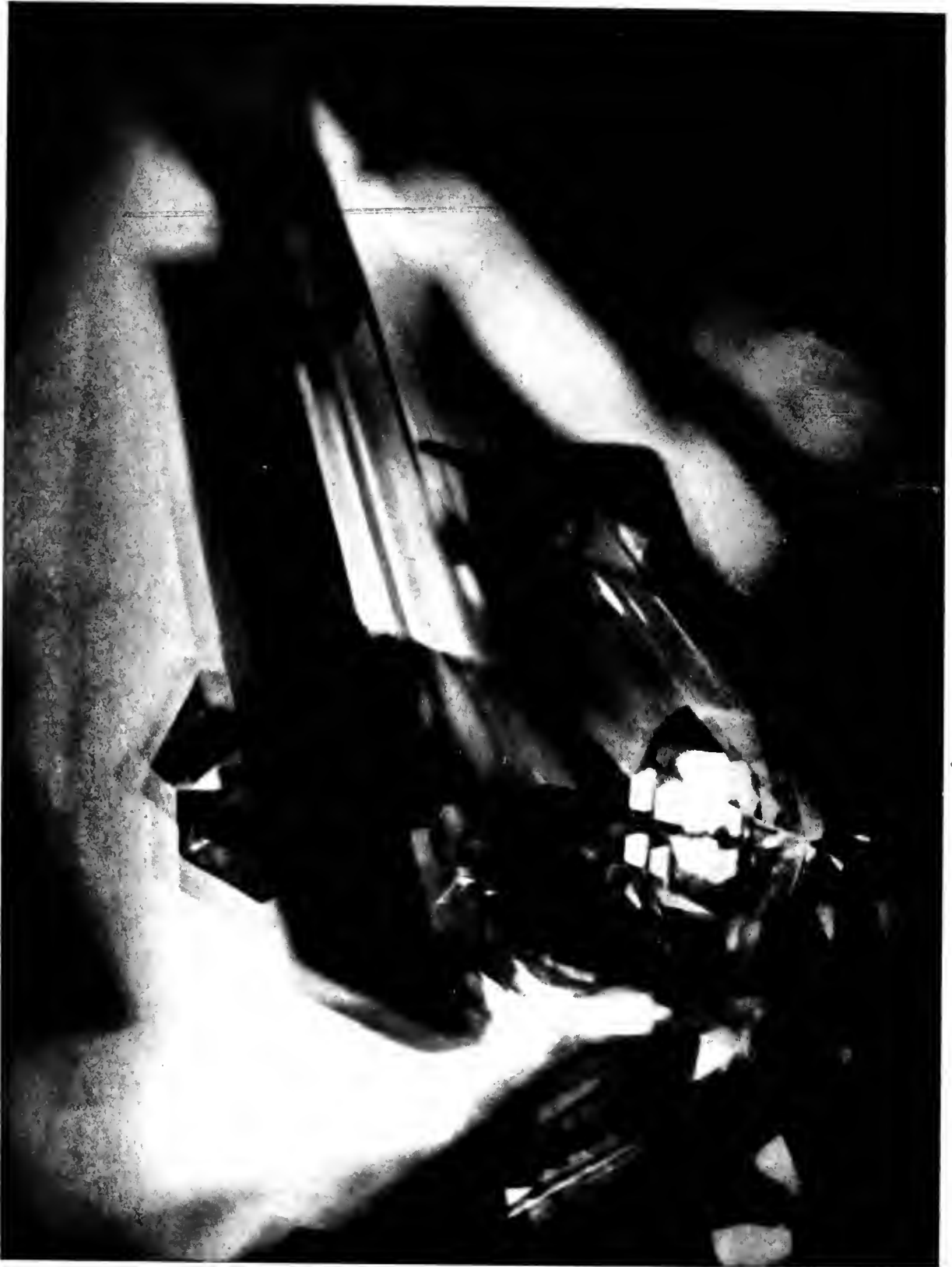
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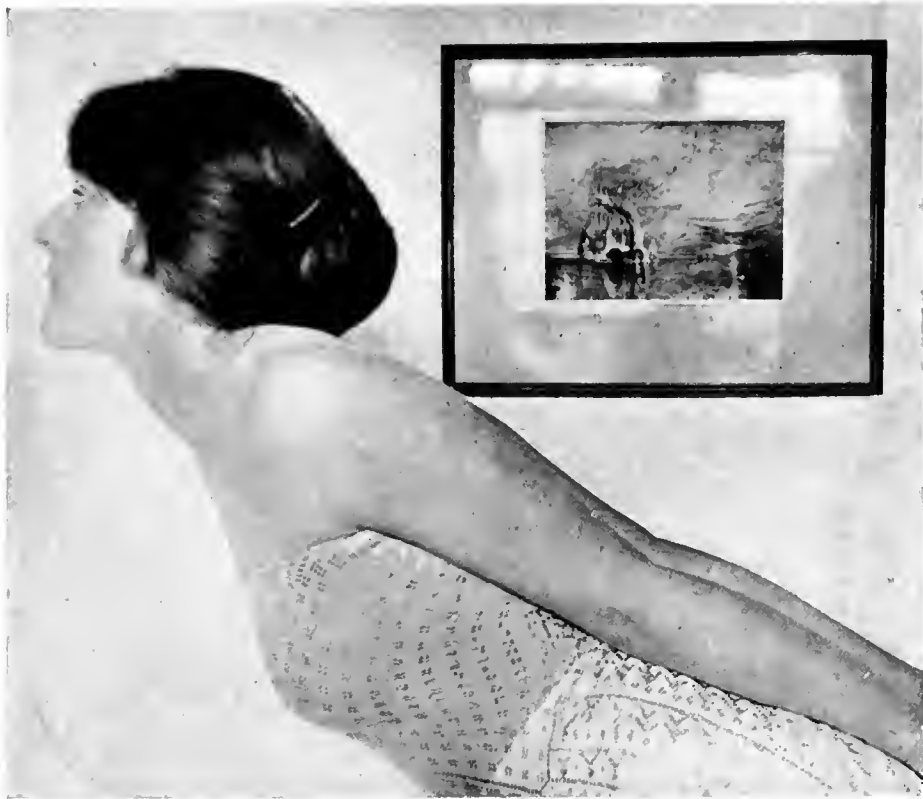
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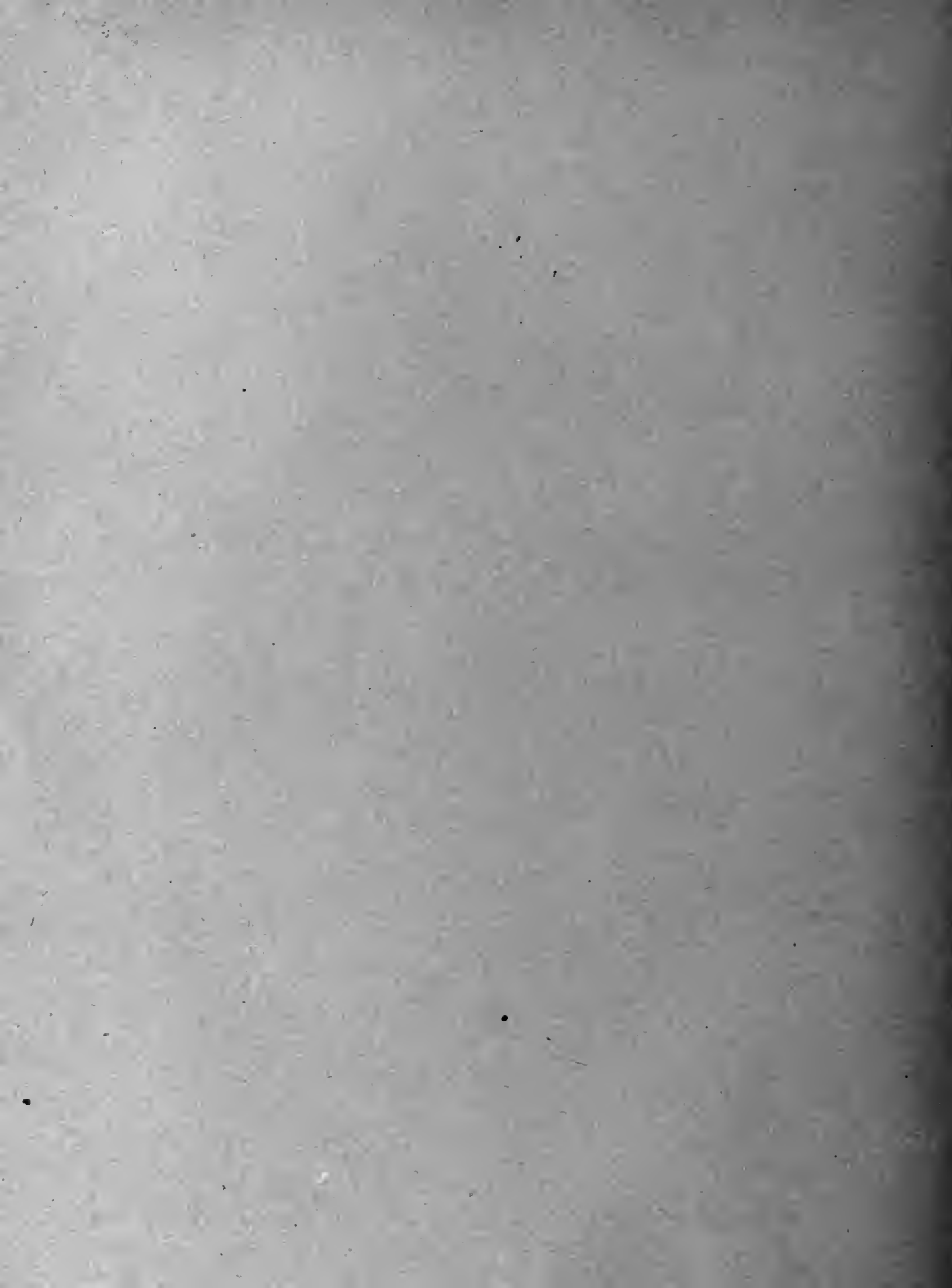
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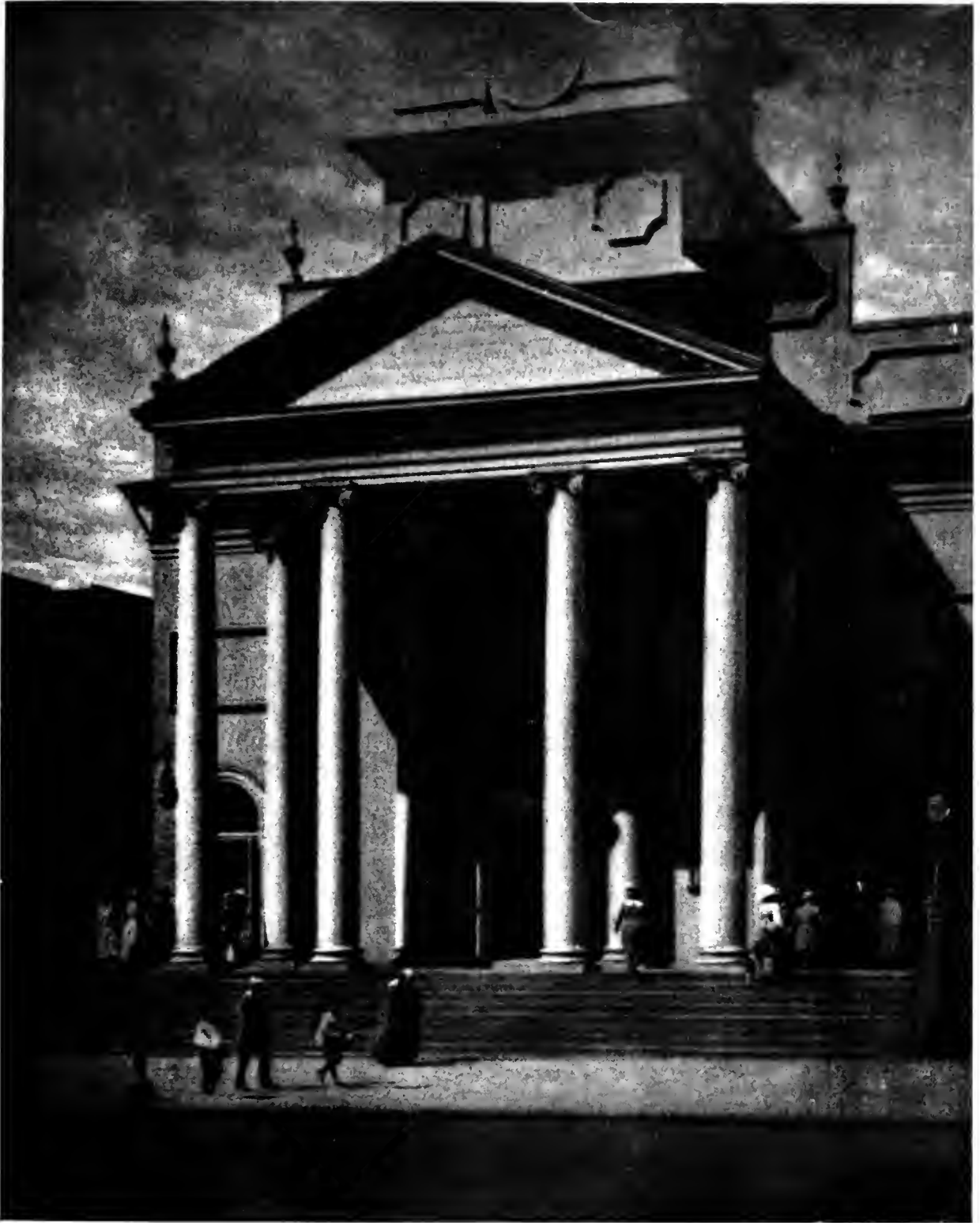
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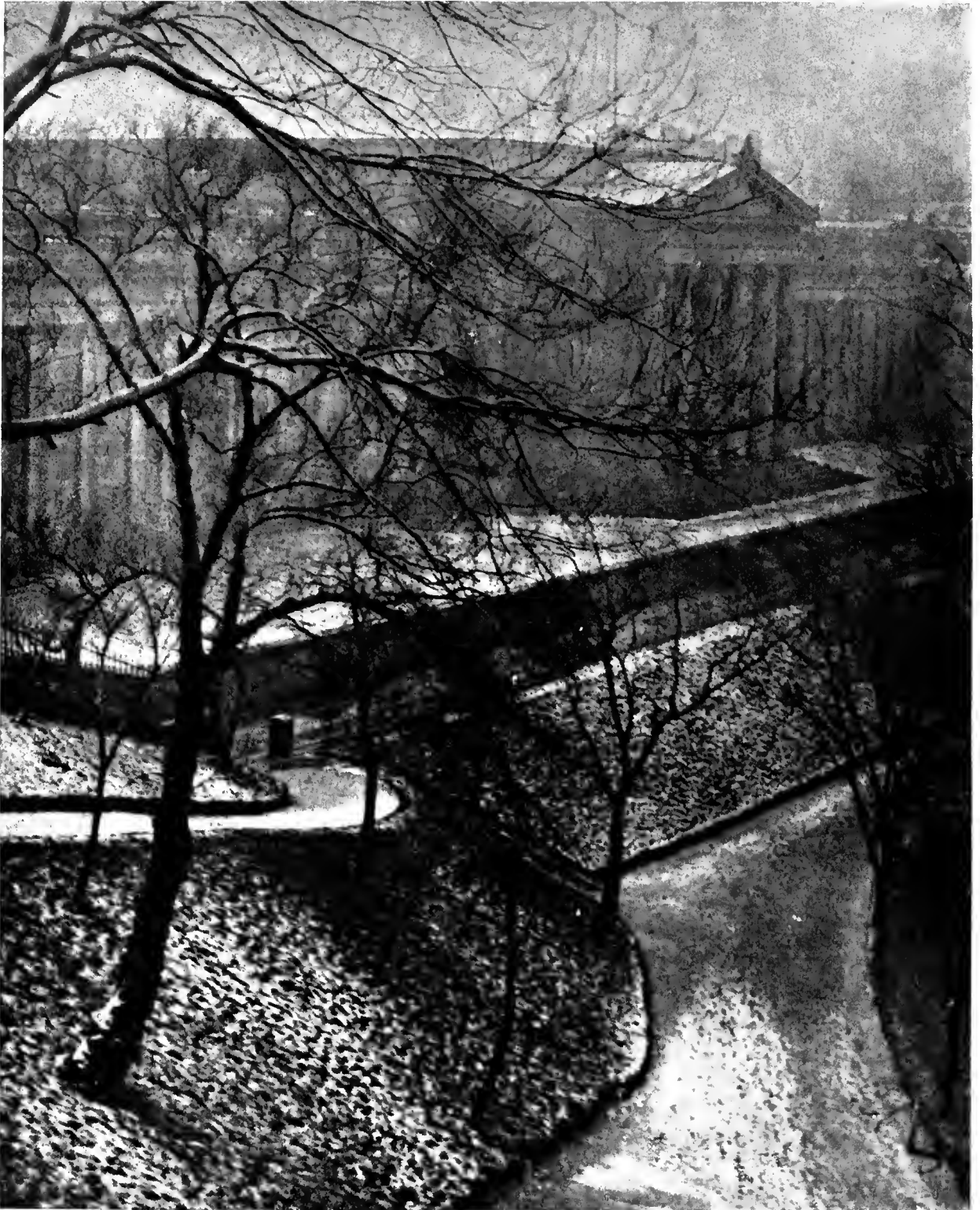
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Imperial Notes

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Editorial.

You may not care particularly for the length of *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, or *Rob Roy*. Mention of *The Lady of the Lake* may bring back the long-gone days when you used to parse it laboriously at school. But Sir Walter Scott, the man, was greater far than all his writings. Sir Walter was a prodigious worker. Once he started a task he knew no rest until it was finished. Overtaken by disaster in his printing venture, he simply redoubled his efforts and gave freely of his very life until he retrieved his fortunes. That huge novel, *Guy Mannering*, he completed in six weeks.

Carlyle is another example of Perseverance. The MSS. of the first volume of Carlyle's *French Revolution* was regarded by a maid-of-all-work as fit matter with which to light the kitchen fire. Did Carlyle succumb to such a blow? Not he! Forthwith he resolutely set himself to re-writing the book.

Doubtless there are stories of a great tenacity of purpose among some of the best-known workers in pictorial photography. Certain it is that here, as in other arts, "doggedness does it."

Did you ever stop to consider the all-powerful force behind nearly all successful pictorial photographs?

It is Perseverance. A noted pictorial photographer has said that every good pictorial photograph represents scores of failures. You may imagine, he suggested, while gazing at the successful pictures on an exhibition wall, a score of brother pictures—all of them "failures" from the point of view either of art or of technique.


Those who, glancing at the beautiful photographs in "Photograms of the Year," envy and marvel, should probably carry that fact in mind. Every good worker has experienced his rebuffs, and seen his efforts come to naught.

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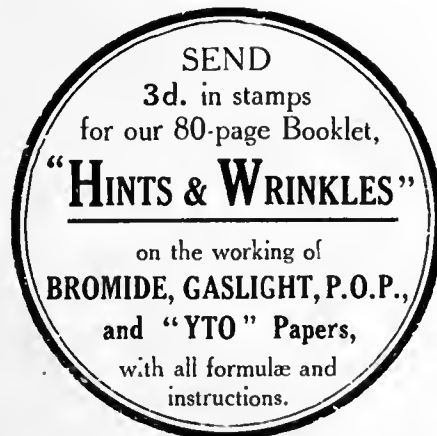
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THE PURSE OF

FORTUNATUS. By M. NESBIT.

EVERY child and every grown-up is familiar with that most alluring of fairy stories, Prince Fortunatus and His Magic Purse. How it was never empty. How it was always handy at the right moment, and how, whenever the fortunate owner wanted to give alms, pay a bill, or buy anything he just fancied, there was the right amount that he wished for in the purse. Fancy having a purse like that in these hard times! Fancy being able to get those little things you want so badly but which have to be forgone because you haven't the money and must economise. Fancy—but stop! Is it fancy? Has it ever occurred to you that you have a Purse of Fortunatus? You have a camera. You have negatives. You can make prints.

One's desires, alas, nowadays, must all too frequently be subservient to one's purse. In my own case many desires have been quelled by necessity, and it was not until I realised that my camera was indeed a Purse of Fortunatus that many possibilities were made probabilities, and probabilities were made certainties. Once having had the right course pointed out to me, the road became clear and difficulties vanished. So soon as I was convinced that photographs were wanted by the papers and that the papers were prepared to pay for them, my camera and my stock of negatives took on a different aspect in my eyes. Two years ago my eyes were opened. How, I will tell you how later, but in the meantime I will relate just one of the ways by which I turned my plates and films into cheques and Treasury notes.

A preliminary overhaul of my negatives did not seem to disclose much that could be called strictly topical. Yet I soon discovered that there were many that could be made topical, and there were many records of happy holiday grounds of the past. Subjects that were concerned with the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, were also separated, and so on with a variety of other subjects that I had discovered could be turned to account when the right time arrived.

I then made prints. But here I must say at once that I realised that anyone who attempts to make money with his camera, in the way that I have, must go about the job in a businesslike manner. I do not mean by this that he must make a business of the work, to the neglect of his other vocations—far from it. But he must bear in mind that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. I therefore decided that my prints should be as perfect as I could make them, and, moreover, they should be presented in the manner which I had discovered would make them appeal to the attention of the editors who would see them.

These prints, some of them small enlargements on glossy bromide paper, were all carefully trimmed and properly labelled with a full description, and my name and address. A deliberate onslaught on a plan prepared for me was then made on the illustrated press generally.

About half a dozen prints were chosen for each selected paper, and when all was ready they were sent the rounds. At first, before I fully realised the idea I had been told to work out, many came back, but some were accepted, and regularly for a month I sent a series every week.

I then took stock. Twelve packets each week at threepence per packet meant twelve shillings in the month. As the prints doubled their parts, those that were returned were repacked and sent in another direction. The total cost of printing material was therefore less than a pound.

In the first round five prints were accepted at half a guinea apiece. My total outlay for the month, therefore, was well covered. During the other three weeks the average of acceptances increased, and at the end of the first month I was ten

pounds in pocket. It was not until six weeks later that I was able to spare the time to make another batch of prints and repeat the process, with even better results. The pictures were altered to suit the seasons, and were added to from new negatives of

subjects that I learnt were good sellers, and in some cases combination printing, such as the addition of clouds to otherwise plain skies over certain subjects, helped to sell the pictures to those papers that took non-topical stuff.

The ambition to make a definite sum for a certain purpose—no less than one hundred and twenty guineas—now became a fixed idea in my mind. In less than two years the sum was made and my object was achieved, but my eyes having been opened to the possibilities of my Fortunatus Purse, it is not likely that the lessons learnt and the experience gained will be thrown away. The path was too pleasant and the reward too tempting to abandon the journey.

You may ask how the idea to apply my amateur photographic knowledge to a definite and remunerative purpose first arose. The course of instruction given by the Practical Correspondence College of 15, Thanet House, Strand, W.C., was the key that unlocked the golden gate and enabled me to find such treasure-trove among my negatives.

When I think of the vast stores of negatives that must be in the cupboards of the amateurs of this country, I am convinced that it only needs a little instruction of the right kind to turn them into cash. To all amateur photographers, therefore, who read these lines, I can give this advice. Write to Mr. Vincent Lockwood of the P.C.C. at the above address, send him six of your prints, tell him your photographic experience, and ask for a criticism of the prints and particulars of the postal course of instruction. He will advise you in his reply as to your prospects, and I am convinced that if you possess a Purse of Fortunatus he will find it and help to open it for you.

Until you have proved for yourself the truth of what I have told you, you may not believe that editors really desire, and pay for, photographs from amateur photographers. But they do!

Every editor of a picture paper needs such photographs, and his appetite for them is insatiable. The editor of a picture paper, for instance, may be full up with short stories or articles, and often puts in little notes begging authors not to send in any more, but you never see paragraphs asking people not to send in any more photographs! No, he can't get enough pictures of the kind he wishes to publish.

The purse exists right enough. Can it become yours? Some amateur photographers have discovered this purse, and keep mighty quiet about it, because they want to make it yield all the half-guineas they can. Literally hundreds of pounds are paid out every week in reproduction fees for photographs, there is no reason why there shouldn't be twice as many freelance press photographers in the field.

People who do not see many illustrated papers and journals have no idea what a lot they could do in this direction, even in a period like the present. The camera may have been laid aside, but what does that matter? You have plenty of negatives stowed away in boxes, and dozens of subjects are probably saleable if you only know which to print and send in.

Gaslight and bromide paper is cheap enough, and you can probably make enough gaslight prints during the next few months to earn more money from photography than you have ever spent on your hobby. Isn't it worth while to prove your own ability by submitting six prints for a free criticism? The Purse of Fortunatus is so valuable in these days of high prices and heavy taxation.

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