

ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED BY AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

WITH all efforts to be careful, the most zealous student will sometimes make the mistake, while uncapping, of holding the cap within the range of the lens. The result is a dark shadow which completely veils the whole or a portion of his picture, as in illustration No. 1. It is well, when uncapping, to draw the cap quickly down below the lens—thus avoiding the chance of such an accident; but it is better still to have a shutter placed over the lens, which can be done at a reasonable cost, and thus leave the mind free from the necessity of this precaution.

The same dark shadow is also produced by inadvertently allowing the focusing cloth to dip or fall over the lens after the cap has been removed. Many otherwise fine pictures have been ruined by thoughtlessness like this.

While upon the subject of uncapping the lens I would mention another thoughtless error that I have sometimes seen made. I have been with amateurs who have focused the picture, replaced the cap upon the lens, draw the slide from the plate-holder, timed the exposure, returned the slide to the plate-holder, and in their anxiety to obtain a very beautiful result have entirely forgotten to uncapp the lens. In most of these instances I have noted the error, remained quiet, and informed the operator only when the plate was being developed. This was done on my part more thoroughly to impress the error on the mind of the operator.

VIII—Doubling, or Taking Two Pictures on One Plate.

The amateur who has not experienced this ludicrous effect of his carelessness will perhaps not appreciate the present chapter.

Think of having spent several hours tramping over hill and dale, and focusing carefully some charming prospects, only to discover when the plates are developed that two lovely but distinctly unlike pictures appear, to the utter destruction of each other, upon one negative. Your time and labor, as well as your plates, in such cases, have been wasted. Yet this is not an uncommon occurrence even among professionals. To avoid it, number your plate-holders consecutively, from one upward, and place them in their respective order when loading your box. When you expose these plates always begin at the lowest number, and immediately after the exposure is made jot it down in a handy memorandum book.

Another excellent plan is to have marked upon the rim of the slide—not upon the body of the slide, as a white painted letter would be liable to rub off to cause an imprint upon the negative—the word "exposed." By this means the holders, when loaded, have the black edge in the front, after they have been exposed will make the fact apparent by the painted word.

Should you use a roll film, do not fail to turn the spool immediately after taking a picture. Make it your habit to do this on all occasions, and you will escape the disappointing experiences illustrated by plate No. 8.

IX—Halo or Ghost.

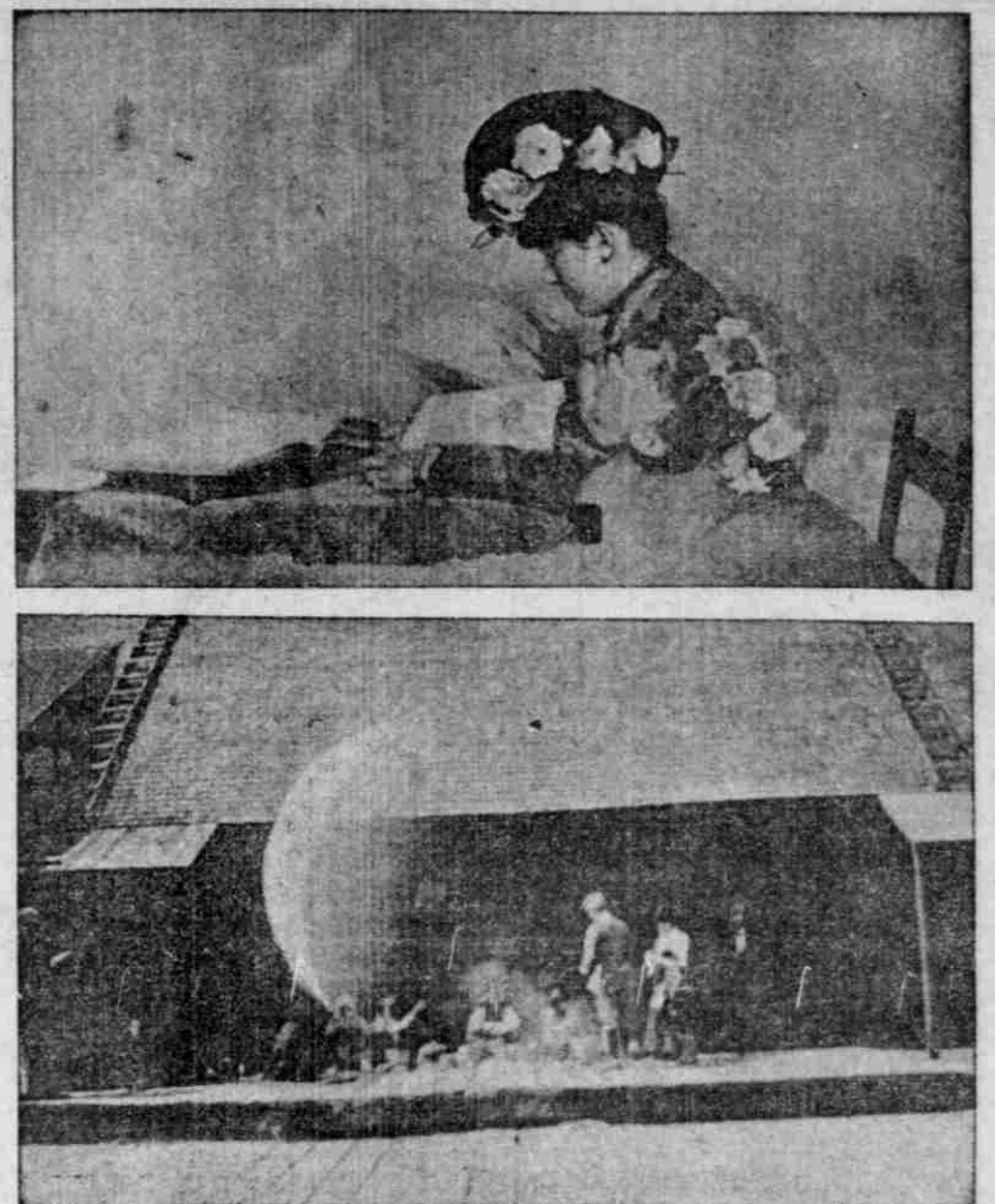
This appearance is not of frequent occurrence, and is peculiar to the work of

CHARLES M. TAYLOR TELLS HOW NOVICES MAY KEEP AWAY FROM DISAPPOINTMENTS BY EXERCISING A LITTLE CARE



NO. VII—TOO DEEP A SHADOW.

NO. X—SHADOW OF OPERATOR.



(UPPER)—NO. VIII—TWO PICTURES ON ONE PLATE. (LOWER)—NO. IX—HALO OR GHOST.

amateurs and beginners. It is caused by light, either reflected or direct, falling upon the lens of the camera. Sometimes, after all your precautions, this ghost, as it is called, will steal in and rob you of a perfect picture.

Inspect carefully all conditions before uncapping, and make sure that no light

direct or reflected, falls upon the lens. Sometimes the sun shining upon a window pane will cast a reflection upon the lens and evoke the ghost.

X—The Shadow of the Operator. The appearance of this upon the negative would be impossible if the picture were made at noon or thereabouts, when the

sun is overhead; but it must be guarded against when the rays of light are slanting and objects cast long streaks of shadow. I have seen many valuable studies spoiled by neglecting these principles. The operator generally becomes so engrossed in his work that he forgets to consider the position of his double. Should his

shadow not come within the limits of the picture to be taken it would not interfere with the success of his photograph, but when it encroaches upon the view he is about to represent, as in plate No. 10, the picture is spoiled.

To prevent the presence of this intruder, make your exposures about the time of

the sun's meridian, or place your camera at the side of the subject, or increase the distance between the camera and the object to be photographed.

It is to be remembered that, should you make your exposures about the time of the sun's meridian, your results will be more flat and lifeless than if made at an-

other time of the day, either before or after the noon hour.

It is desirable to have your subject well lighted and well modeled in shade; this gives character and effect to the picture. It is very monotonous to the eye to view a landscape flat in color and void of contrast as regards effects in light and shade.

WHO "ELIZABETH" IS

Identity of the Woman Who Writes Charming Letters to Nell, Revealed.

WHO is "Elizabeth?" This question has come many times to members of the Oregonian staff the past three months from readers to whom Elizabeth's letters appeal. They ask: Where does she live? Are her letters "made up" or are they genuine? Is she a new-comer or an old-timer? An amateur or a professional writer? Does she write her own experiences or record those of others? Are the incidents she sets down inventions or actual happenings? Is she a Portland woman or is her home in the country? Is she young or mature?

To answer these questions summarily, be it said that "Elizabeth" is exactly who she says she is—the wife of a farmer in the Coast Range of mountains about 100 miles from Portland, and at least a day's journey from the nearest postoffice. Her letters indicate that she has lived in Oregon about a year and a half. No one about the Oregonian office is acquainted with her personally, and, if she ever wrote for publication before, she has not mentioned the fact. It would seem that "Elizabeth" is past 25, though she may be younger or older. She is very diffident, and she has declared most positively that, except for the protection of a non descript name, she would have been obliged to abandon her correspondence with "Nell."

No doubt many readers of the Sunday Oregonian who look forward with pleasure to her letters missed her first contribution. It is republished today merely to show "Elizabeth's" wild environment. Apologizing in a private note to the office last winter for a long gap between letters, "Elizabeth" told of her isolation and the almost impassable roads, and mentioned incidentally that for four months she had not spoken to a soul except "Tom" and the men on the ranch. It was this lack of association with their own kind that impelled them to give human names to animals and fowls.

Several weeks ago when there was promise of fine weather and good roads, the Sunday editor wrote to "Elizabeth" asking her to give the route to her home, so that a reporter might reach it to interview her and get a picture of her home and her portrait to use as a vignette with it. This is her answer:

Your letter of the 11th, received on the 18th, has murdered my sleep for the past two nights—not the complimentary part, but that talk of the "sending of a bright reporter" to a story of "Elizabeth" and her home and of herself. Ye gods! I can hardly think "on it and live." If this "penalty of excess," then give me failure, say, even death, try me with nothing in all this world could be more distasteful to me, and you would believe me if you knew my natural timidity and horror of publicity. But for the sake of the plum, I could never have written a line. I have "no story for the public and no picture."

When about 12 years of age, I had a picture taken which very successfully suggested my aspirations along that line. That was my first and last.

Elizabeth as a "vignette." Heaven! How could I sleep under such a "vignette" possibility? I had to look up "vignette" in the dictionary—a picture which vanishes gradually at the edge. I liked the vanishing feature, only when you make mine, please start the vanishing effect from the center.

No, Elizabeth is like the Southern Confederacy. All she asks is to be let alone in her little old house up in the wilderness. She was born to black unsex and she gravely entreats you that "you will not press down this crown of thorns upon the brow of labor," and I am going to ask as a special favor that you write at once and tell me so. Truly, the very thought of it makes me so uncomfortable and so foolishly nervous that I shall not be able to bestir another letter to "Nell" until you have lifted the pall.

Last September Elizabeth submitted her first letter, with the following modest note addressed to the editor:

Will you, by kindly reading the accompanying MS., ascertain if it be worthy a place in your columns? It is possessed of

at least one merit—that of being a real experience. And now the readers of the Sunday Oregonian know as much about "Elizabeth" as those who publish and pay for her contributions, except her name—which doesn't matter.

Here is:

ELIZABETH'S FIRST LETTER.

MY Dear Nell—You write that you were amazed to hear that we had sold our comfortable city homes, bundled our household possessions into a freight car, and had whirled off to Oregon with the foolish and pastoral notion of locating on ranches, and that you had indignantly said: "The whole quartet must be as mad as March hares to do such a reckless thing at their time of life." The allusion to lunacy may be forgiven; to age, never. We may not be so young as we used to be, but are not yet quite in our dotage.

Don't you know, my friend, that monotony is stagnation and death, to the middle-aged? They need change of scene and the novelty and excitement that comes with it. The tonic of fresh fields and pastures new is both stimulating and rejuvenating, and the Oregon air is an intoxicant like wine, so fresh and exhilarating. We drank it in with praise and thanksgiving. Tom says his lungs have expanded to such a degree that he feels quite pigeon-breasted.

You ask if we have found our ranch? Do you like it? We are delighted with it. How did you find it? Rather strangely; last Summer, in a purely accidental way, there drifted to us a little pamphlet from a real estate agent, in which we learned more than we had ever known of the beautiful and attractive Oregon. We read of her many glorious, snow-capped mountains, of great, dim forests, of sparkling, trout-laden streams, of wooded hills and fertile blossoming valleys, of swiftly flowing rivers, and the many fern-shaded, vine-clad springs of cool, delicious water, gushing from rock and hillside, etc. From that hour the virus was in our blood. We said: Let us no longer stand shivering upon the brink; let us close our eyes to all doubts and forebodings, "trust to luck and stare fate in the face." And so the leap into the unknown was taken, landing us in a small town here, in the height of the rainy season. Then "under skies that were black as sober," began the search for our new homes. It was like searching for the golden fleece.

Hunting for a Home.

In response to an inquiry concerning real estate agents, strange coincidence—the first name suggested was one familiar to me as the author of the little book which, through its eloquence had led us across mountains, plains and desert to the promised land. We at once took possession of the only vacant cottage in the town, a small, leaky-roofed cottage, in which we learned more than we had ever known of the beautiful and attractive Oregon. We read of her many glorious, snow-capped mountains, of great, dim forests, of sparkling, trout-laden streams, of wooded hills and fertile blossoming valleys, of swiftly flowing rivers, and the many fern-shaded, vine-clad springs of cool, delicious water, gushing from rock and hillside, etc. From that hour the virus was in our blood. We said: Let us no longer stand shivering upon the brink; let us close our eyes to all doubts and forebodings, "trust to luck and stare fate in the face." And so the leap into the unknown was taken, landing us in a small town here, in the height of the rainy season. Then "under skies that were black as sober," began the search for our new homes. It was like searching for the golden fleece.

On a Rough Road.

A dense fog prevailed as we left the village, for which we were then rather grateful, as it proved an effective screen for our disreputable exit. We were hoping it might rise later, as there were fine views en route of Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters; but instead of dissipating it gradually thickened, until we were enveloped in a heavy, gray vapor, giving us a strange sense of isolation. All landmarks vanished, the world slipped away; we seemed adrift on a "wide, wide sea." We could see absolutely nothing, but out patient, striding horses, and occasionally the dim outlines of an old rail fence. Upon one, like a lone sentry, sat a great brown owl, motionless and rigid as if cast in bronze. Once from a near-by field came the clear voice of a meadow lark, strangely sweet—those gliding notes floating up from that misty obscurity. We had started out in the morning quite hilariously, but as the difficulties and dangers of the road increased, talk grew desultory, and at last we rode in grim silence. The mud seemed bottomless, and the never-ending hills—some almost perpendicular. With locked wheels we simply slid down those, only to crawl up others, lurching into yawning

chuckholes with such violence the kerosene splashed and the green horse swayed from side to side as if a cyclone had struck it. It was at such times that Mary's lamp shade got in its murderous work. Glaring her way through the fog, I saw that remonstrances were futile. Her feet were planted on the horse collar, her lips closed with Napoleonic firmness, her hat jammed over one eye, the other glaring with a high resolve to carry intact to its goal that lamp-shade, though every living friend and relative fell by the way-side. As we advanced, the woods grew denser, the road curving around narrow mountain ledges, above deep, dark canyons, where, crowding close, tier upon tier, in watchful guardianship, stood the somber sentinels. A slip of a foot or two and we would have been hurled into the bottomless pit. A native Oregonian may serpentine his way nonchalantly on the edge of these craters, but to a tenderfoot they bring pimple of gooseflesh, as night brings out the stars. For miles our advance seemed only characterized by a succession of shudders. Twice did we ford mountain streams swollen by recent rains until they had become tumbling, boiling cataracts, with currents dangerously swift. These streams had rocky beds, and our old rail quivered and creaked on its stormy passage. As the foaming waves leaped for us, I shut tight my eyes, doubled up my toes and thought—well, at last, the end has come. When the rush of water ceased, I felt that we were scrambling up the opposite bank, and, opening my eyes, saw the dripping horses once more upon terra firma. Like the ranks of Tuzenay, I could "scarce forbear to cheer."

I am sorry, Nell, to take leave of you in the fog and gloom of the forest, with night coming on; but the night of this day is coming alone, and with it Tom, striding down our woody hill like a hardy Norseman, upon his shoulder his shining ax gleaming as did "Excalibur" of old. That he is ravenously hungry goes without saying. Ever since we came to these shores his appetite has been as a worm that never dieth. In my next letter I shall conduct you to the heater of our ranch, but now epistolary pleasures must give way for culinary duties. Yours ever, from "Where rolls the Oregon," ELIZABETH.

September, 1922.

They drove up one day and back the next, passing the intervening night in the old deserted home. Finally, on the 13th of January, in the presence of a heavy rain, came the morning of our release from the leaky, dismal and now empty cottage. The last load was vanishing down the street. At the door stood our newly acquired survey—a second-hand one, I hasten to say, Nell, lest you begin to think up a lecture on extravagance—a queer-looking, old thing, not unlike a palanquin when it is being carried by two men. As we stowed ourselves away within its gloomy interior, the school children, at the risk of tardy marks, halted to witness the imposing start, nodding one another and giggling hilariously. By the way, if the Atkinson Globe man is still inquiring what has become of the children whose names require attention, we are prepared to give him definite information. We started out with Tom holding the lines and a yard of breakfast bacon, while his knees clasped a five-gallon can of kerosene. Bert was clinging desperately to a chicken, a sugar-cured ham, and a huge loaf of rose-cutting. He sat so embowered in green leaves that he much resembled a May Queen. Mary breathed heavily under the pressure of eight pounds of best creamery butter and a kerosene lamp, with a very large shade; a most aggressive thing with javelin-like points. Forming a sort of barricade in front of the horse, she held a tin of kerosene, four boxes of shredded wheat biscuits and two roast chickens. The driver, glancing back over the fortifications, remarked: "If the enemy should attack us from the front, your position, Elizabeth, is well nigh invulnerable." Add to these things three umbrellas, two satchels, a lunch basket and a horse collar, then do you wonder the children giggled? Why that horse collar was with us remains a dark mystery to this day.

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suspected that he was a cheap Varnish and a low-down Quitter. He was a Feather-Weight and an Invalid, but he wanted to be Gaze.

ACE'S FABLE IN SLANG

OF there was a Rhinestone sport who had an ambition to be called a Good Fellow.

He had a cousin Jim who was known in Rapid Circles as a Prince, so he decided to trail along after Jim and get in among the Rowdy-Dows.

Jim was full of Wise Talk about the Ponies. Ever and anon he would carelessly fish out of the Side-Pocket a large Wad of the Green Kind with a Fifty for a Wrapper and tell about sitting in with a couple of Horsemen and a Wine Agent the Night before. He loved to speak of Hotels where a Swell Room with Bath came to only \$9 per Day, and explain that he was getting a Rate.

Jim felt that he was wasting his Conversation any time he mentioned any Picaresque Sum under a Thousand. He had nothing but Sporting Cupercusies of the Crimson Variety moving about in his Arteries. He was ready to lay a Small Bet on any Proposition, give or take, and when he put up his Hand he never batted an Eye-Lash. He had the Confidence of many of our most celebrated Barksees, and could give the Hurry-Up to any well-known Gam.

No wonder that pale-faced Herbert, the would-be High Roller, looked with Awe upon Cousin Jim and inwardly longed to butt into his Class.

For he perceived that he never could stand Ace with the sure-enough Fellows until he had demonstrated that he was a Good Fellow.

Jim slipped him a Tow-Line and took him out into the Night Air to pick up a few Pointers.

Herbert learned that the first Rule for being a Good Fellow was to move rapidly up to the Poison Counter every time an Order went in. Herbert weighed about 100 Pounds, and the Doctors had told him to try a Milk Diet, but he did not dare to renig, otherwise some one might have

party and began to pick up Hands and then put them down again. The Sherry that walked into Armour's Packing-House had the same kind of chance that Herbert had when he put his Elbows on the Green Cloth and tried to keep from trembling.

He had been against the one-call-two Boarding-House Game where they hand back everything over \$2, but he was not accustomed to dallying with Friends who took out Pennies and began to figure how much they could get on his Clothes.

They were the kind that started in to play just about where he left off. The only reason they didn't kill him with the Ante was because he looked so Good to them that they wanted to keep him in. It was one of the Games that begin to get ripe about the time the Church Bells are ringing.

The Trimmings' Union had no way of knowing that they would ever get to him again, so they decided to make one Job offer.

After Herbert had signed up all the Checks and put a Cold Towel on his Head, he began to Roar somewhat and talk about chopping some all-night Sconces.

"You must not Beef," said Cousin Jim. "A True Sport never lets on, even when they unbutton his Shoes."

"Do you know, I sometimes suspect that I am not qualified to be a 'Good Dog,' said Herbert. "I find that I begin to pass away about 2 A. M. Perhaps it is owing to some Oversight in my Early Training, but I notice that after I have taken a thousand Drinks, I cannot get the Red Ball into the Corner Pockets. I have a Timid Nature, and somehow I cannot learn to whoop the Edge on a Pair of Noses. I'm afraid that I drain too much Rainwater in my Youth. And besides, I got into the Habit of going to Bed. It's a great Blow to my Pride, but I don't think I am galled to keep up with the Best-Cows. Me back to the Cheap Puck at the Boarding-House."

Moral: Many are Called but few deliver the Goods. (Copyright, 1923.)

PRaises Mrs. Dye's Book

Governor Pardee, of California, Read It With Great Interest.

Since the publication of Mrs. Eva Emery Dye's latest book, "The Conquest," she has been in constant receipt of letters from autograph hunters and other admiring readers of her romantic Western historical works. Through her publishers also she has received many complimentary letters complimenting her books in the highest terms.

Many people of National distinction are among Mrs. Dye's correspondents, and among the letters received by her publishers are 35 written by Governors.

Governor Pardee's letter is of especial interest, and is as follows:

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago—Gentlemen: I have just finished reading, with great interest, Mrs. Emery Dye's "The Conquest." As a Californian interested in all that pertains to the history of the Pacific Coast, the book has captured me completely. Filled as it is with the "small talk and gossip of history," so to speak, its personal has given me the keenest pleasure, and I thank you for it. Very truly yours, GEORGE C. PARDEE.

Great Aid to Philosophy. Philadelphia North American.

John D. Long, ex-Secretary of the Navy, publicly rejoices that he is not a rich man. He says he would not exchange his freedom, home life and content of heart for the wealth of a Morgan or a Carnegie. But if Mr. Long were really poor he might not find it so easy to despise riches. Riches are relative. Mr. Long has freedom from debt, from daily toil, from anxiety for the future, from worry about what may happen to his family when he shall be taken from them. He has a home and home life at its best, and he has content of heart and mind. There are millions of men who have none of these things, and Mr. Long is as rich in comparison with them as Morgan and Carnegie are rich in comparison with him. It is easy to be philosophical on a few thousands a year.



GENTLEMAN PLAYERS WHO HAD GROWN TOO STOUT TO CLIMB PORCHES.