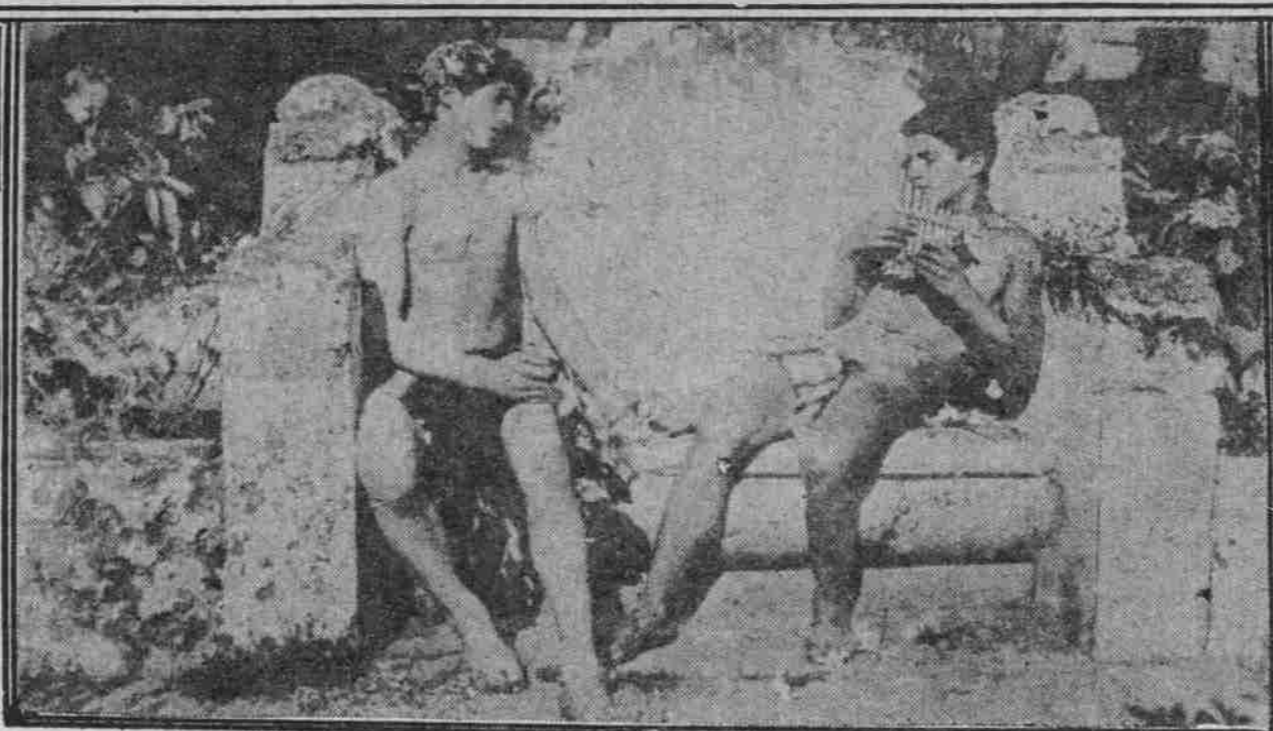


CLASSIC PHOTOGRAPHY: A NEW ART

The Lens and Plate Accomplishing What Old Masters Did With Palette and Brush



FIGURES RECLINING ON FLOWER-STREWN BENCHES



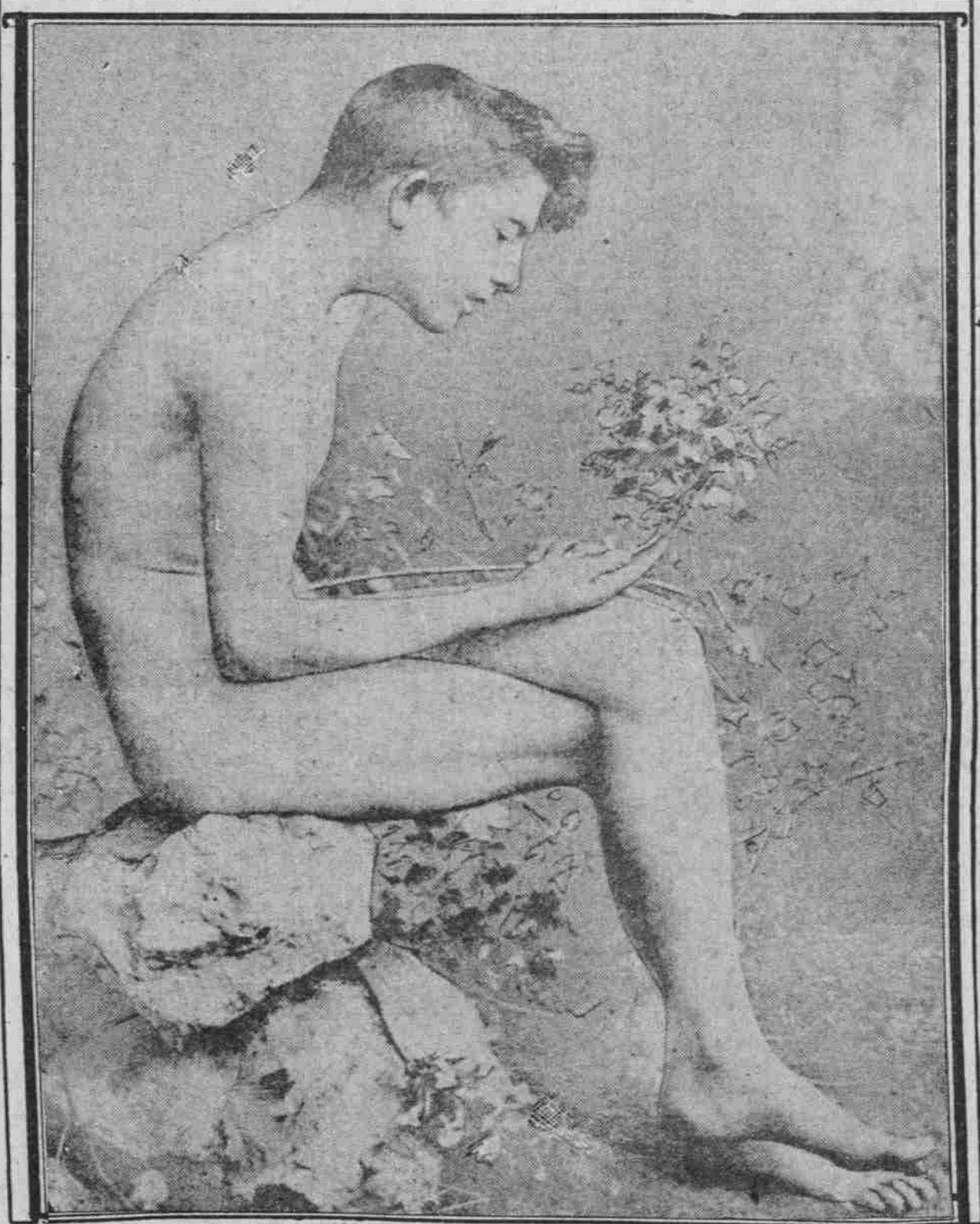
BASKING IN THE GLORY OF THE NEAPOLITAN SUNSHINE



MILTON WERSCHUL



PORTRAIT OF MRS. S. A. BARTON AS ST. CATHERINE BY HERSELF. THIS WAS ONE OF THE GEMS OF THE RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON IN LONDON



ABSOLUTE ART AND PURITY IN STUDIES OF THE "HUTTAN FORM DIVINE"

STRIKING STUDY OF THE DRAPED FIGURE

THE man with the camera is reaching high for his laurels, and modern photographic art today does with the lens and plate what the old masters did with palette and brush.

Exhibits of the classic in picture-taking are found all over the world, and none illustrated the remarkable development of the art more strikingly than did the Royal Photographic Society's show in London, which has just come to a close.

There, in the beautiful rooms of the New Gallery, thousands crowded about the prize-winning pictures, hung and arranged like the canvases at an academy exhibit, and those who understood realized that a new type of artist had arrived—the man with the camera.

Perhaps the most striking among the pictures were those studies of the "human form divine," which were shown in large numbers, both draped and in the nude. Men, women and children, chosen for their lithe and graceful figures, posed in many an ancient Roman or Grecian scene, on flower-strewn benches or by silvery waters and with the warm sunshine bathing them in a wealth of light and shadow.

A remarkable fact in connection with all these photographs was their absolute purity. Scarcely one of the nudes could give offense to the veriest prude, so absolute was the artistic effect which pervaded each example, and so thoroughly by the photographer who had caught the inspiration.

Then there were hundreds of prints

made on the lines laid down by the great masters. Lovely figures which suggested Michael Angelo, Tintoretto or Raphael were reproduced in gray, white and brown by cunning hands and eyes which knew how to manipulate the "little black box," and how to make the most of light, shadow and expression.

Notable among these was Mrs. G. A. Barton's portrait of herself as "St. Catherine," an excellent example of her work, which included a number of very striking figures and groups. "St. Catherine" shows the stamp of the Italian school, and contains a suggestion of Lippi and Raphael.

Misty harbors showed sails fading from sight in the dying day, calling to mind Turner's masterpieces. Gay cavaliers, with fierce mustaches and sweeping plumes, suggested Rembrandt. Still others recalled Gainsborough, and here and there were landscapes, groups of still life, all reproduced from model to glass, and from glass to paper, counterfeiting in the Twentieth Century what great wielders of the brush and palette did at the easel in other days.

Then, too, there were modern examples, recalling to those who attended the exhibit the great names in the world of art today. Modern Venice, basking in sunshine or mirroring gondolas from its canals, was well represented. Stately cathedrals reared their spires in many a print, while the desert, the plains and the sea all figured conspicuously.

There was only one thing lacking—col-

or. Absolute examples of life and nature's own handwork though they were, the gray, white and brown limitations drew a sharp line between them and the gorgeous canvases on which the man with the brush exerted eye and hand to express his thoughts in rich pigment.

Of course, there were many examples of "color photography," an art which is advancing beyond the experimental stage, and which is being developed so rapidly as to encourage the hope that the camera

will one day reproduce nature in her every hue. When that day comes photography may well wear the laurels for which it is reaching out now.

It is interesting to note the fact that behind the classic in photography lies the "camera craze." For the most part, the various exhibits are contributed to by amateurs.

Several years ago, when the development of the camera had progressed suf-

ficiently to make it a popular toy, men, women and children of all ages went forth in search of things to "shoot" by pressing the button. Boys and girls got the craze, spent their parents' money for "supplies," blackened their fingers, burned their clothes and set the house on fire. Once in a while they got a "result," and with the "result" which, of course, was shown to admiring friends, came more purchases of camera. By those who had not tried their hands as yet. Parents became in-

terested through their children, and the camera companies raked in the dollars in great streams.

No vacation, no journey and no excursion was complete without a camera ere long, and every corner of the globe resounded with the "click-click" of the shutter.

But out of all this excitement and aimless experimenting there developed the "camera fiend," who thought and worked intelligently. One good "result" was merely an incentive with him to try for a better one, and gradually when he had mastered the rudiments of merely "taking a picture," he began to look about for "effects."

He noticed the soft light shining through a window on a face, or the reflection in a crystal stream of trees, grasses and flowers. It awoke a sense of artistic appreciation in his mind, and he tried to make his camera express just what these lights and shadows meant to him.

Camera clubs came next, and with these came periodical exhibits. Mutual criticism at these shows was helpful, and each succeeding exhibition told its story of development in the improved entries. The movement spread from a mere local affair and took on broader lines, and presently the metropolis had its "photographic salon," where pictures from all over the world were seen.

Those who win the prizes need not be artists in the technical sense. True, they must possess the faculty for posing their models, and must have learned through many experiments the value of light and shade, the importance of a second too much or too little in "exposing," and a hundred and one little details which figure in the production of a good photograph.

But chief among the requisites for success as a photographer of the classic is a

keen appreciation of the beautiful and the effective. It is this spirit which has raised photography from the mere performance of "taking pictures" to a plane on which it is recognized today as one of the highest of arts.

Fifty-Pound Cabbage.
Forest Grove News.
If you have cabbages that weigh over 51 pounds and measure over 5 feet 2 inches, just take a car load of them around to Judge Langley, for he will take them all. The Judge has one on exhibition in his office of the dimension and weight but up to date all that have seen the mammoth vegetable claim that it is the biggest "fruit" they have ever seen. It was raised by Peter Evers who runs a ranch in the Verboort settlement. Mr. Evers sold several heads to John E. Bailey that weigh from 15 up to 46 pounds but the one in possession of Judge Langley is the largest on record. It would make a German's mouth water and fill his eyes with tears to gaze upon the head and think how much good sour kraut it might have been.

The Cat.
(Chicago Daily News)
Mistress—Did you remember to feed the cat every day during my absence?
Servant—Every day but one, ma'am.
Mistress—And didn't the poor thing have anything to eat all day?
Servant—Oh, yes, ma'am; she ate the canary.

The Quality Not the Name.
It is the quality and not the name that gives to Portland water its wide fame. What care the people for its race or flow? Its purity is all they ask to know.
So let the rapiers wrangle 'o'er its name. It will continue Portland's blessing, just the same.
This proud nursing of old Mt. Hood—Ceres' saugh! for your absurd contention, A rose, by any other name would smell as sweet.
Ever though it were a name one dare not mention.
MRS. A. B. P.