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Anno Doni 1903
THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC VALUES.

It is frequently charged against photography that its values are not true; that the different degrees of lightness and darkness of natural objects are falsely rendered by the camera. This assertion is so often repeated, and has become such a commonplace, that the photographer himself accepts it without thought of its meaning and admits that his values are false and that he is working at chemical and physical processes in attempts to discover some method of correcting these false values. In fact, with the use of certain specially prepared plates and by placing colored slides in front of his lens he has already, to a certain extent, succeeded. But does the average photographer really understand what the word value means? Has he a clear conception of the sense in which the word truth is used as applied to values?

Let us see how the painter uses these terms; how far philosophical his use of them is; and in how much he agrees with the physicist and mathematician. The physicist defines value as the actual illuminating power of a source of light or the actual light reflecting power of a natural object under a given source of light. In this the painter agrees with him. The question of color does not enter herein, except in so far as an object of a darker color will under the same illumination reflect a smaller quantity of light—that is, will have a smaller illuminating power than an object of a lighter color. The sun has the highest of all values and the dead of night the lowest. Values, according to the physicist, are not relative quantities but very definite realities and would exist were there no eyes on earth to perceive them. Values are scientifically measured according to various scales and in various terms. The scale usually adopted is an arbitrary one, constructed in terms of black and white pigment—that is, assuming a scale of one hundred units of measure between lamp-black and Chinese white, then there will be thousands and thousands between the dead of night and the sun. The actual light-reflecting power of black in strong sunlight is greater than that of white paper in an ordinarily lit room, and the illuminating power of the night is lower than the lowest shadow of an interior in daylight. The sun has such a high luminosity that physicists find difficulty in measuring it in exact terms. Yet, with a scale ranging between black and white pigments, the painter tries to give the true values of nature. On the face of it, this is impossible. The white on his picture, representing the sun, is darker than an ordinary shadow in a sunlit landscape. What, then, does the painter mean by truth of values in a painting? He means merely proportionate truth; he means a mathematical reduction of the scale of nature according to the rule of three; and in this interpretation of the word truth he is endorsed by the scientists.

Let us take a simple example—that of an interior. Let us pose a man dressed in a black coat and wearing a white collar against a moderately dark background; under the most favorable circumstances the range of values between the highest light on the collar and the deepest shadow on the coat will be from two and a half to three times as great as that between black and
white pigments. Obviously the painter cannot copy value for value; he must assume that his black, which is lighter than the shadow on the black coat or background, stands for that shadow, and that his white, which is darker than the high light on the white collar, stands for that high light. The value in the model, which is just half way between the shadow on the coat and the high light on the collar (say, possibly, some of the shadows in the face), he will interpret with a value half way between his black and his white, and so on for the quarter values and the eighth values and the rest. The result will be a painting which is neither as light nor as dark as nature, but which, if skilfully handled, will have a fair amount of imitative and illusioning power.

Interpreting the values of a sunlit landscape is not so simple. If the sunlight is at all strong and there is some moisture in the air, all of the values, even the lowest, will be lighter than white pigment, and the range may be ten, twenty or thirty, or even more times as great as that of the palette. Again must the painter proportion within the range of black and white paint. The result will not be nearly as illusive as the portrait, but will present a more abstract appearance and not be as easily understood by the untutored mind. In the case of moonlights and nocturnes, all of the values of nature are below those of the palette; but the rule of three applies the same, and even a greater knowledge of art is required to comprehend these representations because the mind finds difficulty in effecting the translation from what are really such low values to the comparatively high ones used. It is the custom of the so-called impressionistic school to represent landscape in a very high key—that is, possibly not more than one-half or one-quarter of the range of the palette is used. But this in no wise invalidates the application of the proportionate system of values, for the painter can be proportional within a range of twenty-five units as easily as within a range of one hundred or two hundred. The high key of this school has in reality nothing to do with values, as will be seen later on.

This proportionate system of reduction of values is in such general use, and has the endorsement of physics and mathematics and all modern technical books in painting. It is so universally practiced in France, where it was adopted from Constable, and has been so unanimously accepted in other countries where art flourishes, that painters, as well as laymen, have unconsciously come to believe that it is not merely the right system, but the whole truth; feeling that nothing else constitutes values, even denying the primitives any knowledge thereof. Are we right in our attitude? Is the present French the only correct school? And, if so, why? Why should we listen to the physicist and the mathematician? They are very scientific, no doubt, but are there no other sciences? Is there not psychology? And may not the psychologist have something to say?

The psychologist differs from the natural scientist in that he takes into consideration human personalities. The truths which he enunciates have no existence in the abstract, but only as they affect human beings. For example, let us suppose a yellow brick house against the blue sky and let the building
be illuminated by sunlight, so that its value is the same as that of the sky. This is of frequent occurrence in nature. Now, how is the artist to render this in black and white; how is the photographer to photograph this? The optician, the physicist and the mathematician say distinctly, render the values of the house and sky the same; but the psychologist says, just as distinctly, no. He explains that although with optical apparatus, or an eye trained to the exactitude of an apparatus, the building and the sky will be found to be equally luminous; yet, owing to the habit of the mind of associating light with yellow, an ordinary inspection of the sky and the building will give the favor of brightness to the building and the mind will carry away with it an impression of greater brightness of these same bricks. The association of light with warm color, and particularly with yellow, is so strong that frequently an autumn landscape on a gray day will seem to be illuminated with patches of sunlight, a beginner in painting invariably giving too high a value to these yellow and red tones. Vice-versa, very cold tones appear darker than they are. The psychologist further says that the scale of truth is not a comparison of the representation with nature, but a comparison of the representation with the recollection of nature. The proposition of the psychologist is that the sensations are not to be measured, but are to be felt. Therefore, the photograph which darkens the sky really contains a truth which the optically true photograph has not. It represents the building as we remember it. Let us take another example: that of white starched linen contrasted with flesh-tones. The linen, a collar let us say, will usually reflect a little light of the sky. This reflection, which is generally spoken of as luster by the physicist and as sheen by the layman, appears very much brighter than it is, owing to the association of the innumerable glittering points of light of which it is composed with the great luminosity of the sky. The painter in oils can easily imitate luster without giving it a higher value than it has; a single stroke of the loaded brush sufficing to produce sharp-edged ridges of paint which will catch and reflect direct light from the sky. If the photographer wishes to be psychologically true to this all-important truth, he must sacrifice and lower his flesh-tones in order to obtain the apparent brightness of the linen. As luster is ever present out-of-doors as well as within, the photographer can not escape it, and if he desires to portray it he must leave his proportionate system of values and approach the subject through another channel.

The above illustrations are sufficient to show us that there can be more than one conception of values and more than one meaning to the word truth. Let us examine some of the older schools of painting and see what light they may throw on values: Giotto and the Italian primitives (and to-day the Japanese) are accused of knowing nothing of value. But the contrary is true. Giotto was such a consummate master of values that he was able almost entirely to eliminate the component light and shade, and, with what was left—the values of the local color—to tell his story in such a way that an unprejudiced mind will be as much illusioned on beholding his frescoes (or photographic reproductions of the same) as by the most
modern full-toned, full-valued production. The Japanese, whose philos­ophy of values is much the same as Giotto’s, are able to render even atmos­pheric effects by merely using the values of the local color.

In another system of values, sometimes employed by the Florentines and not infrequently by Michael Angelo, the values of the local color are, to a certain extent, eliminated, and the light and shade exaggerated. The effect thus produced is most powerful, although at times hard and glaring, interpreting a mental attitude toward nature which can be expressed in no other way. The photographer has it largely within his power to render nature according to this school of values. But, when he does so, he usually speaks of his results as untrue, which they are not; they are merely untrue to the Constable and physical version.

With Giorgione and the Venetians is associated a most interesting school. Giorgione’s few portraits fully express his conception. He proportioned almost the full gamut of his palette to the head he was portraying, so that when he came to the black draperies he had left no pigment dark enough to render the shadows. The strong effect of light on the head is not carried out on the draperies, the illuminated parts of which are almost as black as black paint. Yet, psychologically, he was very true. When we talk to a friend we are impressed with a sense of reality and of light and are barely conscious of his black coat. And so we remember him; something real, something made of flesh and bone. From the French and Constable standpoint Giorgione was true to nature in his values of the head and false in the values of the whole. Photographers occasionally employ the Giorgionesque philosophy of values, the work of Steichen being an excel­lent example.

Some schools of painting in their interpretation of nature take into consideration certain physiological habits of the eye. These, being too many to enumerate here, I will merely touch upon one, very important in influencing our judgment of relative luminosity—the involuntary habit of the iris of the eye of contracting and dilating. When the eye is directed toward a source of strong light, the iris contracts over the pupil, allowing a small quantity of light to enter and fall on the retina. When the light lessens the pupil dilates and more light enters. This is a provision of nature to protect the delicate nervous system of the retina from too strong light, as well as to admit sufficient light when the source is weak. The pupil is capable of contracting to an area of about one-fiftieth of its maximum expansion, but the mind being unconscious of the movements of the iris, all possibility of judging the strength of the light is taken away from us. When we suddenly emerge from a dark room into a strong out-door light, we feel dazzled, but in a few moments the pupil, and also certain nerve-cells, so accommodate themselves that the light appears no stronger than it did indoors. As the day wanes we are unconscious of it, the pupil continually expanding and following the fading light. But the power of accommodation of the eye is limited. Very strong sunlight is always painful and in the dark we see with difficulty.
Let us now see if the painter has at all to consider the mechanics of the iris. Let us assume a landscape with a solid group of trees in the foreground against a strongly sunlit sky. Look at the sky and then at the trees. What do you see in the trees? Vague, nebulous patches of shadow. Continue to peer into the shadow. Little by little details become visible, but never many; the mass becomes lighter, but not very much. Hold your hand so as to intercept the light from the sky without interrupting that from the trees. What do you see? The mass suddenly becomes much lighter, and incomparably more detail appears. Why? The powerful source of light from the sky from which the iris was protecting the retina having been removed, the pupil has dilated to accommodate itself to the light from the trees, thus allowing a greater quantity to enter. Remove your hand and the trees suddenly darken and the shadows again become mysterious. Try the same experiment with a single gas-jet. Study the flame and the shadow together; then try to peer into the shadow without cutting out the light; then shade your eyes from the light. Try the experiment in numerous ways. What conclusion do you draw from the results? The only one to be drawn is that purely physiological and mechanical conditions affect our perception of values. The first condition, that of gazing at sky and trees together, is that assumed by the impressionist to be the truly scientific method, and is one of the primary concepts of Monet and his followers. It is the habit of the restless, quickly moving eye. The second condition, that of examining sky and shadow carefully, is the one assumed by Titian in his landscapes, and is the aspect nature presents to the leisurely wandering and thoughtful eye. The third, that of artificially and insistently examining nature, is the habit of the curious eye, the eye not searching for esthetic pleasure but diagnosing nature. This last habit is the one adopted by the Buckeye school. All three methods give true values, and all deserve our respect and consideration. Even the Buckeye school, to whose ranks the majority of chromos belong, is as truly scientific as any other and appeals to senses that are more widely spread and more firmly rooted in our mind than are those to which either the impressionistic or Titianesque appeal. The German Düsseldorf school were Buckeye painters and so, very frequently also, was Turner in his foregrounds.

But how do these methods apply to photography? In what different manners can the camera see the solid group of trees against the strongly sunlit sky? In one way only, with an iris and an exposure equally adjusted to the sky and the trees—namely, as the impressionist sees. Of course, the exposure may be such as to obtain the detail of the trees, but then the sky is lost. However, in that case the plate can be artfully developed so as to bring back the sky. In fact, with proper technical procedure, even the Buckeye values can be obtained. But, philosophically, the camera can have but one attitude toward nature. Photographers complain that if they justly interpret the sky in an effect like the one we are speaking of, they get no details in the trees. They are not so far off as they think. They are probably in the habit of looking at nature in the
attitude of the Buckeye school and their photographs are taken in the
attitude of the impressionist.

An interesting idiosyncrasy of judgment of values has given rise to
opposed schools of keys. The term key is used by painters to express the
scale of values a picture is painted in. The impressionistic painters of sunlit
landscape are said to paint in a high key because their range of colors runs
from white down the value scale to something far lighter than black. The
Whistlerian school of figure-painters are said to paint in a low key because
their range of colors runs from black up to something quite a distance below
white. When a painter paints normally — namely, uses the full gamut of his
palette — the key usually attracts no attention and is not spoken of. The high-
key and the low-key impressionist is perfectly logical. When we look from
a slightly dark room out of the window, over the sunlit meadows and hills,
the whole scene, by contrast with the surrounding darkness of the room, will
appear very light, particularly if we compare the landscape frequently enough
with the interior. This effect is due to contrast; the enormous contrast
between the dark walls and the sunlight making the comparatively light
shadows outside appear still lighter than they are. The instant we step out-
of-doors the great lightness, particularly that of the shadows, disappears.
The impressionist assumes that he is indoors, looking out of a window, and
if the beholder has properly attuned his imagination, and can place himself
where the artist imagined himself to be, the picture may have a rare charm;
but if the beholder lacks this imagination he will see merely chalk. The
Whistlerian impressionist either places his sitter or imagines him in a dark
part of the room, while he himself is in a light part. Again, the same effort
of imagination on the part of the beholder is required to turn those leathery
flesh-tones into health and life, and sometimes he is fortunate enough to be
able to do so. When the painter assumes himself to be in the same light
that he is portraying, and uses the full, or nearly full, range of his palette, the
difficulty of understanding what he means to express is much lessened, as
little translation is required. The photographer has the same possibilities of
controlling his keys as his values, and may achieve either the same successes
or sad failures that the painters have done. Stieglitz's photographs are
masterly examples of what may be accomplished with a properly poised key.

There are many other systems of values that have been employed by
artists, but these are enough, and I hope that I have to a slight extent com-
bated the prevalent idea that there is but one truth of values. The only
requirement to make values truthful is that they shall be consistent and
expressive of something interesting and artistic in nature. The lack of
ability of the camera to render values of local color is not untruthful; it is
merely one of its personalities, just as it was the personality of Giorgione to
leave too few values for his blacks and deep shadows. The artistic photog-
rapher has it to-day in his power to evolve an entirely new philosophy of
values, to do something that has never been done before, and to be just as
truthful as his contemporaries and predecessors with the brush.

R O L A N D R O O D.
MA RTIN SCHÜTZE'S little volume of exquisite verse "Crux Aetatis, and Other Poems," contains certain lines that I shall make the refrain of this article, so well do they apply to various phases of the subject of pictorial photography. The effort of the worker to give convincing expression to his conception; the struggle of the leaders for the recognition of photography, as an independent medium of original pictorial expression; the research necessary that even indifferent justice be done to the history of the movement as well as to the reputation of those who by their work and loyalty have made possible the great progress already accomplished—all call for

"That even quest, that silent, troubled search
Behind the ceaseless, traceless shift of things."

These sketches are designed, as far as in me lies, to conduct the reader "Behind the ceaseless, traceless shift of things" into the presence of facts and persons; I have written not from the viewpoint of a friend—not from that of a rival worker (I can claim to be little more than an exper­imenter, my more vital interests being in other fields)—but solely as an impartial student. For seven of the twenty-one years in which I have been interested in photography, as a means of original expression, I have been in touch with nearly all those who have played leading part in this movement in America. I have studied their work and endeavored to understand their natures and motives. During that time many changes in the work, relative standing, and mental attitude of the different workers have occurred. Also, I have endeavored to keep entirely in touch with all branches of the art-expression of the times in order to preserve a catholic taste in, and keep abreast of, modern esthetic progress. That my predilections on certain matters of taste to-day radically differ from those of many of my associates whose judgment I respect, and whose tastes and mine were formerly seemingly at harmony I know. In matters of art, inevitably involving questions of taste, the individual preferences of those who give to them serious thought and study must become more discriminating and defined—and in the case of one who feels strongly on the abstract question of pure beauty and its place and influence in the scheme of intellectual progress, it is entirely possible that eventually the sympathies of the art-lover shall lean to one or the other of the several great schools of art-expression. That I find more pure beauty in the work of White than that of any other; that Eugene's Adam and Eve seems to me to be one of the biggest pictures ever produced by photographic means; that Mrs. Käsebier's Heritage of Motherhood, recently produced, is, in my judgment, one of the strongest things that she has ever done, and one of the saddest and most touching that I have ever seen; or that, as yet, despite all his astonishing cleverness and versatility, I do not rank Steichen as highly as do the majority of the best judges in the photographic world, is a matter of personal taste and judgment, and open to all the possible flaws of such judgment. Man's capacity for knowledge being finite, and judgment being based upon knowledge, the lack of infinite knowledge prevents the
acceptance as final of any human verdict upon the superiority of the work of one person or school. Upon the perfection of technical handling alone can final decision be rendered. To undertake to maintain this indisputably the greatest work of art, that person, the master, were insufferable arrogance.

To fail to point out what seems greatest, the most masterful, and the why would be inexcusable in, and an intolerable violation of the chief duty of, a critic and reviewer.

Sometimes vanity leads the critic into the assumption of arrogant infallibility. More often wounded vanity heats the critics into charging him with unfairness and arrogance. Art standards are relative. What was exceptional to-day may be all but mediocre to-morrow. He whose calling and opportunities keep him in touch with the most advanced work, all things being equal, is most apt to be right in his judgment. Also, he is apt to be most conservative, would he not make himself and his calling ridiculous. By those not similarly circumstanced, his conservatism is apt to be mistaken for narrowness or partisanship. But already Dr. Schütze’s lines have carried me far from my subject—for which he must be my apologist.

Mrs. Eva Watson-Schütze, in the photographic world, has played an active and varying part, varying not in its consistency, but its fields of activity. She first adopted photography as her medium of expression but comparatively a few years ago. For six years she had been a student in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, intending to become a painter. Then, for another seven, she worked at a photo-copper reproduction process. Then, with her friend, Miss Van Buren, of Detroit, breaking the chains of this bondage, she determined to turn her art-training to account in the production, professionally, of photographs. Mrs. Schütze exhibited some of her work at the Philadelphia Salon of 1898, where I first saw it. She was then almost unknown in the photographic circles in Philadelphia. To Edmund Stirling, who, through the first Philadelphia Salon, had become a staunch adherent of the pictorial movement, I later wrote for information for “Camera Notes” concerning this new worker whose prints showed marked merit. I was then on the staff of “Camera Notes,” and it was the policy of that quarterly, as it is of Camera Work, to bring before the photographic world all work of distinct merit. It was Edmund Stirling, ever alert to the interests of photography, and the photographic society of which he was then secretary, who brought about the introduction of Mrs. Schütze, then Miss Watson, into photographic circles in Philadelphia. From the very beginning of her photographic career, before she ever knew anything of the existing pictorial movement, she was in sympathy with all that it stood for. Writing, in the spring of 1900, she says: “It seems curious to have lived in the midst of this ‘spirit’; to have been in absolute sympathy with it, and to have been entirely unconscious of what was going on in the photographic world.”

Elected to the Photographic Society of Philadelphia in November, 1899, she soon became one of the most advanced and uncompromising members of the pictorial wing of that organization. During the bitter debates that followed, when the factions of the society joined issue in that
conflict which ended in the downfall of the Philadelphia Salon, and the resignation from the society of some of its oldest and most valued members, she never shrank from the conflict, vulgarly offensive and abusive as were the attacks, and much as she disliked anything that savored in the slightest of notoriety or vulgar contention. And when Stirling, Redfield, Bullock, and others felt that no longer, with self-respect, could they remain members of the society for which they had sacrificed much and labored long, her studio became the recognized rendezvous in Philadelphia of the pictorial movement.

In the summer of 1901 Miss Watson married Martin Schütze, Ph.D., a man of distinguished literary ability and charming personality. Since she has resided in Chicago, where Dr. Schütze holds an important position in the University, and where she has opened a studio. She is now one of the leading spirits among the pictorial workers of the middle west.

Mrs. Schütze was elected to the "Linked Ring" in 1902. She is a Fellow of the Photo-Secession, of which she is one of the founders. She is one of the staunchest and sincerest upholders of the pictorial movement in America—ever ready to do battle in its cause. In appearance Mrs. Schütze is a little above the average height, slight of figure, rather pale, with earnest, searching, expressive eyes that I recall as of violet hue. She is quick and nervous of motion, reserved and self-reliant in bearing, and in speech quiet, thoughtful, and to the point. Her intellectual life is broad and includes her Art, not art her life. It is the mystery of life; its purpose; its significance; its noblest possibilities; its aspirations toward the infinite, through which she measures literature and art. Her mind, which is of distinctly analytic cast, is tirelessly active. In matters of taste she leans toward the reserved, the subtle, the spirituelle. Her broad, human sympathy makes her see in the work of others not only the results, on which alone its artistic worth must be judged, but the thought and labor expended in its production. Counterbalancing this is a fine, keen sense of humor that lends snap and sparkle to conversation and correspondence. She once wrote me, when an exhibition of mine in Philadelphia was being made the subject of considerable and picturesque criticism, that she had instructed the custodian of the exhibition-rooms that he must stand up for the show and that his "conservative and safe reply was: 'Oh, yes; I'll help him out, Ma'am.'" And he did—he packed and expressed the prints later.

Mrs. Schütze's work shows poetic appreciation of a high order, and a great sympathy with the more delicate beauty of nature. She deeply loves nature, but seems to endeavor less to express what it seems than what it means. In common with all who endeavor to draw the spirit of beauty from behind the veil of the seeming, she at times is oppressed with the sense of the inadequacy of human effort. Through nearly all of her work I feel that same restless groping after something still beyond; that tireless spirit of analysis that never is satisfied: that "troubled search."

"Behind the ceaseless, traceless shift of things."

This is characteristic of that school of which Mrs. Schütze is one of the leading exponents, and to which belong the refined, intellectual Edmund
Stirling, William B. Dyer, one of the finest, gentlest, and most poetic natures in the photographic world; William James, a rare combination of vigor and delicate fancy, and others; a school whose finest work is so delicate as to defy reproduction; a school, the charm of whose work is often too subtle to appeal to the public. To-day, except with the human grist whose slavings make it possible, Life, especially in the great metropolitan centers, which are of necessity the centers of art, has grown more voluptuous and material and selfish, has largely abandoned itself to the pleasures of sense, become drunk with the excessive materiality of the age. Art, the esthetic mirror of Life, reflects its salient features, and the world by popular approval gives to the most familiar reflections the stamp of truth. On the theory perhaps that truth is beauty. The public eye, color-blind as a rule to subtlety of expression is always held by brilliant flesh-tones, voluptuous drapery, or by saccharine prettiness or themes that are familiar. Thus, a Stuck, or a Bouguereau, are sure of prompt recognition, where to a Segantini, or a Millet, it is accorded reluctantly and after bitter years. “The multitude has neither the time nor the patience,” says Balzac, “to understand the immense power concealed beneath an appearance of uniformity.” “Only the great reasoners understand that one should never pass one’s goal—they only respect the potentiality that is evidenced by a perfect achievement which imparts to every work the profound tranquillity,” also writes Balzac. It does not necessarily follow that Stuck, for example, is not a great painter, because prompt recognition has been accorded him, any more than it is inevitable that he is a great painter who is a painter of great thoughts. Indeed there are many portrayers of great thoughts who are but poor painters. The very greatness of their thought seems to conflict with their artistic progress, to render them incapable of pausing long enough or stooping to the drudgery of learning the language of art.

In the world of the photography, as in that of the painter, idealist and realist are strongly represented, the one by the abandon of expression, the other by the strength of reserve. There, more than elsewhere, is the high-pitched harmony of spiritualized art accorded fair hearing and prompt recognition among the exponents of the various schools. There, as elsewhere, so long as its art-public is made up of mixed humanity, whose taste is governed by human feeling and material desire rather than by superiority of knowledge, the brutally strong saccharine, the familiar must win earliest popular recognition. There, infinitely more than elsewhere, is it imperative that the recognized standard must be of the very highest. There, as elsewhere, the masterpiece of to-day may be as the “Rose of Yesterday” to-morrow. There, as elsewhere, will time be the final classifier and judge.

“For still . . . . . . . .
There bides unflinching, unescapable,
That even quest, that silent, troubled search,
. . . . . . . . . . .
Behind the ceaseless, traceless shift of things.”

Joseph T. Keiley.
EVA WATSON-SCHÜTZE

I. Head of a Young Girl.
II. Portrait Study.
III. The Rose.
IV. Storm.
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, LONDON, 1904.
AS SEEN THROUGH ENGLISH EYES.

It has been our custom annually to devote a few pages to a review of the London Salon, deeming that the work of the Linked Ring in the cause of pictorial photography entitled its annual exhibition to consideration in our columns. This year we entrusted the work to Frederick H. Evans, the present secretary of the Linked Ring, because of his prominence in that organization and because the hanging of this year's exhibition was entirely in his hands. The only restraint we imposed upon Mr. Evans was a request to limit his article to about fifteen hundred words. To our dismay his manuscript covered some nine thousand. As Mr. Evans was good enough to allow it, we blue-penciled freely such matter as dealt more particularly with questions of esthetics than with the pictures themselves, and have been able to reduce the review to its present size without injuring its value as such and to bring it within possible printing limits. The views of Mr. Evans on the American work are distinctly his own, and may for this reason be of greater interest to our readers as exemplifying the attitude of not a few other leading English photographers also. As a photographer Mr. Evans is not unknown to the readers of Camera Work, a whole number of our magazine having been devoted to his work, nor can his personality be unknown to our readers after having read the admirable appreciation of Mr. Evans by George Bernard Shaw, which appeared in the same number.—EDITORS.

THE SALON of 1904 is, as a whole, the most hopeful and inspiring I have had to do with. Though there are very many cases of mere crankiness, of ill-digested work, of uncertain things forced into notice by eccentricity of treatment, yet, on the whole, the level is surprisingly high and sound; the exceptionally good work is perhaps stronger than we have had before, and the show should enormously increase the respect due to the possibilities of Pictorial Photography. If I consider the American work chiefly in this article, it will be because the prints referred to are known to my readers, and it is all but meaningless to make closely critical remarks on pictures one's readers have no chance of seeing and can not, therefore, prove the justice or injustice of. As Camera Work has subscribers over here, I must be allowed some space, however, in which to praise or dispraise English and other workers.

I think, on the whole, that the American work, with the marked exception of two men, is certainly not in advance. Many seem to me to show too easy a disposition to accept anything that they may produce on the ground glass or print; there is too little inquiry as to if this or that is good enough, at exhibition level; there is too little evidence of careful study, real forethought, intention in design, searching mastery in the technique of the negative, or sincere enough an attempt at an adequate conveying of the beauties and subtleties of Nature's light and shade. To have to worry instead of enjoy at an exhibition afflicts and depresses one, makes one vow never to touch a camera again, so hopeless a tool is it. Whereas a well-imagined, well-worked-out picture fills one with ardor to go and do likewise; the thing looks worth emulating, while the other sort makes one for the time being ashamed of and hate the camera and all its ways. How much has the fatal facility of the camera to answer for! To instance a point, let me describe a picture (?) that graces (?) our Salon walls and that arouses in me an intense desire to be rude and stigmatize it as a piece of sheer impertinence,
only I suppose I must not. I will not name it or its author, or give its number; the maker will easily enough recognize it and have a sufficiently low opinion of me hereafter. The lower half of the print has a vague margin showing it is meant to indicate a sea-beach; it is of a formless and textureless light gray, meaning nothing but a tint; there is nothing at the top to signify a sky ever having been there, merely a sort of tone to differentiate it from white paper; in the middle, in the exact middle, there is an upright stick, of a darker gray, evidently a common telegraph-post in all its native hideousness; here it is quite meaningless, as no wires are seen, and so it conveys nothing but that it is an ugly post obtruding itself on one's vision; it is followed by other posts in sharp perspective, and these, with an ill-defined boat or stage and an ugly stick stuck into the ground at an angle, constitute the picture (?). The principal post, however, was felt to be weak in tone-value, and has consequently been scored down its full length with a charcoal or rough pencil line to darken it, as obvious and unphotographic a bit of added hand-work as I ever saw, and as conscienceless. Why has this been thought fit to submit to the wonderment of a public audience, amongst whom there will be very many only too ready and willing to find material for scoff and jeers? There are other things here, also emanating from America, that afflict my vision and temper in a like manner, and considering the wonderful and supremely beautiful things the camera and lens can help us to it seems to me that a much more vigorous condemnation should be meted out to such formless, textureless, meaningless things, not even entitled to respect on the ground of being partially successful experiments. I do not ask, of course, for superabundant detail, but I do ask for some suggestion of surfaces, and I do resent such being added in lead-pencil when the worker's skill has failed to let him get it by his lens. In the case of two of the American contributors, one an old leader and one a quite young leader, the work shown seems very distinctly in advance; I refer to the pictures by Mr. Steichen and by Mr. Coburn. In Mr. Steichen's work we see all the old beauty of motive and design and invention, but with a greater ease and certainty in execution. His color-work is a revelation indeed, full of true beauty, such as only an accomplished painter could produce. Whether it sufficiently, in the landscapes, suggests the paternity of the camera is a matter for further discussion; anyhow, it is exceedingly beautiful and sure, and it gave me intense pleasure to hang it as sympathetically as possible. The evening piece, No. 114, is very noble and impressive in design and carrying out, fully convincing all through, dignified and most suggestive of the feeling of the rising moon on a dark evening. Its somber beauty fills with joy and satisfaction and will give me occasion for many repeated visits to the gallery to reenjoy it. No. 116, Mr. Steichen's *Big Cloud, Lake George,* is a most effective arrangement, strong and fine in color; the great mass of cumulous cloud is gloriously modeled and lit, but I am afraid I can not accept its lighting as also explaining the superbly rich black bank over which it appears. Can the time of day and strength of light that give us the cloud be also taken as giving the impenetrable black of the shadowed bank? The water
is beautifully felt and melts away into the dark most enjoyably, but I fail to account for the cloud's lighting as of the same hour. This artist's portraits are, as was to be expected, finer than ever, though one is a little chary of saying that when one remembers the Lenbach of an earlier year. Personally I much prefer the Rodin version we had a year or two back. The present one, No. 132, does not so fully convey the sense of the essential genius of the great sculptor; it is not so restful; the pose generally and the turned-back gaze make it seem a striving after a feeling of force and strength that is not fully reached. One thinks more of the attitude than of the man, but the Le Penseur statue is so finely treated that this criticism is perhaps not hypercriticism. The William A. Chase portrait, No. 129, is simply magnificent; nothing but the most unstinted praise is its due. Pose, color, sense of personality, all are quite great, and it is enough in itself to make any exhibition showing it a marked one. The painter, in No. 130, Theobald Chartran, stands excellently well, but the spot of light given by the boot surface is discomposing to me and worries my eye away from the fine lines and feeling of the picture. The Richard Strauss, No. 125, is evidently a carefully worked out symbolic version. I would have preferred another treatment, for like though it certainly is, it is too little important in that aspect to have any great value as a portrait. My own seeing of the great composer when conducting or accompanying at the piano gave him to me as a much more cheerful person; and when in the throes of composing, say such a tremen-thing as his Ein Heldenleben, I should not believe him to be fond of so “forcing the note” as this study gives him out to be doing. I suppose the flame-like high lights around the head are to symbolize the musical emanations from his tireless brain. How clever, almost too clever, it all is, and how infinitely I for one would prefer the treatment of the Chase or the Lenbach, or the first Rodin, three superb and unquestionable masterpieces! This may seem to have left out of the question the other masterpiece shown at this Salon, the portrait of our adored painter, George Frederick Watts, No. 121; but this seems so exceptionally able and personal a presentation of him as to impress me as belonging to a permanent public gallery, and I would greatly like to see it so acquired here. The expression, too, is so much more cheerful, human, almost humorous, than any other portrait I have ever seen of the great man as to very greatly enhance its value. The solidity of the thing is so amazing: at first it strikes one as a trifle hard, maybe, but this feeling soon merges into a sense of the actuality, the vitality of the kindly old genius. The Understudy, No. 113, is the most searchingly fine thing of the kind he has given us, the finest in line, in modeling, and in suggestion of flesh; the contours, the weight of the poise of the body, are admirable in the extreme. It is, moreover, an eminently comfortable nude study, full of dignified reticence, and that is very much more than can be said of most studies in the nude, whether painted or made by photography.

The young leader—and he fully merits the title—Mr. Coburn, has shown the most astonishing advance in work I can remember, and this not only relatively to his youth and consequent paucity of experience, but, per se,
his work as here shown is a fine, solid achievement such as the most ad-
vanced might be proud to father. The prints shown at the Salon and those
I have seen in his portfolio interest me most by reason of their very evident
origin being that of careful forethought, painstaking study, deliberate results
systematically and yet inspiredly sought after. Just the qualities, indeed, that
I have found lacking in much of the other American work. Mr. Coburn
has none of that cheeky indifference to the taking of pains, to mastery of
technique, to hard work, to the real study of the best conditions in and for
what he proposes to record, to a definitely aimed-at and achieved impression.
I think his prints often suffer from a lack of light, are printed in too dark a
key, and therefore tend, though they never fully reach it, toward being ob-
scure, and I hope this capable artist will aim in his future out-door work to
render as much truth in the planes of light in Nature as he does in the
modeling of his quite superb portraits. Nature is infinitely more various
in subtleties of light than his photography has yet exhibited, and I look to
see as great a mastery of this side as he has of the nearly as difficult side of
composition, arrangement, choice of subject.

Gertrude Käsebier’s work does not impress me this year with the old
sense of vigor, personality, alertness; many things there are that I can not
understand at all. No. 33, The Road to Rome, for instance, is a sheer
enigma to me. I like it much as a piece of rich black-and-white, but what
it is all about, or what is its relation to the very definite title given, is too
much for me to grapple with. This question of incongruous, or indefinite,
or non-informative titles is a queer one, and oh, how often does it not make
one sigh and say with good old Cap’n Cuttle, “What’s his name? His
name’s Bunsby; but, Lord, it might be anything for the matter of that!” Käsebier’s Portrait of Miss Sears, No. 34, a little lady nursing a black doll—
no, it is not a black doll I see, but a black-and-white spaniel—is wholly
delightful and in her best vein, but the landscape, No. 153, is inexplicable
as coming from so clever and learned a worker. It looks, if I may dare to
say so, like an inferior print, as though there were a very great deal more to
be made out of the figures and their placing; the sky and the wind-blown
tree are good, but the undigested foreground only worries and disappoints.
No. 162, a figure of a girl sketching out-of-doors is nearly faultless, except
that it is unduly dark, seeing how brilliant the light must have been from
the beautiful sunlight across her dress; but the design is so fine and the
general tone so rich as to make it, anyhow, a most acceptable picture. I was
much disappointed in not having any of Mrs. Käsebier’s portraits to hang
this year; this side of her genius is always such a lesson in sterling, sound,
cultivated, finely artistic studio-work, and we need such object-lessons so
keenly that to only get a few clever exercises in landscape-work was to me
a matter of real regret, especially as not one of these landscape-studies gives
me that sense of the inevitable that her best studio-work always does. I
could indeed wish that this real and strong artist would try for as close a
realization of the modeling and variety in planes in her Nature-studies as
she does so uniformly in her portraits. The out-of-door things seem to me
to sin, and that not mildly, against the beauty and subtlety of Nature's light; the key is so persistently dark, regardless of the hour and the altitude of the sun, and it would be such a gain to pictorial photography if a really clever artist of Mrs. Käsebier's rank would set herself to conquer out-of-door problems, give us on paper a real suggestion, realization of light and of sunshine.

Mr. Yarnall Abbott's work does not please me at all this year. It lacks distinction, freshness, and insight; it arouses the reflection that it would be so much better to work all through the year for one thoughtful success than to be content with a number of merely interesting, tentative, and quite undistinctive things. I am sure Mr. Abbott is easily capable of better ideas, better technique, less eccentric treatment in subject or title. His No. 199 is called The Cocktail, but I have always coupled cocktail-drinking with the "man about town." Is it a New York habit for ladies in afternoon visiting-costume to be addicted to them?

Mr. Clarence White is another fine worker who disappoints me this year; the general level is distinctly low for one of his assured rank, and in no one particular picture does he fulfil my expectations or show his old mastery in subject or intention or treatment. No. 107, The Cave, is to represent, I suppose, one of our foremothers, but she is verily of a whiteness of skin strangely impossible for one who had to skin up trees to escape her animal enemies, and equally impossible for one whose full dress was almost, I suppose, but a deeper than ordinary fringe of fig-leaves, though Mr. White does not hint that she owned even that, as he gives her as being content with Lady Godiva's riding-costume, clad, as Tennyson has it, "in rippled ringlets to the knee." It is evident that Mr. White has felt the error of this undue whiteness, for a close inspection reveals he has penciled over all the limbs as an attempt at weathering them, suggesting a primeval out-of-door appearance. Such an obvious escaping from a photographic difficulty has, of course, no possible justification; if hand-work is necessary in a print—and when is it not to some extent?—it must be demanded that its technique is not visible; nothing must be obviously present on a print that in any way interferes with, or lowers, or falsifies, the photographic appearance or value. I must confess to actually disliking his model for No. 214; the expression and the distorted hands are very distressful and not the sort I would ask for public exhibition. It is called Harmony, but the face has not a singing-mouth, and the instrument, whatever it may be—one sort of dulcimer, I suppose—is so all but invisible as to carry not the slightest pictorial value or meaning; one only worries, therefore, as to the possible occupation of the clutching fingers. Would any painter so neglect the all-important accessory in such a way? Compare any of Kossuth's pictures introducing, as he was so fond of doing, an ancient musical instrument. If it was a merely technical photographic difficulty, why should so capable a worker as Clarence White shirk its solution?

There is another leading American worker I want to say some hard words about, viz., Mr. Joseph T. Keiley, for his is often a type of work
that very greatly irritates me; it seems to pretend to so much and yet ac-
complishes so little actually. I try to be as catholic in my art tastes as may
be, but this sort of work is to me just the reverse of what we should be try-
ing for in the difficult stage pictorial photography is now in. I see no real
grappling with the problems of light, but a cheerful shirking of them, an easy
indifference to artistic truth, and apparently an easy acceptance of whatever a
first chance-exposure may give. Some of us must really remember that
nothing that the camera produces has necessarily a value simply because we
happened to get it. It must have its own inherent right to exist; be of
itself of such value, apart from any producer's name attached to it, as to be
irresistible to any selecting committee. Mr. Keiley's best thing here is
No. 10, a tender little woodland study, though of no special inspiration in
either selection or lighting. It is disfigured for me by the affectation of a
torn edge showing the white paper of the base of the print wherever torn.
Why is this complete distraction to the eye suffered or desired? Why, also,
in any sense of quiet tonality destroyed by an over-large signature in a vivid
red? If the print had been in colors instead of a low-toned monochrome, a
spot of vivid color at the bottom might have been of some meaning; but
here it seems to me an obvious distraction.

No. 139, A Bacchante. Mr. Keiley here adopts a title that helps not
at all; it is merely a very ill-defined and darkly printed head and bust of a
girl with a painful, fixed grin. The teeth alone are fully visible, the eyes
being so dim as to carry no meaning. The gesture of the hands has nothing
to do with the title; they have nothing of the maenad (?) about them. And
why should a dreadful magenta be used as a margin with the greatest width
at the top, where it should not be? No. 191, The Orchard, I should like
much if I had some suggestion of a sky where no cloud-forms are present,
and to add any afterward would be an intrusion into the scheme; a definite
sense of tone is demanded and at least a hint at gradation. The sky here is
not exactly white paper, but one feels nothing in it; it is merely empty of
suggestion. No. 212, A Garden of Dreams, is a soft and rich piece of black
and white, but lacks distinction enough to call for public exhibition. I
would like the water to be a good deal wetter and truer in surface. No. 217,
Spring, would have been a quite delightful study of trees and softly lit sky,
only it seems to me to need another inch of foreground, and there is a
technical imperfection that has been so crudely repaired as to make it the
more obvious and insistent of examination. Why should prints in this in-
complete condition be sent for public exhibition?

No. 103, Mr. Dyer's Navajo—what does it mean?—is as poor a nude
study as I wish to see; the gesture has no explainable meaning, and the
straddle of the legs, and the ugly angle they make, is most unpleasant and
inartistic. No. 128, Youth. Miss Rives's name is new to us, but such sound-
ness of vision and treatment are most promising. I find myself returning to
it with renewed pleasure, and though I have hung it near the great Chase
portrait, it holds its own well, and is an acquisition indeed to our walls.
No. 186, Landscape, is an ineffectual title, but I like Mr. Bullock's
study much; the color is good, the definition is soft, and the grading rich; the line of trees makes a good composition, and the whole is a most sane and pleasant out-of-door study. No. 189, *Sous l'Empire.* In this figure-study Mr. Peabody has a lack of definition in the features that quite enrages; after all, a nose is a nose, and a chin a chin, etc., etc., and deserve some sort of respectful definitions. The drapery is wooden and poor in lines, and, altogether, is a print that in no sense deserves public exhibition, except that it shows some effort, however mistaken it may be, to make something different to "the usual thing." *The Koto Player.* May I ask Mr. French the reason for the affectation of placing his print on the extreme right of his mount? It comes very awkwardly so for hanging with others, and is quite unjustifiable for portfolio use. As placed it could have no meaning, except if it occupied the left-hand page of a book the very wide margin on its left might have a reason, but for exhibition purposes it is only an annoying distraction. Mrs. Watson-Schütze's *Head of a Young Girl* is a quite delightful study, sympathetically lit and printed. Mrs. Jeanne Bennett's *Misty November Morning* has nothing in it to warrant its title; one can not import mist into a subject by a bad use of an uncorrected lens. The out-of-focus distortion in this print is simply aggravating—neither realistic nor artistic; and there is nothing in the lines, or massing, or tones to make it acceptable otherwise. How very uncomfortable Nature would be if her delicious woodlands really looked like this! Mr. Mitchell Elliot's *Road to the Old Tavern—Winter* is really good in suggesting softly lit snow-surface. I think it would have gained in composition and reality by losing an inch and a half at the bottom, especially as the image weakens and gives out close to this edge, a bad technical fault, and I would like the tree cut away from the left side; it mars the sense of distance; it is a charming little picture, however. No. 24, Mr. Rubincam's boy study, would have been capital but for the complete absence of legs or feet. If they were in black stockings, what a fine chance to show technical control in their proper value against the dark background! Why should difficulties be shirked? The fun of photography is in solving such problems.

No. 27. I can not in any way like Mrs. Peabody's *Caryl.* The child looks ill, is poorly posed and exposed, the print is badly trimmed, the lines coming down to the very edge of the paper, while the undue amount of heavy shadow at the top dwarfs the whole; it is a disappointing work in every way. It also affords a good example of the common error of placing a print exactly in the center of a large mount with equal margins all round, the result being that it looks "dropped" out of center and loses all sense of proportion. No. 89, Mr. Drivet's *Approaching Storm, New York,* can be quite unreservedly praised; the distance is well kept, the buildings beautifully placed and defined, and the sky very finely rich and true to title, without being at all melodramatic. It is a picture that easily and most satisfactorily lives in the mind's eye.

No. 54, *Water Sprites,* by Miss Alice Boughton, is a quite delightful experiment, full of quaint fancy; though the whole is unnecessarily dark and
loses dainty charm thereby, it is a work to be welcomed. The sprite in the shallow water in the foreground is nicely long-legged, but the water-surface should have been better worked out—why will workers shirk this most interesting problem—the wetness of water?

This makes a conclusion to any remarks on the American exhibitors, and if they seem unduly adverse that must be taken as a sort of compliment, for it implies that something was attempted and was good enough in that aspect to deserve critical treatment. Negative praise or dispraise helps nothing and nobody, and the proper attitude for a Salon reviewer is that of Iago—“nothing, if not critical.”

Though I must not let my pen run to such lengths in reviewing the English and Continental work, yet there are sufficient subscribers over here to Camera Work to warrant their having a share of my very personal criticisms. Of our French neighbor's work one naturally turns first to that of Robert Demachy, and indeed I think for consummate success his L’Effort, No. 81, is the most pronounced example of the exhibition. Of all things in the gallery this is to me the supremely covetable one, though there are a half-dozen other things that run it close. It does not affect me as greatly photographic; it is too much miraculously complete and successful to be wholly that; but the posing of the picture and the suggestion of movement is so rarely fine, and the gradations everywhere are of such distinction that the whole affects me as a most searching piece of draughtsmanship might. The color is rich and soft to a marvelous degree, and I would call attention, for this incomparable effort is sure to be seen in America sooner or later (in fact, Mr. Stieglitz purchased the print, together with a few others of the best things shown in the exhibition, for his private collection) to the extreme felicity of the gait, gesture and placing of the approaching figure on the right. What an amount of hard work this betokens to get all the figures so exactly right for the momentous exposure! If it is wholly due to camera-work, and its many delightful passages of gradation not wholly due to the subtleties of skilful brush-development of the gum-print, one can only be the more astonished at the possibilities open to serious students with the camera. Even if mainly due to the artist's brush-development, again it only shows what the camera, plus perfect printing, can accomplish. No. 164, Mr. Demachy’s La Seine, is another extraordinary lesson in the variety and subtlety of planes of distance possible to the skilled artist. Here is perhaps the finest example attainable of the power in differentiation open to the camera; the lesson in research this picture affords is most valuable. I think the girders are a trifle hard, rigid, insistent; their edges seem a little too cut out, but their color is so rich and strong and helps the series of distances so well as to make it a point not worth dwelling on.

How such work strengthens one's anger with the trivialities, the ill-thought, ill-worked-out nothings that I have been inveighing against. We can not all be masters of this rank, but we might all have the same desire for completeness of effort. Mr. Demachy's two woodland-studies, No. 48 and No. 80, so different in conception, one a delicate snow-study, and one a somber
under-the-trees picture, as rich as a mezzotint, again show how masterly and fully wrought is all this artist's work, and how grateful to a delightful hanger to deal with. The color-work from France is very strikingly new. Mr. Puyo shows some quite wonderful heads, very pastel-like in effect, but showing full paternity as to camera and lens.

No. 66, a girl's head and shoulders, *Profil en quatre couleurs*, is extremely French and chic, dainty and delightful to a degree, unforced in color-values, most cleverly worked out, and very enriching to the wall it hangs on. No. 65, George Grimpel's color-study, *Deux Profils*, is fully as happy and successful; the parrot is delightfully placed, and the spot of red in the tail most felicitous; the opposition of the girl to the darky-girl and her richly printed hair and skin make a particularly attractive arrangement, while the color is nowhere overdone but most satisfactory and artistic.

Baron A. de Meyer has contributed several very fine things, the portrait, No. 47, of Charles Conder, the well-known painter, being perhaps the most successful; a very beautifully lit head full of soft, round, full modeling, and printed in a very rich color; perhaps the very dark background is unduly dark behind the top of the head, but the whole is a quite lovely exercise. In No. 200, *Full-length Portrait*, we get the best bit of drapery in the gallery. The figure is admirably posed and the folds of the gown hang with such rich softness as to be exceptionally enjoyable. No. 83, *Le pont levis*, by Victor Stouffs, gives us some really wet water; the surface is most excellently rendered, and the rich blacks of the bridge-arches afford some well-placed massing and help the whole; one of the few real masterpieces, not merely experiments or attempts, in the gallery.

Mr. Cadby has a very dainty child-study in No. 145, tenderly lit and softly modeled; a characteristically artistic bit of work in every way. Mr. Horsley Hinton, in No. 120, *Niagara*, seems to me to have achieved the truest and most convincing piece of work he has yet exhibited. It has a quite wonderful rendering of the spray, and for once we can feel this tremendous water-fall as really grand, full of Nature's sublimity, and not merely America's visible determination to prove she has the biggest thing in falls, the most melodramatic possibility in that line. The composition is finely conceived and is quite fresh in point of view; the weight and the continuity of the fall of the water is really felt; one realizes that this has been going on for immemorial ages; it is a real triumph for both Mr. Hinton and photography.

No. 122, *Early Spring*, is a thoroughly fine landscape by Charles Moss. It is a very real satisfaction to see this very capable artist breaking away from the very low-toned, over-dark landscapes one feared he was irretrievably wedded to. It is full of a painter's values, and very rich in well-treated planes of light; it really suggests out-of-doors lighting. This, with No. 124, *Sand and Sunshine*, are to my thinking the best things Mr. Moss has shown; this latter is very broadly placed and treated, well spaced, full of light, and of a quiet charm and dignified melancholy that is very restful and fascinating. No. 137, *A Rainstorm* (bought for America), by the same hand, a little belies
its title, as there is no sign of rain or even wetness. A windstorm it certainly is; it is full of motion, though how caught on so large a scale as the composition gives is somewhat of a mystery; one suspects a clever hand more than the lens as the agent of much of the impressive detail of this quite grand picture. It is full of fine lighting, and if one does not inquire too closely into the actual nature of much of it, the whole thing goes together splendidly when viewed from the proper and respectful distance.

It was with some anxiety that one looked for Mr. Alexander Keighley's contribution, seeing how very strong he was last year. In No. 119, A Spring Idyll, he has given us a picture of great, of real idyllic charm; the figures are ideally well chosen and placed, and the trees are defined and lit in exactly right a manner. The foreground is treated in quite the finest and truest manner possible; the only thing I can find to take exception to is the curiously mottled appearance of the whole, like a fine stipple; it suggests neither the character of the paper it is printed on nor the direct influence of the negative, but a something coming between them, and I could wish the same singularly complete charm of the picture could have been given us without it. No. 123, The Fountain, is also a fine work, simply composed and felt, and very fortunate in its treatment of its figures; there is no sense of incongruity or forced inclusion so common to photographs with figures; these really belong and are inseparable from it.

In No. 185, A Canal at Bruges, George Davison has a very characteristic and delightful bit of medieval dawn. It is most ably treated in every part — water, distant buildings, sky — all is quaintly and quietly true and enjoyable. No. 42, St. George's, Hanover Square (sold to America), by Eustace Calland, was a pleasurable surprise for us, as this first-rate worker has been too long absent from our walls in things worthy of him. It is a particularly true and pleasing reminiscence of a very striking London street; real sunlight and a delight of a summer's day in London pervades it.

Mr. Walter Benington does not give us anything so fine as his last year's triumph — indeed it would be a rare piece of good fortune to be able to do so — but his Stonehenge, No. 90, is a characteristic piece of work. It does not belittle the place, as almost all photography has done, and the stones are well placed for solemn effectiveness. I am not fully convinced by his cloud-forms, and I could wish they were away, as the grading of the sky is otherwise quite fine, and far more impressive for the picture-effect. Also, considering the large amount of light in the sky and the small amount of shadow cast by the stones, I think the foreground is far too uniformly dark and robbed of detail. The great stones would gain in impressiveness if one better realized their bases and felt their shadows; but it is a finely imagined effort on the whole.

In No. 148, A Graceful Tramp, and No. 152, In the Shade, we have two very excellent pieces of work, so good in selection and feeling and treatment that we shall look eagerly for something quite masterly soon from Mr. Clutterbuck. The level reached in all his contributions is so consistently high as to convince one that there are no accidents, no flukes, but good things
carefully considered and worked out, just the kind of serious study pictorial photography is in need of just now. No. 86, The Mooring Place, by Percy G. R. Wright, has some of the best rendered water in the gallery; the reflections are unforced, and the whole thing, though small, hangs up very effectively.

This brings my review of our 1904 Salon to a close, and though I may have indulged in dispraise rather than in praise, yet I think it will be seen that it has been purely in a critical spirit for the advancement of our beloved art, and that I have felt that this year's collection of pictures constitutes, on the whole, a very strong step in advance, and should entitle the camera and its lenses to a very large accretion of respect, as invaluable and inimitable tools in the practice of fine arts.

Frederick H. Evans.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Much to our regret the coin fell tails up, and the price of Camera Work, beginning with March first, will therefore be six dollars. Had it fallen heads up the subscription price would have been seven dollars a year; thus Fate was with you, gentle reader. This is how it happened that you were saved one dollar. But, seriously speaking, we have so far succumbed to temptation of making the magazine more and more luxurious that we are compelled to raise our price. It was a question of six dollars or seven which the coin decided—yet even at this price you will receive more than the amount of your subscription could produce. In this connection we wish to impress once more upon you the advisability of having your copies registered, as we accept no responsibility after once having mailed the magazine and can not furnish extra numbers except at the single-copy price. The desire of the earnest worker to have his pictures reproduced in Camera Work is one with which we heartily sympathize, yet we must impress upon the ambitious that ours is but a Quarterly and therefore that our limited means restrict us within certain bounds. It must be remembered that Camera Work can not possibly reproduce all that is good and praiseworthy, but that one of its chief missions is to stimulate and inspire the earnest worker by placing before him the best and above all the most original. We hope in time to devote a number or two to the work of those of the newer American photographers who have done or are doing work of which we approve, but our first duty is to publish such examples of the best as will serve the general interests of the movement.

How the impression has gotten abroad, we do not know, but let us here emphasize the fact that Camera Work and the Photo-Secession are not synonymous, though they are working toward the same ends.

The Editors.
CLARENCE H. WHITE—AN APPRECIATION.

Mr. John W. Beatty, Director of the Art Department of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, who has shown much interest in the development of pictorial photography, has written for us this appreciation of the work of Mr. White.—Editors.

It is often difficult to define the quality in a work of art that raises it above the commonplace and makes it notable. It is manifestly not a particular technical method, because various and often radically opposite technical qualities are represented in works conceded to be masterpieces of art. Often it is color. More frequently it is form or construction, one of the dominant qualities in plastic as well as pictorial art.

I remember asking an eminent Scotch portrait-painter, since then raised to an exalted position by his fellow-artists, what he considered the supreme quality in portraiture. He promptly answered, “distinction.” Distinction as represented by the poise or action of the figure expressed primarily by line and, secondarily, by a skilful arrangement of light and shade. That the quality which lends distinction to a work of art is inherent in nature goes without saying. If it were not of nature it would not be repeated in art—“a stream never rises above its source.” To discover and, having discovered, to size the attitude or action that is distinguished, noble, or expressive of charming grace has always been the achievement of a master-mind. The power to do this seems to be intuitive. It is a rare endowment bestowed upon few. It was possessed by Van Dyck; it belongs to Sargent. It was to a remarkable degree the heritage of Velasquez and of Memling. The technical methods of these painters differ widely, but there is one quality common to all their works, namely, distinction. Given the impress of this quality, any work, no matter whether it be statue, painting, drawing, or photograph, is raised above the dead level of mediocrity, and by virtue of this quality alone takes rank as a work of art. It seems to me in examining a group of Mr. White’s pictures representing many subjects that they possess much of this quality. This at least seems to be the dominant note. To secure this quality he must, doubtless intuitively, see the distinguishing quality of grace or dignity in nature, and, having seen, he seizes it quickly and with precision.

Theodore Child once wrote: “The only model and the only standard is nature, and the whole theory and practice of painting is subordinated to the largest and the most difficult of all arts, namely, learning to see.” To see is all important. To chisel, to paint, to carve, to develop and manipulate plates: these things are important, but first must be exercised the power to discover. And with respect to seeing, the painter and the photographer are on a level. Keen judgment touching the essential qualities, grace, dignity, and distinction may be possessed in common by the man with the camera and the man with the palette.

If the premise be admitted, the conclusion is inevitable. Given the power to apprehend that in nature which is distinguished or beautiful, and if to this be added the ability to eliminate the trivial and unimportant, there
opens a wide field for the development of photography. Probably no one has done more in this direction than Mr. White. His portrait-group of two boys is a remarkably beautiful photograph. Little matter how he secured the result; there it is, not to be gainsaid. It has the quality of a photograph from a painting by one of the masters of composition. Moreover, by some unaccountable means it has been given marvelous breadth and simplicity of effect. The result is a work of rare distinction. Distinction in form and in effect.

The picture of two children which accompanies this note of appreciation is another notable example. The expression of timidity and hesitation on the part of little Katherine is rendered with charming directness and certainty. To do this requires a quick eye for character as it is revealed by the movement of a hand or the poise of the figure, which is but for an instant. As I have said, it does not matter much how Mr. White secures these results. In art we deal with results and not with means. I have long since become weary of learned disquisitions on the means used by this master and that. The men who know exactly how it was done, after the fact, are numerous and voluble. Of this we may always be sure: when there is a good shot, some one was behind the gun.

It is not my purpose or province to analyze the methods employed to secure these results. Nor will I dispute the limitation imposed by mechanical or chemical means. I rather seek to emphasize the fact that an exceedingly important part, if not the most important part, of every artist's ability consists in his power to see, to apprehend the qualities of grace, of power, of distinction, and that this power is possessed by the subject of this sketch and is being expressed through the means of photography with astonishing results. We would seem to be on the borderland of development in this respect. The various secession monuments in the field of photography in Europe and in this country have stimulated activity and research all along the line. It is by clashing, not always friendly, between the old and new schools in all branches of art that progress is made. The warfare keeps the artist's blood in active circulation. I very well remember, we all do, when "sharpness" was the supreme test in photography. To-day it is a recognized axiom that character, or the dominant characteristic of a person, is vastly more dependent upon poise or action than upon definition or detail. Every school of art has gone through these progressive stages, and photography is proving no exception. If the difficulty presented by color can be overcome, and the exact relationship of the various notes or values be truthfully rendered, another great step will have been made. The service being rendered to this art by Mr. White and the group of men with whom he is identified, is of incalculable value and calls for frank recognition and praise.

John W. Beatty.
NOTWITHSTANDING THAT the first salon held in New York was that of the American Institute, in 1899, which, international in character and meritorious though it was, fell short in dignity and quality of the salons in Philadelphia, at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in the years 1898 and 1899, the greatly advertised "First American Salon at New York" happened to happen last month in the Clausen Galleries, Fifth Avenue.

As the exhibition was of the quality of that at St. Louis we shall not review it, though for the sake of record we enumerate the names of the jury of painters who sat in judgment upon the ten thousand frames submitted, and who, in sixteen hours, carefully selected the best four hundred. Upon the theory that only trained (sic!) artists were capable judges of the pictorial in photography, the management of this exhibition secured the services of as fine a lot of wielders of the brush as ever sat in judgment at any New York art-exhibition.

The eminent artist-painters who so valiantly sacrificed themselves for the cause of pictorial photography were Fred. W. Kost, John La Farge, Kenyon Cox, Childe Hassam, Robert L. Henri, Douglas Volk, George R. Barse, Jr., Alphonse Jongers, Edwin H. Blashfield, Will H. Low, Henry Prellwitz, H. Bolton Jones, John W. Alexander, Wm. M. Coffin, Irving R. Wiles, J. Francis Murphy, Walter Clark, Francis R. Jones, Dwight W. Tryon, and Ben Foster. The only absentee, when the jury assembled, was, we were told, William M. Chase.

After carefully examining the exhibition it seemed to us that but one of two conclusions could be drawn: Either that the average of the ten thousand prints submitted was far below the mediocre, if the four hundred prints, with which the walls were literally plastered, were the best that this most eminent jury of painters could find among the ten thousand; or, that even the best of painter-juries are failures when they attempt to pass upon a medium of whose history and technique they are utterly ignorant.

Our opinion, that photographers must be self-sufficient and must not weakly lean for support upon the patronizing aid of other arts, is too well known to be reiterated. But, lest we be misunderstood, let us explain once more that no more than is the average painter a competent judge of what ought to be admitted to a first-class exhibition of paintings, is the average photographer competent to pass upon the merits of pictorial photography.

The exhibition, and everything connected with it, exemplified the wisdom of all but one of the recognized pictorialists of the world in refraining from giving it support. Those who were responsible for the St. Louis fiasco were the moving element in this "First American Salon at New York," which is now to tour the States.

The American photographic press is usually Philistine to a degree, and not always to be relied upon for its accuracy. It has taken a view of the merits of this particular exhibition virtually diametrically opposed to our own. As
we fear that in consequence we may seem somewhat biased, we reprint a few extracts from the criticisms published by three prominent American art-critics—in no way identified with photographic politics—in the daily press upon the exhibition in question.

Mr. Fitzgerald, one of the keenest and most modern of the New York critics, said in the Evening Sun, December 10, 1904:

An ever-present difficulty for the chronicler of art is to decide the nice point of how to treat the several exhibitions that come under his notice in such a way as to protect his own opinions without needlessly offending the susceptibilities of the exhibitors or wantonly outraging their sense of fitness. Once or twice we have had the misfortune to differ radically from an artist’s personal opinion of his genius, but this is an accident one is compelled to accept as an inevitable consequence of the fallibility of human judgment. The difficulty we speak of arises from the various nature of the exhibitions and the possible estimates of various types.

Thus the photographers this year, having raised their exhibition a step higher in the scale of Art by the appointment of a jury of painters, bestow upon it the title of “Salon” and betray so many other terrifying symptoms of estheticism that we are afraid to comment upon the “pictures” shown at Mr. Clausen’s.

After considering the work of Mr. F. Holland Day, and finding him spoken of with awe in the catalogue as “the Master,” we fear that as yet we have not succeeded in acquiring that spirit of reverence with which it is necessary to approach Modern Photography. For the present, therefore, we must postpone all comment on the Salon.

Charles De Kay, the well-known American art-critic and art-editor of the New York Times, wrote as follows in that paper on December 14, 1904:

There is the Camera Club of New York, and there is the organization of the Photosecession, but amateur photographers exist in such abundance that a third society has been formed to appease photographers of the upper part of Manhattan. It bears the formidable title of Metropolitan Camera Club, and boasts that it “occupies 6,000 square feet of space in a modern office-building in the center of the residence district of the city.” It is this society under whose auspices the First American Photographic Salon makes its bow with an exhibit of somewhat less than 400. Noble four hundred! An idea of the popularity of Kodaks, and the general thirst for the privilege of exhibiting works of art wrought by the patient camera, may be obtained from the statement in the “Greeting!” that nearly 10,000 frames were entered!

To sift this mighty mass twenty-one painters, led by Mr. La Farge, devoted hours which might have been spent in sweet excursions on canvas with the brush; but, like the soldiers at Thermopylae, there was the country to be saved, and to a man they stood their ground, undismayed by the barbarians. When at last they fell, only a few hundred, or to be exact, 369, of the enemy pressed forward over their corpses, and seized the heights of Clausen’s Galleries, 381 Fifth Avenue.

The Photographic Salon is a federation of societies in Portland, Me., and Portland, Ore., in Toronto, Canada, and Washington, D.C.; in New York, Chicago, Boston, Columbus, and Brooklyn; in Columbia (State not given), and one other at large—for the “Salon Club of America” has no definite local habitation, though it is organized to “encourage photographic salons and other exhibitions of an artistic character at home and abroad—upon request.” Furthermore, the Salon Club of America promises to “encourage pictorial photography”—as if that were needed—“promote good-fellowship among those devoted thereto, cooperate with new and rising talent, and provide a new field without prejudice to photographic pictorialists.”

For a new field new terms are required, and “photographic pictorialist” exactly fills the void. Anybody can be a photographer who possesses a Kodak, but must it not require a long training and a large consumption of patience and gray matter to become a photographic pictorialist?

The Chairman of the Salon Club is Mr. Curtis Bell of New York, and he is also President of the Metropolitan Camera Club, and Chairman of the Hanging Committee of the First American P. S. After a prolonged study of the catalogue one feels a certain satisfaction in at last touching
earth at No. 125 West One Hundred and First Street, Manhattan, where one finds Mr. S. C. Bullenkamp, the Secretary of the above-mentioned combination of clubs and societies, and learns that its title is American Federation of Photographic Societies.

If lofty promises and magnificent organization can put genius into the camera this ought to be an epoch-making salon.

Photographs for this exhibition have come from far and wide. About one-fifth of the exhibitors are foreign—Canadians, Belgians, Scotsmen, English, French, Germans, Italians, Russians, and Danes. Although the exhibition opens in New York, it is to be sent about to many other cities, and the local color is therefore not too aggressive. In fact, the interesting pieces, when discovered, rarely turn out to be from this city, which seems to have turned a deaf ear to the lively fanfarones that have preceded the opening of the First American Photographic Salon. Mr. F. Holland Day, of Boston, is not in the catalogue among the numbered photographs, but has an advertisement page all to himself. His prints are a welcome change from the ordinary rank and file of the show, notably the shadowy nun in her cell, and the "Master of the Hounds."

On the whole, however, it must be said that the exhibition looks rather commonplace when one remembers the mysterious and emotional show of the Photo-Secession, wherein Messrs., . . . , and their comrades of both sexes, let themselves loose to the great joy of the initiated.

James Henry Moser, one of the most prominent of water-colorists in this country, Professor at the Corcoran Art School, Washington, and art-editor of the Washington Post, wrote as follows:

Through the rapidity and ease with which pictures may be made with a camera, every up-to-date American has become a "picture-maker," but it must be apparent to thoughtful observers everywhere that the process of making artists has not been materially changed by the advent of the instrument. When not born, artists are evolved out of a consuming passion for the beautiful and an unlimited capacity for making sacrifices and taking trouble. As the Photo-Secession show held in the Hemicycle last year by the Capital Camera Club made it clear that artists of the finer fiber and most charming individuality might well be content to find photography satisfying to their highest ambition, so the Salon Club's show demonstrates the wide and entertaining possibilities of those who are picture-makers mainly.

The present exhibition of the federation is a lusty protest of picture-makers and some artists who resent exclusiveness as undemocratic and unjust. A federation of clubs over the entire country which accepts any owner of a camera as eligible to membership is indeed a good thing with many practical advantages. There is strength in numbers and in united effort, but in art there is permanent strength only in combinations of the highest excellence. Whistler, with his "Internationals," will swing along through time, increasing in influence and usefulness, when the world has forgotten the influential legions who refused in the beginning to listen to their message.

Among the absentees the Photo-Secessionists, who are American photographers of world-wide reputations, one need mention only a few to make it clear that much of the best work done in this country is unrepresented in the present exhibition.

While criticism of its method of selection is disarmed by the appointment of a jury of artists of distinction, the federation can not wholly establish its claims by that fact. The Secessionists have taken the lead in photography in America, and to them we look for the greatest progress in that art. . . . Photo-Secession prints have received the highest honors and approval in art-circles the world over. The authority and leadership of this organization is acknowledged in Paris, London, Vienna and Berlin, as well as in its home city, New York.

The greeting in the catalogue is lacking in calmness and dignity. It proclaims the exhibition "an undertaking of Titanic proportion," and speaks of the "enormous number of entries—which includes nearly all the pictorial photographers in the world." Yet those pictorialists who have, as a club, really won for photography the respect it now enjoys, are entirely absent. The catalogue further argues that because 10,000 frames were sent in against 3,000 at any previous salon, and because there was an able painter-jury, this new organization is somehow vindicated in its protest against the methods of "The Photo-Secession." . . .

Alfred Stieglitz.
UNCLE 'RASTUS ON THE ORIGINS OF TROUBLE.

SPEC, HONEY, dat yo' done heah folks say dat a man doan git inte' no movin' kin' o' trubbul till he gits mah'ied. I spec yo' done heah dat dere wahn't nebber no trubbul in de worl' till de Lawd done made Eve. I's heah'd fool pussons ob de male pussuasion 'low as how dat war de fac' mahself. But doan' yo' go fur to b'lieve 'em! I knows bettah dan dat, fo' I remembahs what my ole mammy done tole me about Marse Adam, an' I knows dat Eve war only de fine finishin' touches ob de mattah, de peeroaratiun, as de domine ses.

No, sah! Ole Marse Adam had hes han's full ob trubbul befo' dat, an' dis is how it war. Gawd had done put Marse Adam in de Gahd'n ob Edom an' had tole him, "Now yo' g'long an' ten' dis heah gahd'n an' make all de beastises min' yo'"; he ses, "an' I hope yo' 'njoy yo'self," he ses, "an' like yo' job." An' jes' at de firs' Marse Adam suttinly did 'joy heself. Fo' dat war a sho'nuff fine gahd'n! De sweet-tatahs dey grew wil', an' de possums dey come tame, an' de wattahmellions dey jes' ripened up in batches all de yeah roun'. But dose beastises war a peck o' trubbul. Yo' see, dey had been jes' natchally turned loose in de gahd'n an' dey war a floppin' roun' doin' what dey gol-durned pleased, an' sech didos yo' nebbah see in all yo' bawn days! Marse Adam he shout an' he holler, but, sakes alive, he couldn' do nuthin' wid 'em! Dey wouldn' ansah to deir names, 'cause dey didn' hab none, an' he war chasin' roun' all day shoutin' "Hai, dere!" an' "Say, yo'!" tell he jes' plum sot down an' cussed 'em. An' den, when he had cussed 'em good, he ses to heself, "'Pears like I' ll hab to edicate dese heah beastises," he ses. "Dere's some ob 'em," he ses, "as knows sumpin' an' dere's some ob 'em doan' know nuthin'; but de ones dat knows sumpin' doan' seem to know it," he ses, "an' de ones dat doan' know nuthin' is like­wise ignorant ob de fac'," he ses. "I mus' teach dem deir names an' deir places an' de fust principuls o' mannahs," he ses, "an' see if I can 'stract a bit ob o'dah out ob all dis yeah circumambulatiun," he ses.

So Ole Marse Adam he posted up a notiss what ses: "On Sunday mawnin' dere will be a gran' baptizin' at de Fus' Baptiss Chu'ch, an' all de beastises in de Gahd'n am requested to atten'."

An', honey, yo' suttinly should hab seen dat congregation! Dere war big fat beastises, an' little thin beastises, an' long beastises, an' squat beastises, an' beastises wid hayah, an' beastises wid feddahs, an' beastises wid scales, an' beastises wid skin. An' when he see dat dey war all dere, Marse Adam begun handin' out de names.

He look 'em all obah an' he ses to de fines' ob de lot, "Yo' am de Ephhunt," he ses.

"YAAS, SAH," ses de Ephhunt in hes great big voice.
"An' yo' am de Hippopotmiss," he ses to de nex' one.
"YAAS, SAH," ses de Hippopotmiss wid a monst'ous fine grin.
"An' yo' am —" begun Marse Adam, when a lil' yaller buttahfly in de reah row int'rupted him an' ses, kin' o' sof' like,
“Ain’ beauty gwine hab no show in dese y’ah Christmas gift’s,” it ses.


“YAAS, SAH,” ses de Rinosriss, touchin’ hes ho’n jes’ like he sho-’nuff quality.

But de Lion he been gittin’ maddah an’ maddah, an’ he ses, wid a mighty big roah:

“I am de king ob beastises,” he ses, “an’ it am onsuitable,” he ses, “dat I should be kep’ waitin’ fo’ trash,” he ses.


“Yaas, Sah, Yaas, Sah,” ses de Cammil, kin’ o’ humpin’ heself.

“An’ yo’ am—” begun Marse Adam, when up come de Crokodile, weepin’ big roun’ teahs an’ sobbin’,


“Yaas, deah,” ses Marse Adam, “pretty soon,” he ses. An’ de Skeet he pipes up an’ ses:

“I had suttinly thought I was gwine to be de Elephant,” he ses, “fo’ I have de sharpest probosiss,” he ses.

An’ de Lady-bug ’low as how she thought dat dey had her spotted fo’ a Leopa’ at de veyh leas’.

An’ de fus’ ting yo’ know de Gahd’n ob Edom war a puffec’ Hurrah’s nes’ o’ purlite kickin’, in which yo’ could’n’ heah yo’ own eahs buzzin’.

“Well, sah, ‘long about six o’clock Marse Adam he knock off fo’ sup’pah, an’ befo’ he ’gun to eat he say grace. “O Lawd,” he ses, “I guess yo’ mought’s well brung ’long dat woman,” he ses. “It ’pears like I war boun’ to hab trubbul,” he ses, “an’ I spec I’d jes’ ’s well go de whole hawg,” he ses.

An’ now, honey, yo’ listen to yo’ Uncle ‘Rastus. Things ain’ change as much since Marse Adam war ten’in’ gahd’n as some people likes to let on. Folks am jes’ about as queah crittahs now as dey ebah war, an’ de easies’ way in de worl’ ob conjuratin’ trubbul am to try an’ holp ’em along.

J. B. Kerfoot
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN THIS number of Camera Work Mrs. Eva Watson-Schütze makes her debut to our readers. It had been our intention to devote six plates to this talented worker, but, thanks to unexpected troubles in the matter of reproduction, four pictures are all we are able to bring at present. "Head of a Young Girl" and "Portrait Study" are photogravures made directly from the original negatives, while "The Rose" and "Storm" were reproduced by the half-tone process from gum- and glycerine-prints respectively.

Although having devoted Number III of Camera Work to Clarence H. White’s work, we felt at the time that we had not done him full justice. As he is, beyond dispute, one of the most interesting figures in the ranks of the world’s pictorial photographers, our readers will undoubtedly enjoy the opportunity of studying further examples of his work. All the plates are photogravures made directly from the original negatives.

Mr. Steichen’s portrait of Clarence H. White has been similarly reproduced directly from the original negative. Thus we have six examples of the "straightest" kind of "straight photography" reproduced in these plates of Messrs. White and Steichen.

TO ARTISTS.

IF YOU chance to be an artist and a person says to you,
As though it were a sensible remark,
"I don’t know anything of art, but know just what I like!"
You may answer, "So do monkeys in the park!" — From Life.
The Photo-Secession
(Founded February 17, 1902)

The efforts to establish the recognition of pictorial photography prior to 1902 had drawn together those American workers who, actuated by certain ideals, had found a common sympathy, interest, and belief. This community of interest led to the actual founding of the Photo-Secession as the first American body devoted exclusively to pictorial photography.

Its aims are:
To hold together those Americans devoted to pictorial photography, to uphold and strengthen the position of pictorial photography; to exhibit the best that has been accomplished by its members or other photographers, and, above all, to dignify that profession until recently looked upon as a trade.

Membership is divided into two classes: Fellows and Associates. Fellowship is elective and dependent upon work; Associateship being open to all, whether photographers or not, in complete sympathy with Photo-Secession ideals.

The following is a record of the activities of the organization, as an organization, since its foundation:

1902.
Exhibition at the National Arts Club, New York.
Loan Collection at the Turin, Italy, Exposition of Decorative Arts.

1903.
Invitation Loan Collections were sent to the following exhibitions:
Wiesbaden, Germany — International Pictorial Photographic Portrait Exhibition.
St. Petersburg, Russia — International Photographic Exhibition.
Denver, Colorado — Salon.
Minneapolis, Minnesota — Salon.
Cleveland, Ohio — Camera Club Salon.
Rochester, New York — Camera Club Exhibition.
Paris, France — Photo-Club Salon.
Toronto, Canada — Camera Club Exhibition.
Cercle de l’Effort Exhibition at Brussels, Belgium.
Hamburg, Germany — International Photographic Exhibition.

1904.
Photo-Secession Exhibitions were held at:
The Corcoran Art Galleries, Washington, D.C.
Pittsburg Art Galleries, Carnegie Institute.

Invitation Loan Collections were sent to:
Cercle de l’Effort Salon at Brussels, Belgium.
Paris, France — Photo-Club Salon.
The Hague, Holland — International Photographic Exhibition.
Dresden, Germany—International Art Exhibition.
Vienna, Austria—Photo-Club Salon.

1905 (to date).

Invitation Collection sent to the "International Exhibition of 100 Prints"
at Vienna, Austria.

### List of Members

**Founders, Fellows of the Council**

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>City</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John G. Bullock</td>
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<td>Wm. B. Dyer</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
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<td>Frank Eugene</td>
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<td>Dallett Fuguet</td>
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<td>Gertrude Kaeber</td>
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<td>Joseph T. Keiley</td>
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<td>Robert S. Redfield</td>
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<td>Alice Austin</td>
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<td>Eva Watson-Schütze</td>
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<td>Eduard J. Steichen</td>
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<td>Edmund Stirling</td>
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<td>John Francis Strauss</td>
<td>New York</td>
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<td>Clarence H. White</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
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**Elected Fellows**

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<tr>
<td>Alvin Langdon Coburn</td>
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<td>Mary Devens</td>
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<td>Herbert G. French</td>
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<td>W. F. James</td>
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<td>Franklin, Pa.</td>
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<td>Cambridge, Mass.</td>
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<td>Mrs. Charles Peabody</td>
<td>Cambridge, Mass.</td>
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<td>Alphonse Pena</td>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. B. H. Green</td>
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<td>Mrs. George A. Stanbery</td>
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<td>Lewis F. Stephany</td>
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<td>Mrs. Alfred Stieglitz</td>
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<td>Lily E. White</td>
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**Associates**

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<td>Wm. P. Agnew</td>
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<td>Alice Austin</td>
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<td>A. C. Bates</td>
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<td>Alice Boughton</td>
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<td>A. K. Boursault</td>
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<td>Annie W. Bricman</td>
<td>Oakland, Cal.</td>
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<td>Elizabeth Buehrmann</td>
<td>St. Louis, Mo.</td>
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<td>Norman W. Carkhuff</td>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
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<td>Wm. E. Carlin</td>
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<td>S. R. Carter</td>
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<td>Mrs. Fannie E. Coburn</td>
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<td>W. F. Dewey</td>
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<td>Dr. Wm. G. Eckstein</td>
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<td>J. Mitchell Elliott</td>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
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<td>Dr. Milton Franklin</td>
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<td>A. A. Gleason</td>
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<td>Frank H. Green</td>
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<td>George D. Heisey</td>
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<td>Frances B. Johnston</td>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
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<td>Edward W. Keck</td>
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<td>J. B. Keenfoot</td>
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<td>Marshall R. Kernochan</td>
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<td>Sarah H. Ladd</td>
<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
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<td>Louis A. Lamb</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
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<td>Chester Abbott Lawrence</td>
<td>Boston</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alfred Stieglitz, Director, 1111 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.</td>
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ANYBODY CAN sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend’s success.

Love art for its own sake and then all things that you need will be added to you. This devotion to beauty and to the creation of beautiful things is the test of all great civilizations; it is what makes the life of each citizen a sacrament and not a speculation.

It has often been made a subject of reproach against artists and men of letters that they are lacking in wholeness and completeness of nature. As a rule this must necessarily be so. That very concentration of vision and inversity of purpose which is the characteristic of the artistic temperament is in itself a mode of limitation. To those who are preoccupied with the beauty of form nothing else seems of so much importance.

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

The longer I live the more keenly I feel that whatever was good enough for our fathers is not good enough for us. In art, as in politics, "les grands pères ont toujours tort."

The object of art is not simple truth but complex beauty. Art itself is really a form of exaggeration, and selection, which is the very spirit of art, is nothing more than an intensified mode of overemphasis.

When art is more varied nature will, no doubt, be more varied also.

The proper school to learn art in is not life but art.

No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only beauty.

To me the word "natural" means all that is middle class, all that is of the essence of Jingoism, all that is colorless and without form, and void. It might be a beautiful word, but it is the most debased coin in the currency of language.

To reveal art and conceal the artist is art’s aim.

An echo is often more beautiful than the voice it repeats.
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<th>Size</th>
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<td>3 3/4 x 3 1/2</td>
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<td>16 x 20</td>
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<td>4 3/4 x 6 1/2</td>
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<td>10 x 26 (3/4 sheet)</td>
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<td>5 x 7</td>
<td>.80</td>
<td>Roll, 20 in. wide</td>
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<td>5 x 8</td>
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<td>26 ft. long</td>
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<td>5 1/2 x 7 1/4</td>
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<td>1/2 Roll (13 ft.)</td>
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<td>6 1/2 x 8 1/2</td>
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<td>1/4 (6 1/2 ft.)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The SEED</strong></td>
<td><strong>NON-HALATION ORTHO PLATE</strong></td>
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A Daily Occurrence
CHAPTER I

THE DILEMMA

Scene laid at any place. Time, any day. The hero discovered in deep perplexity seated at a table piled high with manufacturers' catalogues.

(In a despairing tone.) Sixty lens catalogues from sixty manufacturers and the end is not yet! Where shall I—away from all photographic intercourse—find a way out of my dilemma? Each of the sixty assures me (in type) that his make, and only his, is what I ought to own. And each of the sixty guarantees that each of his six hundred patterns is specially adapted to each of each separate purpose that I have in mind. This ends photography for me; better no lens than the mad-house. (Smashes his camera, exit in a frenzy.)

CHAPTER II

The next morning. The hero rising and talking to himself.

What made me dream of Goerz lenses in particular? In that endless list of lenses that haunted me all night, why did Goerz's name lead all the rest? I have it—his was the only catalogue I did not have. I'll 'phone him at once.

CHAPTER III

THE SOLUTION

Scene in the office of C. P. Goerz, 52 Union Square, East, New York City. L. J. R. Holst at the long-distance telephone.

Hello! What! Smashed your camera in disgust because you couldn't find a proper lens! Why, any one of those sixty would have filled your wants. How about a Goerz? Are they as good as the others? (Smiles audibly.) Perhaps. Do you read the magazines and know who's who in photography? Write to some of the more prominent photographers and ask what they think of Goerz lenses. We abide by their verdict. A catalogue? Yes, if you want it; but won't it confuse you still more?

CHAPTER IV

Time, two weeks later. Scene as in Chapter III.

(Holst at the 'phone again.) Hello! Who? Oh! it's you!—get off the line, Central—what? You say you've written to a lot of the prize-winners and you've decided for a Goerz. Thanks! Now remember if you should be disappointed in the lens you may return it. Yes, it goes by express to-day. Is that all? Good-by!
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