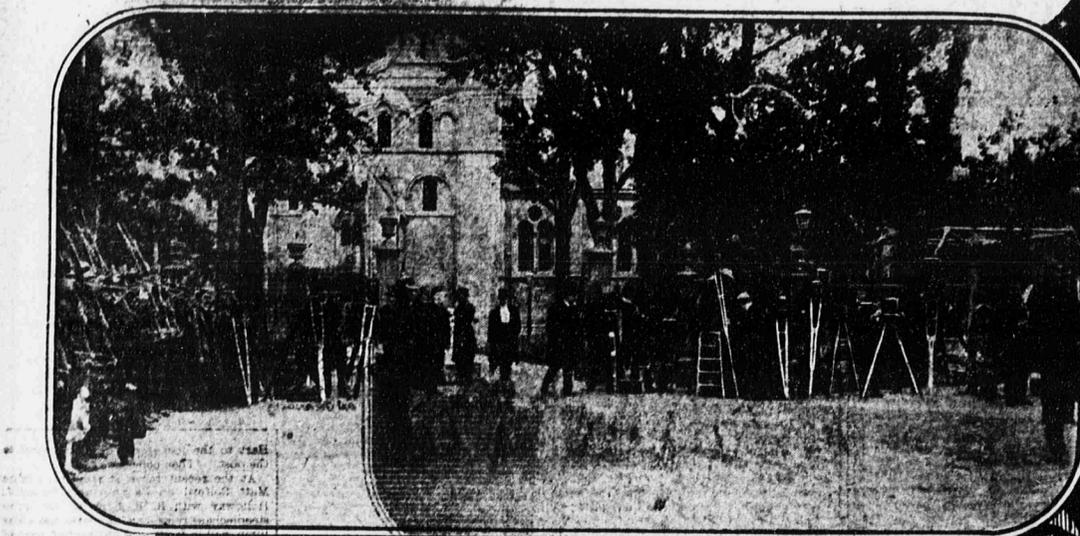


Batteries of Cameras for Celebrities

None of the World's Great Men Can Escape the Ever Present Picture Taker Now



WHAT THE KING OF NORWAY HAD TO FACE AT HIS CORONATION

The front elevation of every who's-who in this and other lands has been snatched so often that when a camera man with originality started on a trip recently to get pictures of something new, naturally the only thing left for him to do was to photograph the photographers. Of late the boom of the flashlights has become so common that the Fourth of July would seem by unnoticed if it were not for the hospital records and letanias.

Half tone engraving, flashlight powers, sensational newspapers and the boll weevil hit the earth about the same time, and the combination caused a haze straightway to cloud the sun. In Europe the bang of the flashlight salutes has become as continuous as it is with us.

The observant commuter learned long ago, during hurried trips between the notion counter and Hackensack society, just who was expected to arrive at or depart from Hoboken each day by the number of camera men that were gathered on pier or station platform morning and evening. An unofficial code of flashlight salutes came to be recognized by the commuter in this way. If he saw eighty-five tripods arranged in two lines and just far enough apart to permit a well built man to work his way between by walking sideways, the commuter paused in his flight for a seat in the smoker to wait to see Mr. Roosevelt shake hands with the engineer and station porters before shaking hands with the ferryboat pilot and deck hands.

Three additional camera men and a flock of female reporter postcards means that Mrs. Roosevelt is also expected.

The who's-who-er entitled to a salute of sixty guns varies, of course, with the news of the day. By patiently plugging at it almost any person can attain this class for a time at least. The Follies sisters, for instance, some time ago started out to appear in different courts in Greater New York for different reasons on different days, and by quietly working along these lines in their own way showed in a short time that the thing can be done. Their fame, however, was only temporary. More than a month ago they dropped back to the two gun or G class, and since the initial performance of "Manzette Champagne" it is doubtful whether the sisters would be accorded even the single click, or amateur kodaker salute.

The commuter, notwithstanding the sizzling scale of fame, is well up on the news and so is able to determine at a moment's



PHOTOGRAPHERS WAITING FOR JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER TO COME ON BOARD

notice just where everybody that's anybody belongs in the code. In the sixty, forty-five and thirty gun classes are many whose salutes are as permanent as a book-keeper's. These salutes are lettered respectively B, C and D, and the next class is known as the twenty-three gun or ex-impresario president salute, although this is becoming rare.

The persons that invariably do things to the accompaniment of sixty guns are numerous. John D. Rockefeller always gets this salute, and so do Harry Lehr, Oscar Hammerstein, Bonnie Magiano, Ann Bird Gardner, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Battling Nelson, Richard Harding Davis, John De Witt Warner, Tony Pastor and the Rev. Madison Peters. It has been estimated that if all the flashlight powders that have gone off, when Dr. Parkhurst approached were concentrated in one charge enough hot air would be generated to blow off the lid of every manhole in the city.

While the average army sees a real war only about once in every twenty-five or

thirty years the average camera man of a continuously performing metropolitan daily paper takes his life in his hands every time he starts out to get the news. Always the photographer runs the risk of running up against a who's-who-er who will wait until the flashlight powder is exploded and then walk around the camera carefully so as not to injure the plates and promptly put it all over the poor photographer.

Many of the papers send reporters on stories still, and as there is not much writing to be done the reporter's real work consists in lending physical aid to the flashlights when the firing becomes general.

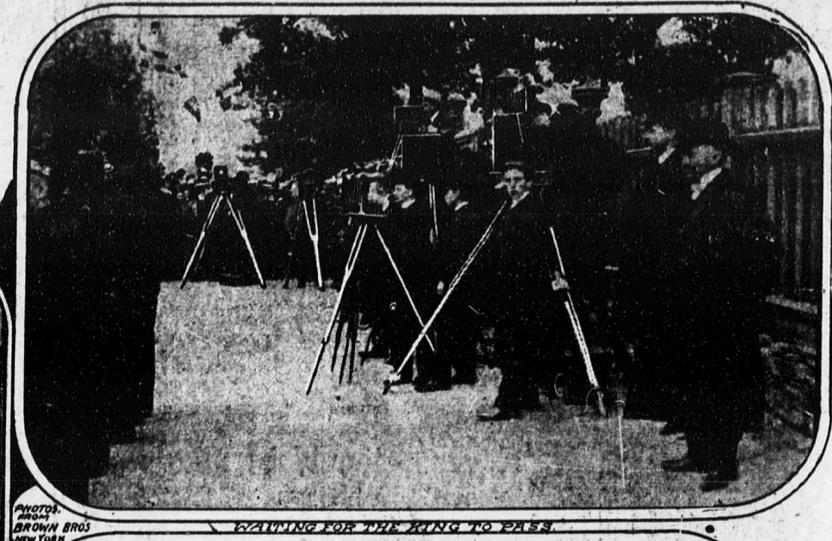
In the pictures printed to-day showing the gangplank upon which Mr. Rockefeller is to climb to Europe one can see as many of the brave men behind the bulb as could be got on one plate. The battle scarred veterans shown here are some of the firing line squad of the Sixth Army Corps, and these particular men always take pictures of the right side of the oil

magnate while squads of equal numbers are constantly assigned to the Rockefeller front, left side and rear elevations.

The two platoon system is now in force among the flashlight brigades. The first platoon comes to Park row on the first milk wagons and shortly after roll call mounts the ammunition wagons and combs the city from the Battery to Job Hedges's home in Rye, taking pictures for every afternoon edition between 6 in the morning and noon. At noon the second platoon is on the job at Rye and combs the city southward for pictures for each next day edition between 1 P. M. and midnight.

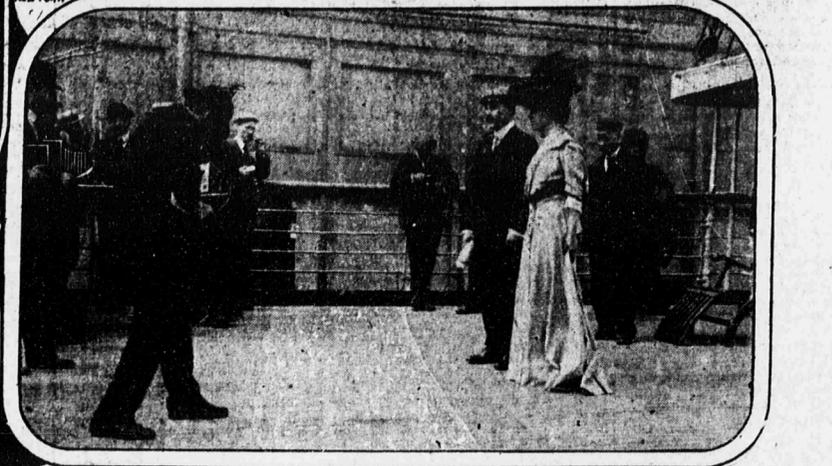
Small boy couriers follow the army just back of the ammunition wagons and as soon as the pictures are taken break for the subway or elevated with the plates.

When Secretary Taft, Miss Roosevelt and party decided to accompany a shipload of his home paper that he had decided to leave for Norway to accept a position as king there.



PHOTOS BY BROWN BROS. NEW YORK

WAITING FOR THE KING TO PASS



CONGRESSMAN AND MRS LONGWORTH FACING THE CAMERAS

may be had from the picture published above showing the army manœuvring on shipboard with Mr. and Mrs. Longworth reviewing them. As will be seen by studying the photograph the army is drawn up at attention along the ship's picket fence, Major-Gen. Burr McIntosh, just out of focus, in command.

In the drill, of which the illustration printed herewith is a full length portrait, each company first advanced ten paces toward the reviewing stand and at the order "Load!" brought their weapons to the "charge bayonets" position, inserted plates and fell back to attention again. Immediately the command "By ones, forward!" was given by Gen. McIntosh, and then each

gunner in turn advanced, unsupported, to a position in front of the distinguished young woman and her companion, saluted, and fired. Like clockwork the man behind the gun then made a flank movement under his own smoke and the next soldier in line along the picket fence repeated his performance. The drill would last till luncheon each day and the afternoon would be given over to an individual drill in which only Gen. McIntosh took part.

The other two illustrations accompanying this story show the manœuvres of the camera squads of the *Tronhjelm Daily Gazetteer* and the *Moscow Weekly Times* at the coronation of King Haakon in Trondhjem. It is said that the King was not informed that these drills were to be a part of the coronation ceremonies until after he had sent word in to the personal columns of his home paper that he had decided to leave for Norway to accept a position as king there.

In the picture of the squads gathering in front of the Trondhjem building—which

was a cathedral, as the gazetteer found in every newspaper office says that "Trondhjem, on the Nid, is the seat of a bishop"—the king himself does not appear, unless he is the person coming out of the cathedral wearing last night's clothes and an umbrella. To the king's right—if it be the king—is a camera captain with his back to the royal command and just about to give the personage to fire. The man in the extreme background with his credentials stuck in his hat band is probably William T. Stead or some other news gatherer.

Just at this time there are two clouds of flashlight smoke hanging over Europe, the permanent cloud that marks the spot occupied by the Kaiser and a travelling cloud equally dense that follows Mrs. Longworth and her husband. "My word, but the fog is a bit thick to-day," was coughed along the streets of London for several days after the Longworths arrived amid the camera smoke. This joke was run in several editions of *Punch* until some one wrote to the *Times* another witticism equally good that ran: "If Mrs. Longworth has money in her own name what is Nicholas Longworth?" Then the sewer just joined the smoke and fog and settled heavily over the city, while the roars of laughter it occasioned almost drowned out the boom of the flashlight breakfast gun as the Longworths began the day.

The only time that Kaiser Wilhelm the Second to Nobody was ever known to reprimand a German photographer was on the Fourth of July, just after the birth of the latest heir to the throne. It had been announced beforehand that if the baby were a girl a salute of seventy-two guns would be fired from the fortress and 101 guns if it were a boy. The Kaiser was having his

shoes shined at a stand on Potsdamers-see and a number of the boys of his political club were standing around laughing and joking with him when away started the guns.

"Ein, zwei, drei," began the Emperor, and the party workers grouped around the bootblack's chair. The party had counted 101 and were just preparing to cheer and give the Emperor a congratulatory slap in the back when the 102d shot rang out and another and another.

It seems that a camera man from the *Berliner Liverrant* had taken his station just back of Wilhelm to take a picture of the war lord in the act of being a grandfather and, quite unobserved by the royal party, had started off his flashlights as soon as the fortress guns stopped firing.

In amazement the Emperor kept on counting the flashlight reports until the photographer had added 101 shots of his own to the 101 fired from the fortress.

"Gott! It twins is the Kaiser is reported to have cried in delight, and as he spun around in an ecstasy of delicious joy he saw the smoke fluttering respectfully above the photographer's bare head, and the Kaiser understood it all.

"Thirty days in the jug for yours," cried the Kaiser, angrily, when he suddenly remembered that he had issued a ukase that children, camera men and the hat-wielder should never receive corporal punishment, and so the man was allowed to go with a reprimand. The Kaiser leads Europe in the number of flashes he has been under flashlight fire, but his record is exceeded in this country by President Roosevelt, Lillian Russell and numerous others. New York, in fact, holds the lead in flashlight battles, and if the smoke continues to accumulate around the wharves in the future as it has in the past we shall soon acquire a London atmosphere that even William Waldorf Astor could breathe and survive.

the time he had calmly announced for his sailing.

A CASE MUCH LIKE JONAH'S.

Narrated by Old Man Greenhut to Show the Trouble Saving Power of Poker.

"There ain't no manner o' doubt but that the game o' draw poker were designed by a wise an' beneficial Providence for to teach humanity how to get outen their troubles," said old man Greenhut, as he looked contemplatively up the street after a man who had spent the preceding two hours in the little black room of Greenhut's saloon.

"Well," said Jake Winterbottom, "I'll be hornswoggled if I o'n see what draw poker's got to do with it, or how 'twould 'a' helped Jonah if he'd knowned the game. 'Tain't likely 't' the whole 'o' 'a' been willin' to play freeze out with him even if he'd know'd how, seein' as how he'd took the pot already."

an' 'posed a game o' poker, for to settle the controversy.

"This here trouble 'o' Caleb Armstrong was into was on board of the *Rosa Lee*, that were a famous packet in her day an' counted the fastest boat they ever lay on the river, till the Belle o' the Bayou was built. Some on 'em swore by one boat, an' some were ready to bet all they had on t'other."

"Present my compliments to Cap'n Hopper an' tell him I'll bet any boat agin' his'n."

gone to New Orleans an' bought 4,000 hams to sell there. An' them hams was on the *Rosa Lee*.

"That wa'n't none amazin', but they seen the importance o' it later. 'Pears the *Rosa Lee* was lookin' to make the reg'lar stops on the way up the river, but the Belle o' the Bayou was just a trifle in the lead, an' when they come to the reg'lar landin' Hopper seen 't' Sutton didn't slow down, so na'trally he kep' right on, too. An' they didn't neither on 'em make any stop."

"'Pears like Cap'n Sutton 'magine 't' come for a ham 't' the best thing 'r him to do was to do nothin'."

steady enough, even if Hopkins were reckoned a monomaniacal ship proposition.

"'Pears like 't' you've got a ace to spare I'd like it."

"Well, the first card he got was a ten, an' there was some o' them 't' was lookin' on 't' wanted to make a side bet at about one to a hundred 't' he'd put the money agin' 't' ten showin' in a minute, but there wa'n't no takers, an' he turned over the next card. It were a king, an' he turned over the next card. 'The crowd didn't like it much, but Caleb Armstrong he kep' cool, an' he says: 'The money's mine, ain't it?' An' they says: 'An' the hams is mibe, too. I've got to have five dollars apiece 'r them hams.'"

EXPLORERS WHO HAVE TO BEG.

TRYING EXPERIENCES IN RAISING THE MONEY THEY NEED.

A Task Harder Than Facing Fever in Africa or Freezing in the Arctic—Good Humor, Pluck and Enthusiasm Have Carried Some of Them Through Safely.

A man who knows many explorers was talking the other day about the discouraging experiences that most of them have in trying to raise funds for their work.

"At last," he said, "Capt. Bernier has enough money to fit out his expedition and he will soon start for the Arctic on the vessel the Canadian Government has placed at his service."

"That man has lived with his Arctic project constantly in his mind for the last eight years. He has talked about it in-

cessantly with any man, group of men or society that would listen to him. He was glad if anybody would promise to give him even \$5 as soon as the necessary sum was pledged.

"Two years ago the promised fund which was to come from hundreds of sources amounted to \$62,000. He needed at least \$13,000 more for a safe financial basis.

"You can't ask a man with any hope of success to put his hand into his pocket for you if you wear a desperate and lugubrious air. You must assume jollity and confidence, though you have them not."

"Bernier always laughed and joked with the men who told him he was a crank and a bore. He has a vein of humor that has doubtless helped to add thousands of dollars to his fund."

"All who heard his little speech at the dinner to Nordenskjold in this city will remember how smilingly and with what significance as he told of the arrangements here last spring and found that the arrangements were all made for getting northward defeated by the imprisonment of the whaling fleet in the ice north of Alaska. It was positively necessary for him to buy a ship, and though a stranger in a strange land he set out to raise the money."

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"Most explorers would much rather face fever and savages in Africa or freezing in the Arctic than ask any man for a cent, but they have to do it, and the very qualities that make them successful beggars are among the factors that make them also men of high achievement in the field of exploration."



THE most finished mixer can't mix you a finished cocktail. He can put in skill and fine liquors—but he can't put in age.

CLUB COCKTAILS are unerringly mixed by measure—of the choicest old liquors, and aged in wood. All raw flavors are matured out.

The result is a perfect cocktail—CLUB.

Just strain through cracked ice and serve. Seven varieties; each one delicious—of all good grocers and dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & CO., Sole Props. Bartlett, New York, London