

NOVELTIES IN SILHOUETTES

NOW THEY ARE MADE WITH THE HELP OF THE CAMERA.

The Photographic Silhouettes More Perfect Than the Old Fashioned Kind—A Massachusetts Woman's Work—One Way of Lighting Gives Cameo Effect.

When Mrs. Florence Mansfield Tolman began trying to make silhouettes with a camera several years ago she was not even a professional photographer. She was simply a woman who had, among other things, these three possessions: A camera, a small boy and a clever idea. The said idea was to use the said camera in making silhouettes, or shadow pictures, of the said small boy.

It was a pleasing fancy and Mrs. Tolman hastened to put it into execution. She posed the boy against a bright white light, focused the camera and joyously snapped the shutter.

The result, also, was not by any means so black as her hopeful fancy had painted it. Diffused and reflected light shined here in the face—or stared her after, in the face, which was worse. What she had achieved was not a silhouette at all. It



GIRL AND DOLL.

wasn't even a poor photograph. It was simply a dark failure.

After her first surprise and dismay Mrs. Tolman buckled down to the problem before her. She had to stay buckled a pretty long time, too, before she finally evolved it. Very naturally she declines to tell how it was done. If other folks want to make silhouettes with a camera let them try the buckling down process which Mrs. Tolman followed.

At least one other woman, Miss Jane Bartlett of Washington, D. C., has succeeded in achieving camera made silhouettes, so there seems to be no reason why any clever and persevering woman should not find out the secret. Up to the present Mrs. Tolman seems to have done more with the idea than any one else has.

At first she contented herself with making imitations of the regular old fashioned silhouette, not the kind that mother used to make, but the kind that great-grandmother used to have made; the familiar variety showing sharp black profile heads and shoulders, the latter out underneath.

Mrs. Tolman succeeded in producing photographic silhouettes in which the blacks were just as black, the edges just as clean as they were in the best eighteenth century specimens. In addition here had an accuracy of detail which had been impossible in the old hand made pictures.

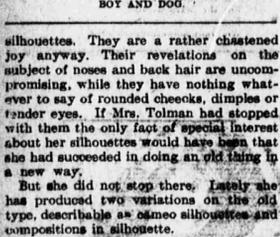
But Mrs. Tolman did not stop with merely achieving a reproduction of the old style of



MOTHER AND CHILD.

them there is much promise; while many of the details, as the turn of a wrist or the lines of a throat, are charming. It is apparent that this new idea involves something very different from simply planking a person down at the angle where his or her nose will show the most sharply. There is no escape from outline in a silhouette. There are no distractions of background or of the way one's glad raiment takes.

One cannot make goo goo eyes to any advantage in a silhouette. Outline is the whole thing and it requires the keenest and



BOY AND DOG.

silhouettes. They are a rather chastened joy anyway. Their revelations on the subject of noses and back hair are unpromising, while they have nothing whatever to say of rounded cheeks, dimples or tender eyes. If Mrs. Tolman had stopped with them the only fact of special interest about her silhouettes would have been that she had succeeded in doing an old thing in a new way.

But she did not stop there. Lately she has produced two variations on the old type, describable as cameo silhouettes and compositions in silhouette.

The silhouettes of the former type does not have an absolutely plain black surface. It shows a faint, stealing light along a portion of the profile. Perhaps this light is allowed to fall on the swelling contour of the throat and to give just a suggestion of the delicacy of an extremely subtle, too delicate,

APARTMENT HOUSE ELEVATORS.

Rules Prescribed for Their Use—The Elevator Boy as Arbitrator.

"A man who had been doing some work for one day and who had gone away," said a man who lives in an elevator apartment house, "came back presently and 'ting out' and when we saw him at the door again we wondered 'what had brought him back, and what do you suppose was the trouble?' The elevator boy had refused to take him down in the elevator! And so he had come back to us.

"Now that was a pretty hard case, because, you see, this was a foreigner, a man who had come to this country doubtless with very exalted ideas of this country's freedom and equality, and he was wounded and hurt and felt that he was being imposed upon by the elevator boy's refusal to carry him down.

"We explained it to him the best way we could. We told him that the elevator boy was going according to the rules of the house and that we couldn't interfere with them; that we were sorry, but that we often walked down ourselves, and why couldn't he and not be satisfied with that? He said that the upshot of it all was that he walked

A CAMEO SILHOUETTE.

in fact, for successful reproduction in a newspaper.

In these cameo silhouettes the light is like that of dawn. It just silvers the edges of the black picture. And yet there is diffused or reflected light.

The black in the main part of the picture is as pure and as clean as in the ordinary silhouette. It is only at the edges that any modulating shows, as if it were a cameo or a medallion in very low relief. It is very delicate, very poetic; a silhouette which— to use a paradoxical expression—is shadowy with light.

In the more elaborate pictures, which for want of a better phrase may be called composition in silhouette, Mrs. Tolman has hit upon a most promising vein. One day when she was posing a little girl for a head and shoulders silhouette the child exclaimed:

"Can't I have my doll's picture taken, too?"

"Indeed you can!" agreed Mrs. Tolman. "Just hold her right up in your two little hands where you can look straight into her eyes."

The result is a little masterpiece. Nothing could be more beguiling than this straight, sturdy little body which makes one want to gather child and doll into one delightful armful.

The picture of the boy at the window is another bit which is better than mere shadow making. And in the one of the boy with his Boston terrier there is a force and a vitality which the average photograph totally lacks.

The results gained in some of the other pictures are not so successful, but in all of

most discriminating judgment to pose a figure for a silhouette. The head is bad enough. Add a good portion of the body and it becomes a difficult though fascinating enterprise.

One of the pleasantest features about being silhouetted is that it can be done in your own home, provided there is a good sized window which receives direct sunlight. Having one's picture taken would be shorn of half its terrors if one could sit down in one's own chair, at one's own window, instead of feeling like a solitary oasis of reality in the midst of a Sahara of canvas trees, papier maché columns and near wood carvings.

As for children, they take to home photography as if it were a new game. Now that Mrs. Tolman has begun to pose them in a head and shoulders silhouette the child exclaimed:

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HOPPERTOAD THE CRAFTY

A SOUTH AFRICAN NOVELLETTE OF THE JUNGLE KING.

A Hei Finish When the Gazelle Lost the Race—The Bandy Legged Hippopotamus Could Not Play a Note, but Came to Grief Over a Stolen Trumpet.

The southern terminus of the area of the great African animal myth may roughly be marked as about Delagoa Bay, for among the Amasulu still further to the south and among the tribes loosely classed as Kaffir the central figures of the bush stories change and the whole tone of the legends is far different. Above Delagoa Bay the mythology is strikingly uniform, a sort of epic of the beastes, and the central figure throughout is the rabbit, who conquers strength by means of craft.

The eastern and western boundaries of this area are the Indian and the Atlantic oceans, respectively. Its northward extension is at present uncertain, but it seems fair to assume that it is practically delimited by the line of severance between the true negroes of the tropical forests and the Sudanic, of distinct race and on an alien plane of culture.

From Delagoa Bay, more specifically from the Lorenzo Marques country, comes a story of the craft and wisdom of the small beast set in opposition to mere brute strength and winning in the end by wit. As it is told at length by the Ba-Ronga and limited by the line of severance between the true negroes of the tropical forests and the Sudanic, of distinct race and on an alien plane of culture.

Yet it is really a true Rabbit tale, for each of these twenty gets loosely strung together has been told by the Ba-Ronga themselves of the wise Rabbit, and by near neighbors of this tribe the stories are uniformly credited to the wonder deeds of the Rabbit himself. To the Rev. Henri A. Junod of the Swiss Mission in South Africa is due the credit for the preservation of this valuable tale of the African animals in the Ba-Ronga words, words hitherto preserved only from tongue to ear and hence to retentive minds in the soft nights of the south whenever the moon, flooding blue lights upon the red and chapped spaces of the kraals, sets loose the tongues of the tellers of tales.

This, then, is a close rendering of the Ba-Ronga Tale of the Hoppertoad, professed by the traditional oratorium of the professional novelists of that race.

Ahine kambe kunsene—Hearken to the truth!

Madam Gray Gazelle brewed her one fine day and called her neighbors in to help her work her garden. They went out to work upon the hill, they tilled the whole plantation. Then the Gazelle said to the Hoppertoad:

"Suppose we race to see which gets home first. And the one who passes the other and comes in first shall turn back until she meets the one behind and shall give her a pot of beer."

Then they ran their race. The Hoppertoad lumbered over the clods after her manner, the Gazelle bounded through the air and was at home in an instant. She came back with a croak of beer, stopped the Hoppertoad on the road and said: "Take this and drink, I have beaten you."

"True for you," says the other, "you have outrun me."

When they had pretty nearly finished the Hoppertoad said to her companion: "Since you say that you have run faster than I let us try another race."

"All right," says the Gazelle, "where shall we go to run this race?"

The other answers: "I will go to show you where we shall race now." Then the Hoppertoad goes into her house, but the Gazelle builds a fence all about it and closes it tight. The Hoppertoad says to her: "Take a firestick and burn the house since you have beaten me in the race." And the Gazelle sets the house ablaze.

Then the Hoppertoad cries out: "Ho, Madam Gazelle, where shall I find refuge?" She replied: "Get into the big pot."

"Into the big pot—but there are others there. Where shall I go to be safe?"

"Get into the big basket!"

"Into the big basket—there are others there." Then the Gazelle says: "Well, then, die, burn with your house and turn into a little black coal all burnt out!"

But the Hoppertoad goes into the ground, she makes a burrow and hides there. When the house is all burned down there is no more Hoppertoad to be seen.

The rain comes down. At once the Hoppertoad comes out with her brothers, her wench and her children. Her village grows large and becomes a great kraal.

The Gazelle says to her: "Ho, my friend! You have run stronger than I, you have gone beyond me." Then she went away to sleep elsewhere, for she dreaded the neighborhood of a village so large as that was. But the Hoppertoad prepared food for the Antelope, which before had never been done.

The Gazelle then says: "Ah, well, it has come to this. I too, I am going into my house, set it afire."

The Hoppertoad says to her: "Not so! For you are a leaper over the bushes, while I am forced to stay upon the ground."

But the Gazelle was insistent and said: "Not at all! I myself wish it, and if I burn with my house it matters not."

The Hoppertoad replies: "If it is really your wish, very well; but I had pity on you." The Gazelle went into the house and her horns went with her. The Hoppertoad put a fence of thorns about the house and made it tight, she took a firestick, she set it alight.

The Gazelle cries out: "Good Mammy Hoppertoad, I burn! Where shall I go to be safe?"

"Get into the big pot!" says she, "there are others there already."

"Get into the big basket!"

"Into the big basket! There are others in it already."

The Hoppertoad calls out to her: "Very well, then, roast there and turn into a little black coal all burnt out until there is nothing left of you. Vanish, you and your horns with you."

She turned her eyes upon the ground, she tried to dig it up with her horns, the fire came and burned her, she lay upon her back with her legs stretched out, and her horns bubbled out and were consumed.

Then the Hoppertoad began to hark them off, then she set the Gazelle in the shade above the village and there she set her up. She cut off all four legs, the front legs and the hind legs, she took out the shinbones and made a pipe with them. Then she went far away along the road and left her village. She made a couch, she climbed up on it and sat down. Soon she felt the rain, which was falling, and began this song:

"Oh, you Gazelle, you said to me that we should run a race. Perhaps I have run stronger than you, old girl!"

Master Rabbit comes passing by.

SHAKESPEARE FOR A NICKEL.

The American Waiter to See it and Dozen's Attendant Like It.

"All who have seen 'Johnny's Birthday Party' have seen the whole show."

The white screen that serves both as stage and curtain in the moving picture theatre flashes forth the announcement, but although the picture in which human figures and a brood of birds have mingled indistinguishably, the attitude of the audience seems to be the Missouriian one of scepticism.

It has seen "Johnny's Birthday Party"—yes—but how can it be perfectly certain it has witnessed the whole show? Only by waiting to find out what follows the intermission. This may or may not be his reasoning, but at any rate no one leaves the theatre.

"I seen him last Sunday an' told him no gentleman could be a friend of mine who didn't know enough to tip his hat when he met me."

It is a feminine voice in the rear, taking up the thread of conversation evidently broken by the last series of pictures.

"You done right." The companion voice is warmly approving. "Dorothy" just as she wouldn't, but she's so dead anxious to get a fellow—"

Enthusiasm a remorseless dissection of the absent Dorothy's character—a dissection that might have one's undivided attention were it not for a diversion provided by the orchestra.

A fat man with a drum has emerged from behind the screen and joined the bored looking youth at the piano. Now an announced orchestra in one of the usual falling signs of a superior form of dramatic entertainment. For "Johnny's Birthday Party" the piano sufficed. If one has seen the party and nothing else it is obvious that one has not seen the whole show.

Here comes to be a justification—

But the lights of the little theatre have suddenly twinkled out and the screen has flashed forth an announcement which more than justifies the anticipation of "something out of the ordinary."

"Micketh," comes the voice in the rear. "Dye like Shakespeare!"

"Oh, I dunno." The companion voice is cautious. Plainly it belongs to no rash lionheart ready to hit an idol in the eye because you have said you want to go to your own people with my trumpet."

Then the Hippopotamus grabbed the trumpet and made a wide river come into being. He crossed to the other bank and went away with the trumpet.

The Hoppertoad cried out: Wu! Wu! with threatening hiss, she beat upon her lips and cried: "We shall yet come back, my trumpet and I! And as for that puddle there, that's nothing to me."

Then she began to swallow air, she grew larger and larger until she was all puffed up, she floats over the water until she reaches the other shore. She notes the spoor of the Hippopotamus and follows it.

Then the Hippopotamus brought on a scorching heat. The Hoppertoad escapes that by burying herself in the sand. She goes on and on, not fearing a thing.

At sundown she comes forth despite the wasps and bees which Hippopotamus had sent to play around with her so that she might get stung and thus turn back. The Hoppertoad exuded her sticky sweat all over her body and the wasps stuck fast in it, but she kept going on.

Then he set a bog across the road. The Hoppertoad went through the bog. Then she more he created a river. The Hoppertoad hails at the ford, she builds a village, she builds it with care. She takes a wife, she comes with assagai, she crosses the water, she goes to take the Hippopotamus by surprise. He was lying on his back on the sand, legs in air, warning himself in the sun.

The Hoppertoad comes out from her leaf; she is close to him, but at the instant when she is about to slip him with her assagai a big fits overhead and cries out: "Hop into the water, the water is shallow, the water, you are about to be slain!"

The Hippopotamus plunged into the river, plunk! He took the trumpet into the water with him. The Hoppertoad was afraid to retrace the stream and remained where she was.

Next morning Hoppertoad went to lie in wait for the bird and kill it. She plucked it, she kindled a fire with brushwood, she put the bird on the fire, she cooked it, she consumed it utterly. She got a hole, she buried the bones and covered them over with sand.

In the morning she came upon the Hippopotamus stretched on his back, where he could not fight. But at the moment when Hoppertoad was about to pierce him through and through the bird's feathers came to life and cried out: "Save yourself, Hippopotamus of the bandy legs, they are killing you!"

The Hippopotamus went plunk into the water, he fairly threw himself in. In the morning the Hoppertoad came back, she tried to pierce him through and through with three assagai.

To-morrow she found the Hippopotamus once more stretched out. She hurried her assagai and he beheld a single feather arise, appearing from a hollow tree, where it had lodged; and cried out: "Save yourself, Hippopotamus of the bandy legs, they're killing you!"

The Hippopotamus goes plunk into the water and vanishes out of sight.

The Hoppertoad went away to sleep for a day and the Hippopotamus says to himself: "Surely, she's clean tucked out. I have kept her trumpet." He came out of the water, he went off all by himself to his home.

But the Hoppertoad went to stalk him that morning. She came upon him lying on his back with his legs in the air playing the trumpet. She pierced him through and through with three assagai.

He said to her: "Let me be, dear friend, I pray you!" "Take your trumpet," said the Hoppertoad, "I'm going to cut out your bones and make me another."

She slays him, she takes her trumpet, she throws it into the water. Then she grasps her knife and commences her shambling work. Behold, the knife breaks! She takes an axe and puts an edge on it. Just as she is about to hark the head of it is the axe that comes to pieces.

Then comes the Chameleon passing by and says to her: "How do you do, friend, you've got a lot of provisions. Here am I just a mere passerby, but I'm quite ready to play the great lord with you; quite gladly will I fill up my belly in your society."

"Alas!" replies the Hoppertoad. "How play the great lord? For look! I haven't a single tool with which to carve the beast; my little knives and my axes are in fragments."

The sage Chameleon replies: "Oh, do you think that matters? What a business! Suppose we try hatching a snake. He showed the knapsack of cane aplints which he carried on his side. "Shall we try?"

"Ah," says the Hoppertoad, "you will never succeed. That Hippopotamus is tough."

The Chameleon grasps a leg, he lifts it up and says: "There, I go, see, you've got that leg off just like nothing at all! Indeed he butchered the beast limb from limb, from the side to the other even down to the little end of all."

Then says he: "Now look at me, I stop right here, I will not budge a bit. I'm your own, my dear; see, there are the 'Vivants'!"

The Hoppertoad fell in with this plan and said: "This will! We'll take the grub until we're chubbily full, and then we'll build a village at that spot."

(To be continued.)

LEGENDS OF MODERN ROME

ALL HINGE ON MARRIAGE TO A RICH AMERICAN.

And They Inspire the Ambitious Youth to Ogle the Vixens From Over the Sea—The Waiter Who Was Mistaken for a Count and the Meeting in the Street.

ROME, April 26.—No people is so rich in legendary history as the Romans. Old legends, despite the efforts of critics to demolish them, have survived and are still remembered, while new ones are cropping up every day. The modern legends are not beautiful as the ancient ones, no poet will have them wrought into verse, and no historian will record them in his writings, still they are already regarded by many as positive facts, and a few years hence they will become sober historical truths as well.

Here is one legend that is not very recent. Many years ago, as many as ten, an American lady, flashy, well-gowned and presumably a widow, was crossing Piazza di Spagna on a bright spring morning. Women stared at her with envy and men with admiration. Among the latter was the named Toto Mancini, a dark young Roman with black mustaches turned upward, long hair carefully brushed backward, a flowing necktie and a check suit. Signor Mancini was a Government clerk with a monthly salary of \$18.00, and his only ambition in life was to marry money. He stopped to catch an admiring glance at the flashing American lady. The lady smiled, Signor Mancini smiled back and took off his soft felt hat in a courtly, smiling Italian bow. The lady put out her small hand once in white kid. Signor Mancini, hat in hand and in a princely attitude, pressed it hard and reverently raised it to his lips.

Then they spoke, she in genuine American, he in indifferent Italian. "What they said he knew, probably owing to the stupid fact that Signor Mancini did not understand English and the lady did not understand his French. But that they spoke in a fast corroborated by the evidence of about a score of persons of both sexes who stopped to watch the scene. Signor Mancini halted a cab into which he jumped, the lady and within a week they were married by the American Consul, who warned the lady that by failing to give details of the story of her husband's death she was expected to support her husband.

"Well, I guess I have enough for both," she said, and Signor Mancini resigned his Government position and went to work in a Roman hotel greatly patronized by Americans. He spoke English well and had a distinguished appearance, so much so, in fact, that he was often mistaken for one of the guests. A young American lady who was travelling in Europe alone while her husband was abroad at work in Chicago mistook Sorrentini for a Count she had met in Florence. She saw him at dinner, as he made it a point to serve her himself and gave her a brilliant appearance, so much so, in fact, that he was often mistaken for one of the guests. A young American lady who was travelling in Europe alone while her husband was abroad at work in Chicago mistook Sorrentini for a Count she had met in Florence. She saw him at dinner, as he made it a point to serve her himself and gave her a brilliant appearance, so much so, in fact, that he was often mistaken for one of the guests. 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