

Does the Camera ever lie?



EDNA FARRELL



PEARL LANDER



GRACE NOBLOTS



CARMEN CANCHITA



DOES the camera lie? Look on this picture and then on that and say, does the camera lie?

Would you ever believe that those two pictures of Grace Noblots, for instance, were of the same woman?

They are as different as day is from night, or, to be more complimentary, as one day is from another, and yet they are both portraits of Grace Noblots.

She swears it and the photographer does likewise.

Now the camera may have told the truth either one time or the other, but certainly not both times.

Wherein does the trick lie?

If you will look at the profile view you will notice that it is sharp, clear, the lines of the profile being as distinct as if clipped from cardboard. The light falls clean and bright on the outlines, showing them strongly. The nose here appears rather long and perhaps a little sharp.

Now in the other picture you will notice that the full face represented looks as if it belonged to another woman.

There is a shadow upon the face. The light is not thrown strongly upon the features as in the other view, and the drapery thrown over the head adds to the shadow made by the hair. The face is downcast instead of thrown upward in a hopeful attitude.

The greatest difference lies in the nose. You would never guess from the full face view that this is the long, somewhat pointed nose of the profile. It carries the impression of being rather short and flat.

The face was thrown out of focus in this view. That's what does it.

The camera lied.

You have heard it said that photographs must be truthful because the sun cannot lie.

That is a pretty way of begging the question and does not amount to a row of pins.

The sun cannot but the camera can and does.

If you have a wise photographer you can look like anything that you please.

Notice what very different girls such a one has made of Pearl Landers.

He did it by means of the cast of an eye, the smile of a mouth. The one picture shows a laughing, dim-

pling, up-to-date young woman in a crisp shirt waist; the other is a rather love-lorn damsel in a great many curls.

It looks as if the camera had lied one time or the other. It would be hard to say whether Pearl is crisp and laughing, or esthetic and love lorn, but she can't very well be both.

The two pictures of Edna Farrell present the face from almost identical points of view, and yet the one could scarcely be recognized from the other. In this case the make-up has done more than anything else to make the difference; hat and style of hair dressing have changed the poser's appearance.

The Carmen Canchita pictures differ by the tilt of a head. They are also lighted differently. The smaller one is slightly clouded, creating an impressionistic effect, while the other is detailed.

All this photography can do. Which is exactly what the painter

does for you when he paints your portrait. He flatters and he changes to suit his own and your whim. And yet the painter still insists that the photographer has no art.

He has the art of teaching his camera to be a clever liar.

WOMAN WHO HUNTS UP ARMORIAL BEARINGS FOR AMERICANS.

INTERESTING studies are neither few nor difficult to find in the borough of Brooklyn, but it is doubtful whether among them there is any more unique than one that is to be found on an upper floor of the building at 467 Fulton street, where a white placard, fastened on a door, bears the legend, "Miss Adelaide Tukey, Studio. Heraldry."

If the visitor makes bold to knock the door is opened by a little white-haired woman with blue eyes. This is Miss

Tukey herself, who, as the visitor will soon learn, is not a whit less interesting than her studio.

Miss Tukey is 45 years of age, and is the daughter of a Boston lawyer, whose name was well known in his profession in the 40s.

With the death of her father Miss Tukey was confronted with the necessity of earning a livelihood, and accordingly she became a teacher of painting on canvas. Several years ago she began to find it difficult to compete with younger teachers and their more modern methods, and Miss Tukey, who had always been

interested in the study of heraldry, resolved to make her knowledge of this art supplement her small income. In this she has attained a remarkable degree of success. Miss Tukey's studio consists of a large,

square room, whose walls are covered with faded paper. On one of the walls is draped a large American flag, and artistically arranged on shelves, tables and walls are books, decorated china, handsome paintings and a vast assortment of colored plates, showing coats of arms and other heraldic devices.

Miss Tukey is authority for the statement that coats of arms are coming more and more into favor with American families.

"It is only natural, after all, that this should be so," explained Miss Tukey to a reporter for the Eagle. "Many of the

best American families have always felt a pride in their escutcheons. And why not? They constituted a part of our ancestral heritage. Washington used his crest, and so, too, did Benjamin Franklin and Peter Faneuil of Boston. President Adams had a crest also, although many persons believe that he designed it himself, but this is not so. I discovered the genuine escutcheon of the Adams family, emblazoned on a window in an ancient church that still stands in the town of Chaplin, in the north of England. It was formerly a Welsh town and the family name was Ap-Adam, which is really 'son of Adam.' The 's' is a modern annexation."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shropshire farmers in England are at their wits' end for the lack of laborers to plow the land, sow the seed, drive the wagons and herd the cows. In a recent Shropshire weekly paper there were 250 advertisements for men to work on farms.

