

SOMETIMES THE CAMERA DOESN'T TELL THE TRUTH!

ILLUSTRATED BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER HOLMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS never lie." Ever since the first man, Adam, saw his image reflected in the mirrored surface of one of the sparkling pools of the garden of Paradise, it has been the belief that nature's image always reflected the truth.

While it is true that the camera faithfully reproduces objects and expressions of feature ordinarily, yet when placed in the hands of a skillful operator it can be made almost a human machine in the manner in which it can be made to carry out the slightest wish of the man behind the lens.

In short, the camera can be made to lie as fast as it can be operated.

If the photographer has a patron who thinks she is too short and wants to appear tall, he needs only lower his camera to give the desired perspective and place his subject on a small stool which is hidden from sight by the long train of the subject's dress.

A crooked nose is made straight by proper lighting and by retouching; a thin face is made full; a full face is made thin, and all defects of the features can be removed so that the subject himself may not be able to recognize his own portrait.

But these are merely a few insignificant things that the camera can be made to do when compared with the many clever illusions which have been produced.

Multiplication of the same subject in the same picture is a very common trick.

A man can be made to appear as shaking hands with himself, as twiggling his own nose, and to appear as playing a game of chess with himself at the same time standing up behind himself watching himself.

A New England photog-



THE AUCTIONEER.



LOOK YOURSELF IN THE FACE.



HIS OWN EXECUTIONER.



A POUND OF FLESH.



ONE OF THE FOOTBALL ELEVEN.



A WELL BALANCED HEAD.



PLEASE TAKE MY ARM?

How the Man Behind the Lens Makes the Camera Lie.

derful, amusing and bewildering illusions have been produced recently by the clever manipulations of the camera by a skillful operator, as shown by the accompanying illustrations.

The method of procedure in producing this class of trick photographs is a radical departure from all previous processes. It has been the rule of most photographers in making trick pictures to have the camera produce the illusion alone. The accompanying illustrations, however, were produced by a clever manipulation of the negatives and a liberal use of opaque.

rapher depicted a court scene in which the judge, the twelve members of the jury, the lawyers, the prisoner, and the entire audience were all one and the same person.

These illusions are produced by means of a duplicator lens cap or by double doors in front or behind the lens of the camera, or ordinarily by the use of a dark non-acting background.

Mystery pictures like those

the fortune teller's little bird hands you, which upon being wet reveal to you the portrait of your future husband or wife, are easily produced by fading the print with a certain chemical, which when acted upon by another chemical, restores the picture to its original brilliancy.

A popular fad with photographers, especially with amateurs, is the making of ghost pictures. This is done by a

very simple operation. For instance, if one wanted to photograph a musical ghost, a white-robed figure is placed on the stool in front of the piano. Then one-half of the correct exposure is given, after which the lens is capped until the "ghost" can be removed. The remainder of the exposure is given to the piano alone, and when the print is made it shows the instrument showing through the ethereal

form of the "ghost Paderewski." Some of the most gruesome, and ghastly, as well as won-

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A Family Feud Caused One-Fourth the Population of This Town To Be Murdered by Its Own Citizens

On top of a gentle hill at the confluence of the Arkansas and Broken Arrow rivers, Indian Territory, about twenty-five miles east of Tulsa, amid the seclusion of forest and hills, nestles the little town of Weer.

The locality is ruggedly picturesque and the traveler does not suspect that one-fourth of its entire population have met tragic death at the hands of their neighbors within the last fifteen months. Nevertheless this is the case.

The cause of this unusual mortality has its origin in an incident which happened fifteen years ago and which has kept alive since that time a spark of hatred that upon the slightest provocation leaps into a flame of passion and demands the flow of blood.

In 1887 John Cox killed Gog Childers. Cox was a half-breed Coweta clan, Creek Indian. Childers was a full-blood Lochar-pochar, clan Creek. Cox had married and among his children was a girl named Smi-

lee, who at this time had been placed in a mission school where Steve Venson, a young missionary of German extraction, was employed as instructor, with whom Smi-lee fell in love.

Gog Childers was Smi-lee's uncle and made strenuous objection to her education by the whites. Cox, however, kept her in school. Here she grew away from Indian habits and traditions to such an extent that Childers sought to gain his poisoning the mother's mind against Cox. He succeeded well and the result was a personal encounter between Cox and Childers, in which Childers was killed and his body thrown into the river. The killing of Childers put Cox's life in danger. He took refuge on which is now known as Cox's island, a huge mass of rocks covered with brush and timber several acres in extent that rises from the middle of the Arkansas river near Weer. On account of the bad blood Cox made a dug-out in the side of the island and fortified it with bowlders.

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