The SNAPSHOT GUILD

SHADOW SHOOTING

Experiment a little with shadow effects. You'll enjoy it.

DID you ever snap shadow pictures? If you haven't you have missed a lot of fun and failed to get some grotesque but fascinating pictures to add interest to your snapshot collection.

Shadow pictures are easy to make, too. The main requisite is a good, strong sun in the late afternoon or early morning. Late afternoon, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before the sun starts gradually to disappear below the horizon, is preferable, for your light is usually stronger at this time and casts deeper and sharper shadows.

The two pictures above are only a couple of examples of the many unusual pictures to be taken with the aid of a strong sun. The picture to the right was the result of an alert amateur's "nose for pictures". As he started down the steps of the elevated train platform—with his always ready camera—says he, "Here *is* a picture", so hurriedly set the diaphragm at *f*.11 and shutter speed at 1/25 of a second and—snap—he had a fine shadow picture. As the man at the bottom of the steps was walking away from the camera a shutter speed of 1/25 of a second was fast enough to stop action and still give the proper exposure.

Obviously the picture to the left was posed but it shows further possibilities for taking unusual shadow pictures. An ideal place for taking shadow pictures is on light colored ground; the cement sidewalk, the street or better yet—on beaches where the light sand accentuates the dark body and outline of the shadow.

You can also get unusual shadow pictures by standing so that your shadow is cast on the side of a building or a house.

Here's one thing to remember. If you take pictures with the shadow cast on a light colored surface the exposure should not be as long as that used in taking pictures with the shadows cast on a dark background. In other words you make your exposure for shadow pictures but little longer than you would for an ordinary snapshot with the same lighting conditions.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

SMALL TOWN GIRL

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XI

Bill grinned, and declaimed:

"But what good came of it at last?"

"'Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why that I cannot tell," said he. "But 'twas a glorious victory.'"

"Famous" Kay insisted.

"Glorious," he insisted.

Kay shook her head, stubbornly. "'Famous,'" she repeated.

"I'll bet you," Bill challenged.

"How much,"

"If I'm right you give me a kiss, and if you're right, I'll give you one!"

Kay laughed softly. "Let's go in and settle it," she proposed, and tried to turn toward the door; but Bill held her.

"Wait a minute," he insisted. "I'll be the stake holder." Kay found herself pushing against him, twisting to be free, at once irritated and amused. His lips were on her cheek when Dane came out of the door behind Bill, and touched Bill's arm.

"May I cut in?" he suggested.

"Wait a minute," Bill protested. "Some unfinished business here."

Kay hated Bill for destroying her dignity. As the easiest escape she said:

"Here, then!" And when he had kissed her, she exclaimed: "There! Now Dane . . ."

"Say, I liked the sample," Bill declared, still holding Kay; but Dane said:

"Marny's waiting for a partner, Bill." He took possession, led her indoors.

"Thanks," she said, smiling up at him. "I don't like bear hugs."

"Dangerous to play with bears, then!" he suggested, a little stiffly. "Especially out-of-doors."

"I thought this bear needed some air," she explained; and a moment later, as they danced: "You're smooth, aren't you"

"Any car rides well on a concrete road."

She looked at him in quick amusement. "That's clever, but it isn't true!" she protested. "Bill was rough as cobbles! Really, it was self-defense to get his mind off dancing!"

He said seriously: "You know, you're a sweet kid."

"Thank you, kind sir," she said. "I ought to bob you a curtsey . . ."

Then the music stopped, and did not resume. Back at the table they found Bill and Bud Dean arguing about that famous, glorious victory. Bill said "glorious," but held out for "famous," and Bill appealed to them all for a decision.

"Kay and I have a bet on," he explained. "I win, win or lose, but I want to know."

Kay found that her glass had been filled. She sipped at it, unthinkingly. Their opinions were divided between the two adjectives, and Chick went to ask the manager whether there was a book of quotations in the house, came back to report failure.

"Then it's a draw," Bill exclaimed. "All bets off! I'll have to return the stakes." He rose, leaning over the table toward Kay; but she said laughingly:

"Keep it, Bill, to remember me by! I might lose it if you gave it back to me now."

The room by this time was filled, the tables packed close together, the small dancing space so crowded—when music played—that it was impossible to move except by inches. Kay, dancing with Dane again, saw Genevieve. She caught a glimpse of the other girl over intervening heads, and when presently their slow movements drew them together she called:

"I didn't know you were coming here?"

"Neither did I," Genevieve confessed. "Hello, Dane. If you are Dane?"

Kay said, smiling: "Excuse please! Genevieve Fay, Dane Ripley."

Dane looked down at her, amused. "I judge I've been discussed," he said as they danced away.

"We live together," Kay explained. "I told her about you when Helen called me up last night."

They passed Genevieve again; and Dane suggested to the other girl: "Why don't you join us? Room at our table!"

"Cissie Means and Ed Warren are with us," Genevieve replied: "But maybe we'll drift over by and by."

There was an intense blur of noise in the room, many voices, the shuffle of feet, the shouts of friends greeting one another. Someone started counting off the game. "One. Two. Three . . ." The whole crowd joined in, thunderously, with a "Whee-e-e-ee!" of exultation at the end. Then a lone Yale man gave vent to a lonesome cheer; and Bud and Dane tried to start the Undertaker song, and the Yale man came over to fight him and had to be escorted away by his friends. Time lagged and Kay sipped at her glass and danced with Bud and danced with Chick.

"Like it?" he asked. "Having a good time?"

"Not particularly" she confessed "It's noisy, and crowded."

He nodded. "I'd rather be in the office," he assented. "Playing like this is too hard work for me. Once a year is my limit. Like Dane, do you?"

"He's nice," Kay agreed.

"Pretty good man," Chick assented. "We're beginning to hear about his work."

Kay looked at him quizzically. "It's funny for you and him to come to a party with Bill and Bud. They're so much younger. Of course Bud's in Medical School, but Bill's just a kid. I should think you'd be with men out of your own classes . . ."

"They're married, most of them," Chick explained amiably. "And married women plot against bachelors so diligently that it's dangerous to associate with them. You youngsters have no guile in you." Kay smiled, and he added honestly: "Matter of fact, I'd rather be with Helen. She's a fine girl, Kay."

Kay nodded; and he said quietly: "She's told me about Emily. And Dane. I'm sorry!"

Kay laughed. "Oh, that was nothing! Emily's married now, you know. And ever so happy."

"Good," he agreed. Then they came back to the table again. Bill was drooping in his chair, half asleep. Someone had borrowed Marny. Kay and Chick sat down and Kay sipped at the tall glass. It was still full. She thought vaguely that it never seemed to be any less full, no matter how often she tasted it.

The dancing had halted while professional performers held the floor. A pair of ballroom dancers, a juggler, a magician who after his turn was done came around to visit tables here and there and do card manipulations at close range. When he reached their table, Dane caught Kay's eye and nodded an invitation; and she rose. They moved toward the door.

"You don't want to watch card tricks, I know," he told her.

"It's stuffy in here," she agreed.

"Bring your coat," he suggested. "We'll sit in the car, get a little air." So she stopped at the cloak room for a moment; touched her cheeks with powder. "I'm as red as a lobster," she confessed, when she joined him again. The room was blurred, and he seemed incredibly tall, and she was glad of his hand under her arm.

In the car she found it absurdly hard to keep awake. She was comfortable and drowsy, and he smoked a cigarette slowly, talking a little, in casual tones. "You know, I'm sorry about Sally's mumps," he said at last. "But aside from that, I'm glad of the way things have turned out. Otherwise, I might never have met you!"

"Sally's a peach," Kay said sleepily.

"Sally's all right," he assented. "But you're like a kitten, Kay. Sweet, and soft; and you almost purr when you're happy." His arm was across her shoulder, tipping her head a little forward.

"I'm not completely comfortable," she suggested, "My neck's cramped."

"Try this way," he suggested, and drew her nearer him. She was no longer sleepy, her wits alert now.

"Open one of the windows," she proposed, "After all, we came out for air."

"Won't you be cold?" he asked. She shook her head, and he leaned forward to do what she wished. While his arm was thus removed, she settled herself in the corner of the seat, her back against the upholstery.

"There, this is comfortable," she said.

He chuckled and leaned toward her, close to her. "Be nice to me, Kay," he whispered, and kissed her.

CHAPTER 12

She watched him steadily, neither turning her head to avoid him, nor yet assenting; and he asked: "That didn't hurt much, did it?"

"No," Kay confessed. "You do it well. Practice?"

"Inspiration," he declared.

"Emily's told me about you," said Kay reflectively; and he stiffened faintly, drew back a little.

"She's a great girl," he confessed. "I love her," Kay told him. "She's wonderful!"

He nodded. "I never met a girl so fine, in so many ways," he declared, and he chuckled amiably. "Think of two of you coming from one small town. That must be a world's record! What is it, the air up there? Something you eat?"

Kay shook her head. "Don't talk about me. Talk about you," she suggested. "I know you're an architect, a good one. What do you build, houses, or office buildings, or what?"

He grinned protestingly. "I'm on vacation," he reminded her. "Let me off, tonight. Listen to the music. I like to hear an orchestra muffled by distance so that all you get is the rhythm. Something about a drum beat that — gets you, doesn't it?"

"Just watching soldiers march always makes me cry," Kay agreed.

"I've heard Indian drums, in the Southwest, at the pueblos. Taos. When they beat, I like to get away, almost out of hearing, in the darkness. It's the first instrument a savage makes, a drum of some sort. Music's a savage art, anyway. A person without the least critical appreciation can enjoy good music. And children . . . ."

Kay say nothing, and he continued: "All this modern music gets back to first principles. Broken rhythms, like the uncertain tom-tom! Rub-a-dubs, with the heel of your hand on a hollow log, or a stretched skin." He chuckled. "Do you know, if you set up two objects, and beat a drum at them, they'll tend to draw together with the vibration. No wonder music stirs men and women! If it weren't for dancing as an outlet, there's no telling what might happen!"

"This music is putting me to sleep," Kay confessed. He touched her hand. "It's time to go back in," she suggested. "I'm beginning to be cold."

"I'll shut this window," he proposed. "That place in there is stuffy and hot and full . . ."

"I'm shivering," Kay insisted. She leaned forward; and he opened the door at last reluctantly. But when they stood facing one another, beside the car, he took her in his arms.

"I'm crazy about you," he whispered. "Kay, you've knocked me over and over. Head over heels! I can see that I'll spend a lot of week-ends in Boston this winter."

"You expected to come to Carvel, one summer," Kay reminded him.

He urged: "Listen, don't blame me about Emily! She's wonderful; but Kay, she was too wonderful for me! I couldn't live up to her. She was too perfect to be true. You're—human, and warm and sweet!" His lips found hers, but she pushed him away.

"I'm very practical," she told him crisply. "Emily thought you meant a lot of things you never said. I only believe what you say. Emily thought you loved her."

"I didn't," he protested. "I was afraid of her. But I'm not afraid of you, Kay."

"You'd better be," she declared. "Come, we'll go in."

He caught her arm. "Wait a minute," he protested. "I want to . . ."

Kay looked at him, smiling faintly. "Dance," she said gently, "you're very pleasant company, and you've been nice to me today, but I don't like too much of—this sort of thing. And I understand perfectly that you're not making serious love to me."

"But I am," he insisted stoutly.

"You mean you want to marry me?" she challenged.

He laughed. "Why not?" he declared. "I never met a girl like you before!"

"But—do you?" she insisted.

"Oh, give a man time," he chuckled evasively.

Kay say, half to herself, "I wish you did want to marry me. I wish you adored me!"

"Why, you sweet . . ." he began exultantly; but Kay held him off. She said precisely:

"Come some day and ask me to marry you, and I'll tell you just how I feel about you, Dane. But now, all I want is to dance with you."

And she turned away. He caught her for one swift kiss, and then they went indoors.

It was late, and the room was no longer so stifled with tumult. Merriment was stale dregs now. Weariness began to subdue these revellers. Bill Hurd was leaning back in his chair, asleep. Genevieve Fay and Paul Drake and Ed Warren and Cissie Means had come to the table. Genevieve looked at Kay with a twinkle in her eyes, when Kay came in with Dane; and she introduced Kay to Cissie Means. Cissie was a little too gay, with a hard determination in her. Soon after, Chick said it was time to be starting home.

Kay was tired, and more and more sleepy now. Genevieve and those with her departed; and Dane and Bud helped Bill out to the car.

"You'd better drop me at home first," Kay suggested to Dane. "You're staying in Wellesley. No need of making a special trip back to town, just to take me home."

"I want the ride, want to talk to you," Dane insisted.

"Not tonight," she warned him. "I'd go to sleep on your hands!"

"Wish you would! I'd like nothing better," he assured her in a whisper; but Kay shook her head, and in the end she had her way.

Dane, when he said good night at her door, promised to come in for tea on Sunday. "Tomorrow afternoon," he said. "Or rather, this afternoon! It's past two o'clock now!"

"Genevieve and I will be at home," Kay agreed.

"I'll come, anyway," he said with a grin. "Maybe she'll get out of our way!"

Kay found Genevieve had not yet arrived; and she was asleep when the other girl eventually did come in, and did not rouse. She woke late in the morning and lay long abed, waiting for Genevieve to stir. When at last Genevieve did wake, it was reluctantly, with many grumbling yawns; and Kay called her a grampus for puffing so, and put water to boil for their morning cup of tea.

"I swear every year I'll never do it again," Genevieve protested. "Whether Harvard wins, or Yale wins, I'm neutral, from now on. Twelve o'clock deadline, hereafter, for little Genevieve. Oh, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve, what a head you've go tthis morning!"

"I enjoyed it," Kay declared.

Genevieve nodded, looking at her thoughtfully. "Like Cissie, did you?" she asked, suddenly.

Kay looked at her, "I didn't see much of her," Kay confessed. "She seemed very gay and pleasant. I wondered how she could keep it up, when the rest of us were so tired."

"She has to keep it up," said Genevieve. "Cissie has been going to parties like that one for twelve years, Kay. Ever since she was eighteen."

Kay looked at her incredulously. "Is she that old? She acted like a kid!"

"They used to call girls like her college widows," Genevieve explained. "Cissie's been beaued around by Harvard men so long that she'll soon be starting on the second generation!"

Kay considered this with a sort of horror, and Genevieve explained: "She'll give a boy a good time, with no strings attached. Oh, I don't mean any harm. Cissie's the soul of propriety! Of course, she may come back indoors with her hair tumbled, two or three times during the evening." She hesitated faintly. "The way you did last night," she added, with one swift glance toward Kay. "But there's no harm in Cissie."

Kay's cheeks weer burning. She asked honestly: "Genevieve, are you—warning me?"

Genevieve hesitated. "I like you, Kay," she said at last. "Yes, I am. You're not in the crowd now, you know. You're not like Helen, and Marny, and Lucy Smith, with nothing to do but have a good time. You've left college, gone to work. But—they're still children, still playing!"

She frowned thoughtfully. "I don't know just what I do mean," she admitted. "If people ask you to go places, go, Kay. As much as you want, as long as it doesn't interfere with your work. Only—don't pay kisses for every invitation, child. You're the marrying kind. That's what you want, what you'll come to, some day. But—it's still true that men don't marry the girls they can kiss when they choose."

Kay nodded. "Thanks, Genevieve," she said. Her tone was stiff, and she seemed to realize this. "I don't mean to sound like that," she said. "It's just that I'm suddenly a little scared. As though you'd pointed out something unpleasant in the road ahead of me." She crossed quickly to the other girl, hugged her hard. "Thanks," she repeated warmly. "There, is that better?"

Genevieve kissed her. "You're sweet!" she whispered.

"But you're quite right about me," Kay confessed. "I do want to get married. I've made up my mind. I shall marry — let me see —" S he seemed to check off possible husbands on her finger tips, laughed gaily. "I think I'll marry Chick Rantoul!" she declared.

Genevieve laughed. "I wouldn't put it past you, you little imp," she agreed.

(To Be Continued.)

NAVAL CONFERENCE OPENED

With British Premier Stanley Baldwin opening the conference, the first plenary session of the London naval conference opened in the Locarno Room, of the British foreign office in London. Pictured at the top are the delegates in assembly with representatives from Britain, United States, France and Italy, as well as British Dominions, including Canada. Premier Baldwin is shown in lower picture.

Forest Fires Blaze On Table Mountain

FOREST FIRES BLAZE N .....

CAPE TOWN, South Africa, Dec. 27—Nature early today came to the aid of 700 weary soldiers, forest rangers and firemen fighting a forest fire on the slopes of Table Mountain. Rain and a heavy mist enabled them to bring the stubborn blaze under control.

The fire, near the summit of the mountain which overlooks Cape Town and Table Bay, was believed of incendiary origin and caused more than $1,000,000 damage before the fire-fighters succeeded in checking it.

Starting early Christmas Day, the flames destroyed hundreds of thousands of trees. Dense clouds of smoke hanging over the mountain were visable for miles, replacing the famous "table cloth" cloud formaton usually visible over the mountain.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. WILLIAM VESSEY

The death occurred in the City Hospital on Sunday, Dec. 15, 1935 of Margaret, widow of the late William Vessey.

Mrs. Vessey was born in Charlottetown, 69 years ago and was a daughter of the late Joseph and Rose Mahar.

She was confined to her bed for a number of weeks and about two weeks before her death, was removed to the City Hospital.

Mrs. Vessey was a woman of fine sympathetic character, exceptionally devoted to her home and family.

The many floral and spiritual offerings were a silent testimony of the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

There are left to mourn, one son, William, and two daughters, Evangeline, of the staff of Queen Square School and Mildred of "The Betty Lou", also, two brothers, Joseph and William Mahar.

THE LITTLE WHITE DOG

I wonder if Christ had a little white dog,
All curly and woolly like mine;
With two long silky ears and a nose, round and wet,
And two eyes, brown and tender, that shine,

I am sure if He had, that that little white dog
Knew, right from the first, He was God;
That he needed no proof that Christ was Divine,
And just worshipped the ground where He trod.

I'm afraid that he hadn't, because I have read
How he prayed in the garden, alone;
For all of His friends and disciples had fled—
Even Peter, the one called a stone.

And, Oh I am sure that that little white dog,
With a heart so tender and warm,
Would never have left Him to suffer alone,
But, creeping right under His arm,
Would have licked the dear fingers in agony clasped,
And, counting all favors but loss,
When they took him away, would have trotted behind,
And followed Him quite to the Cross.

—Author Unknown.

AUCTION SALE

of farm at Cumberland, Lot 65, on Monday, December 30, at 2.30. I am authorized by A. McDougall to sell above farm known as the Archie McDonald farm situated at Cumberland containing 80 acres nearly all clear. Can be bought privately up to day of sale by applying to

J. A. MacDONALD,
Auctioneer.
Richmond Street.

L-4084-12-27-31.

W. J. Watt, N. F. Newton, Judge Coughlin, Chief Const. Draper, P. C. O'Shea, Judge Ross

Following sensational charges made by ex-constable William J. Watt against members of the Toronto police force, a royal commission, consisting of Judge Duncan C. Ross, Elgin county and Judge J. J. Coughlin, Essex county was appointed by Ontario attorney-general, Arthur W. Roebuck to sift the allegations. Watt, called as witness in a Toronto city probe into the conduct of Constable Michael O'Shea, charged that a group of officers operated as a "hundred per cent gang" in robbing Toronto stores and warehouses. Norman F. Newton, London, prominent as government counsel in Labatt investigations, will aid the commission. Chief Constable D. C. Draper is head of the Toronto police force.

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DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
In the Probate Court 26th George V., A. D. 1935.

In re Estate of William Duffy late of Bunbury in Queen's County in the said Province, Farmer, deceased, testate.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or an Constable or literate person within said County GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Ernest Duffy of Bunbury aforesaid, Farmer; Ambrose Duffy of Southport in said County, Farmer and M. Alban Farmer of Charlottetown in said County, Barrister-at-Law, the executors of the above named estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the twentieth day of January next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of M. Alban Farmer, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioners.

AND I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada in Charlottetown aforesaid, and in front of the School-house in Bunbury aforesaid, AND I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 13th day of December A. D. 1935 and in the 26th year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER,
Judge of Probate.

(L.S.)

L-3810

Help For Difficult Reading

Difficult reading is a cause for much worry. The reason for this condition is perfectly natural and inevitable. If old sight (at about middle life) or error of vision is your cause of worry, the only complete relief may be obtained through the wearing of correctly prescribed and fitted glasses.

G. F. Hutcheson

Short Course In Agriculture

The Provincial Department of Agriculture will conduct a four weeks course in Agricultural instruction in Prince of Wales College and at the Dominion Experimental Farm, commencing on January 14th, 1936, for boys sixteen years of age and over.

The Course will cover a wide range of subjects and will be intensely practical in character.

For particulars regarding the subjects to be covered, the cost, and the assistance provided students in attendance, write

W. R. SHAW,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture,
Charlottetown.

L4095-12-28-5i