

Ms. Miscellany

Feminine facts and fancies from 19 century photography

Bill Jay

All the following items have been extracted from the 19th century photographic press; their sources are listed at the end of the text. The original, often British, spellings/misspellings have been retained. I hope it is evident that there is no advocacy agenda in these selections; they were chosen merely because they were interesting. But with any luck other writers and speakers might find quotations, illustrations or anecdotes with which to enliven their opinions...

1.

The reason why photography cannot be Art is given, with a certainty which puts it beyond cavil, in [a recent article]... As the writer himself says, "Surely, there ought to be no controversy on this score any longer." This, then, is the reason: "Many women are to be numbered among the best photographers that have ever been. But never yet has a woman attained the first rank as regards any one of the fine arts properly so called." Ergo, photography is not a fine art... No; photography can never be a fine art until some lady painter stands where Raphael stood and vindicates her sex. There is an alternative, but I hate to mention it. The alternative is that we should insist that a woman's place is in front of the camera, and not behind it, and reorganise the photographic world on a strictly manhood basis.

2.

A charming young widow, Mrs. Lottie Palmer, a while ago opened a photographic gallery in Racine, Wis. The consequence was a perfect passion on the part of the gentlemen of Racine to be photographed. This might do for the single sitters and the widowers; but when the married men began to have their pictures taken, the matrons of Racine went for that gallery, demolished the camera, and generally put a negative in the most positive way upon the business.

3.

For real nonsense writing there is nothing like the Society Journal. One of these productions professes to be greatly shocked at the photographs of Mrs. Brown Potter, where she is represented with her head against the light, and enquires whether she is aware that "the glory round her head is giving great offence."

Solemnly the writer goes on to say that "it is easy to believe that Mrs. Brown Potter and her photographer were innocent of intending anything blasphemous, and merely thought, by the arrangement of sun's rays behind the lady's head, they were introducing a pleasing and becoming novelty; but the fact remains that a great many people have fancied that the American actress is aping, if not the Virgin Mary herself, at least the pictures of her."

4.

With a rush and a swirl the hatless girl passes by me. She has worked all day in a city office, and now she is out for a spin on her cycle to soak her body in ozone and draw deep breaths of pure country air into her lungs. She does not know that she is a potential Hellenist, a rebel against the hateful, smothering, binding sheets of modern civilisation, a reactionary against prunes and prisms and chiffon, one who is returning to nature to learn the joy of living.

I wonder what effect this wave of Hellenism which is sweeping over England will have on art. Will the healthy open-air life and the pursuit of wholesome, vigorous outdoor pleasures bring back something of the joyousness that inspired the ancient Greek? I think it will; and I think it must deal the final deathblow to Victorian insincere insipidity and the morbid decadence that followed. It does not matter how the Smart Set fool and frivol, it does not matter if the lower class still brouse in their stuffy rooms and take cats' walks in the nearest recreation ground, for the great middle class, the upper middle class, and the lower middle class have taken to the open air, and this is the class which breeds the artists.

You have taken to the open air, my friend, only as yet to cycle hatless through the country, or to flog the streams and prick and scare the trout and spoil the fishing. But with the fresh air bathing your body and making your blood course clean and strong, you are learning to know the joy of living; and presently you will learn to know the moors, and streams, and fields, not as a town mouse out for a holiday, but as one who has part and inheritance in them; and you will learn to love beauty of form and colour in nature, and beauty of health and strength and comeliness in human beings, which is Hellenism.

I look out of my window: it is Saturday afternoon, and a weedy, stooping youth is passing. He wears mouse-colored gloves and carries a camera, and his face is pale and his shoulders bent with much work in his small and ill-ventilated dark-room. He is shambling towards the common to expose plates, and presently he will return to his small and ill-ventilated dark-room and develop weak negatives and make joyless, depressing prints in two tones of mud-colour.

.... But hark! With a swish and a swirl my hatless girl comes past, my Hellenic girl with her rich, sun-browned cheeks: and she, too, has a camera strapped on her handle-bar.

I wonder what her photographs are like? Her camera looks workmanlike enough, and her tripod is not flimsy. I am sure the men whom she will photograph will be men, not clothes props or seedy decadents; and the women will be glorious healthy women like herself. She will photograph the sunshine, and the poplars, and the aspens, and the rushes, and the fountains that the Greeks loved. She will make joyous, happy pictures, neither weak nor crude, but full of light and atmosphere.

I do not know this girl, I do not want to know this girl, and perhaps lose an illusion. I love to hear her swirling past, I love to see her face bright with the joy of living, for it is a foretaste of a new Hellenic England where all will be strong and comely and wholesome, where morbid introspection has vanished, and a joyous, healthy love of beauty taken its place.

5.

Photographers in England and Wales:

1871. Males: 4,021; Females: 694; Total: 4,715

1881. Males: 5,332; Females: 1,309; Total: 6,661

1891. Males: 8,102; Females: 2,469; Total: 10,571

1901. Males: 11,148; Females: 3,851; Total: 14,999

1911. Males: 11,899; Females: 5,016; Total: 16,915

It is evident that the ladies are coming on; their proportion has risen during the last ten years from 25.7 to 29.7 per cent. The increase in the case of both sexes is spread fairly generally over the country, but the number of males thus employed has decreased considerably in London and Hertfordshire. Forty years ago there were six men to one woman engaged in photography; today, to one woman there are only two men and a bit of a man. And yet the man photographers have multiplied themselves by three!

...It is rather interesting to find that, in addition to the above, 362 photographers are living retired or pensioned, 15 of them being under the age of 35. But the pleasantness is dashed on finding that 57 of these retired photographers are in the workhouse, and 68 in the lunatic asylum.... In convict prisons there are shown to be twenty photographers, all of them men.

6.

A facetious writer, referring to the new [x-ray] photography, says: "It is said that the ordinary feminine wearing apparel will be powerless to prevent the camera from taking any picture the operator chooses, and, if the principle is carried out in snap-shot cameras, we may expect all sort of awkward complications." The same writer has been told that the only material which will baffle the camera of the future in satin, so that ladies "who wish to preserve a certain degree of privacy in their walks abroad will do well to provide themselves with a complete suit of armour manufactured of satin." Further the writer goes on to say that he has already heard of several dresses being described as "camera-proof."

7.

What effect will X-rays have in the future on the standard of female beauty which at present prevails? This is practically the question asked by M. Gaston Moch in an erudite and elaborate paper in the Revue Scientifique. He supposes a man specially gifted with the faculty of seeing countless vibrations of rays of light, and calls him a xylope. Such a person could have an existence as well as cave animals, who see through the deepest darkness. Indeed, M. Moch seems to think that the development of the X-ray system will lead to the discovery of many beings gifted with this peculiarly piercing sight. To such persons the scientist says, lovely women will appear as skeletons covered with a gelatinous sort of matter. For them the test and standard of female loveliness will not be expressive eyes, rosebud mouths, dimpled chins, and other attractions that go hand in hand with these, but the rigid anatomy, the bony frame of the female form. Novelists of the future, according to M. Moch, would always, in the event of this sort of test prevailing, have to change their descriptions of heroines intended to attract lovers. Ernestine, for instance, would have to be portrayed by the fictionist as possessing a pectoral frame of faultless symmetry, crowned by equally impeccable shoulder blades set off by a graceful breast bone and elbow joints neatly rounded amid the semi-transparency of the flesh. It is needless to say that M. Moch, in his humorous theory as to the development of the X-ray power, expresses pity for the persons whom he calls xylopes.

8.

Should Photographers Marry?

This is one of the questions of the hour, but so unsatisfactory has been the nature of the replies which have reached me from photographers' wives, that I might reasonably have considered the problem decided in the negative were it not for a letter received from a married correspondent on the subject. "Were I asked," say this gentleman, "whether photographers should marry, I should

undoubtedly say yes. Before I married, every expedition with my camera was a torture. I am of but moderate physique, and the very thought of a day's outing with a 10 by 12 camera, three double dark slides, and a tripod used to reduce me to despair. Then I married. My wife joins me on my expeditions. She is a conscientious woman, who honestly acknowledges that her matrimonial vows entail the sharing of her husband's burdens. This simply means a mathematical calculation. I, personally, weigh 10 stone 4 [a stone is 14 pounds]. My wife turns the scale at 9 stone only. It is obvious, therefore, to the merest tyro in mathematics that my wife has to be penalised to the extent of 18 pounds. As my whole photographic kit only weighs 10 pounds, I am able to pass the day entirely unencumbered."

9.

A young lady in Reading, Pa., U.S., has just died from sheer fright, produced through a foolish fancy. Having had her photograph taken she showed a copy to her mother, who discovered the form of a skull on the picture. Another skull having been figured out the young lady grew pale, took to her bed, and died.

10.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary: "The mistress of a house was cleaning a large cod fish, when, to her astonishment, she discovered an exact representation of a fisherman in the eye of the fish. It was very distinct miniature likeness of a fisherman, with his sou'wester on, and fully equipped, in the act of hauling the fish into the boat."

11.

THAT AMATEUR AGAIN

He took her playing tennis,
With the racket poised to serve: He took her in the hammock
Neath the elm tree's graceful curve.

He took her picking blossoms
in the garden rich with bloom,
He took her by the fireplace
In a quaint old-fashioned room.

He took her in the doorway.
With the green vines arching o'er.
He took her at the seaside.
Standing on the sandy shore.

He took her sad or smiling.
And the maid was not averse,
So finally he took her
For the better or the worse.

12.

Laura. - There are several methods of overcoming the difficulty arising out of a sitter's self-consciousness. Some are unpleasant, and others more so; but for my own part I have found laudanum [opium] one of the least disagreeable. A good dose will effectually prevent the sitters from being conscious of themselves, or of the camera, or of anything else. They become most delightfully tractable, and you can do anything with them under such circumstances. All such methods have their drawbacks, however, and in this case the procedure entails a certain loss of animation, although it is sometimes possible to classify the results as still life, should there be any life about at all.

13.

Photographer (to sitter): 'I saw you at church last Sunday, Miss Skeate.

Sitter: 'Oh, did you?

Photographer: 'Yes; and also your friend Miss Brown. (If you could raise your chin a trifle. Thanks.) And what an atrocious-looking hat she had on. (After a pause.) 'There, Miss Skeate, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression.'

14.

Picturesque landscape,
Babbling brook,
Maid in a hammock
Reading a book;
Man with a Kodak
In secret prepares
To picture the maid,
As she sits unawares.
Her two strapping brothers
Were chancing to pass;
Saw the man with the Kodak
And also the lass. They rolled up their sleeves
Threw off hat, coat, and vest -
The man pressed the button

And they did the rest!

15.

The girl who has opened a shop as a photographer must not be overlooked. She says that she used to serve behind the counter in the reception room of the concern of which she is now the mistress. She is a wife, but that is in the nature of a secret so far as her professional reputation is concerned. She agrees with the actresses in thinking that maidens are more taking to the public than matrons. Her husband formerly did the aiming of the camera at the customers, who were so few that the establishment bankrupted its proprietor, who offered to sell it to his two employes at a low price. The husband said it would be of no use to buy. But the wife had ascertained, somehow or other that she was pretty, also that prettiness has a bewitching effect on mankind: and her suggestion was to purchase the gallery, put her husband in her place at the counter and herself in his at the camera. Need I add that the business has been brisk ever since the change? "You have an excellent face for photographing," she casually remarks to the impressionable young man, as she beamingly scrutinizes his possibly frightful phiz. "Some countenances are so inexpressive, don't you know, that it's discouraging to try to do anything with them," then she seats him in a chair, literally after the manner of the ordinary photographer, but with everything rapturously idealized. Her garments are not frayed and blotched, but neat and becoming: and the scent of her is not acid, but geranium. She does not grip the subject by the shoulders and rudely distort him into a pose, but the gentle touch of her soft hands electrifies him, and he would stand on his head at the slightest intimation that such an attitude would be good. She covers her fair head with the cloth, squints at him through the camera, and sees his inverted image in the lens. It is not necessary for her to conjure him to assume a pleasant expression. His visage is already illumined by the insensate half-grin of the conscious masher. And finally at the juncture where the male operator slides up a card on a pole and says, "Fix your eyes on that," she turns her own face towards him and demurely remarks, "Please look at me and don't stir." Did I say that she never reveals her state of matrimony while professionally engaged? Well, qualify that with hardly ever. If the sitter is not disposed to become a getter out when the necessity of his presence is over, she casually remarks, "My husband, in the office, will let you know when the pictures will be ready."

16.

It is to be hoped that the accident - not by any means so severe as at first reported - to Mdlle. Seinde will deter others from being photographed in such a hazardous position as that chosen by the lady, namely, with her head in the

mouth of a lion. Such a task must be rough, both on the photographer and the lion, and probably the two were equally frightened at the appearance of each other. Anyway, the photographer might well be excused if he were a little nervous in the presence of a lion, while the latter, fatigued at holding his jaws so long in one position, is to be pardoned if his muscles relaxed, and his teeth came in contact with the head of the fool-hardy lady. There are two reasons put forward as to why the animal closed his mouth suddenly. One is that he was startled by the magnesium flash, and the other that his fright was caused by the voice of the lady calling out to the photographer to make haste. However, it does not matter much which theory is correct. What is more important is, did the photographer get his negative?

17.

Photographers, just now, are eagerly on the look-out for something in the shape of a novelty to increase trade. This may (?) be of service. A paragraph has been "going the round" to the effect that the latest fashion in Sydney is to have the feet photographed... we cannot imagine anyone, male or female, the possessor of feet bearing a plentiful crop of corns, even with a bunion thrown in, desiring to perpetuate them by means of photography. If this kind of thing really is the fashion in Sydney, which is doubtful, it should make it good for the chiropodist as well as the photographers, the same as photography often brings grist to hairdressers' mill. Possibly the appearance of the feet can be as much improved by the chiropodist as the hair can be by the hairdresser. The owners would certainly like them to be shown to their best advantage. Some time ago it was rumored that in Paris, there was a craze amongst ladies for having their hands photographed. But the Antipodes are credited with making a feature of the other extremities.

18.

A NEW PATENT! (not ten days old).

The Patent "Tight-Fitting Corset" applied to Photographers.

This is a new confidence game requiring four or more persons to play the same. First Person. - A dare devil, or saint, as occasion may require. He engages his mistress to visit galleries and obtain immodest, nude or indecent pictures, first by asking for decent ones. Then she says she is agent for the "Patent Tight Fitting Corset," and wishes to show it practically. Then a half nude is wanted to illustrate the difference, only to show to the customers. She sometimes gets one to sell her beau, without the above labored plot. The first man, when he has got a collection of the pictures, requires the kind help of a partner or third person. He visits the photographer and gradually discloses his errand, viz., to inform him, in

pure kindness, that he accidentally overheard the threat of an old pious man who has a wayward boy, with whom he has found the said pictures, to prosecute those who made them, and has got the girl as a witness. This third person advises the photographer to call and see the said old gent, and try and beg off. It is an unpleasant matter to be locked up for crime, perhaps long delay in coming to a trial, ruin to business, etc. This third person has no name or place of business to give you, don't want to be mixed up in the affair, don't ask any remuneration, but will take money to defray expenses. The old gentlemen is a myth, is number one. The fourth person in this little game is the photographer whose dollars are wanted, if he can be scared by old blackmailers, who manufacture crime and compound felonies on their own terms.

19.

A mother propped up her baby in a chair in a photograph gallery in Columbus, Ohio, to have its picture taken, and then excused herself for a moment. The photographer took the picture, and now he wants some one to take the baby.

20.

After so much has been said and written as to what ladies might, would, and should do with photography when it became a fashionable amusement, it is sad to hear that their proverbial inconstancy is likely to prove a serious drawback to any permanent advancement in the art. Not long ago nearly every lady in New York had a camera, and photography was not only the rage, but you were considered as positively out of the world if you could not discourse of dry plates, developers, and fixing solutions. Now, however, we learn, on the authority of the Chicago Tribune, that the New York ladies have of late neglected their photographic apparatus in favour of - it will never be guessed - egg incubators! The amusement now is to see who can hatch the most chickens in a given time. It is to be hoped the mania will not spread to England. A camera cannot well be converted into an egg-hatching machine, nor is it likely our camera makers will turn themselves into incubator manufacturers.

21.

Niece: "Auntie dear, Mr. Maler, the artist, has asked me for my photo; he wants to make use of it for his last picture. Ought I to send it to him?"

Aunt: "Yes, you can do so, but be sure to enclose with it a photo of your mother or some elderly lady. It would be highly improper to send your photo by itself!"

22.

Now a few words on dress for photographers, and to-day, more especially dress

for outdoor work. To the tourist I recommend a short skirt - cut, I mean, to the ankles, and not an atom longer, while she may wear it as much shorter as individual fancy dictates. High laced boots I also advise, as for walking these are more suitable and far less tiring than the somewhat cooler Oxford shoes, and last, but not least, I, of course, suggest the knickerbocker of silk, satin or serge, instead of the more feminine, but utterly useless, petticoat. Time was when Mrs. Grundy would have held up her hands in horror at the mere suggestion of such masculine garments, but *nous avons change tout cela* [we have changed all that], and this tiresome but necessary (?) old lady has at last been brought round to the *fin-de-siecle* way of thinking, so far at any rate as the knickerbocker is concerned, and now every woman who respects herself owns to the possession of one or more pairs of these dual garments.

Again then I say to the traveller, the pedestrian, and the amateur photographer on walking tour intent, that the short skirt and knickerbockers are a necessity, while for ease and comfort nothing can equal the full blouse bodice and the open coat, which coat, by the bye, should be arranged to button neatly and warmly over the chest when occasion demands. "Hats?" you ask. Well, hats must be left a good deal to individual fancy, for what woman will be dictated to concerning her chapeau? Yet to those who will take the hint I would say that for the purpose in hand the "sailor" hat and the "Tam o' Shanter" cap have no equal, while here again I would have my readers combine liking with taste, and suitability with both, for it is not given to every woman to wear a Tam o' Shanter cap with impunity. Not all the pinning and arranging in the world will make this headgear becoming to the wrong woman, while the right one will put it on in a minute, and with a pull to one side of the flapping crown she will look perfectly bewitching, and what is more, be thoroughly well aware of the fact!

23.

Latest among marvellous French discoveries is "La Femme Rontgen," a woman who is described as being able to read with ease through opaque bodies. Such at least, says the Daily Telegraph, is the story gravely related to-day. We are told that Dr. Ferroul, of Narbonne, has found and has introduced this phenomenal lady to his colleagues, Dr. Grasset, Professor of the Medical Faculty at Mountpelier. "All this is quite impossible" exclaimed Dr. Grasset when he was informed of the new wonder, "Well, you will see," was the quiet reply. Then the demonstration was made. The woman succeeded in reading, and that at a certain distance, a letter the envelope of which had been covered with seals and also posted as an additional precaution; and so Dr. Grasset was converted. Some scepticism on this subject is still permissible, nevertheless: yet what a

vista of queer possibilities does not this open out, even if "La Femme Rontgen" possesses only a moderate share of the extraordinary qualities thus attributed to her. She would be invaluable at a Custom House, for instance, as her fine eyes would promptly detect contraband articles, while many a document would no longer have any secrets, at least for her.

There would, indeed, be no limit to the field to which her talents could be applied. Most people, however, will prefer to wait until they have a chance of beholding "Mademoiselle Rayon X" in the flesh reading out the contents of some missive which has just been indited and deposited in a good thick envelope, held at the other end of the room, which, as she is represented as being able to decipher manuscript under like conditions at a distance of 300 yards, ought to be a mere trifle for her to accomplish,

24.

THE LADIES' CAMERA,

So called only from its Cleanliness, Convenience, and Portability.

Has been designed especially to meet the want of Amateurs, Professionals, and it is hoped, the fairer portion of society, who, would no doubt enjoy and practise the fascinating art, occasionally joining the sterner sex in their pleasant, healthful, outdoor excursions, were they certain to be exempt from soiling their dainty fingers, carrying bulky apparatus, and last, but not least, could they hope to meet with the least amount of difficulty and trouble possible on their ambitious path. All these desiderata are, it is believed, fully obtained by the Apparatus now brought out under the name of PHOTOGRAPHON.

The usual clothes-destroying, hand-staining operations necessary for rendering the plate sensitive, developing the resulting picture, and finally washing it, are effected entirely by mechanical but very simple means within the camera, and are reduced to the mere pulling of a few cords. In this manner, from the moment of pouring on the collodion - a chemical which does not stain - to the moment of taking out the finished and washed negative, the plate is not once touched by the hands or fingers, and all possibility of stains or chance of failure from want of dexterity is avoided.

25.

Extraordinary Conduct of a Female Photographer. - On Monday last, before the Gateshead borough magistrates, Mrs. Schomberg, a photographer, belonging to Sunderland, and who is evidently *non compos* - made an application for a warrant against a person named Nemo, a Japanese juggler, who she said had

allured her into the Queen's Head Hotel, Gateshead, on pretence that a lady and a gentleman wished to see her. When she got there, chloroform was administered and her clothes taken away. She said that portraits of her in that condition were taken by the person in question. This woman had two detectives summoned before the Sunderland magistrates not long ago, for a similar alleged offence. Shortly afterwards, she came to Gateshead and laid a similar charge against a respectable dentist, and other tradesmen belonging to Newcastle. The tale she told the magistrates on Monday was of a rambling nature. She said her character had been damaged, and she had travelled more than 400 miles to find the man Nemo and bring him to justice. She had lost 150 [pounds] in going about seeking him, and asked the magistrates to grant her a warrant. The magistrates refused to grant her a summons. Mrs. Schomberg had at last to be forcibly ejected from the court.

26.

Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is said to be the best amateur photographer in America. Her favourite field of operation is along the Massachusetts coast, and her snap shots there, taken in the stormiest weather, are attracting the attention of publishers. Her illustrated storms will be a feature of a new book of sea-songs.

27.

A certain popular American actress refused to be photographed, but the New York photographers were not to be foiled by a woman. She objected to see her photograph displayed in every shop window, and therefore turned a deaf ear to all entreaties for sittings. At last an enterprising member of the profession, learning that she had left New York for the purpose of sea-bathing at San Francisco, followed her to that city, and placing his apparatus in a neighbouring bathing machine, waited his chance and took her, without her knowledge, as she emerged dripping from the ocean. A print of this seascape - with herself prominently in the foreground - was sent to the actress with the remark, that unless she allowed herself to be taken in becoming costume and attitude, within a day or two ten thousand of these would be in circulation over the States. Under these circumstances what could a woman do but yield?

28.

Sarah Bernhardt never behaves like anybody else; and even before the camera she insists on remaining eccentric. She charges hundreds sometimes for a single sitting, and will occupy a photographer like Sarony for a whole day, before a single pose is taken that is sufficiently artistic to please her. One of her freaks in

America - so they say - was to dress herself in a shroud and have herself photographed in a coffin. She gave or sold the copyright of this strange picture to the photographer, on condition that it should not be published until a certain space of time had elapsed, Sarah Bernhardt at that time believing that she was really at the point of death. But when the photographer, at the end of the period agreed upon, reminded her that he now felt himself at liberty to publish her mortuary portrait, the actress was forced to compromise with him, and after a good deal of threatening and lawyer's work the photographer obtained a round sum for postponing publication till Madame Damala really does die. How it would have advertised her, that photograph!

29.

The lady-photographer is a blessed fact among amateurs; at present it is only a blessed hope among professionals. There is the charming female in the downstairs department, who inveigles one into most unnecessary purchases. But we should like to be operated upon upstairs by a few fascinating fair ones.

30.

The Atheneum asks, *apropos* of a paper by a young lady "On the Blastophore of the Newt," read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society, "Is it a sign of the times?" If so, it may not be long before we shall have ladies rising at our societies, and gravely discussing the merits of ruby versus green glass, or laying down the law on the vexed question of the fading of silver prints. It is doubtful whether masculine photographers do or do not derive comfort from the fact that at present lady photographers are few and far between. There is an average of about three at the monthly meetings of the Photographic Society. But there is no reason why they should not increase. The manipulation of gelatine plates is not so "messy" as collodion, and, this great objection removed, we may expect to see ladies invading the photographic profession as they have invaded almost every other,

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4. "The Hellenist", by A.J.A., The Amateur Photographer, 11 June 1907, p. 512.
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6. The British Journal of Photography, 14 February 1896, p. 105.
7. The British Journal of Photography, 6 August 1897, p. 510.

8. The Amateur Photographer, 14 September 1909, p. 270.
9. The British Journal of Photography, 15 September 1876, p. 444.
10. The Photographic News, 29 October 1869, p. 525.
11. From Figaro. Quoted in Photography, 22 May 1890, p. 329.
12. Advice to a reader. The Amateur Photographer, 22 February 1915, p. 4.
13. Punch, 1896.
14. Unidentified. Several versions of this poem appeared, following the introduction of the Kodak camera in 1888. A typical variation appears in The Photographic Review of Reviews, Vol. 1, 1892, p. 65.
15. Readers letter to the Buffalo Express. Quoted in The Amateur Photographer, 5 December 1884, p. 142.
16. The Photographic News, 10 February 1888, p. 89.
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18. The Photographic Times, Vol. v. 1875, p. 237.
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23. The British Journal of Photography, 17 December 1897, p. 809.
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25. The British Journal of Photography, 30 October 1868, p. 525.
26. Photography, 3 October 1890, p. 677.
27. The Amateur Photographer, 17 October 1884, p. 23.
28. *Ibid.* p. 24.
29. The Amateur Photographer, 2 October 1885, p. 404.
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