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SINCE the entry of Platinum Print, our friends will rejoice to learn that with the publication of this, our eighth number, the little magazine that comes to them at such surprising intervals, has become one of the best printed journals in America. Its half-tone illustrations are examples of a distinguished craftsmanship that is excelled by none of its contemporaries. Its illustrations are convincing proofs of the employment of the camera as a means of personal expression. Platinum Print has also been instrumental in promoting and circulating for educational purposes, photographic exhibitions of the work of the most notable artists in this country. Let us now tell you more about our existence.

The little magazine is aristocratic merely in appearance. It was conceived for the purpose of providing a medium where good photography may be assured of keeping good company, where printed messages may be beautifully presented. We are not rich. So poor, in fact, that our creditors often withhold their bills so that we may longer enjoy peace of mind. It furnishes no revenue. In the daytime, the Editor earns his living at a busy desk, and answers his correspondents in the evening when most of them are asleep. Don’t write to our Circulating Department, since we do not possess desk-room, nor do we even pay rent or salaries.

Possessing nothing, save greatness in humility of spirit, we have nevertheless been successful in publishing a magazine for the very joy that is the heritage of delight in work. We find reward in realizing that Platinum Print is not only the most beautiful but the most remarkable magazine in the world. Are you helping?
THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION

MAURICE T. FLEISHER

The exhibition of photographs which was held in the Rosenbach Galleries, in Philadelphia, during the last two weeks of January, 1915, under the auspices of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, was not an epoch-making one either in conception or in execution. Those in charge of it felt, on the one hand, that the Society had been neglecting one of the functions, though for good and sufficient reasons, which an organization of this kind should exercise. On the other hand, aspiring pictorialists, if their efforts showed the slightest glimmer of merit, should be given an opportunity to see their work in conjunction with that which is acknowledged to have “arrived.” These objects were best served by handling the show quietly, without making extravagant claims as to the merits of the prints. No attempts were made to give undue prominence to one exhibitor or any group of pictures. As a matter of fact, those prints which seemed to please best were those made and displayed in the most unpretentious manner.

An exhibition requires two things—the material to be exhibited and the audience to view it. A general exhibition of this kind had not been held in Philadelphia in a number of years. The Photographic Society having, so to speak, been out of the public eye, it was a matter of doubt whether this show would attract the attention which it deserved. Thanks to the excellence of the pictures, however, which were gathered mainly through the efforts of Coburn, White, Dickson and Struss, the attendance was very satisfactory, several hundred people having visited it on one afternoon. A great factor in drawing attention to the exhibition also was the appearance in the Sunday edition of the Public Ledger of a series of well illustrated articles by its very capable art critic, who entered into no arguments as to whether photography is or is not art, but quietly asserted that, with brush or camera, it is the man wielding the instrument who determines the result. These articles and some in other papers were a pleasure to read.

It was also a source of pleasure to have the written word of encouragement and well-wishing from many of the exhibitors. We regretted, of course, that some whom we had invited did not see their way clear toward sending pictures; and even more, that we were unable to hang all that were submitted, on account of a lack of space and a desire to give a hearing to some men and women whose work showed promise.

It is the desire of the Photographic Society to continue to give general pictorial exhibitions, though perhaps not at regular intervals. These exhibitions must be general in the broadest sense of the word, in that no cliques or schools will be recognized—merit being absolutely the only criterion.

[4]
DIAGONALS

Arthur D. Chapman

From the Pittsburgh Exhibition
NIAGARA FALLS

AUGUSTUS THIBAUDEAU

From the Philadelphia Exhibition
THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION

Spencer Kellogg, Jr.

Perhaps the chief question in the minds of those having the interest of pictorial photography at heart is: Has the art of photography progressed? In answer to this query, “An Exhibition Illustrating the Progress of the Art of Photography in America” was held in January, at Philadelphia. But in considering this collection, “The Second Annual Pittsburgh Salon of National Photographic Art,” should be mentioned, for the reason that twenty-four of the forty exhibitors at Philadelphia sent approximately sixty prints to Pittsburgh, thus bringing them into direct contrast with about two hundred and sixty produced under different influences and hung without the visé of a jury. The work submitted at Philadelphia, however, having been judged, the inevitable weakness of the system became again apparent. Until some plan can be suggested whereby the morals of that iniquitous body may be so refined as to guard against its acting simply as conservator of space, we must bear with its irregularities.

When asked to criticise the prints which I had seen, I refused. Just criticism, except of the superficial, is today a lost art. How wearisome are the platitudes of that horde of self-appointed High Priests of the Most Holy Order of Critics! By virtue only of a public afraid to think for itself and the wages of a hireling, can the critic live. He thrives by stinging, but the sting serves no other purpose than to provide him with food. Criticism is a right divine; sympathy and conscience are its chief qualifications. He who would judge other men’s souls must possess the penetration of a philosopher.

Let us, however, keep to the broad question as to whether any progress is discernible, asking ourselves in what direction it may be most significant; whether in artistic apprehension, in technique, in the number of exhibitors, or in public interest. As photography has no tradition, no perspective is possible. With a history of scarce sixty years, no positive photographic standard has been established, and development is difficult of analysis. Many of the workers seem to me largely affected by the example of photographers now living. As imitators they lack in freshness of vision and originality of conception. Progress is limited to Mr. X who, as a beginner, is perhaps more completely satisfying in his prints than was Mr. A when he began ten years ago. Largely because Mr. X has had the benefit of the technical experience of the last ten years, he is able to produce work which is permitted to be hung with that of the older men.

This monotony, or lack of “soul,” is in a way exaggerated by the photographic technique, which although progressing—if the quantity of good prints submitted is considered—has advanced little of late years in point of quality which is excellent. Determined now, more clearly than ever, are the limitations of the camera, for its technique, commanding a limited number of “control intervals” as compared with the other arts, lessens inexorably the possibility for inspirational expression.

In comparing platinum prints with other work shown at Pittsburgh, the superiority
and appropriateness of the former seemed unquestionable; lack of space, however, forbids any discussion of so interesting a subject at this time. Manipulated or "controlled" prints, bromides, gelatine papers and the rest, suffered palpably in comparison. A few colored prints at Pittsburgh, must mark the beginning of the end of such artistic anarchy. An unfavorable impression was made by the forest of wooden frames, heavy and unsightly, in comparison with which the glassed prints in the room were a distinct relief, the eye passing easily from one to another, thus preserving the delicate tonality of the platinum prints.

Increased numbers of workers, seeking tuition in photography, have brought about Schools of Photography and the organization of photographic departments in universities. Renewed interest in these exhibitions reflects an awakening and betokens a systematic advance which undoubtedly will gain momentum as time goes on. It seems to me that the greatest encouragement at the present time lies in the value of the camera being now more and more realized by the journalistic world. If the camera offers a fertile field, many serious workers will be drawn to it as a means of livelihood, and occasionally as in the other Fine Arts, a prophet may rise up to do us honor. It is unfortunate but true that the purse of a nation is the barometer of its art.

Although the foregoing analysis is extremely rough, and although personal and not without bias, I have intended to express the opinion that in a general way, and from the point of view of its aesthetic influence photography is indubitably progressing. As to whether the art (the expression) of photography has progressed, I leave this to those more competent to judge.

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**THE COSMIC YEA**

Our darkling days lead to an unseen goal,
And all in vain we strive to pierce the gloom—
As all in vain we ask, "What's past the tomb?"

Our knowledge is but part of the Great Whole:
Then, like some splendor, light breaks for the soul,
As when the dawn proclaims the long night's doom,
The quickened spirit sees a wonder loom,
And reads aright the Universal Scroll.

So had mine own days led me far adrift,
And gropingly I sought to find the Way;
The path was dim, nor sun nor stars to guide—
Then suddenly I felt you at my side,
And swiftly all the shadows seemed to lift,
For Love had answered with her cosmic, "Yea!"

ESTELLE DUCLO
Rhythm in Nature
Spencer Kellogg, Jr.
From the Pittsburgh Exhibition
ON THE SUMIDA
Stella Klauber
From the Philadelphia Exhibition
THE EXHIBITION IN PORTLAND
Dwight A. Davis

The Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Photographic Section of the Portland Society of Art opened Monday, March 8th, at the Sweat Memorial Art Museum, Portland, Me. Prints were shown in three small galleries particularly well adapted to photographs. The entries numbered 165 and were hung in two rows, unfortunately somewhat two low, the lower suffering from unsatisfactory lighting.

The jury had been charitable in their selection and admitted prints that did not add greatly to the value of the collection. One-half of those shown would have made a more notable exhibition. The practice of admitting the best work of each member may be desirable in a club exhibit, but should be avoided in an open competition.

Pictorial Photography will be more rapidly advanced by showing to the public only superior work, and the serious workers will appreciate more fully recognition by juries whose opinions they value.

While taken as a whole the exhibition was above the average in pictorial quality, it felt the absence of many of the prominent exhibitors of the previous year, men whose works are remembered for strong feeling and imaginative quality. The attendance was very gratifying, showing that the people of Portland, as well as the members of the Club, fully appreciate the broad mindedness and liberality of the Art Museum in making it possible to hold these exhibitions and also provide a meeting and a work room for the Photographic section.

THE BROOKLYN EXHIBITIONS
Samuel Holden

In accordance with the policy of the Department of Photography of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, that its walls shall always be hung with an exhibition of photographic prints, (the exhibitions to be changed each month during the season), there has been held in the studio rooms during the season just ending, a series of exhibitions, principally of the one-man variety, and the work of well known pictorialists.

The Department holds these exhibitions chiefly for the benefit of the general membership of the Institute, but they are very helpful, of course, to the members of the Department, who are directly interested in photographic work, and find that their outlook is broadened by keeping in touch with the work of fellow practitioners.

The Department does not limit the use of its walls to the exhibition of pictures of one school, but practices the utmost catholicity in this respect, welcoming any man's work which has a message pictorially expressed.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Exhibition opened April 24th, with a collection of fifty-one prints by members of the Department whose interests have been sustained in photography for a quarter of a century. Truth demands it to be said that, in point of quality of work and its presentation, the Department of Photography of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences surpasses the efforts of any other photographic club in this country.
MOTHER AND CHILD

CLARENCE H. WHITE

From the Pittsburgh Exhibition
In my last chapter I showed two “Roman Capitals.” The Romans of the early Empire used two kinds of characters, capital and cursive. The capitals were used for inscriptions or writings of importance, the cursive or running characters, which are originals of our “lower case” types, were used for correspondence or in other places where more rapid writing was necessary. The signs which compose our alphabet came from Italy and are about two thousand five hundred years old. These differed but slightly from the Greek from which they were derived but which the Romans added to and simplified by dropping compound consonants, etc. The early form, whether Greek or Roman, was the square capital—the monumental letter adapted for cutting in stone or metal—and was no doubt inspired by the demands of the cutting tool.

Manuscript writers adopted or rather adapted the square capital to more easy execution and evolved a rounder form called “uncial”—which is intermediate between the capital and the cursive.

With the decline of the Roman Empire, the writings of other nations rose in importance and we get variety of character with the evolution of national styles. Without attempting to subdivide these styles I will say that these different styles of writing gradually merged into what we call “gothic,” in which however certain national characteristics remained. By the 13th century Gothic had formed itself. Lombard capitals are founded on the old Roman cursive and became the traditional hand of Italy. The characteristic letters are A E G T; but these did not attain any real beauty until the 10th or 11th century.

Our lower case letters we get indirectly from Charlemagne who compelled the employment of skilled scribes, and in this way revived the small Roman character which eventually became our type model. Type has shaped itself more or less accidentally. At the invention of printing, two styles of writing were in use, so naturally there came two styles of type, Roman and “black letter.” Gradually the black letter gave way to the Roman character, but not without evolving many interesting types, until today with our practice of copying the copies of copies (ad infinitum) all life and vitality has died out. Type was based on manuscript forms. These forms had been shaped for easy reading. What was difficult for the pen to shape was dropped and the form simplified,—thus early types were more legible than now, as the considerations which controlled the writer no longer concern the founder. An illegible shape is as easy to print as any other, and the attempt to create “original” forms rather than legible ones brings us farther from these considerations than ever.

The characters used by the great printers of the 15th century vary but little from the “minuscule” letters of the manuscripts of the 11th century.

At the beginning of the 18th century typefounding reached its lowest level. All traditions of beautiful forms had been lost by the generations of copiers of copies who lacked both taste and skill to preserve them.

In my next chapter I shall show reproductions of written characters referred to in this and compare them with printed types.
THINGS AS THEY REALLY ARE

By: He Who Sees

"A compliment, as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity, is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you mean."—Alfabet

At the New York Exposition

It is not meet for me to stare at the beauty of woman, lest perchance a victim I become; but there, under brazen lights, surrounded by all the appurtenances of the camera, long I lingered near the portraits of the Anso Love-liest Women Contest.

I chanced upon a worthy fellow, one Kunzie, an old friend, and a wizard at negative making, who hummed the virtues of the Vulcan plates at the booth of the Defender Company.

What fine positives Allison & Hadaway displayed, and how ingenious was their exhibit. Progress stamps their every effort.

It is pitch dark, and where am I? Within the enlarging booth of Herbert & Huesgen. With what speed enlargements are made and how fascinating are the pictures as they grow from pigmy to giant before me. Their lenses and cameras and papers, how they tempt impoverished pockets!

A splendid chat I had with a Bausch & Lomb representative. But as he led me into the mysteries of the lens, I, who wondered at his strange speech, could simply answer "Aye."

Of great honor to some cities the Pictorial Exhibition might have been; but to New York, what metropolitan distinction did it bear? The awards! Urge me not to speak seriously of such an old device!

Interestingly shown in great variety were the bromide prints of the Wellington & Ward manufacture, where Keller graciously answered inquiring minds.

Resplendent with reproductions from color plates, was Arnold Genthe's unattended booth.

A neat, bright lens attracted my gaze, and there was Struss, of the Struss Pictorial Lens. "It will make your pictures with the flare left out" he whispered. A very great asset I thought.

And what a mobilization of editors: The tower- ing frame of Fraprie, the kindly Watkins, the temperamental French, the quick-stepping Chambers, and the popular Tennant were there. But who was that loquacious editor with the advertising voice?

I saw, too, Clarence H. White, of the White School of Photography, and with him was Max Weber who chatted on the refining influence of the school on the better sort of photography. "Then I shall meet you in Maine at your Summer School," I shouted, "good bye."

Did anyone see the booths of the Eastman Company? I searched, but found them not. And I wanted so much to see their new cutter!

Nearly all the photographic dealers were there exchanging products for currency. And some of the many things I saw were good, and some were vile, while others were obviously very vile indeed.

The Editor of Platinum Print tells me that some of the beautifully printed advertising folders which were distributed at the Exposition are still available, and that friends of the little magazine may have some to send to their friends.

—He Who Sees Things As They Really Are

Through the courtesy of Granville Barker, our readers may enjoy the simple and architectural beauty of the strange scenery from "The Man Who Married A Dumb Wife," by Anatole France. The decorations are by Robert E. Jones, music by Cecil Sharp and translations by Curtis Hidden Page. The dark notes of the two figures, the windows and the balcony, form a splendid crescent. The distribution of values has been very finely felt by Mr. Jones.

Our readers with progressive thoughts should give encouragement to the efforts of the Washington Square Players and their artistic productions at the Band Box Theatre.

Clara Estella Sipprell has been wintering in New York, giving frequent exhibitions of autochromes possessing colors complimentary to each other.

The Platinum Print Loan Collection will be exhibited during May, at Syracuse University, in the College of Fine Arts.

Charles H. Barnard came down from Montreal for a whiff of photographic atmosphere before renewing his camera activities in Canada.
STUDYING A JAPANESE PRINT
Edward R. Dickson

When a Japanese color print is converted into a half-tone, however skillful the transposition may be, the print is deprived of one of the essential features upon which its interest depends—color. It is the Japanese application of design that enables us to enjoy their work whether we encounter them in the guise of reproductions or color prints. Not so with the Occidental who generally pursues a contrary principle in which less regard is paid to design. He prefers that his canvas should speak to us in terms of color. This satisfies him who is fortunate in seeing the original: but when the work is converted into one tone, for the purpose of reproduction, it is here that the need of design so often distressingly affects us. One finds a parallel in the photographer who sees mere color on his ground-glass and wonders why his print does not survive a season.

Yeishi worked during the periods 1781-1800. His personal name was Hosoda Tokitomi, and although he assumed that of Yeishi, the Hosoda School was named in his honor. His prints are remarkable for their complete composition, harmony of beautiful colors, and a frequent but choice use of black. Yeishi’s designs and arrangements of 130 years ago are of great interest to us today, regardless of the prevalent belief that designs and arrangements are futile as art expressions.

This print imparts a feeling of firmness, for the space is filled in its entirety and everything is supported. The lady who bends so graciously over the kneeling figure, is held by the vertical line near the edge of the picture; by the horizontal line touching her back, and by another vertical touching the neck and continuing from the sleeve to the floor. Her head is framed by the lines of the screen, while her gown touches the frame of the picture and becomes tangent thereto. The kneeling figure would fall to the floor were it not sustained by the vertical lines touching shoulder, sash and gown, as well as the horizontal lines of the stairs. Her head finds support through contact with the erect figure.

The same principle of construction is applicable to the erect figure held by the vertical lines at head and shoulder, and as we follow the scene in the background, the series of angular lines lift our eye upward until it is brought again to the right and into the picture. Yeishi, in his care that we should enjoy his two figures completely, shows us only a portion of a third. One wonders what he would have done without this third figure, for, to have supported adequately the kneeling one, he would have had to use a line so strong as to have intruded upon the importance of the other two figures. You may feel the imaginary lines of a triangle formed by the dark notes of the three heads.

The eye may now begin at the ceiling and descend until it reaches the standing figure where it continues to her who kneels. On the floor is a little stepping stone—the signatures—which helps us to reach the large figure whose outstretched arms lead to those of the kneeling figure in the act of receiving the proffered gift.

If your enjoyment is complete, as Yeishi hopes it is, now please ascend the stair, glance at the ornaments and flowers before you, where an unseen page stands ready to bow you out of the picture.
IN the advancement of photography there have come to be two distinct fields which cover the activities of the photographer. In the former, as a scientific result is desired, a scientific instrument such as the anastigmat is used. The chief quality of this lens is to focus sharply in a single plane, when used wide open, making objects nearer and further away than the point of focus completely out of focus and having no relation to the subject being photographed. Of course, copying a flat plane or field on to a flat plate is a scientific accomplishment which is to be commended, but, in the making of real pictures is this desirable? In photographing all sorts of objects, when is the picture ever seen in one plane? Is not a quality of focus desired which will photograph the foreground, middle distance and distance at the same time without having to stop down? The nearest approach to the universal focus of the pin-hole, is the quality of image that the Struss Pictorial Lens gives at F 5.5. It is not a lens for scientific work, but one for interpretive picture making, whether it be for Portraiture, Architecture, Marine, Landscape or otherwise.

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