

"This lake swarms with fierce alligators, and in order to make pictures of them, it was necessary to descend the steps and walk out on the hard baked mud to the water's edge. I got five men with long pointed bamboo poles and a few rupees' worth of meat, and proceeded to work.

"The men with the poles and I then walked out on the dry mud. As soon as we got near the water, four or five huge alligators immediately ran out of the muddy water toward us. I confess that

pictures. To get them, they had circled the whole continent, crossed the Andes four times, ascended the Amazon, Orinoco, Magdalena, and Paraguay Rivers, travelled 40,000 miles in every possible kind of way from a first-class passenger coach to walking and from a cattle boat to a canoe. At one place, a mule loaded with photographic material, fell over a cliff. At another time, a trunk with hard-earned treasures was lost overboard from a lighter. Mrs. Adams made pictures where no white woman had ever

came too stiff to hold the reins, and I fell exhausted to the ground. But we found that fate had guided us to a llama train—a few Indians and their pack of laden llamas. The natives pinched one another to keep awake and nestled among animals for warmth, so we did the same. It was a terrible night. My hair below my felt hat was covered with ice in the morning, but I was nevertheless grateful to the llamas. At Poto we also suffered intensely from the cold, although we were



DOA-CONSTRUCTOR NEAR THE UPPER PARAGUAY RIVER.

the most irritating—especially since I must respect their innumerable good points and keep his hands off.

"After getting my outfit in order I hastened to the Adirondacks. I found a locality where 'porkies' were abundant. One of the subjects which had to be illustrated was an abandoned camp in winter, with the 'porky' eating pork rind. This was not found here, but it was well into May, and nearly all the snow had melted. However, after a careful search, I found one patch of about half an acre of snow in a sheltered nook; here I arranged a camp scene. That night the guide and I caught a porcupine and put him in a barrel until morning.

"In the meantime I was taken sick; and it was all that I could do to walk to the snow patch; but the picture had to be made that day or not at all, as the snow was rapidly melting. Busting my



TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SAME ROCK PILE.

The picture on the right shows the possibilities of exaggeration by the camera.

Here my courage quailed a bit and I thought that a few distant shots were all I should succeed in getting. But by throwing meat to them, they were kept at a safe distance and the long poles were a great protection if they tried to come too near. Two days I visited the place, and, after many hours of manoeuvring, I managed to get such pictures of these brutes as I am confident are better than anything previously done.

"I arranged one picture to show myself making photographs of them, and I doubt if you ever saw a stereograph of a man in a more dangerous position. You will see I am not ten feet from the open jaws of an immense brute. So enthusiastic was I, that in successive views I approached nearer and nearer until, discarding the advice of the men with the poles who were behind me, I approached within seven feet of the fiercest and finest of the lot. This rash act nearly cost me my life. Just as I let the shutters go on the second picture of him, the brute rushed at me with an awful snort. I turned and ran as the men shouted, and not a moment too soon; before the men with the poles could stop him, I felt the touch of his snout on my boot and his jaws snapped together with a noise like two boards clapping together."

Many others have enriched our current literature of photography at the risk of their lives. Mr. Lindpaintner, the only photographer in Port Arthur during the siege, had his studio wrecked by a Japanese shell. Mr. E. S. Curtis, of Seattle, spent eight years and almost lost his life in taking photographs of Indians in the Southwest. To get unconscious groups and to overcome the prejudice of the Indians against having their pictures taken, he used a deceptive-angle camera, which takes pictures at the side while it seems to point in front. Mr. Ellsworth Huntington has photographs of the canyon of the Euphrates, although there is not a native along its banks who has ever been down the gorge. Mr. Frank A. Perret took photographs from the observatory on Mt. Vesuvius while the volcano was in violent eruption. Lhasa is no longer a "forbidden" city, for a man may sit quietly in Washington or London and look over picture after picture of its mysteries. In the summer of 1906, Mr. Franklin Adams and his wife, Harriet Chalmers Adams, reached New York from a three years' trip through South America with cameras. They brought 3000

been before—17,000 feet above the sea, she took photographs of the Indian village of Poto, Peru. "To reach Poto," she said, "we experienced severe hardships. This village is situated in the attic of the world"—on that great plateau which may well be compared with Tibet. The homes in the village were built on a frozen plain; the backyards were filled with glaciers.

"To reach this place, we journeyed in the saddle from the railway station of Tirapata, not far from Lake Titicaca. From dawn until dusk we rode across the bleak highlands against a bitterly cold wind, endeavouring to reach an Indian village for shelter before darkness fell. These semi-civilised Quechuas are not hospitable, and their huts are unclean; but nights spent in the open at these altitudes mean intense suffering, perhaps death. One night we lost our way, as the snow fell heavily and covered the trail. At about ten o'clock, after seventeen hours in the saddle, my hands

not troubled with 'soroche,' the mountain sickness, which so often affects travellers at high altitudes. It was evident that I was the first white woman to reach this village, as the Indians, usually so stoical, were quite curious about my appearance."

Every year our accurate knowledge of the world is being increased by camera travellers like Mr. and Mrs. Adams, but the public seldom realize what skill and patience it has taken to place that knowledge in its hands.

"It once fell to my lot," said a professional who had made a speciality of nature photography, "to have to illustrate a wild-animal story entirely by photography, the stipulation being that all the pictures should be made of the wild animal in his native surroundings, and that I must turn in the prints within one month. The wild animal to be photographed was only a harmless porcupine. Yet it is not easy to make one pose, for of all the 'cussed' pig-headed little rascals, they are about



RATTLESNAKE COILED TO STRIKE.

The camera was just beyond his reach.

self up. I arranged the camera, the guide released the 'porky' and tried to steer him to the selected spot. Naturally enough, that was the one place to which the 'porky' positively refused to go. Things were not going well with me, and I stood in a dazed condition holding to a tree and realising that it was only a matter of minutes before I would faint. The snow took strange shapes—big black and red spots danced over it, and in the



AT THE FOOT OF 203 METRE HILL.

A shell like that bursting on the hill struck the photographer's studio in Port Arthur and completely wrecked it.