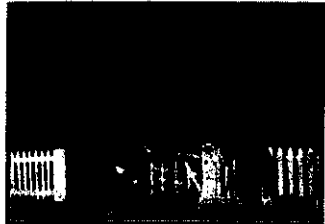


me, as they have an awkward way, at times, of shooting on sight if they imagine they have a grievance.

The next photograph reproduced is, I think, one of the most unique flashlights ever obtained, representing, as it does, a phase of Western life that, so far as I know, had never been taken before. The scene illustrated is the interior of a gambling saloon at an out-of-the-way little settlement called Lookout, near the Sacramento Mountains, New Mexico. I arrived at the township late one evening, and, after attending to my horses, looked about for a place where I could get some refreshments. There was only one saloon, and so I went. The den was full up with a forbidding-looking crowd sitting and standing at tables



A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF A POLICE HUNT FOR ESCAPED CONVICTS

gambling as hard as they could go. They were much too intent on their games to pay attention to me, however, and, having called for a glass of whisky, I watched the play for few minutes. There were a number of cowboys present who had just come in from the plains with three month's wages, and it was easy to see that they were being fleeced by the professional element. In such places as this they frequently lose their all in a single night, and, if they create a disturbance, as likely as not they lose their lives as well. I had not been in the place very long before it occurred to me that here was a subject for my camera that ought not to be missed, although I felt very doubtful as to whether I should be allowed to take it. However, I could see that if done at all it would have to be done quickly, for, although most of my prospective sitters were fairly sober, liquor was being handed round plentifully, and here and there a six-shooter glistened ominously on the tables. I thereupon approached the proprietor of the place, who, after consulting his customers, and much to my surprise, told me to go ahead as soon as I chose, but to get it over as quickly as possible. I think it was the novelty of the thing that appealed to them, for I am certain there

was not a single person present who had been flashlit before. I at once ran back for my camera and obtained the picture, which is here reproduced, but which, however, does not contain portraits of all those who were in the saloon, for I noticed that several desperate-looking characters took great pains to be well out of range of my camera. Doubtless there was a very good reason for this. I made myself scarce with all possible speed after taking the photograph, and I have every reason to believe that after I left things became pretty lively. For my night's rest was punctuated at intervals by the sound of pistol-shots coming from the direction of the saloon.

Another photograph which was taken under exceptional circumstances was also obtained in the course of my wandering in the mountains. Coming across a large circular opening in the ground one day, which evidently led to a cave of some sort, I and two friends who were with me, at once decided to explore it. We descended by means of a tree-trunk, which we lowered down the hole, and found ourselves in a huge cavern. We at once caught sight of the fresh tracks of a bear on the damp floor of the cave, and without a moment's hesitation returned to the surface for pistols. Well armed, we once more descended the cave, while I, in addition, took with me a camera and some flashlight powder. We all carried lighted torches, but after a thorough search were unable to discover the animal. Presently we noticed a hole in the wall of the cave, evidently leading into a second chamber. We went through the opening

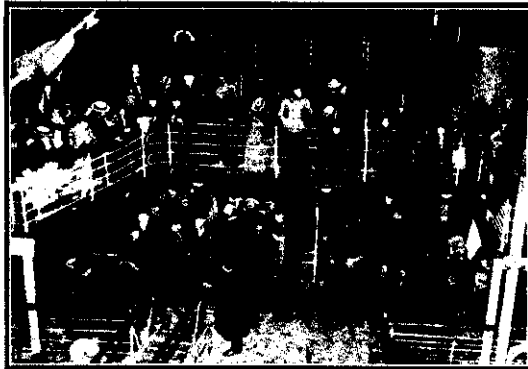
cautiously, and the sight that met our gaze was, I think, the most magnificent that I have ever seen. The roof and the floor were literally covered with stalactites and stalagmites of exceedingly beautiful formations which scintillated in the flickering light, casting grotesque



SIR GEORGE MARTIN PLAYING THE ORGAN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

This flashlight was taken with the camera suspended in mid-air, at the end of a rope.

shadows from the glare of our torches. In the centre of this chamber two ex-



THE HOME-COMING OF THE LATE GENERAL BULLER

The circumstance under which this photograph was taken gives some idea of the difficulties that a flashlight operator has to contend with.

ceptionally fine cones had grown to such proportions that their needle-like points almost met, and it is almost unnecessary to add that I there and then took a flashlight photograph of them. This I did with one of my companions on either side of me with their fingers on the triggers of their pistols, in case the bear should make his appearance. The flash blinded us all for a few seconds, and whether it frightened the animal or not I am unable to say, but we certainly failed to find him, although the freshness of his tracks clearly proved that he must have been in the place quite recently. We afterwards discovered a passage leading into the open, so I suppose he must have made a hurried escape that way.

One of the most exciting experiences I had was when I was dispatched to follow up the hunt for two convicts who had escaped from Borstal Prison. The affair had attracted considerable attention, for the men, who were both desperate characters, had held up a mail-coach after their escape. They were supposed to be

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hiding in the big woods near Faversham, and search parties of police and civilians were out looking for them, but without success.

The next night I arranged with the driver of the mail-van to ride with him to Canterbury, traveling over the road on which the two convicts had previously attacked the coach. In some parts there were dense woods on both sides, and our ride was a decidedly unenjoyable one. We were going slowly up hill in a particularly dark and lonely spot, when a man came out of the woods and demanded a

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THE CROWD OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The flash that was used to take this photo graph was seen twelve miles away.