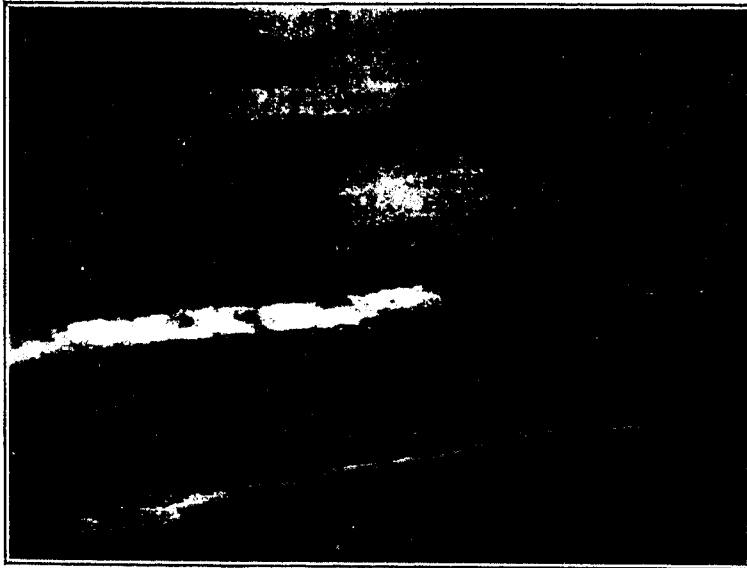


Off-duty with a Camera—Hints for Nurse-Photographers.

By Miss MARY O. FAIR.

The possession of a hand-camera is a source of great interest to a nurse. If she gets interested in the



The Flowing Tide.

hobby of photography, she will sally forth and spend her off-duty time in its company out of doors, when otherwise she would be lounging with a book over the sitting-room fire.

However small, and cheap too, the camera, it holds pictorial possibilities, and is invaluable for "sketching" purposes—interesting little street scenes, studies of typical characters, and quaint and curious people and buildings.

The nurse's life is plentifully filled; there is no time for painting, pigmentary or of the word description. The quick-eyed camera takes a record for its owner in a flash of its winking lens, and lo! on film or plate a picture grows.

Even in the heart of a busy manufacturing town, with its unprepossessing rows of identical red-brick

terraces, there is material. One's feet are weary, too, more to tramp to the open country, where are cool streams and waving, green-clad trees. The hot air steams, the heat is beaten up into one's face by the baked pavements, when lo! a picture toddles on uncertain chubby legs out of a squalid, dirty court. It is a veritable Cupid of the slums, this shy little imp that peers distrustfully at the intruder from behind the shelter of a lamp-post. Its socks are ragged, and descend over its tiny ill-shod feet; its pinafore is rent and grubby, stained with many varieties of smirch and grime; only through the general sordidness shines the glory of delicate pink and white skin, the great violet, heavily-fringed eyes, and round its head the heavy mop of yellow curls clusters in the burning sunshine like a halo of polished, glinting gold. One thing, dirt does not come out too obtrusively in a photograph, so we expend a plate or film on Cupid, and pass on to a canal bridge, where we are tempted to have a shot at a man and a boy who lean over the parapet watching the laden barges crawl their ponderous way along the oily, tideless waterway.

Once a month, however, we have a day off, and sally forth into the fresh-smelling, pure air of the country.

Away over the hills is the sea; the winter is on us now, and a heavy wind rolls in white-hooded breakers, that curl hungrily, and thunder with a deafening roar on the reef that



In the Fields.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)