



# PHOTOGRAMS OF THE YEAR 1910

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THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

*By Miss Kate Smith.*



MATERNITY.

*By A. Cerda y Rico (Jaen, Spain).*



which is shown at the Salon as "Charlie Thomas," seems more suitable for these young faces.

Dührkoop's artist on the next page (68) has plenty of dignity, without forced contrasts, and is altogether an admirable, intimate life-study.

### THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

While the world remains, the Madonna theme will engage our artists, sometimes in its religious sense, oftener on the humble everyday plane, and this year it has been widely and successfully used, by the Canadians in particular. In our own volume, examples are to be found on pages 70, 72 and 126. A. Cerda y Rico (70) treats it frankly and simply, in a quiet, homely interior, and has an arrangement of mother and child worthy to occupy a larger portion of the space, without surroundings. If the figures had been taken only to the knees of the mother, and set against a simple background, much would have been gained.

Dührkoop's two modern versions on p. 72 are typical of the portraiture that has been made popular and profitable amongst the German people of late years, and Harry Hall's essay on p. 126 well records the baby's face of fun and the young mother's pride.

### SOME UPLANDS.

The half-dozen mountain scenes that remain to be considered (pp. 69, 79, 97, 111 and 112) show marked variety of outlook and handling. W. A. L. Hensler (69) tackles a difficult technical problem, and well articulates both foreground and distance on one of those days when it is difficult to say where the snow ends in white clouds. Wm. Rawlings (79) is equally frank and straightforward, making good use of the surveyor's cairn to throw back the distance.

Max Albert's attempt (79) is much more ambitious, and but for some crudity of outline that gives too much evidence of handling, it scores a good scene-painterish success.

Gino Bolotti's *Where Thunder Falls* (97) strikes the tragic note, and sustains it well, if not a little too sweetly, in one of the few subjects wherein the fashionable gloom treatment seems justified and is carried through consistently.

Ward Muir's *Winter* (111) is really winter, and really mountains, an untheatrical pleasing record, perfect in its simplicity. Edith L. Willis (112), attempting to go beyond her fine work of two years ago (*The Heights, Photographs of 1908*, p. 125), has just over-reached herself in the direction of tenuity. While there is good suggestion of the drifting flocks along the mountain-side, there is also too much suspicion of the workroom rather than of closeness to Nature.

### THE GOLF GOLF.

E. T. Holding has never been so strong as this year, and while his *On the Links* (83), entitled *Fore!* at the Salon, is not his best, it is best