

*TAMMAS THORL'S FOTTYGRAPHIC  
EXPERIENCES.*

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TAMMAS THORL was a working joiner to trade, and was a sort of universal genius in his way. He was naturally inventive and versatile, and was seldom at a loss in finding some loop-hole to escape from a difficulty.

He was a very extensively married man, Tammas, enjoying every day of his blessed life the sweet society of his wife and hale fourteen of a family.

*Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®*

When trade was brisk, and wages were good, Tammas got on fairly well, but a time of trade slackness was a terrible affliction to the Thorl family.

Now, trade had been flat for some considerable time, and at last Tammas was thrown idle. As a natural consequence Mrs. Thorl showed temper—was, in fact, in a high state of revolt with herself generally, and with Tammas Thorl in particular.

“It’s a black look-oot this, Tammas,” she said to her husband one morning when the last handful of meal had gone into the family parritch-pat. “What we’re to dae for food, fire, an’ clothing this winter, gudeness only kens. Oh, that I ever flung mysel’ awa’ on a puir workin’ joiner, wi’ a white apron on, an’ his sleeves up, when I micht hae gotten an elegant counter-lowper, wi’ sixteen shillin’s a-week, nae broken time, an’ a braw starched ‘dickie’ on!”

Tammas was silent; his heart was sad, and his hope, like his pipe at that particular moment, was completely burned out. What more could he do? He had tried hard for a job, however humble, and had failed. He had worn out his boots, and latterly lost his “spees” looking for work, and all to no purpose.

“You that’s a genius, Tammas,” continued his spouse, “can ye no’ try something or ither, nae matter what, only let it be—something?”

“What wad ye suggest, Mattie?”

“Oh, onything at a’, Tammas; poetry, for instance,—ye’re gleg at clinkin’ the rhymes.”

“Poetry, be hang’t! D’ye want me to get sixty days in Barnhill Poor’s-house?”

“Weel, then, Tammas, could ye no’ become a bailie, or a toon-cooncillor, or, say, a member o’ Parliament? There’s lots o’ nice sugary tit-bits an’ canny perquisites gaun wi’ the bailie jobs, I’m tell’t. What’s mair, the bailies are no’ subject to idle-sets, like puir workin’-men.”

"A bailie—a toon-cooncillor—a member o' Parliament," repeated Tammas, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. "Weel, I have maybe the genius, Mattie, but I'm fair stuck for the want o' eddication."

"Ed-i-ca-tion!" sneered Mattie; "h'm! a' that ye've got to dae is jist to imitate the rest o' the candidates by swallowing every kind o' electoral pill put before ye, pledgin' yersel' to bring in hunders o' 'bills' for the workin'-men, an' promisin' to grow them cabbages as big as cab-wheels. An' if ye seriously think on't, Tammas, there's Johnny Gibb, the lath-splitter, he could be yer richt-haun' 'committee-man;' for last week, nae farrer back, he got a new suit o' claes on 'tick,' an' had his hair cut by a journeyman barber!"

"No, no, Mattie; there's owre mony at the job already."

"Weel, then, there's the 'Schule-brod,' Tammas; ye'd mak' a first-rate Schule-Brod officer;—ye've jist a heid for a lum hat!"

"What, Mattie! me a Schule-Brod officer! chasin' bare-headed an' bare-fittit wee laddies up an' doon back wynds an' closses! No, no, Mattie; not for Tammas Thorl!"

"Weel, then, there's Bill-deliverin', Lamp-lichtin', an' Window-cleanin'; Shooin'-machine, Prudential Society, an' Book canvassin'."

"Stop, stop, Mattie! I have it noo. I was reading the other day about Fottygraffy, an hoo to learn it. I'll set to an' mak' a fottygraff box, an' tak' likenesses at sixpence a heid. Bring oot my tool chest, Mattie."

"Eh, Tammas, that's jist the verra thing," agreed Mattie; "ye've the genius, Tammas; ye've the tools; ye've the wood, an' ye've me an' your fourteen bairns to experiment on."

So, all at once, in a sense, Tammas Thorl found himself putting together a photographer's "box," on the most improved principles, the sweat of honest endeavour on his brow, and a bright hope of success in his heart.

In three days he had completed his preparations, and was ready for a start in business as an amateur photographer.

Just by way of experiment, he consented to try his prentice hand on a family group of Mattie and the bairns. The picture was a striking success. It *struck* Mattie, and the few who saw it, all of a heap. It was as black as a sweep's face, and looked like a free sketch done on the banks of the Congo—Mattie representing an aged negress, surrounded by fourteen young African "hopefuls," and all mouthed from ear to ear with sable smiles. Tammas ingeniously blamed the mixed atmosphere of the kitchen for the sooty complexion of the picture, and prophesied bright success in the elevated garret he had just rented for a month as a professional studio.

"But Tammas, my man," remarked his managing spouse, "ye'll need to tak' a new name, if ye mean to prosecute the art professionally. Plain Tammas Thorl, ye ken, wad never, never, never dae."

"That's already settled, Mattie. I've jist lengthened my name into Russian - Polish. See, there's my sign - brod, jist this moment finished; the pent's no dry yet (holding up a rudely-lettered trade-sign.) Can ye read?—

SIGNOR TAMMASKI THORLOWSKI,  
FAMILY FOTTYGRAFFER.

*N.B.—Country Orders Punctually Attended to.*

"Hoo will that dae, Mattie? It's up to Tommy, I think, no' sayin' owre muckle for mysel'."

"Eh, me, Tammas, that's jist rale braw," said Mrs. Thorlowski, admiringly; "an' if ye wad only cut aff yer chin-beard, Tammas, leaving on naething but your moustache, stiffened at baith ends wi' a lick o' caun'le grease, an'

learn to speak broken English, then there's no' a man nor woman in the toon but wad tak' ye for a rale foreigner."

"The idea's grand, Mattie. Trust me; I can imitate the foreigner to perfection."

In high hopes, therefore, and sanguine of success, Signor Thorlowski at once occupied his "studio," hung out his graphic "trade-ticket," and patiently awaited the first sign of public favour.

But when was genius rewarded? Hour after hour passed wearily by, but no individual unit of the great public outside found the way up to Signor Thorlowski's photographic chambers.

But ah, stop! there at last was *one* sensible man, surveying, from the street below, his "trade-ticket" through an eye-glass!

He was a smart young man to look at, with just the faintest tendency to apparent "seed" in his get-up; carried a worn umbrella under his left arm; wore shoes rather down-at-heel, and two sizes small; and had on his hands the interesting remains of a pair of yellow "kids."

After a careful scrutiny of Signor Thorlowski's picturesque sign-board, the smart-looking young stranger disappeared in the entry leading to the "studio," and presently reached the top of the lofty staircase.

"Signor Thorlowski, I presume?" said the smart-looking young man, bowing most graciously.

Signor Thorlowski bowed in return.

"Do you speak English, Signor?"

"I speak English do," returned Tammas, whose only idea of broken English was simply a reversing of the words.

"Then, let me tell you, Signor," began this plausible young man, "let me tell you, that if you mean to run the photographic business successfully, you must advertise!—advertise!—advertise! Do you comprehend, Signor?"

"Me comprehend very much!" replied Tammas.

"Well then," resumed the smart young man, "you must understand, Signor, that I'm local reporter and advertisement-lifter for the *Commercial Gazette*. Advertise in our columns and I'll *puff* you. Will you advertise?"

"Advertise I certainly will."

"Good; and to what extent, Signor?"

"Extent any!" replied the interesting Tammas, throwing apart his two hands expressive of the unreserved amplitude of his advertising order.

"My fortune's made!" said the smart young man, in a low *aside*. Then turning about, he said aloud:—

"Will you kindly put yourself exclusively in my hands in this matter? I will draw up your advertisement, Signor; believe me, I have had great experience in that line."

"Put in your hands myself I exclusively will," frankly replied Tammas. "Experience you have much; experience I have none, none!" (shaking his head depreciatingly).

"Ah, very good! very good! And now, good day, Signor, and many thanks! Expect a newspaper *puff*, and a crowd of customers at your studio door to-morrow. Good day!" and the smart young man effusively bowed himself out.

Next morning Tammas got a copy of the *Commercial Gazette* wet from the press, and was delighted to read as follows:

"SIGNOR THORLOWSKI'S NEW STUDIO.—We direct the attention of our numerous readers to Signor Thorlowski's advertisement in another column. This talented gentleman, we understand, has obtained Royal recognition on the Continent, and stands at the head of the photographic profession. The Signor's 'machine' is new, his process patent and instantaneous, and his charges are most moderate. During his brief stay in town, he is likely to sweat daily under the pleasing confusion of blocked doorways and endless calls upon the exercise of his charming and unrivalled art."

"Faith," thought Tammas to himself, "Signor Thorlowski's a big success. After a', there's something in a name. A rose

may smell as sweet by any other name, but no' plain Tammas Thorl! But, hillo! here's my first customer!"

The door of the "studio" was banged up, and in swaggered a local Jack Tar, a fresh-water sailor, two-thirds liquored, his "bunting" gaily flying, and himself bowling along under a fresh breeze and an easy helm.

"Glad to find ye aboard, Cap'n! (hitching up his loose pants). I've rolled in to have my phottygraff done; how's the wind for the job, Cap'n—eh?"

"Dee wind is beaut'ful; will you please seat take?"

"No, I want myself 'done' aboard ship, you understand? climbing a for'ard rope, like—see?" and Jack at once threw himself into the picturesque attitude of an able-bodied seaman hauling himself up a bowline, hand-over-hand.

Signor Thorlowski smiled consentingly.

"Stop! steady! one moment! don't stir! patent action! instantaneous production! there!" and before Jack could wink, he was instantly "photographed" in the graphic attitude of a sailor ascending with great activity an imaginary rope!

"Hillo!" shouted Jack, when he saw the "picture" "I'm agoin', it there, Cap'n; I look smart and happy, eh? I'm a-climbin', I guess; but—where's the rope?"

"Ah, my good friend, dee rope's understood—dee rope's understood."

"All right, Cap'n, all right! It's a curiosity of art—this is; I'm agoin'. Good-bye!"

"Six-pence, my dear friend; six-pence I require!" said the Signor, extending his hand.

"For what, Cap'n?"

"For pay-ment."

"All right, Cap'n, all right! the payment like the rope, is understood." And spreading his canvas, the fresh-water tar "lay stiff to the wind" and sailed smartly out.

The Signor was in the act of following him, when he was

suddenly confronted by a second customer, in the shape of a sun-burnt farmer, cudgel in hand, who explained that he wanted his "fottygraph" done in oil, with the seed-apron on, and he in the act of "sowin' the ground."

"Delightful!" exclaimed the Signor, "I shall be very much happy, indeed! Will you please seat take?"

In two seconds the worthy farmer had laid aside both his cudgel and his coat, assumed the seedman's "apron," and was busy waving his hand backwards and forwards as if in the act of sowing the seed in an imaginary field.

"Can ye tak' my han' gaun that way?" asked the subject.

"I am Signor Thorlowski!" was the sufficient reply. "Steady! a regular sweep of dee arm; there!" and, presto, the Signor disappeared, and almost instantly returned with the negative.

The "picture" was a screamer; it looked like a man in his shirt sleeves, with six hands!

Immediately the farmer saw it, he hitched on his coat, picked up his cudgel, and went for the astonished Signor, who vanished down stairs like a telegram, closely pursued by the enraged customer.

Gaining the street, the ingenious Signor dodged up and down several streets, and cleverly eluding his pursuer, he returned to his "studio" by a back court.

Reaching his room, he found a third customer awaiting his return, in the shape of a stout "lodging-house" wife, of some fifty fat summers.

"Are ye the fottygrapher?" was the new customer's reply to the Signor's gracious bow.

"Yes, ma—dame, I am that highly-sookecessful man, at your pleas—ure."

"Can ye 'draw' me weel na? for the pictur's for my 'intended,' wha'll prove my fifth man."

"I promise you I will sat—is—fy your five husband very much. I have just returned from being 'treated' by a de-

lighted custom—er. He was in great rap—ture about his ‘picture,’ he was!”

“Ye’re a’ oot o’ breath; ye’ve been rinnin’?”

“He was pursuing me with his hospitality, that customer! but I don’t drink; no, no! I don’t drink!”

“Weel, tak’ me quick, for I’m in a bleezin’ hurry!”

“In wan min—ute! steady! there!” and, like magic, the nimble Signor had placed the ‘picture’ in the hands of his stout customer.

The photograph looked like a cart of coals emptied over a chair!

An agonised yell, and the enterprising Signor’s fat customer had collapsed on the floor.

“Faith!” thought the Signor, after he had succeeded in resuscitating his collapsed patron, “I’ve acted the foreign fottygrapher lang enough. It’s no’ gaun to turn oot a paying spec, I see. I’ll drap the hale business, an’ become plain Tammas Thorl yince mair.”

That same afternoon Tammas shut up his “studio,” and returned home to the bosom of his family and—starvation!

The joke, however, did not end there; for next morning, Tammas was horrified to read the following paragraph in the *Commercial Gazette*:

“A MAD PHOTOGRAPHER.—An escaped lunatic, calling himself Signor Tammaski Thorlowski, is under warrant of arrest on a charge of causing the death of a lady-customer, who fainted through fright on seeing her own “likeness,” as done by the mad Signor. The photograph was upside down and looked like a heap of roadside metal. In the course of the same day, our local reporter has learned, this same lunatic photograper took a sailor’s photo, which was mistaken for a chimpanzee climbing a tree for a cocoa-nut! The ingenious signor also took a west-country farmer in the act of seeding the soil: the farmer came out with six hands, and a face like a Chinese-Peruvian. Last week we announced the escape from custody of an inmate of Gartnavel Lunatic Asylum. We seriously ask the local authorities

to connect the escape of that patient with the lunatic appearance of Signor Tammaski Thorlowski, and to have the madman securely housed again. Signor Thorlowski's patent flip-flap, instantaneous, no-preparation, self-acting photographic box is a gross fraud, like its mad inventor, whose disordered head wants instant shaving by a local barber."

"Great Jerusalem!" exclaimed Tammass, dropping the paper with nervous trembling. "It's a mercy, Mattie, that I happened to adopt a foreign name. Henceforth, and for ever, I'm plain Tammass Thorl, an' nae ither body; for it's safer, I see, to starve as a joiner, than to fatten as a fotty-graffer. But, let me catch that smart reporter! He may be a clever han' at liftin' advertisements, but I'll show him hoo to lift a rascal a kick!"