

both at home and abroad, are not always the result of one sitting and one exposure. Sometimes more than a dozen exposures are made, before the result is satisfactory to the artist behind the camera. Picture making is easy with brains and a fund of patience. In the first place have a clear conception of what you are going to do, in the next place do it. You will learn the way how by practice and experiment. Don't lose courage; if you don't succeed right away, keep on hammering away, as General Grant used to say. But a little thought expended on your subject beforehand will be a wonderful help to you.

Do not throw the gun into the cornfield, because you do not succeed at once. That is not the way to win battles. Persistence wins the day always, even in photography. Find out what your failures are due to and then remedy the defect or correct the mistake.

Learn to bear up under adversity. Think of the poor fellows who go to Europe and make 500 exposures, or think they have made them, only to find on their return that the shutter of their camera failed to work and that they have not secured a single memento of their journey. What is your disappointment compared to theirs? Even if you do ruin a plate now and then, what of it? There are plenty more where that came from. Occasionally we do not get another opportunity to preserve a beautiful image by means of the art-science. In that case all we can do is to grin and bear it.

An intimate friend of mine made a trip into the country and photographed a landscape which was many miles distant of his home. On his return, he sat down to enjoy a toothsome supper, when the voice of his eldest boy, an inquisitive lad of eight, was heard from the adjoining room: "Pa, what are you going to do with

the white glass in them little boxes?" Ye gods, he had opened the plate-holders! Let us drop a curtain over what followed.

This is only one of the many experiences of the amateur that vex the spirit. You may have heard of the hapless wight who was busy focussing on an old ruin, with his head concealed under a red cloth, when he was charged upon by a snorting bull from the rear and hoisted skyward. That photographer could not sit down for weeks, but he photographed the ruin anyhow, when the bull was not around.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. It is the mainspring of mundane action, and, when coupled with persistence, is well-nigh irresistible. Write above your dark-room door: "There is no such word as fail," and take your place among the successful photo-artists.

CLOUDS IN LANDSCAPES.

The artistic effect of landscape pictures suffers considerably from the absence of clouds or a natural-looking sky. At recent exhibitions visited by us, we have noted that in nearly every case the sky of the picture was represented by a white space, which entirely robbed the picture of any claim to a true representation of the subject photographed or anything more than a poor attempt at the production of the artistic. It is unnecessary to say that a purely white sky is never present. There is either a blue expanse above our heads or the sky is dotted with clouds, or, should it be entirely overcast, there is sufficient light and shade to give relief from the monotony of the white sheet. In no case whatever is there an absolutely white sky. Therefore, in every case where such a clear sheet of paper is set up as representative of the sky, the photographer