

the powder and then sends it through the flame in balloon form, giving a maximum of illumination with a minimum of magnesium oxide, falling as a dust cloud after the flash has been made. Asbestos is much better than candle wick, as it does not burn, gives off no smell, and the flame on it can be easily blown out.

In some particulars, the diffusing apparatus above described resembles a patented article sold in the United States; but mine was in use before that came out, and the cost of the entire outfit need not exceed a dollar. Anyone can make it, it comes apart for packing, and the results obtained by its use in the hands of my friends, as well as in my own, are not discouraging.

Colors.—Good versus Bad Taste.

To the Editor of THE JOURNAL.

SIR,—Knowing that we are powerless to enter the arena of your magazine with a rush, a brilliant somersault and a "here we are again" style, we shall commence by simply repeating a question which is frequently put to us with startling, not to say vulgar, abruptness. "What constitutes good taste?" If color has not been mentioned, we can assume an hypercritical air and evade the question by, "What do you mean? If you mean your deportment upon entering a ball room, or the mannerisms which you should adopt to reach the footlights of a concert room before singing a comic song, or if it is the newest style of making love you are after, you must rid yourself of all whack-fa-loor-a-la-di-ti airs, and we would advise you to adopt a sincere and—" "Hold on, hold on; we know all about that. I mean what is good taste in colors or in coloring." "Oh, I see. Why on earth didn't you say so at first?" I may, if he is of a poetic turn or an appreciative nature, whisper in a confidential manner the words of the immortal: * * *

"Oh what a funny world we have,
I often times philosophize;
For some by wilful blindness seem
To suffer from a loss of eyes,"

and politely inform him that good taste

in colors is almost an "unknown quantity," for among those who should be technically conversant with color in all its changes and ramifications there is an astounding and unaccountable deficiency, even among artists (amateur and professional), architects, painters, dress-makers, milliners and among those actually who deal in and sell colors it may be every day in their lives, and I may as we get warmer on the subject inform him that "color is born," but may ultimately be acquired by a severe and continuous course of observation and comparison upon every available occasion.

Observe the firmament and by looking eastward you will find the cool greys of the early morn which are not dispelled gilded or illumined with an accentuation which cannot fail to entrance the ardent student. It is a gratification to find that even in the summer under the fierce glare of a noontday sun it is balanced by corresponding breadths of shade and shadow.

Then, when looking westward, we find the fiery rays of the setting sun filling up the vistas with a marvelous halo of warmth, which redeems and subdues the whole into one harmonious scene.

But before leaving nature in one of her grandest moods, I might venture to remind the student, or those interested in our subject, that colors are most distinct in nature when the sun is not far above or below the horizon, caused by the light falling obliquely on the earth's surface, or, rather, on the earth's atmosphere, the light at this time undergoing a partial decomposition; proving to my mind that the varying beauty of sunrise and sunset is entirely due to refraction, at which time the best of painters' palettes can but faintly render an idea of the gorgeousness of nature. Nevertheless, at this date I can vividly recall, while an art student in the Royal Institute of Edinburgh, the reverential awe with which I stood before "The Quarrel and the Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania" in Sir Noel Paton's portrayal of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and hardly daring to breathe while witnessing the triumphal achievements of my youthful villiage deity and