and all the other petty evils which mar the London ladies' club."

Mme. Stamboloff, in conversation with a representative of the Leipzig *Tageblatt*, has openly charged certain members of the Bulgarian Government with being cognizant beforehand of the attack which was made upon her husband. "My accusation," she said, "is specially directed against M. Natchovitch, but I cannot exculpate M. Stoiloff, although I cannot conceive why he should be prejudiced against my husband, with whom he had always been formerly on a most friendly footing. I am not surprised at anything which M. Natchovitch does, as his past speaks against him. When, four years ago, M. Beltcheff was struck by a bullet intended for M. Stamboloff, M. Natchovitch came to me and asked for the measurements of my husband's shirt, as he wished to have a bullet-proof shirt made for my husband in Vienna. I gave him the measurements, and a fortnight later he brought the shirt, which, as experiments proved, afforded protection against revolver bullets. My husband, however, disliked articles of clothing which restricted his freedom of movement, and he never wore the shirt. Only M. Natchovitch, my husband, and I knew of the existence of this shirt, and I alone was aware that M. Stamboloff never used it. My husband had not a single wound on his body; they were all on his head. Judge for yourself whether that is not a startling fact."

The premeditated murder of this great patriot and statesman by persons who it is openly said are well known—is the most dastardly crime of modern times. His death will have far-reaching influences upon the minds of the people of many lands, and will doubtless be avenged in the near future, just as all similar crimes in the past have always "come home to roost" on the heads of their perpetrators.

Science Notes.

CAN COLOURS BE DESCRIBED?

It is a matter of common experience that to convey an idea of colour by the use of words is often impossible. The term *blue* or *red* conjures up in the mind of the hearer some concept of colour, but whether it agrees with that existing in the mind of the speaker is another matter. We may strive to limit the term by speaking of sky-blue, cornflower-blue, brick-red, or rose-red, but at best such terms cannot compare in exactitude with those at our disposal when we wish to describe the shape or the size of an object.

What is obviously wanted is a standard or standards of comparison. To employ such terms as sky-blue and brick-red is to attempt to set up standards, but the difficulty is that the blue of the sky varies, and so does the red of bricks, and there are many varieties of red and blue which cannot be qualified in a similar manner.

A correspondent of *Nature* suggests that a small number of standard colours can without difficulty be distinguished in the solar spectrum, and the admixture of these in varying proportions, with the introduction sometimes of black or white, will produce any colour whatever.

Our readers are no doubt aware that white light is made up of all the colours of the rainbow, and in the rainbow or in a glass prism the brilliant colours seen are due to the dissection or unweaving, as one may say, of sunlight into its component parts. In the solar spectrum, therefore, we possess a range of colours which are always the same. It is a matter of small difficulty to get a number of persons to agree in the division of the solar spectrum into six parts—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. In the centre of each division the colour may be considered typical or standard, and at the dividing lines one colour merges into the other. It is a very difficult thing to reproduce the colours of the spectrum in pigments, but this has been achieved with a sufficient degree of success after repeated trials. When the colours are painted on a disc and this is made to revolve rapidly, the colours no longer appear distinct, but the disc is white, proving by synthesis what the spectroscope proves by analysis, *i.e.*, that white light is made up of red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. If the disc is fitted with sectors of different colours and then revolved, one can by a series of trials approximate to any given colour, just as an artist mixes the colours on his palette, adding a little yellow to a green which appears too blue, or a little black if it appear too vivid. When a colour is once satisfactorily matched it can be described in exact language; its percentage composition can be given. Thus an Indian red is said to be red 7½, orange 17½, black 75; Chinese vermilion is red 77, orange 23; the flower of the wild Cranesbill is red 28, violet 66, and white 6.

Such a study of colour as that indicated above would prove an interesting part of school education, and would provide a useful method of indicating colour to the biologist, the chemist, the physicist, and even to the gardener, draper, dressmaker, and house-painter.

Notes on Art.

TWO MADONNAS.

Not all readers of the Nursing Record have seen the Madonna di San Sisto, at Dresden. It is safe to presume that all are acquainted with some kind of reproduction of it. But for those who know it merely as an autotype, or a coloured print, perhaps a description of how the original itself first strikes the gazer, may be not uninteresting.

It hangs apart, in a room by itself, against a background of dark, warm draperies; and voices are lowered and steps hushed, as one enters. There it hangs—the world's picture, of the world's most ineffable glory—man's highest attempt to realise the Virgin Mother and her Sinless Child.

At the first moment of raising your eyes to it, you experience a shock, and an impression of violent green. Green curtains, of a crude tint, are *painted* as if looped back from the picture, and it is only after a long gaze that you grasp the intention and effect of this daring idea. The curtains are—so it seems to me—to represent the solid, glaring reality of outward things, and so to heighten the dream-like effect of spiritual beauty that lives and moves behind the veil.

Lives and moves! lives indeed, O thrice great

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