

The great blood-vessel that supplies the scalp, namely, the temporal artery, lies against the projection of the temple. If you force a stiff hat on your head this artery gets compressed between the hat rim and the bone. More than this, the veins are also pressed upon, so that the blood supply to the scalp is seriously interfered with. The result is that the hair is not properly nourished; it becomes brittle, or very thin and soft; the hair follicles strike work, and baldness ultimately ensues.

The fact that some men who wear top-hats become bald while others do not, though at first apparently contradictory, the above statement really goes far to prove it. Those

whose heads are broad—that is, those in whom the temples are prominent and the temporal artery exposed—are the more likely to become bald. The fact that baldness is common amongst the "top-hat-wearing" class and comparatively rare among "cap wearers" also favours this view. There is another point that I have often observed among gentlemen who are not bald; that is, that there is often a distinct line of demarcation in the hair corresponding with the rim of the hat. Above this line the hair is soft and thin, below it is thick and hard.

When I went out yesterday afternoon I saw a woman with a veil of a most remarkable pattern. It represented a web spun by a

spider. Two flies and a something—I do not know what—were represented on that part of the veil that covered her right cheek, whilst an enormous spider quite concealed her left eye. Now this may be a great novelty, and perhaps an object of admiration and envy for some of her friends; but, as far as I am concerned, it was the ugliest thing I ever saw disfigure a lady's face. But it is not for its beauty or ugliness that I call attention to it, but because the great spider over one eye is injurious to the sight. It is often stated that veils are bad for the eye-sight, but this is not the case, a simple, slight veil doing no harm to the sight if it is not worn too close to the face.

## HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By "A GIRL PROFESSIONAL."

### CHAPTER V.

TURNINGS AND SEAMS.



WE may pass by a few months, as, though full of many changing and varied experiences there were few of them that need to be recorded here. The most noteworthy of these changes was the bachelor's loss of her

post, which happened in the early part of that summer, and so cut off one of the few resources we had, and made it more than ever necessary to bend every energy to maintaining the house and keeping its inmates. Feeling how greatly we depended on it for the chief part of our income, I endured many smaller trials and put up with a good many things of which no one else knew; it was worth something if only to preserve a home, at least until other ways and means of maintaining one should open out.

There was no thought of taking holidays that year; a Saturday to Monday trip to the seaside had to suffice; indeed we had no opportunity for holiday-making, as early in August Mrs. Norris received the visit of another son, a student in Germany, and his "visit" was prolonged until the beginning of October. He added considerably to the work of the house, and only very reluctantly could be persuaded to add to its funds, indeed, if he had not been cornered and forced to pay up, we should have been left with nothing but the doubtful honour of having entertained a—defaulter—unawares.

The other ladies were both away for a short time, and their board money was accordingly stopped; but as our receipts had been fairly regular up to this time we were able to lay in a few tons of coal in August before the prices were raised. It gave one a certain feeling of security to feel that the coal cellar was so well stocked, and it was fortunate for us we had it so, as the winter proved to be exceptionally severe. After Christmas the weather set in for keen frost that intensified every day. One after another the pipes were attacked, and the water-supply gave out as the main became frozen in the road. We were compelled to have our water brought by cans from the stand-pipe in the road at stated hours in the day, employing a poor man for the purpose to whom the few pence he could earn in this way represented his whole living. There was much distress abroad in those weeks, and if we could keep a warm fireside and a well-supplied table, we had cause

to be thankful. We were well into the middle of February before the frost broke up, and it was March before our pipes were restored to use again; like every other householder we had a plumber's bill to pay, but our damages were less serious than might have been expected.

To add to the difficulties of this time, which now, as we look back upon it seems like a nightmare, the influenza claimed us amongst a host of other victims. Mrs. Norris was the first to be laid up, and she kept her bed for a fortnight, and her room for nearly a month; requiring our constant attention by day and her son's devotion in the evening.

She was barely convalescent when our mother was attacked and took to her bed, and the very next day I succumbed myself. The bachelor, who had a temporary appointment in the North of London, was compelled to give it up and act as nurse and housekeeper, and for convenience sake mother and I shared one room and one fire. Our doctor was called in and seemed to find it rather a joke at first and chaffed us on our miniature hospital. But by the third day it was no joking matter as far as our mother was concerned, and I was compelled to leave my bed and take up the reins again, as she required constant watching and care. When the crisis was past there followed seven long weeks of anxiety; such very slow progress was made, and what was gained one day seemed to be lost the next. It was close upon Easter before she was able to come downstairs again, and so soon as she was fit she left us to pay a long visit into the country; this, happily, putting the final touches to the cure. As I accompanied her down and stayed a few days, the rest and change completely restored me also.

After this long and trying winter the house needed a thorough turning out and spring-cleaning. We were fortunate in having met with a woman for day-work who proved a veritable treasure, and has been a stay ever since. We called her *La dame Blanche*—a play on her proper name of White—and she truly worked like a good fairy, quietly, unobtrusively, and conscientiously. Under her care we speedily regained spotlessness, and when the summer sunshine came were able to enjoy something of a respite, especially as Mrs. Morris departed with her married daughter and children to a house by the sea, leaving us her son-in-law as her representative, and he, being most frequently out in the daytime was less trouble than herself. We rather enjoyed the three months of his stay with us; he was very good company at table, and made a better balance of parties, as young Mr. Norris brightened up when supported by one of his own sex, and the other ladies, though professing to think Dr. A. a humbug, were on

their mettle with him, so to speak, and exerted themselves to be as charming as they could. We ourselves, as lookers-on at the play, often found it highly diverting.

Both gentlemen took their holidays in the month of August, and as the ladies also happened to be away by the middle of the month I was persuaded to join my brother's family at Deal, and spent with them a very happy and restful week. The bachelor kept house meanwhile, and at the beginning of September went down to the country to spend a few days there; thus we both had a break in the routine of daily life, a much needed one too.

With mother's return a new difficulty arose. Having a servant to sleep indoors had, of course, taken off one of the bedrooms on the top floor; we did not wish to lose the maid as she suited us very well and wished to stay; but mother's comfort must be studied too.

Mrs. Norris had been very trying latterly, and had taken advantage of us in so many ways, that as we happened then to make acquaintance with another possible tenant—through a mutual friend—we thought seriously about giving her notice to quit.

The new applicant was a single lady of very uncertain age but of good family, a family of whom we had had some previous knowledge, and when she finally agreed to terms and settled to come to us we approached the difficult task of telling Mrs. Norris to go. I should explain that by taking one tenant in place of two our difficulty about rooms became settled, as the two sisters moved on to one floor, and left us the top of the house entirely to ourselves; as this arrangement was also made with but a slight reduction of terms in the case of the new-comer, it was apparently a very wise move. I say apparently, for alas, it proved a very mistaken move and one we had sincerely to regret ere we were much older. But though wisdom comes to all with experience, we can only pursue what seems the best course at the time.

Mrs. Norris was much aggrieved and taken aback by such an unexpected move, she professed herself utterly *désolée*, as indeed I truly believe she was. Doubtless she foresaw that her easy time were drawing to an end, as she might not meet with a home so much to her mind again; moreover, having been born and bred in this neighbourhood she had a genuine affection for it. When she finally departed it was with tears in her eyes, but after we had got rid of the last of those debatable goods of hers and swept up the *débris*, we on our side heaved a deep sigh of relief. Altogether there could not be much regret for us to feel.

The new inmate began to prove less eager to come after the coast was clear; she was touched