



WAIL not for sorrow falter not for sin,
But onward, upward till the goal ye win.—F. A. Kemble

Heads and Hearts

By J. J. Bell in Weldon's Ladies Journal.

THE impossibility of putting an old head upon young shoulders forms the substance of one of our most popular and ponderous platitudes; whereas it is really a matter for simple and unalloyed thanksgiving. Less cheerful is it to reflect that, in these days of civilization, gear, many a pair of young shoulders is doomed to bear a head that might serve as an advertisement for Bald-eythe as used by Time himself. Baldness, like poverty, is no crime, but like poverty, it is a hard punishment. So, at least, thought Willy Preston as he turned from the glass and, lighting a cigarette, began to pace the floor of his elegantly furnished bedroom.

Half an hour ago he had consulted a great specialist. During the past three years he had consulted many specialists reputed to be great, and had tried innumerable specifics declared to be infallible. But the great specialist had done what none of the other specialists, what none of the specifics, had succeeded in doing: he had caused Willy to abandon hope. In a cool, unemotional voice he had advised the young man to purchase a wig, and the young man had left his presence even sadder than he had entered, and poorer by five guineas.

A wig at twenty-six! Willy rebelled at the thought. Endowed with thousands a year, yet unable to purchase a single hair of his own! He realized, as he had never realized before, that money could not buy everything. His sensitiveness was extreme. It had been wretched to be bald as an egg, but would it be any less wretched to be covered by artificial means? He pondered the question deeply and bitterly. He knew that his friends—the men at the clubs, the girls he knew. Already, in imagination, he heard their amused remarks and saw their smiles. It made little difference that such remarks and smiles would not be intended for his ears and eyes. He had enough faith in his fellows to believe that none would even hint at the transformation in his appearance. But how could they help talking about it with laughter or pity? Not he would be held to the end.

Winter was approaching. Could he endure another winter like the last three. His head was as sensitive as his heart. In cold weather he could not raise his hat to a lady without immediately emitting a loud and violent sneeze. Did the lady stop, for a full minute he he could answer her greetings. What a ridiculous figure he must have cut, on more occasions than he could remember, though, to be sure, he remembered more than enough! Of course, you will say that this young man need not have exposed his infirmity more than was absolutely necessary. But Willy Preston was not built for a recluse, even in a moderate way of business. He was essentially sociable. Moreover, people liked him, and liked him quite apart from his money; he was asked everywhere,

and when he chanced to forget his affliction he was voted delightful company by men and women. For an hour or two, perhaps, he would be the life of a party; then suddenly he would become aware, or imagine himself become aware, of sundry eyes fixed on that which he sometimes ruefully termed his Sahara; he would flush momentarily, struggle bravely for a little while, and finally relapse into a state of depression that lasted for the re-



A Nebraska who has Made Good in Alberta.
This fine home near Edmonton, Alta., is owned by Mr. G. A. Wilkinson, who went from Nebraska to Western Canada, and is now following mixed and dairy farming.

mainder of the afternoon or evening.

Now, halting before the mirror, he surveyed his head, as he had surveyed it too often in the past, when, after massage or the application of some lotion or other, he was wont to search hopefully for some change, however slight, on the barren expanse. But to-day there was no hope in his gaze—only a sorrowful question. Would it not be better, after all, to wear a wig? he asked his reflection. A wig might, after all, be but a nine days' wonder. People would soon forget that Willy Preston wore a wig. Ah, but—would they? There was an elderly gentleman in one of his clubs who had worn a wig for thirty years, and half the members still referred to him in his absence as "Wizky." And yet—those awful, sudden sneezes in public places!

Mr. Preston snatched up his hair-brushes, and flung them savagely under the bed.

"You're as much good to me as a gramophone to a deaf mute!"

So saying he passed into his sitting-room, and there rang the bell for his man.

"Simpson," he said, endeavoring to speak naturally, and failing signally, "er—do you happen to know who makes the best wigs in town?"

"For fancy dress, sir?"

"No. For—er—everyday wear, Simpson."

The admirable Simpson's countenance expressed nothing. "I should think Jenkinson, in Albemarle Street, would be reliable, sir," he said.

"I have been advised by my doctor to wear a wig," said Mr. Preston, with a wan smile.

"Very good, sir," Simpson gravely replied.

"So I think you might go round to the shop you have mentioned, and ask them to send someone here at once to—er—well, to send someone here at once."

"Very good, sir." And the invaluable Simpson departed.

"I suppose he's having a good laugh," thought his unhappy master. There's something so absurd about a wig, though I don't see why there should be. It's no worse than the eye-glasses and false teeth that will glare and grin at it. Oh, confound it all! I needn't be so touchy!"

Preston paid forty guineas for a wig, and then decided that he could never bring himself to don it. The weather was unusually mild for November—so everybody was saying, which ought to have made Mr. Preston prepare for a change. The change caught him one afternoon while strolling down New Bond Street. He was peculiarly alive

triumph of the barber's art. Simpson tended it in a reverential sort of way, but never referred to it. Only on the third day, he said casually:

"What about hair, sir?"

"Hairs?" exclaimed Willy, then, "Oh, of course, Simpson, you had better get some here at once."

"Very good, sir."

On the afternoon of the fifth day Willy summoned all his courage, and set out for his favorite club. He passed several acquaintances on the way. No doubt they did their best to conceal the fact that they noticed the change; none of them, however, was entirely successful. A few yards from the door of the club Willy perceived two ladies of his acquaintance approaching. He lived into a convenient cab and drove to Charing Cross—the first place that came to his tongue—and back. Entering the club at last, and looking neither to right nor left—was like stepping into a burning, fiery furnace—he took off his hat and hung it up in the cloak-room. Then he squared his shoulders, threw up his chin, and with a flush on his pleasant face, he marched to the smoke-room. Behind him, in the cloak-room, two young men grinned and whispered. They had no grudge against Willy Preston, but they shared themselves to the humorists of the club. They had visited expulsion on more than one occasion. Within three minutes they decided to risk it again. The tender mercies of the wicked are nothing to those of the practical joker.

Willy went bravely into the smoke-room, and found several of his friends in the familiar corner. Realizing that the situation was as awkward for his friends as for himself, he soon took his leave. After all, he had made the plunge, got over the worst; the next morning would be a much easier affair.

He sought the cloak-room, feeling happier than he had felt for days. Doubtless there were smiles in the smoke-room, but smiling was not natural enough in the circumstances. He smiled now, softly, as with care he placed his hat on his head. It was not quite comfortable at the back, but at least he would get used to the new conditions. He nodded cheerfully to one or two members, and left the club. The humorists followed at a short distance.

"The little books were an inspiration," said the one.

"Hope he doesn't take a cab," said the other.

Willy did not take a cab. Having gone so far, he was determined to go through with the matter. The new acquaintances he met, the songs whose order he completed. With growing confidence he strode onward. Yes! It was merely a question of braying it out for a few days.

Just then Lady Carraworth was past in her Daimler. She smiled graciously, and said, "Hello, Willy!"

It was like touching the scalp on his head. For an instant he stood dazed. Perhaps, mercifully, he did not hear the gasps of delight that, though he felt no such emotion, he conveyed to his wife, who stuffed the wigs into his hat, examined the latter on his eyes, and plunged for the next cab.

Next morning he quitted London on an indefinite period.

It was one of those March days that compel the severest critic of his country's weather to believe in spring; a day of sun and rain, of sun and rain; the sky was pale and unblemished, the air still, yet crisp and sweet. Also the valley of the Cress the hills were in all their best majesty, covered with a gleaming white. Three-quarters up the shoulder of Ben Thor a pair of young men and women sat, gazing whilst they ate asparagus, mushrooms, and drank tea in lemonade.

(Continued next week)