

an unkind or wicked presence and promptly turn from it, while the old lady whose sight has grown dim depends upon her inner or intuitive impressions, and is rarely mistaken when she does so.

This, the professor declared after thoughtful deliberation, was his very best advice to young women about to launch upon the perilous sea of matrimony.

On looking into the matter there seems to be another side to the question. There is certainly something else to consider beside the conduct of the baby and the subconscious impressions of old age, namely, the bravery of him who dares tackle either situation. It is generally admitted that a youth of the stern sex has a strange aversion to a newly-introduced infant, that he would rather meet an elephant or face the cannon's mouth; and as for the contingency of the baby crowing or taking liberties with his moustache—well, that would be the last straw. The trembling youth would be more than likely to drop that tender bit of "crowing" humanity upon the floor. And yet surely no critic would be so misguided as to declare that such a baby is the making of a criminal because the young man could not endure its presence even for a minute.

Moreover, he who willingly approaches, without a tremour, any old lady but his own grandmother, for the purposes of conversation, is plucky indeed. Whether she is favourably impressed with him or not is of little consequence beside the consideration of manly courage thus evinced.

A. M.

#### A WOMAN'S HAIR

HAIR dressers tell you a lot of interesting things at times, especially when your head is bent low over the marble basin and partially submerged in the water which is to wash off the "shampoo" mixture.

An expert told me the other day that a woman's scalp has one more layer than a man's. It then occurred to me

that we are not called "thick-headed" by the opposite sex without a good and scientific reason; and in future, instead of resenting the accusation, we ought manfully to accept the situation with resignation.

Now, it is well to know that there are compensations; and while compelled to admit a disadvantageous thickness of scalp, we can claim and justly boast a superior thickness of hair. Of course, this "glory of woman" seems a doubtful good at times. When, for instance, you come home at night, worn and weary after a delightful dance, you manage somehow to slip out of your clothes—but, oh! that hair! What unkind things you say to it when nobody is there to hear or defend its reputation! But your words are not words of wisdom, nor is your conduct likewise, for you know perfectly well that "it has to be some time, it may as well be now."

Nevertheless, you throw yourself upon your downy couch for perhaps half an hour, all the time dreading the ordeal of taking out the dozen or two hairpins, brushing the luxurious locks and plaiting them, or putting up the shorter strands in curl papers—or, it may be, laying them tenderly away in a bureau drawer, for thus it is with some ill-favoured mortals!

This brings me to another fact gleaned from a dresser of hair—that most of the switches and wigs on sale in the hairshops are obtained from our asylums and prisons. They are procured for a mere trifle and sold at a big profit. If their origin were more generally known, there would be fewer women—women of refinement that is—who would allow unknown switches to touch their sensitive scalps; particularly those very up-to-date individuals who minutely explore all the sacred mysteries of the universe and make a fad of psychic research. Such persons would probably contend that the contact of the inanimate hair of the criminal with the live scalp of a saint would make, in time, an equal criminal of the wearer.

A. M.