

well. Besides, her aunt told me only the other day that she knows how to bake bread and do all kinds of plain cooking. Her mother can go away for a little visit any time and leave her to keep house for the father. She is a perfect little treasure. But you—all you seem fit for is to strum on that old piano from morning till night, until I declare I am heartily sick of the very sound of it. Why don't you go out more, and get a little colour in your face like Patty Hope?"

And I would wager a good deal that Mrs. Hope is saying to her young "hopeful":

"Patty, come here this minute and take off your hat. Don't you dare go out of the house this day. You're forever gadding the streets. I'm just going to speak to your father about the way you are going on. I simply won't put up with it any longer.

"And you make too free with the boys, too. I never see you coming up the street any more without one of those everlasting school-boys tagging after you, and then they have to hang on to the gate for hours. It's so vulgar—just like the servant girls and their beaux. And, besides, you're too young to be thinking about such things. I never looked at a boy until I was twenty. (?) If you were only as modest as Primrose Plane across the street, I would be the happiest woman in Toronto—no, don't dare talk back. I say you're not to leave this house again to-day."

Across the way Mrs. Plane is holding forth in this wise:

"My dear Primrose, I wish you would go out more and try to get over that dreadful bashfulness. You're a perfect stick, and need never hope to get on in the world unless you are friendlier with people. Now, there is Patty Hope. She has so many nice boy friends; and I think it is the best thing for a girl. Why, I was married to your poor dear father before I was seventeen! (?) But I've seen you go around a block to avoid meeting even your harmless cousin Tom. Do try to get over that way you have, or nobody will ever like you!"

And so on, and so on.

It would take a chapter in itself to narrate a few of the complaints brought against the conduct of the sons of the house. But boys are more fortunate. They can get out of the house, though they do have many a parting shot hurled after their vanishing heads.

A. M.

A HUSBAND TEST

IN a serious medical work, of American origin, I came across an article the other day on the way to tell whether a young man will make a suitable life-partner for a self-respecting young woman or not. Prof. Goodrich, one of the greatest experts in the reading of human character, was quoted as having advised the following course:

First introduce the young man in question (not the questionable young man) to some old lady and leave them together for a while, the longer the better. (That depends, too, on the point of view.) Then ask the old lady what she thinks of him. (You may be willing to risk this, but I shouldn't.)

Next try introducing the youth incidentally, of course, to a young baby. (These are the exact words in the book.) And do not stay around yourself, but afterwards get the baby's opinion of the person at stake (couched in unintelligible terms, but translated on request) from the baby's mother or nurse. Ask how the victim was treated. If the baby pulls his moustache or "crows" to him, it is a sure sign the young man may be trusted (which is more than I would be willing to admit regarding the baby; but this isn't my essay. The book goes on to say:) Babies and very old people are the very best judges of human nature. With either, the young man will be off his guard and act out his inner nature. (Now I think this would be taking an unfair advantage of poor innocent man—sort of a female detective agency. But we must finish the quotation, as there may be girls just mean enough to try this scheme!)

The baby will instinctively feel