

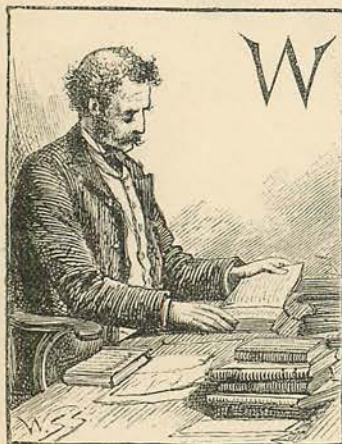
pitch. Thus the number of vibrations when middle C is played is, say, 256; when C#, 271. But there is evidently a wide gap between 256 and 271; and in gliding from C to C#, the skilful violinist can, if he chooses, fill in, so to speak, all the dis-

tinguishable sounds intermediate between those two notes.

To sum up, then, the violin and its tribe are unrivalled, first, as interpreters of musical emotion, and secondly, as producers of purely vocal effects.

## WHY AM I GETTING BALD?

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



**W**HATEVER truth there is in the songs of Horace—and I believe there is a deal—my friend, Farmer F——, must indeed be a happy man, for, far away from the bustle and din of city life, he ploughs with his own cattle the fields of his fathers. Yes, so quiet and still of a summer's even-

ing is the little village of R——, near which he resides, that never a disturbing sound falls on one's ear. No roar of railway; not even a German band; only the fluting of the blackbird in the thicket of spruce, or melodious lilt of the mocking thrush, and later on, if it be early in the season, the notes of nightingales answering each other from covert to covert.

The sun had gone down, his last red beams lit up the clouds with crimson, and glimmered in the dark swaying branches of a row of weird-like pines, and F—— sat near me on his own lawn. Both of us were reading. Farmer F—— burst into a merry laugh at last: a laugh that scared even the sparrows; he threw his magazine on the grass, and—

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "I won't believe a word of it. People about a thousand years hence to be destitute of teeth, and every one of them as bald as a newt? Ha! ha! ha! I fear you men of science draw a deal on your imaginations."

"But," I said, "all knowledge, my friend, points to——"

"All fiddlesticks point! Pardon me," he interrupted. "Now, look at me: wouldn't I be a pretty fellow if I were as bald as a mangold-wurzel, and no more teeth than old Jenny Hewlett, the nonagenarian—eh?"

"The future man, my dear F——, will not be of such Herculean proportions as you. He will develop brain *versus* brawn."

"Thank you," said Farmer F——; and, with a

quiet smile, he resumed his magazine and his meerschauum.

Now, reader, whether the future man shall tread this earth lightly, with hairless scalp and toothless gums, does not concern you or me very much, as we shall not be here; but it is a fact that baldness, or *alopecia*, as the profession call it, is more common now than it was a quarter of a century ago. Baldness in old age is natural enough, for, as a rule, when a man gets advanced in years the extremely small capillary blood-vessels that were wont to nourish the hair lose force and resiliency, the skin itself alters, and hair falls out. But what is natural to a person verging on seventy is quite the reverse in a man of thirty or forty. Still, if this state of matters be unnatural, it is certainly not uncommon, as a glance round the church any Sunday forenoon will prove to you.

Well, if this paper is to be of any service at all, it must be practical. I have, then, two classes of people in my eye while I write: the first is all but bald, and the second is getting, as the barbers say, "very thin at the top." I should like to give good advice to each.

"Why is my hair falling out so?" This is a question we often hear from men, as well as from the other sex, to whom hair is an adornment.

It is a great pity, I must say, that people do not take time by the forelock, when they begin to lose their hair. They instead hope against hope, that it is only temporary, that the hair will soon grow again, and so on and so forth, till, unlike Father Time, they have not even a forelock.

Before any remedy can be applied, or even suggested, in a case of incipient baldness, the cause or causes of the trouble must be found out and removed.

It may not be so very easy, after all, to remove the causes. To attempt to do so may mean a hard struggle, as an entire change of mode of life may be necessary, a return to the straight paths of hygiene, and the avoidance of all excess. Unless the sufferer from increasing baldness can make up his mind to a little straightlacedness in his *modus vivendi*, he need not expect the slightest benefit from the remedies I am going to suggest. But he may be, at the same time, cheered with the thought that his endeavours to conquer self, and get clear of the trammels of bad habits, will not only re-increase the growth of his hair



and check its decay, but tend to rejuvenate his whole frame, and his mind as well.

Positive skin disease of the scalp is, of course, one of the causes of partial or complete baldness; but, for the present, I must leave this "out of count," as it would lead me into another field. I dismiss it, therefore, merely cautioning the reader against the great mistake of neglecting any scalp ailment, whether serious or partaking of the nature of mere purpuraceous scurf or dandruff.

Another cause, about which I mean to say but little, is of a constitutional character. I refer to impure or tainted blood, either inherited or acquired. Any one whose hair is falling out very quickly, and who is threatened with baldness, should at least make sure that the trouble does not arise from this impurity of blood, and one's own family physician is the best man to consult on the matter.

Now, over-study, over-worry, over-anxiety, and attention to business are constantly quoted by lay-writers on this subject as fruitful causes, if not the chief causes, of premature baldness. Like the witch of Endor, they raise up before us ghosts of bygone days, bald-headed ones. The smooth and glittering poll of *Æschylus* is made to protrude itself above the green of the grave, *Aristophanes* is made to appear, and even the shadowy form of *Shakespeare* himself. Then we are told to visit the House of Commons or the Stock Exchange, and witness the number of bald heads exposed to view, each one a proof of the fact that activity of brain tends to decadence of hair.

But I, for one, am not quite ready to accept such argument as either sensible or logical, and I certainly will not in a drawing-room bow down to the bald head, or credit him with the possession of more knowledge or greater brain-power than the gentleman whose scalp is well covered with hair. Isolated instances of baldness in great men and great thinkers cannot be rushed upon us as proof that baldness and genius go hand in hand, nor can the House of Commons or Stock Exchange, as a whole, be so adduced. If we admit that twenty-five per cent. of deep thinkers and brain-workers are sadly scant in locks, we can also prove that quite as large a percentage of men of the same age is to be found among grocers' assistants, shoemakers, tailors, and in-door workers generally. And honourable though the occupation of weighing sugar or sewing on buttons may be, no one will aver that it needs a deal of expenditure of brain-matter.

There is a large nucleus of truth in the remark of an aged medical man, with whom I was conversing on the subject of baldness—

"It's mostly stomactic, my dear sir; it's mostly stomactic."

I have already granted that brain-work, or rather brain-worry, will conduce to incipient and premature baldness; but it does so indirectly, in the way I will presently try to show. Now, the more gifted an individual is with brain-matter and brain-power, the more mental work and effort will it take to worry him: another proof, methinks, that the bald-head does not always denote the cleverest man.

I have said that over-excitement of brain—especially if kept up for a long time—may conduce *indirectly* to baldness. Not from the fact that active thought leads the blood brainwards: the brain and scalp are, virtually speaking, very far apart; but brain-worry induces a poor state of blood and constitution, an enfeebled circulation, and weak digestion. Moderate brain-work stimulates the cerebrum healthily, and the very fact that authors engaged on pleasant work, and working easily and with a will, soon get hungry, or that a lady or gentleman who has spent a delightful evening, either at a party or at a concert, really needs supper, is proof that real force is expended even in thinking. The brain actually depends on the stomach to maintain its efficiency. But if authors will work and speakers will speak in unwholesome, airless rooms, till, instead of wholesome hunger, faintness is induced, and if it be the rule with these men so to work and so to speak, can we wonder that a bad habit of body and impoverished blood are the results? And this last is most inimical to the health of the hair.

But, added to this, two worse habits are only too common among such men—one is that of tea or coffee drinking, the other the stimulating of flagging energies by an occasional small glass of sherry. Either acts on the skin, and weak hair suffers.

The condition of body which is most conducive to healthfulness of hair is the happy, hard medium betwixt fat and lean. Ladies even who are inclined to *embonpoint* soon find their hair falls out in handfuls; and neither fat men nor lean men are luxuriantly hirsute.

One should watch, therefore, for the first symptoms of baldness, and endeavour to check it by judicious means.

As dyspepsia is a prevailing cause, that must be removed. If constipation be a trouble, legitimate means must be adopted of bringing the alimentary canal into good working order. Fruit should form a part of the diet, winter and summer; the cold bath should be taken daily, with now and then a course of tonics. If debility be present, the bitter vegetable tonics, syrup of the phosphates, and cod-liver oil will do much good. In the debility of young men, associated with nervousness, small doses of the bromide of potassium may be taken three times a day for a month, in conjunction with the syrup. Sea-air and sea-bathing do good.

The bed-room and living-rooms generally should be extra well ventilated; the mattress should be a hard one, and no more clothing worn by day or night than is absolutely necessary.

The scalp must be kept very clean. Washing the hair about once a fortnight, using yolk of egg instead of soap, and not drying too roughly, will be most advantageous. Afterwards a simple pomade may be used sparingly.

A good hard hair-brush should be used daily, to thoroughly stimulate the scalp.

The following is a useful application, to be used night and morning:—Take of tincture of cantharides



two ounces, distilled vinegar two and a half ounces, of spirits of rosemary the same quantity, and fill up to a pint with elder-flower water.

Cutting the hair short does little or no good, as baldness is distinctly a constitutional ailment. The head should never be covered in the house, and just as seldom as possible out of doors.

A light, well-ventilated hat is the best head-dress, a close-fitting cap the worst.

Does any one, I wonder, wear a nightcap in this nineteenth century? If so, let him burn it; if he

values the health of his hair and head he will. Next to the folly of drinking nightcaps comes that of wearing them. *Verbum sap.*

Actual baldness is not invariably irremediable, but as a rule it is. The same treatment will prove beneficial, but even stronger stimulants may be needed, and before they are applied the scalp should be fomented with warm water.

When hair begins to grow, frequent shaving does good. But on the whole, as regards baldness, prevention is better than cure.

## THE CAPITAL OF OYSTER LAND.



NOT always has the title belonged without cavil or objection to Whitstable. The time was when Colchester might have disputed the claim. But though it is from the "layings"—American, Dutch, or possibly Portuguese—in Essex creeks that the most extensive oyster-gathering still goes on, the quaint Kentish town on the opposite side of the estuary is now, by the election of the multitude, Oysteropolis. How long it will be before this particular fame passes, before the leading business of Whitstable slides into hopeless decadence, is occasion on the spot of very serious and foreboding conjecture. But prophecy is notoriously unsafe, and will not be attempted in this place. Our aim is to sketch Whitstable as it has been and as it is. It is only incidentally that light may be thrown on its fate in the future.

The summer wanderer about Kentish watering-places, or about her glorious cathedral city, or even in

the sequestered villages in the south-eastern section—drawing an arbitrary line from Rochester to Rye—will have the abundant evidence of his eyesight that he is in a country where the succulent mollusc is easy of access and plentiful in supply. To be sure, tradition counts for something. If the Whitstable trade ceased absolutely, there is little doubt that the barrow-man twenty miles away would continue to dispose of his weekly hundreds of royal "Whitstable" natives—if they were brought to him from France or Holland. There is the demand of time-honoured fashion, and, by hook or by crook, it must be met. And as a matter of fact, a large trade is done now in so-styled "natives" which are originally imported from Archachon and elsewhere, and laid down on Whitstable grounds.

Two rival railway companies have stations at Whitstable, and a traveller who enters the picturesque, ancient place for the first time *viâ* the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's line, and then inquires his way perseveringly onward to the South Eastern Station, immediately beyond the harbour, will glean

a very definite idea of one of Whitstable's noteworthy features—the seemingly interminable thoroughfare that almost makes it a town of one street. It is a winding, irregular road too, oddly labelled in sections, with here and there quaint and old-fashioned, boarded houses abutting upon it.

That the town is ancient a glance shows. And if to-day it is ambitious, and minded, as some of its inhabitants hint, to strike vigorously out in an unfamiliar direction—



THE ROAD TO TANKERTON.