did, it might prove most enlightening. Her method of shopping usually varies with her age. If she is a young wife, she probably doesn't really need the hat because she has dozens of others which are quite good, but which have lost their allure. The frivolous kind and the pancake type, and maybe even a pill-box or two are the ones she cannot resist. Her final choice is almost always a model very similar to all the others she has at home in her closet. The only possible difference is that the new one is generally of another color.

However, the middle-aged wife uses a more simplified system than does her younger "sister under the skin." There are only four colors that this type of woman considers. They are brown, black, white and navy blue. And there are only five times when she even buys a hat. First, when she buys a new coat and she purchases a new hat that "matches." Second, if the hat wears out before the coat, she naturally must secure another bonnet. Third, when she is invited to attend a wedding, she needs to look her best, and to look her best, she needs a new hat. Fourth, a funeral requires a new chapeau for the same reasons (as stated above.) Fifth, but not least, on Easter she wears a new bonnet because it's the proverbial thing to do.

When grandma buys a hat, it is indeed an event. The entire family is usually present with suggestions. These suggestions generally deal with the color, and not the style of the contemplated new bonnet, because all hats for old ladies are invariably of the same design. Perhaps if grandma has blue eyes, mother will suggest a blue hat to brighten their color. Father's preference is black — he always was conservative. Junior (if you can get him to show any interest whatsoever) prefers lavender. He would like his grandmother to resemble the pictures of little old ladies as shown in magazines. Susie wants red. Not a flaming red, but a soft mulberry or wine shade. Grandma herself agrees with Susie for they are truly "birds of a feather." "After all," she says, "I am not old."

So you see, no matter what her age, profession, or station in life, every woman reverts to type when she is shopping for a new hat. The male of the species may regard her as frivolous and silly because of the time she wastes in idle occupation, but whereas a man may have more sense — a woman has more fun.

**KALEIDO SCOPE**

*SHIRLEY LOY*

It is early Sunday morning; the scene, our living room, natural depository for all moveable personal equipment belonging to members of the family. It being yet early in the day, the room is comparatively clean, for the boys have not yet arisen. In one chair languidly reposes a pair of brown corduroy trousers, slightly worn at the knees. Around three sides of the chair, and on the floor, are assorted underwear. Draped casually from the davenport to the table is a plaid shirt, and piled neatly on one arm of the davenport are assorted shoes, hats, submachine guns, and rolls of paper caps. An army truck hides slyly beneath the radio. Ah, yes, the room is clean.

The sun shines in the west windows making weird patterns on the opposite wall through streaks made upon the glass by grubby fingers. It is Sunday afternoon, and confusion reigns. On the table beneath the west windows are scattered a collection of boyhood treasures of every description. The rugs are trying to imitate the Rockies
with their peaks and gullies, and paper is on the floor in drifts about the edges of the table. Various articles of clothing are scattered over the furniture. Father is sitting by the radio with an ear glued to the loudspeaker and a warning scowl across his face while the two brothers roll about the floor in the midst of it all, screaming and tearing at each other's eyes, both boys dressed as aviators with folded sheets strapped to their backs as parachutes.

The moon has risen, all is quiet, and I slip into the living room to view its secret midnight attire. A chair has made its way in from the kitchen and sits above a register with a pair of pajamas suspended from its back. A pair of wet, muddy shoes wait beside it, while several other pairs are strewn about the floor. One old army legging lies in the doorway, reminiscing. Over the backs of the other chairs are more clothes; shirts, trousers, and reversibles. The rest of the room is clean from its early evening "redding-up." This is our living room in its bedroom dress.

How To Become A Maestro In Two Easy Lessons

ELMER EISENBARTH

Civilization has given the human race many disgusting things, but none of them can even come close to the abhorrent practice of haircutting. Haircuts, as they appear today, constitute one of the greatest setbacks to the advance of man. They make man appear, to an outsider, inferior to the dumb animals. Whoever heard of an animal voluntarily getting a haircut? The injury that is done by haircuts to the bankroll, time, and comfort of man, is incomprehensible.

The average period between haircuts is two weeks, although my average is six or eight weeks, depending on the number of threats given by my parents and friends. This means that every two weeks a man must take an hour off from his work and waste it in getting a haircut. Now, say that thirty million men waste an hour thus every two weeks, the other fifteen percent being anti-haircutters such as I am. There you have thirty million hours wasted every two weeks, not including the eighteen million hours wasted by the anti-haircutters every five or six weeks. Just imagine how many war products our factories could put out in that many hours. Therefore, haircutting is unpatriotic because it hinders our war effort by giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

For days after getting a haircut, I feel queer. I feel lost and lonely. I am afraid to face things. I avoid public places as if I were a criminal. Everything seems to go wrong. Then, a week or two later, my whole life changes. I have a feeling as if I could lick the world. I am "living" once more.

Being a fair-minded individual, I have tried to see both sides of the question. I realize that a person can learn much of the current news, politics, and sports in a barber shop. I know that the barber shop is an institution of learning. I also realize the advantage of short hair on a hot day or while in swimming. Nevertheless, I would gladly give up these things if I could let my hair grow as long as I care to.

I would like to give some advice to anyone who detests haircuts as I do. Brother, buy yourself a violin and let your hair grow as long as you please.