

New Hair Stitched On— While You Wait



Observe the difference between the "made-over" right eye and the left—artificial silky eyelashes have been glued around the right eye.



Beating cream into the face before putting on adhesive plasters for the night.

BY NINA MARBOURG.

THE female Ponce de Leon seeking the well-springs of youth among the drug counters and the chiropractic laboratories is a familiar figure in American thought, largely through the efforts of the comic artist and his brother paragon. Many of us know her personally of course, but few, outside of those who have actually undergone the experience, have ever appreciated the physical torture involved in one of those inspired efforts to recapture a departed bloom.

The hollow-eyed ascetics who wore the hair shirt, scourged themselves with thongs and dieted on herbs and spring water in order to attain a becoming beauty of spirit, were really enjoying a week-end at the beach compared with the women—and the men, too, for that matter—who have suffered and will continue to suffer for the sake of a fairer outward aspect.

The increasing resort to nature-folding devices has come as a natural result of the ever-increasing ingenuity of these devices. During the war, when bold expedients in every line were being tried every day, daring tricks of surgery were executed which could never have been attempted in normal times. The beauty doctor learned considerable from war surgery and he has been offering his newly-acquired knowledge to the many who have watched their complexions fade, their faces sag and their hair fall out with feelings of despair.

Not only are there machines for waving the hair, purifying the skin and curving the arms, but practitioners now think nothing of changing the whole conformity of the face—in fact, of changing the face if necessary. And among these is a machine which hairless men have been seeking for the last 2000 years and more, a machine that not only sows a whole new crop of hair into a perfectly denuded scalp but makes two hairs grow where one was planted.

The man who would reclaim his wasted pate, however, must be prepared for an ordeal that is only equaled in the records of the Spanish Inquisition. His new hair is stitched in a hair at a time—and for each hair there is an incision of the scalp with a needle. One can understand something of the feeling by taking a pair of tweezers and pulling up some long and lustrous hair by its roots. Multiply the sensation by the number of hairs in your head—or the number you would like to have there—and you know what the gentleman is undergoing who is being submitted to Dr. J. S. Parsagen's hair-stitching machine in the photograph reproduced above.

Undue sympathy for these suffering mortals is effectively estopped by the knowledge that their sufferings are voluntary. In this respect they have established a precedent in history and no doubt will present an illuminating spectacle to gazing posterity.

The feet of Chinese girls were bound in their infancy that they

How the Gummed and
Ticklish Eyelash and Other
Beauty Aids Are Now
Matched by New Thatches
That Are Actually Sewed
on Bald Heads.



Elastic webbing for neck and chin and adhesive strips to keep wrinkles out.

But, although there are many ladies who would be perfectly willing to have their sagging facial muscles lifted by having slits cut behind the ears and the hair line, the rather prohibitive price confines the operation to a comparatively few. For the lady who cannot afford to have her face tucked up or pumped full of paraffin, a nightly rite is prescribed which, if followed faithfully, will get somewhat the same results. When the subject of this home treatment is ready for bed she usually resembles the central figure in a taxicab collision after a visit to the first-aid station. But what matters that? If a single crow's foot be ironed out of existence, the discomfort has not been in vain.

She begins her preparations for the night by pounding cold cream into the skin with blows of the hand sufficiently sharp to stimulate the circulation and usually to bring tears to the eyes. The face is then washed with hot and cold water and an astringent applied which stings madly, but closes the pores. Now comes a piece of elastic webbing, which is placed under the chin and around the throat to keep the chin from sagging and the neck from becoming wrinkled. Strips of adhesive plaster are stuck on the face at such places where the lines are beginning to show, the skin being stretched during the operation.

Mildly now turns to her hands. Time was when it was sufficient to apply a cream and wear a pair of gloves. The latest method, however, requires that the hands be bound tightly in a strip of elastic webbing from above the wrists to the finger tips. In this she needs assistance, for, while you may bind up one hand by yourself, help is needed with the other. Thus swathed, stayed and plastered, she is ready for her couch.

When a Chicago actress deliberately allowed her legs to be broken and reset the other day, she established a precedent which may result in the elimination of bow legs—at least from the ranks of those fair demurettes who make a professional display of their legs. In her case vanity was not the whole motive. Her bow legs were interfering with her career.

Similar is the case of the comedienne who had several radical alterations made in the shape of her nose. Many who imitate her example found that they had had their torture for nothing. They were still recognizably ugly when the operation was over. In other cases, however, it was altogether successful.

And now the girls have turned to their eyebrows and eyelashes. The former they have reduced by a thin pencil line by having the superfluous hairs pulled. The latter are now

execution mark an epoch in the history of wood engravings.

A pestilence broke out in Nuremberg and Duerer went to Venice. If he did not arrive in that city a great man, he came, at least, as one not unknown, for the fame of his art had preceded him. His picture, "The Feast of the Rose Garland," made such a sensation that the Venetian senate offered to appoint him to a sinecure post with the magnificent salary for those days of 200 ducats a year. If he would live in their city. But he did not accept the offer—perhaps on account of his wife, who was deeply attached to her native city.

Duerer added to his fame by executing "The Passion" in copper and by making an excellent charcoal drawing of the Emperor Maximilian, who in 1512 visited Nuremberg.

This visit introduced a new factor into Duerer's life, for the emperor commissioned the artist to execute an immense work in wood engraving in two parts, one, "The Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Maximilian," composed of 82 blocks, the prints of which when joined together would form one enormous woodcut, 10 1/2 feet high and 9 feet wide, and the other an allegory called "The Triumphal Car of the Emperor Maximilian." In return for these and other services the emperor granted Duerer a pension of 100 florins, to be paid out of the city taxes of Nuremberg.

Death Comes Too Soon.

Maximilian unfortunately died before the work was completed, so that Duerer was up against it. Anxious if possible to obtain from the new emperor, Charles V, a confirmation of his pension and hearing that Charles was to be in The Netherlands before his coronation, he set out for that city in July, 1520, sick at heart and with many physical infirmities, and was gone a year on the emperor's trail. He traveled from city to city, selling his prints to defray expenses. Everywhere he was received with

Pulling out the eyebrows until but one slender line remains.

marks of honor and respect. He finally received the deed of confirmation unexpectedly, after seeming to exhaust all the "pull" at his command, even that of the Queen of The Netherlands. When Duerer returned to Nuremberg he found that a final balancing of his accounts showed that there was a financial loss during his journey, which made it necessary for him to work harder than ever until his death. The town council of Antwerp, like the senate of Venice, had tried to retain him permanently, offering him a salary of 300 philippins, with a house and freedom from taxation. But the artist spurned the inducements and he died as he wished, in his native town, and lies buried there in an obscure part of the city cemetery.

The hour at which Duerer rose to interpret the new spirit in art was the most critical in the whole history of the race, not excepting the recent war. It was the hour of renaissance, of transition between the middle ages and our own. The people of Europe caught the impulse of intellectual freedom and the spirit of science and curiosity. Duerer, in spite of his surroundings, intuitively acquired every gift of art except perhaps the Greek and Italian gift of beauty and ideal grace, and he struggled manfully to incorporate them in his paintings and engravings, succeeding in no small measure.

Trousers Pressed While You Wait.

Tony Volpona, Covington (Ky.) tailor, charged with assault and disorderly conduct, was fined \$50 and costs in the police court. Mrs. Bertha Barber, mother of Howard Barber, a youth, preferred the charge. The testimony showed that the boy entered Volpona's place of business and asked to have his trousers pressed. Volpona says he caught the boy and laid him across the ironing board and used an iron warmer than he had imagined.

Permanent Wave Method.

The laboratory in which a permanent wave is created looks like nothing so much as a torture chamber. A multiplicity of tubes suspended by wires which connect up with an electricity generating machine present a particularly awful appearance. Into each one of these tubes a strand of hair is placed and clamped. The current is then turned on. Everything must be in perfect adjustment or results will be disastrous. The hair may be destroyed if there is a defect in the machine.

In this difficult and often pathetic effort to keep a fresh and smiling face for the world, needless to say a small fortune may be spent. Once started, it seems that all nature is working against you—as indeed she is, more often than not.

As to the effect of this intense preoccupation upon one's physical appearance upon the minds and characters of those so preoccupied, opinions differ. Many sensible women have no objection to growing old gracefully, and contend that a fair life, fairly lived, will keep you outwardly fair as long as you ought to be.

They can see no good in this tortuous effort to stay the sweep of time just a few short years.

On the other hand, there are many persons, among them Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, the well-known New York clergyman, who feel that an acute interest in one's body and appearance is natural and healthy and can only bring good results spiritually.

Dr. Grant caused rather a sensation by declaring that he approved of a woman's using cosmetics or any other artificial devices for keeping herself beautiful. The esthetic impulse, he said, inspired this activity, and its exercise would result in a nature more finely attuned to the beauties of life.

Meanwhile, the beauty doctors grow rich and the devices for preserving youth multiply and on and on. Conceivably the day may arrive when one can order one's physique with the day's groceries.

How Dr. J. S. Parsagen is sewing new hair on bald heads.

Bandaging hands with elastic webbing to keep them white and slim.

changes and bought in a box. The pain involved in the loss of one's eyebrows by the pulling process is excruciating, according to all fair reports. In this case, too, each separate hair means a separate operation. The patient is strapped down in a chair and the surgeon goes after the hirsute surpluses with a pair of tweezers. The electric needle cannot be used in this case, because the brows would never grow back, and no woman who is sensible of the veering fashions would want to take that chance. Next year thick eyebrows may be in style again. After one treatment at the parlor the subject makes periodical inspection and at the first sign of a returning hair she prunes it out herself.

The same fashion that decrees a thin eyebrow line has also demanded a thick eyelash. The process of attaching the artificial lashes is

not painful, but somewhat sticky when it is first attempted. There are three sizes—for street wear, for stage and the movies. With expert adjustment they are very difficult to detect. And, in some cases, it must be admitted the effect is rather alluring. It is easy to imagine, therefore, that more than one credulous young poet will find himself inditing lines to his lady's lashes without realizing that they were ordered along with the monthly magazine and a box of cough drops.

Then, of course, there is the permanent wave, or, rather, the wave that is permanent until the hair grows a little longer and it washes to the back of one's neck. Not even the wave of one's hair stands still.

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ART CENTERS OF WORLD CELEBRATE 450TH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF ALBRECHT DUERER

Artist Was Father of Wood Engraving and Founder of Popular Appreciation of Art; Little Training for Great Life Achievement Is Recorded by History.

THE world today takes art exhibitions as a matter of course, as we have so many of them, but the world has forgotten that it has to thank Albrecht Duerer for the enjoyment of art objects. Attention to Duerer is attracted at the moment by the fact that the 450th anniversary of his birth was celebrated May 21 in hundreds of art circles all over the world.

For even a really great artist to be remembered and have his birthday celebrated 450 years after he was born is almost unique in the history of art, and unquestionably it is a fact that such a man must have possessed almost superhuman ability to weather such a test of time; in fact, been a genius of the first water. Duerer undoubtedly belonged in this class. Coming into this world at the close of the dark ages and the dawn of the middle ages, he was the man who first taught the principles of perspective to which every artist of his time and every time up to the present is indebted. He was the father of wood engraving, which in turn was the beginning of book and newspaper illustration down to the half-tone picture of today. He was interested, indeed, in so many branches of art that his versatility is amazing to us 450 years after, and then to think he lived and died in such a supposedly crude period of human development.

Training Not Great.

A glance at the life of this artist reveals that he had little training for his great achievements; that he was beset by so many difficulties that

anyone but a genius would have thrown up the sponge, as it were, and preferred to remain obscure. Duerer best represents the art of Germany, because, in all the years since he lived there has been no greater development of the art sense among his people. Some authorities have even contended that if it were not for Duerer the Germans would have gone down into history as absolutely unappreciative of art and a people whose art sense had not been developed at all. These accomplishments of his have given him the rank as one of the six great artists of the world, the other five being Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo, Titian, Raphael and Rembrandt.

Albrecht Duerer, who may be called "The Walt Whitman of Art," was born at Nuremberg on May 21, 1471, and died on April 6, 1528, so that he accomplished all his feats in about 40 years of activity. His father belonged to a Hungarian family, but the elder Duerer quit his native country and journeyed into the Netherlands, where the famous masters of Bruges taught him their delicate art of goldsmith work. In 1485 he left The Netherlands and went to Nuremberg, where he engaged himself to a master goldsmith named Holper, whose young daughter Barbara he married in 1497. Albrecht was the third of 18 children born to this couple, from both of whom he inherited an artistic sense which he cherished all his life.

Little is known of the early life of Duerer except that he crossed the Alps and spent some time in Italy,

where he probably came under the influence of the southern masters. He returned to Nuremberg in May, 1494, and two months later, as he himself ironically informs us, a noteworthy event took place in his life. He writes: "When I returned home Hans Frey treated with my father and gave me his daughter, Mistress Agnes by name, and with her he gave me 200 florins, and we were wedded."

Duerer's married life was unhappy; his wife did not appreciate art, and, like so many painters who have followed him, in his early career had all he could do to make both ends meet. After his death a letter written by a friend says: "In Albrecht Duerer I have lost the best friend I ever had on earth, and nothing grieves me more than that he should have died so cruel a death. I can ascribe it to no one but his wife, for she so knawed into his heart and to such a degree tormented him that he departed hence much sooner than he would have done."

Woodcuts Mark Epoch.

When Duerer married he set up a studio and had pupils to assist him in his work. At that time the artists were no more supposed to paint all the pictures they sold than a saddler was supposed to make all the harnesses in his shop. Both were responsible for the quality of the work turned out, but there their functions might end.

By far the most important of his works of this period are 15 woodcuts illustrating the Apocalypse, which in conception, in design and in skill of