

WRINKLES AND DOUBLE CHIN AFFLICTION HELD EASILY REMEDIED BY NEW SURGERY

Advertising of Accumulated Birthdays by Sagging Muscles and Other Disfigurements Declared No Longer Necessary—Doctors Rapped for Too Slavish Adherence to Ethics of Profession.

MODERN COSMETIC SURGERY

by
Antoinette Donnelly



BY ANTOINETTE DONNELLY.

NEW YORK.—Special Correspondence.—The day is surely ahead when wrinkles and double chin and sagging muscles will not be the way to advertise accumulated birthdays; when one may look in the mirror and see instead of drawn down corners of the mouth and crow's feet and telltale lines across the forehead a face that is smooth and young and free from age blemishes.

And why not? No woman was ever made to feel younger by them. And, more serious than that, loss of position is threatened and loss of the spirit of youth, without which no woman is successful, no matter what her vocation, be it stage or movie star, business woman or professional, or wife.

Isn't one, after all, as old or as young as she feels? Isn't being old at 40 or young at 60 a question purely of the retention of the spirit of youth and hope and enthusiasm? Surely it is.

When why should one not be perfectly serious and business-like about retaining that spirit? How many women have reached the age of 40 by remodeling their figures, which had become aged and heavy and solid with excess adipose tissue? I could name a number of instances of accomplished women in different vocations due to shedding that excess weight and retaining the figure of youth, which never would have been accomplished had the burden of flesh not been lifted.

New Surgery Recognized.

I simply use this as an illustration of what one may accomplish when one feels young enough to accomplish things. And women are realizing more every day that when they are cured does not have to be endured.

Plastic surgery of the face, neck, and head is now a recognized branch of surgery. Heretofore it has been left almost entirely in the hands of quack doctors, with the most appalling results in the world. But for the first time in the history of the surgical world there appears in a book on operative surgery, which is looked upon as the surgeon's bible, a chapter on wrinkles and how to dispose of them with pure surgical art.

Hearing of the rejuvenating work on faces that has been done to celebrities, famous stage and movie stars, I was interested to learn more about the subject for my readers.

I found, in the first place, tremendous difficulty in getting the men who should be willing to talk on the subject to lend their names to the discussion. There are several men in New York who are surgeons of the highest standing and who do the most phenomenally successful work along the lines of plastic surgery, and one of his branches (rhinoplasty, which is the correction of nasal deformities), who were willing to talk, alone, that the crimes that are being committed by quacks on human faces are simply appalling, yet they refused to lend their names to the book for fear of offending a more or less mythical board of medical censorship.

Deformities Are Cured.

I saw with my own eyes the work these men were doing, and I talked with their patients about it. The subject is not one of ridiculous vanity at all. When a deformity is a marked one the suffering of the individual is keen.

Take a misshapen nose, for instance, the result of injury, heredity, or disease. The person sees it mirrored through an exaggerated sense, and the general health is extremely depressed. Imaginings, real or fanciful, lead to melancholia, and the patient is a badly deformed nose would undoubtedly be a happier and more useful one with the deformity corrected.

A New York hospital saw recently the actual remodeling of a badly deformed nose into a nasal organ that was indistinguishable from the appearance of the girl. Several weeks after the operation I talked to the girl, and she confessed that she felt like an entirely new person. And she certainly was a happy one. Previous to the operation she avoided meeting people or going places, so conscious was she of her deformity.

was admitted it was the rebuilding by trained specialists of the face of the unfortunately maimed and distorted men who in the conflagration had sacrificed their birthright to regular features that acquainted the public with the possibilities of correcting facial disfigurements.

Before that, in the minds of the average individual, to be born with a facial disfigurement or to have acquired one by some unfortunate accident meant carrying the scar or deformity to the grave, and carrying along with it a dejected, melancholy and intensely isolated spirit.

There is an indisputable affliction of the face, which is a disfigurement of the face, and which is a subject getting little or no attention or help from the graduate physician. Yet lives are shortened, and still are, as reliable insurance statistics prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, through the accumulation of excess weight. Today, through the broader instruction on food regulation and bodily exercise, given frequently

ABUNDANT LIFE OFFERED BY CHRIST HELD WORLD NEED TO BRING PEACE TO MANKIND

Peculiar Spirit of Expectancy That Rules Peoples These Days of Unrest, Traced to Religion As Solution of Problems That Threaten to Destroy Civilization.

BY REV. ELBERT E. PLINT.

Pastor of the Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church.

John 10:10—"I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

THE world is expectantly on tiptoe today. Children are peeking into every corner for something they expect to find, and looking in every direction for something or someone they expect to see, and expect to see on every keyhole and crevice. Grow-ups, too, are more or less speculating upon the profits of the future. It is a peculiar spirit and yet a very real one; it is claiming the greater part of the world. And then, too, the changing world order is an expectant one. Everyone seems to be looking for something to turn up; something to happen.

Thank God that in all of this strange state and condition of things there are a few that abide among the real and true. One is the consciousness that the world is not left without the "Wise Men" who are looking for a guiding star to follow until it stands over the manger of Bethlehem; that the world is not left without shepherds; that the world is not left without angels' voices, declaring that "unto the world a son is born" and a Savior of humanity—that the kingdom of God is at hand, and that the faithful will watch on until they are able to say, as one whose vision has turned into light, "let thy servant depart in peace for I have seen the Lord."

It is well for the world to pause in its on-rushing and on-looking haste and remember that these are the real sentinels on the ramparts of a new civilization and a new age. To such an expectancy and human longing Christ comes with his supreme and unfailing answer. "I came that they might have life and have it more abundantly."

Once upon a time a man named Philip joined himself to a chariot in which rode a stranger, reading out of a book without understanding its meaning, and Philip taught him by opening up to him the springs of real need in his own soul. That same Philip is needed today to interpret the need of the great struggling world of humanity—that industry's need is more abundant life; that capital's need is more abundant life; that the great, seething, restless world's need everywhere, is abundant life. The keynote of my message this morning is this, that Jesus Christ holds the answer to the world's expectant need in just such offers as he makes in my text.

Christ revolutionized the world by constructive, rather than by destructive methods and principles. "I came that they might have life and have it more abundantly." He is a constructive process and programme. The world then, by gorilla warfare, was seeking to further humanity's interests by the slaughter of everyone who opposed them. If you had an enemy, consume

at the instance of medical direction, a greater longevity is promised the race.

Why, therefore, should not any phase of human imperfection be treated by skilled men of the time-honored profession? Any why should it not be done in so open a way that the interested public will not, through sheer ignorance, be forced to patronize quacks whose advertisements attract them in a moment of desperation?

I say now is the time for all good physicians to come to the aid of the patient. Let them be open to the knowledge of the importance of the work and to give it his best surgical skill he is going to force these women out of his hands. Let them be open to whose interest is mercenary, not humane.

I feel rather intensely on the subject, because I have talked to women who have had this work done by men who were not skilled, and I have seen

perfectly hideous scars that resulted from the operation. That work can be done and is being done without a trace of scar by the surgeons to whom I referred. And the result is a truly satisfactory. On the other hand, women are running in numbers almost unbelievable to men outside the pale of the profession and are paying huge sums for work that is tragic, to put it mildly.

Almost every theatrical woman of nature about the town has had an operation on her face. Several of them have openly advertised the fact. Some of them have had the treatment of skilled men, but many of them are carrying scars that have to be taken care of by discreet coiffure arrangement.

One of these women to whom I talked had a large, ugly scar on the back of her head. A quack operator had tried to solve the disposition of a double chin. Across her forehead and around her ears were more nearly satisfactory. On the other hand, the interview she was in the hands of a truly skilled surgeon in the plastic work, who was gradually ridding her of them.

She said: "If it had only been my good fortune to have fallen into this man's hands earlier, think of what I would have been spared. I would have been out of a job long ago. I did talk to a physician about doing this, but he laughed and told me to go home and forget it."

Medical Ethics Rapped.

"Then I saw the ad that undid me. But isn't there some way that thousands of women in need of plastic surgery can find the reputable surgeon for the work? The peculiar ethical disfigurement of the profession is positively inhuman. They actually force the success of the quack, to say nothing of the crimes they commit."

Why should not this branch of surgery be just as important in the scheme of things medical and surgical as any other? There is a great demand for expert skill in it, now that women know the success of it. It is a branch of surgery that could be learned in a comparatively short time where the basic knowledge of the human anatomy has already earned a graduate physician standing and recognition. It might be possible for a woman in Des Moines, Ia., or Billings, Mont., to have cosmetic surgery done right in her own town, and done by a man as skilled in it as in other important corrective work.

And it ought to be done quickly, before any more tragedies happen to women with a peculiar normal instinct to make and keep themselves young and attractive. They should be saved from paraffin injections and other barbarities which eventually undo their intended purpose in a most unholy way.

Immediate Action Urged.

I am not asking any one or several of the really skilled men in the profession to press-agent themselves, but I am asking for a broader discussion among the profession on the good that may be done when the work is handled scientifically and on the evils which result from the work of quack operators. And I think that it should be preached so that it will reach the ears of the women themselves.

Medical men will frankly admit the need of this education, yet as Frank's admit a mortal terror of bringing down upon their heads criticism from other doctors, they are not particularly interested in the subject.

Which is hard for the layman to understand. It seems as though they think of men who have been a boon to humanity through their courage to speak out, let their names and faces be known.

I humbly suggest that some good medical men, or, better, some recognized authorities, should undertake to describe for our ethical American medical practitioners—thousands and thousands of them—who are suffering from professional apathy, especially in connection with this subject, cosmetic surgery. Their peculiar attitude toward the work of quack operators is the reason for the existence of the malpractice element.

ditions. In this life a man cannot serve two masters. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. What is the promise that Jesus makes but the echo of that far-away voice, "I came that they might have life and have it more abundantly." We must pay the giver's price if we get the gift here.

George MacDonald well puts this truth in simple verses:

"I said, 'Let me walk in the fields.'
He said, 'Nay, walk in the town.'
I said, 'There are no flowers there.'
He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'"

"But the sky is black,
There is nothing but noise and din,
But he went as he sent me back—
'There is more,' he said, 'there is sin.'"

"But the air is thick
With smoke and falling the sun,
He answered, 'Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone.'"

"I shall miss the light,
I shall miss the sun, I shall miss the rain,
He answered me, 'Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they.'"

I pleaded for time to be given,
I said, 'I have to decide.'
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your guide."

I cast one look at the fields,
Then set my face to the town.
He said, 'My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?'"

Then into his hand went mine,
And into my heart came his,
And I walk in a light divine,
And I have found the crown to see."

The Literary Periscope.

BY JENNETTE KENNEDY,

Assistant in Circulation Department, Library

MARGOT ASQUITH has arranged an American lecture tour—taking as a subject "People I Have Met." Her "Autobiography" has probably advertised her "place in the sun" to a degree which should insure the success of such a tour. It is said that even as Margot Tennant was sufficiently conspicuous 20 years ago as to make the heroine of Benson's novel "Dodo."

Miss Priscilla Dean—the movie actress whose press agent describes her as having "a most unusual and dominating personality"—states that she "is capable of expressing every emotion"—wants at once three good comedies, or stories or plays for screen production, which she can only handle a golden opportunity for aspiring writers.

One appraisal of the American humorist, Irvin S. Cobb is "Cobb writes in octaves, striking instinctively at the heart of humor, irony, pathos and romance with either his pen or pencil. He is a humorist in the truest sense of the word, and his unflinching good humor and his sense of humor are his strength. If you want a perfect blend of humor and pathos, read his stories, read any one of his stories."

Enrico Caruso is described by Grenville Vernon as the "Idol of Italy, for he alone of her living sons stood without rival. Yet despite his practice of a most perfect technique, he was both off and on the stage—Caruso remained, like Canio, the man who laughed that he might not weep."

A collection of poems which have appeared in various magazines—Collier's, Smart Set, and others—has been published by Laura Benet under the title, "Fairly Bread."

Compton Mackenzie's latest novel, "Rich Relatives," is a bit of light satire, readable, well done and lacking in ponderousness.

A. P. Herbert of the London Punch, who has been touring the country and writing for the New York press, has just published a volume of humorous articles entitled "Little Rays of Moonshine."

In the recent death of Richard Bagot, the English novelist and essayist, Italy has suffered the loss of a sympathetic interpreter of her life. Bagot was born in 1864, and his "Italian Year," "Donna Diana," "Italians of Today," "House of Serravallo," and "The Italian Year" are but a few of his several works with an Italian background. In fact he received the Italian Order of Merit in 1917. This was in the form of an illuminated address signed by the cabinet, the members of the senate, the members of the parliament and by leaders in art, letters, science and industry expressing gratitude for his services on behalf of Italy.

It is reported from New York that Hector McQuarrie, the author of "The Hidden Places," has been invited to the Lafayette Bookshop, at 27 University place.

"The Title," a play by Arnold Bennett, is hailed as a type which "simply cannot be transplanted from one country to another—as it rests squarely on the tradition which is an analogy in this country. It reads well, but creeps painfully on the stage."

A gift of 5000 drawings—valued at \$125,000—has recently been presented to the Chicago Art Institute by Professor W. F. S. Curley of the University of Chicago. This is a memorial to Mr. Curley's mother, and it represents the work of more than 1000 artists dating from Michael Angelo down to the present day. The drawings are in pencil, pen and ink, silver point, etc.

Heywood Brown's list of the ten best novels of recent publication is interesting. He begins with Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" and includes, among others, "Three Soldiers" by men in the trenches, "The Beginning of Wisdom" by Stephen Benet, "Messer Marco Polo" by Don Marquis, "The Wandering of Wyck" by May Sinclair, "The English Agent" by John Macaulay and Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes."

J. D. Beresford has been the object of attention and praise from a French critic, Abel Chevalley, and his book "Housemates" carefully analyzed. Mr. Chevalley describes him as "the most intelligent and the most understanding of the younger novelists." Mr. Beresford is another English novelist soon to come to America.

"Vera" is said by a London correspondent to be the most-talked-of novel of the autumn season of production. It is by the author of "Eliza," "The English Agent," "The English Lady Russell" and her sharp wit is allowed full play. "It is a study of marriage most intensely and devastatingly wrought by the master hand. It is a very brilliant work, not kind, not warm-hearted, but cynically wrought"—in the opinion of one reviewer.

Leading the labels against Lee Jorth and his band of cattle rustlers was Jean Isbel, who at the same time found himself madly in love with a girl from whom he was apparently separated by an impassable barrier.



Marguerite E. Harrison, author of "Marooned in Moscow."

Marguerite E. Harrison, an American woman, and correspondent of the Baltimore newspaper and Associated Press, certainly knows Russia under bolshevist rule.

In the early part of February, 1920, our author relates she crossed into Russia through the Polish front, intending to remain six weeks, and instead she remained for 18 months, and she was taken up to the first red army, of which she was passed in prison, as she was suspected of being unfriendly to the red republic. This book, in which she relates her experiences in Russia, is a most interesting and valuable one, and presents the truth as she saw it.

Of course friends advised Mrs. Harrison not to seek to enter soviet Russia, as she valued her health, happiness and life, but she persisted. She was able to speak a little Russian. Taking advantage of the confusion, she then existed between Poland and soviet Russia, Mrs. Harrison planned to pass through the Polish lines and to give herself up to the first red army patrol. She did not expect to find any trenches guarded by barbed wire and machine guns, but she found them.

With Dr. Karlin as companion, Mrs. Harrison, with a permit from a Polish general, was taken to the no-man's-land between the Polish and Russian armies and in a house across the Russian lines waited for the red patrol. So far, so good. Mrs. Harrison's papers and lived for some time in Chicago, where she was identified with socialistic activities. She had worked for a year as a red army physician, being assigned to duty in Gal-



Marguerite E. Harrison, author of "Marooned in Moscow."

lish woman. We marry now, what you say? We stay married while I'm here, or I take you back to Afghanistan. Fine country. You will first wife."

One pair of second-hand shoes cost our author 2000 rubles. When she was arrested as a suspected enemy Mrs. Harrison found several women friends also in jail and here she learned to speak Russian. She also made the acquaintance of "coo-coo" who was a Russian in the prison life did not agree with her and had a bad cough bothered her a great deal.

Just then soviet Russia began to be in want of food and one of the terms of the American relief association for relief in Russia was made conditional on the release of American prisoners. In this manner and through the personal kindness of Senator Francis P. Pickens, Mrs. Harrison's release was secured. She thinks the only manner in which Russia may be helped to survive will be when America gives the Russians peace and food on co-operative principles.

It seems that the principal reason why our author wished to get into soviet Russia was to travel about there because she was a newspaper "copy" and that she wished to see the world. She is now in Russia of today. She just escaped with her life. Her book shows generally that Russia is a good place to avoid just now.

Two Illustrated Gift Books. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

These two handsome, artistic-looking books evidently were intended for the recent holiday gift season, but either they left the publisher too late or they were delayed in the stores, as they have just reached this city.

"Tanglewood Tales" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, is the title of a lovely American classic, and contains 22 illustrations, many of them of full-page size and in colors, the artist being Virginia Frances Sterrett. The book is 11 inches by 9 inches. These American fairy stories and tales of fancy are among the best anywhere.

"Lafayette" by Lacey Foster Madison, has eight illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover and consists of 272 pages, 11 inches by 9 inches. The story of Lafayette, the great French patriot who helped the cause of American independence during the dark days of the Revolutionary war, is eloquently told by our author, who has gathered from many sources the wealth of historical material comprising this story.

The Hidden Places. by Bertrand W. Sinclair.

Mr. Sinclair must know the Canadian northwest intimately. In "The Hidden Places" he places his scenes in northern British Columbia, and presents his readers with a powerfully-written, gripping story of lively interest. So skillfully are the principal characters drawn that they win the readers' sympathies, and when the conclusion of the recital is reached

one feels that one parts with friends worth the knowing. The author is Bob Hollister and his wife Myra leave Canada when the recent big war breaks out, and he becomes a soldier, serving in an imperial regiment. Bob left his wife in the possession of \$40,000, and she meets and falls in love with a wounded English soldier named J. Harrington Bland, who is notified that he is unfit for further army service, and he and Myra elope to British Columbia.

In the meantime Bob Hollister has officially been reported dead. In reality he is a prisoner in a detention camp in Germany, badly wounded in the face by shrapnel, and ruthless German army surgeons patch up his face so clumsily that he is disfigured for life.

When peace is declared Bob is set at liberty and he discovers that his face is so much out of proportion that people shrink from him and women especially avoid him. He reaches Vancouver, B. C., to see about timber and to find out what has happened to Myra and all the pain she had caused him. He locates his timber land and is surprised to find that someone unknown to him had cut his timber and evidently had lived in a hut there had hurriedly constructed in this hut he finds evidence that a woman once lived in it and in a book there is the inscription: "Doris Cleveland. Her book."

One morning after a storm Bob discovers that he has neighbors near him, and through his powerful binoculars he sees a woman at the door of the house—a woman who is none other than his lost wife Myra. Filled with rage against her, Bob determines not to reveal his identity, and he proceeds to Vancouver for further supplies, meeting on the journey a blind girl, Doris, who is the daughter of a man who had lived in the book found in the hut. She says her brother had lived alone working on the claim, without knowing that Hollister owned it. A flying limb of a tree had struck Doris on her head and she became blind.

Bob and Doris fall in love and without revealing his past he marries her, and they go to live on his timber claim. Technically, Doris is a bigamy, he says. Doris and Myra become friends and Myra privately tells Bob that she recognizes him. Mr. Sinclair writes for readers who apparently do not believe in divorce. So he solves the difficulty relating to Mr. and Mrs. Hollister and one who Mrs. Hollister in a safe manner.

Woodrow Wilson As I Knew Him. by Joseph P. Tumulty, page 4.

A paper-bound copy of a notable and much-talked-about book, which describes the acquaintance between former President Wilson and one who was the latter's private secretary for 11 years—Joseph P. Tumulty. The pages are 552, including appendix and index.

A note from the publishers states that "The Oregonian" recently published the portions of the book which were serialized. The book embraces the first series of the Tumulty articles in which "The Oregonian" has published under the general title "Woodrow Wilson As I Knew Him." The book deals with the second series just announced.

Mr. Tumulty makes it clear that Mr. Wilson is averse to such publicity as the intimate relations which existed between president and private secretary. Mr. Tumulty intimates that he wrote the story because he thought it a public duty. The book is a remarkable presentation of intimate, world-making history of our own day.

A. B. C. of the New Light. Oscar Sandbeck, Minneapolis, Minn.

An eloquently written little book on the doctrine that we all live again somehow—that we experience reincarnation. The author thinks that history to every generation of human beings experience an unconscious repetition or a psychological recurrence, and points to the picture of black death in 1248 and the influenza in 1918. He also speaks of dream pictures that "dwell back in the unconscious areas of our mind, and point out that 'nothing can reach that area except through our conscious mind.'"

Just Published! Zane Grey's



THE LAST MAN

By the author of "The Mysterious Rider," "The Man of the Forest," etc.

"THE LAST MAN" is the stirring story of a feud—a feud waged between two unforgiving factions who only realized its utter futility when it was too late. In the grip of a relentless code of loyalty to their own people, they fought the war of the Tonto Basin, desperately, doggedly to the last man, and through it he runs the golden thread of a clean man's love for a pure woman.

Whether you read this book because you are one of the millions of Zane Grey's admirers or for the literary vigor of its exciting romanticism, you will enjoy every page. "The Last Man" is now on sale wherever books are sold. Illustrated, \$2.00.

Leading the labels against Lee Jorth and his band of cattle rustlers was Jean Isbel, who at the same time found himself madly in love with a girl from whom he was apparently separated by an impassable barrier.

HARPER & BROTHERS. Est. 1817. Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.

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