

WHERE FALSE HAIR COMES FROM

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LOVE your hair!" he said. And Helene Gast smiled content. "Shake down your splendid hair," the lover said. "The sun will light it glorious!" In lazy happiness the Alpine village girl took out four pins, threw back her head, and gave a shake; down came the rippling, billowing cascade.

Exultant, he who seemed but a dull Dauphinois peasant, without poetry or aesthetics, spread the massive ash-blond tresses for the sun to strike fire and gay gilt reflects from them.

"I love your hair, Helene," he said, and he said true. But in his heart he dreamed: "I might get eight hundred francs for it, if I could bluff that Paris buyer!"

One hair was bought only by the hair-lacking. The old, easy-going hair-buyer, half a peddler, went through Brittany, the Limousin and the Corrèze with a stock of gay shawls, parasols and umbrellas, and by throwing a gold-piece here and there he could pick up the standard shades and qualities from poor girls who were ignorant or hopeless.

At present false hair unashamed gaily confessed, is rampant on heads beautifully endowed by nature. The vast hats of two years required great quantities of puffing to frame the face beneath them. And now that rich woman of America and Europe seem confirmed in the craze of matching their own splendid tresses, to pile hair on hair, in great coiffures with large hats, small hats or no hats at all, the price of standard qualities has quadrupled; fancy hair attains extraordinary prices. Paris hairdressers rejoice in this new style buyer.

Such a one had come to Saint Martin d'Uriage. He was scouring all Savoy and Dauphiny, but to nine peasant girls in ten he remained the peddler out of whom good money might be luckily extorted for long and wavy heads of hair, in standard browns, blacks, pale blonds and red blonds. It was his rich dealings with the tenth girl that sent them fluttering, and all the more because the recent prize-winner had been Mere Grivonne, aged sixty-seven, but still lively in wind and limb. After a week of dickerling, the buyer had given her sixty dollars in bright ten-franc gold pieces, and clipped—what one on the mountain-side had noticed she possessed—a heavy head of silvery white hair of the rarest tint and quality.

The buyer, boarding with Monbelun, the miller, was going over his stock and his correspondence. The Paris wholesale house for which he traveled in connection with the most expensive of the world's hair-dressers urged by mail and telegram for hair, more hair!

Hair for twists and turbans! The era of frizettes and chichis has passed. No more does milady stick a dozen little puffs around her head. Do you remember how she used to sit pensively? You thought she was dreaming of you, but she was only wondering if her frizettes were coming out. Her present alert confidence is due to the knowledge that her immense false twist is surely tight. Wound round and round, it makes the whole back of her present low coiffure.

Hair for wigs! The ultrafashionables pull their own beautiful hair back and wind it tight. On with the wig! Is it because they have not very lovely hair of their own? Undeceive yourself. They have enough, but they want more. The new flat coiffure may look simple, but the great turbans demand long, thick hair. Moreover, the beauty of the effect depends on unmussed smoothness, hard to attain day by day. Our women have the habit of false hair. The present style is suited to the wig. The wig is always smooth and smart. On with the wig!

The automobile was the first pretext for wigs. Speed and dust will cut and dirty Madame's precious locks, and the wind breaks down the undulations of the hot irons. Women who can not stand severely flat effects cling to their swelling Marocca waves upon the sides. Now, you can run the hot iron through false undulations without injuring your precious hair; whence transformations.

If the foundation of a wig is like a cap, that transformation is a mere band. See the fair one putting on her transformation! Fresh from the hot iron, waving splendidly, it is a crown of upswelling tresses. Delicately she crowns herself with it. Upwards she smooths its rising wavelets, mixing them slightly with her own hair, underneath to where they meet at the crown, and then the big false braid conceals the meeting.

Hair! More hair!

The buyer going over stock and correspondence saw that he must shear what girls he could on market day, and put Saint Martin d'Uriage



for a more ignorant locality. His Paris house was selling long torsades of standard blond and brunette at \$18 apiece, and the hair to make them was averaging \$12. Transformations of the same tints and quality were selling at between \$25 and 50. Wigs were selling at between \$40 and \$60 per kilo. Yet here were girls with less than half a kilo on their heads refusing to be shorn for less than \$30. Do not be surprised at these figures. They are moderate—for "live" hair cut from vigorous European girls. The cheap article is brittle from strong chemical treatment—and dead Chinese women! Half the present false hair comes from China.

Some comes from an island in the Caribbean sea where the most malignant leprosy cases are sent by the Cuban authorities. A little while ago the head of the glove department of a New York department store purchased a switch in the false hair department. Within two weeks from the time she began to wear the switch the upper part of her body was attacked with a disease which several doctors after consultation pronounced to be leprosy.

Cheap false hair is dangerous. It all comes from Indian and Chinese people. If you must have false hair, see to it that it is live hair. It will cost more, but it's safe. It is said that there are three qualities of hair in the market: fine soft hair, cut from the heads of live white girls, cheap hair that comes from dead women of other races, and still cheaper which is made into so-called "rats" and is said to derive its being mostly from different kinds of animals and to be "filthy, beastly stuff."

"I will put a notice in the 'Place' that I am quitting Saint Martin d'Uriage after next market day," he said to Monzelun, the miller. "The young men are standing in their own light not to order their own girls to come up and get their money!"

"The young men are willing to sell," replied the miller, "but they yearn for better prices. A poor girl's hair is her marriage portion; but at the rates you offer, it is as safe on her head. You can always walk down to Grenoble and sell it at need; and meanwhile more liberal buyers may happen along. Our young men know that hair is gone up."

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," the buyer answered. "Because I have given heavy prices for a few rare heads, they must not think that common hair is scarce. In the next village I will find twenty marriageable girls who are willing to trade off their useless locks for the price of a young donkey."

He knew the miller would retail his talk on market day. The miller in these remote centers is the general exchange. Incoming peasants bring their bag of grist to him across the donkey's back, take home a third in flour, and trade the rest. Not twice a year do they go to Grenoble, twenty miles down and back, up the innumerable steep laces of the mountain side. They fear the city's unknown ways. The buyer knew this when he added:

"As for the girls selling at Grenoble, why, we send hair to Grenoble ready made up!"

But the buyer would not leave Saint Martin d'Uriage without a certain treasure.

"Our client is a millionaire American," the great hair-dresser wrote. "We can offer you one hundred per cent on the lowest price you have to pay in case you succeed; and as the lady has honored us with practically unlimited order, I will not conceal from you that I am giving this same commission to several buyers. You have carte blanche to match the sample."

Long the buyer had been waiting for a certain young man to come to him.

Now the young man, having seen the miller, happened to stroll by. "Have you the cutting?" questioned the buyer.

"No," the young man answered. "I refuse to ask her for it till I know your price. I will not wound her feelings uselessly; I will not sell my girl's hair for a trifle. Put on stamped paper that you will give \$160 and I will see about it. Don't forget that my girl's hair is naturally wavy."

"Absurd!" cried the buyer. "Here, I will tell you the whole truth. 'All depends on the matching. If your girl's hair does not match my sample absolutely, natural waviness will add—yes, say \$20, to fine ash-blond hair—say three-quarters of a kilo; why, \$20 is a ridiculously high valuation, but I will pay down on stamped paper that I will pay \$100 in case the sample matches."

Georges shook his head.

"One hundred and ten dollars—I can not do better."

Negotiation. The young man did love her hair.

"One hundred and twenty dollars in case the sample matches."

And love conquered—love of donkeys, heifers, goats, lambs, turkeys, chickens.

"Write it down plain," said the young man, who also loved his girl's tresses. Then, when he had the paper safely in his pocket, he added:

"Now write what you will give in case the sample does not match."

Next market day at Saint Martin d'Uriage four girls stood with their splendid hair down around the stone bench opposite the mill.

"Be seated." The radiant buyer motioned to two of them.

He put their arms through the sleeves of a barber's apron, over which, around his shoulders, he tied a black muslin cape. Ostensibly it was to help him cut. In truth it was to help him judge the hair's consistency of tint before he actually sheared it. But it looked uncanny, like the preparation of an execution.

The first girl went under comb and shears. Straight down the two sides of her head—so that each half fell over a shoulder—the man combed all her tresses, parted at the crown. S-z-z-z-z!

The shears made a long, continuous sound, no snipping—and in his left hand he held half the girl's hair. S-z-z-z-z!

The girl was sheared.

Next girl!

The next girl was Helene Gast.

You would not have dreamt that she wept all night. In lazy pride she took out four pins, threw her head back, gave a shake, and down came the rippling, wavy, billowing cascade. The sun struck fire and gave gold reflects from its ash-blond glory.

"Hair is such a bother," she laughed, blushing bravely; "and the money is important. I hope Georges won't mind much when he learns what I am doing. He so loves my hair."

A Subtle Deduction.

"Ha!" exclaimed Sherlock Holmes, Jr. "That man is married. He has been married for more than two years."

"Do you know him?" asked Dr. Wharton.

"No. I never before saw him; but I heard him say a moment ago that he had forgotten all about St. Valentine's day until it was past."

Futile Aspirations.

Manager—I wish we could apply to deadheads the principle of trolley cars.

Friend—What is that?

Manager—Pay as you enter.

HUNTING FOR YOUNG BLOOD

In Eagerness to Secure Fresh Recruits Many Managers Carelessly Let Old Players Go.

There is so much talk of young blood in baseball that many managers seem to have become absolute maniacs in the matter of allowing men to go for no other reason than the fact that they have seen seven or eight years of service in the big leagues. One out of about every twenty recruits makes good, and in the meantime players of ability who can play rings around the youngsters who have supplanted them are allowed to drift into the minors.

Williams and Ferris would positively have shone on the St. Louis Browns last year, and Hughes would have been no slouch in Washington. But even more striking than the passing of these players is the fact that Rube Waddell has been allowed to go out of fast company. The big left-hander has a lot of winning games left in him and would be sure to strengthen almost any club in either league, while to teams such as the Brooklyn or Boston Nationals he would be absolutely invaluable.

Waddell is valuable not only as a player but as a drawing card as well, for with the possible exception of "Bugs" Raymond, more than any other player in the country.

It was only a few weeks ago that he struck out 25 men in a game of indoor baseball, which should at least give some indication that he still has puzzlers. He would certainly be a big card in New York, and either of the local clubs would be making an extremely good move to pick him up.

A clever scout would do well to look over those players who are going, as well as those who are coming.

Many a good hand has been filled out of the discards.

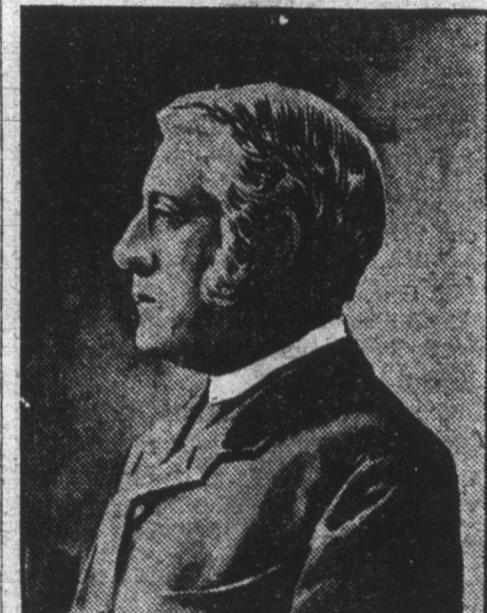
ELIOT BOOSTS SUNDAY SPORT

Former Head of Harvard University in Address to Legislature Urges More Liberal Laws.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university, has joined the ranks of those who believe that the present puritanical laws which work to restrain baseball and other amateur sports and out-of-door games on Sunday should be repealed or amended. He spoke in favor of a liberal law before a committee of the Massachusetts legislature.

"I am in favor of freeing the minor sports from the restrictions of the present Sunday laws," said Dr. Eliot, when asked to lend his aid to the movement. "I am opposed," continued Dr. Eliot, "to allowing the carrying on of theatres on Sunday or moving picture shows or big professional games which attract thousands of spectators with an admission charge."

Dr. Eliot is now concerned with the framing of a measure which will give



Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

entire freedom on the first day of the week for the enjoyment of all manner of outdoor sports, for the witnessing of which no charge shall be made.

ROTATION PLAN TO BE USED

New System of Handling Pitchers Adopted by Management of New York American Team.

"Rotation" is the keynote of a new system of handling the pitching staff which has been adopted by the management of the New York Americans for the coming season. Six pitchers, Ford, Quinn, Vaughn, Fisher, Caldwell and Warhop, are relied on to carry the team through the summer, and they are to be worked in turn with clocklike regularity.

Manager Chase believes that Ford's success last year was wholly due to the fact that he did not pitch out of his regular turn. He positively refused to go into the box unless he was absolutely fit and ready, with the result that he was always at his best. Under this method of procedure Ford knew exactly when he was expected to pitch, and consequently nerved himself for the task.

Chase maintains that if the other pitchers are worked in a similar manner they will prove vastly more effective, and in his belief he is supported by many close students of the game. It is argued that a pitcher cannot be expected to do himself justice if he is suddenly called upon to enter the box at a time when he is hardly ready for a grueling test.

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Carlisle Plays Harvard. The Carlisle Indian team has been added to the Harvard football schedule by the Harvard athletic board in place of Cornell. The game will be played at Cambridge November 11.

Burying the Hatchet

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

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Patricia Woodkirk sat idly turning the leaves of a current magazine. She felt particularly indolent; her attitude was almost lazy. Nothing on the pages before her brought so much as an alert glance from her eyes.

Presently, she turned back a leaf to look again at the likeness of a man. The face was none other than that of George Washington.

Patricia stared at the face, and as her eyes remained on the likeness they gathered a reminiscent expression. Not that Patricia had known the illustrious general; for though she was known in Meadville by the very young set as an old maid, she was, in reality, in her very early thirties.

But the birthday of Washington had been chosen, once upon a time, by Patricia Woodkirk as a night for a Colonial dance. Her guests had come in wigs and with powder and patches, while she herself had been dressed as Martha Washington. And there had been a George, too. Patricia had quarreled with him bitterly on that very night after the last dance and had been too obstinate ever since to admit it either to George Washington or to any one else.

Patricia continued to live in the old homestead and it was in the very room in which she now sat that her merry party of young folks had congregated a few years ago. Most of them were married now and scattered.

Her friends were largely among the married couples of the town though, not two weeks ago, Patricia had entertained a young woman in her home and the taste of gay young life once more had brought back her own bright girlhood.

Corinne Jamerson—the young girl who had been Patricia's guest—had won no end of admiration from the town's young men; and she, having come from the city with her attractive, if frivolous, manners, found it not a little interesting to add notch after notch to her beat stick.

As Patricia thought over the stay of her young guest she recalled several instances in which the young woman had flirted with the acknowledged beau of one of the town's own girls. Perhaps—in fact as Patricia recalled it all now, she was sure—there were many uneasy hearts since her departure.

"I'll have a party on February twenty-second!" Patricia almost said it aloud.

She closed the magazine with a bang and sat alert. "I'll ask all the girls and boys to come and bury the hatchet. We'll have a formal ceremony of it and—" her cheeks glowed as the plan unrolled itself in her brain—"we'll wear powder and patches."

Suddenly her face clouded again and her eyes took on the reminiscent shadow.

"But—" she said, half aloud.

Then, as if fearing she would go back on an impulse she knew intuitively was good, she rushed to her desk.

Sitting down, she wrote the first of her invitations in almost breathless haste. In it, she asked one George Washington to dress as George Washington, and come to her party to help to bury the hatchet.

She folded, sealed and addressed the note without so much as rereading it. It seemed, when she stopped for even an instant to think, such an awful offense against her family pride.

In due time she wrote the other invitations and not a single one was refused.

"It looks as if every one was anxious to bury the hatchet," she thought, as she read an acceptance from one young person whom she knew had strayed from the side of his sweetheart to worship at the shrine of her young guest, Corinne.

The great room of Patricia's home was lighted with severe-looking Colonial candle