

# Where Milady Gets Her False Hair.



For a pretty handkerchief

It is a satirical or an unsophisticated poet who, in these days of elaborate hairdressing, writes sonnets to his lady's hair. The wise one confines his eulogies to charms making, certainly her hair. There is an awful warning in the fact, published not long ago, that in the chignon of a certain grande dame of Paris there is incorporated the spoils of the heads of thirty women.

For this state of affairs in life and literature both fashion and woman's vanity are equally responsible. The present low style of hairdressing, combined as it is with the fluffy pompadour, would require the tresses of one of the seven Sutherland sisters for a successful natural coiffure.

Yet this form of feminine deceit is probably as old as the Roman forum. Certainly the wearing of false hair by celebrated beauties dates back to a period before the Christian era. Ovid refers to the hair of Germanic slaves, which the Roman women used to complete their head dresses. So common, indeed, was this practice in the imperial city that the women publicly made their purchases at the shops of the Gallic hair merchants, which stood near the Temple of the Muses, under the peristyle of the Temple of Hercules.

The beauties of today are less ingenious. Their coiffures are among the deepest mysteries of the toilet. Mere man must take them on faith. A woman's head dress today, like her age, should be estimated by her face value.

## Sell Hair to Buy Trousseau.

The woman of fashion thinks more highly of nature's crown of beauty than does the peasant girl who is more richly endowed with the treasured tresses. The former will sell her jewels, if need be, to secure this important addition to her toilet. The latter, on the other hand, will part with her luxuriant hair for a bright cotton handkerchief, a calico dress pattern, or a single franc. In some parts of France, for instance, the custom of selling the hair has become so common among the women that it is said "to run in the blood." At Mont Lucon girls sell their hair, with full consent of their future husbands, in order to get what it will bring toward their trousseaux. Thrifty farmers' wives, whose husbands are amply able to provide them with the simple luxuries of their place and generation, sell their hair for a few coppers or for a gay print gown. In the big towns, of course, the women are able to command a better price. Yet the average value of a head of hair, as it grows, is 10 francs, or \$2 in American money.

All the European countries, and some of the Asiatic, supply the woman of fashion with her puffs, her waves, and her switches. From Germany comes the high priced blond hair, known as the "angel blond." Sweden stands second in the blond hair trade. That most expensive long white or silver gray hair is grown by the Bavarian peasantry. From Alsace comes the ash colored hair whose tint cannot be produced artificially. The deep black hair is especially a Hungarian growth. Brittany and Normandy furnish the best dark hair, although good grades are exported from Italy, chiefly from Sicily, Naples, and the papal states. A lesser quantity comes from Austria, Belgium, Bohemia, and Spain. Some of the hair is used just as it grows, but a great deal of it is either dyed or mixed. The somber Spanish hair is softened by shades more delicate. The towlike tint of Flemish hair must be made a sunnier hue by the addition of

German hair of a golden blond. Chinese hair plays a conspicuous part in hairdressing. The Chinese women who do their hair only once a fortnight find every time they take it down that a great quantity of it has loosened. This they sell in great masses, and it is carefully worked over, dyed to the desired shades, and sent all over the world.

## Breton Women Sell the Most.

It is Brittany which sends the largest supplies of hair to the Paris market, that most renowned of all the hair markets of the world. According to Chateaubriand the Breton hair trade dates back to the days of Julius Caesar. "Since the Roman conquest," he writes, "the Gallic women have always sold their blond locks to deck brows less adorned. My Breton compatriots still resign themselves to be clipped on certain fair days, when they exchange the natural coverings of their heads for an India handkerchief." This may be either a cause or a result of the feminine fashion in Brittany of wearing close caps.

The Breton hair is the finest in the world. This is due partly to the fact that it is seldom combed, never curled, and is always worn simply rolled up on bands; and it is partly because it is covered with cap during the most active period of its growth. It finds so ready a market that dealers are not content to limit their trade to fair time. All the year round they journey through rural provinces trying to tempt the hair off feminine heads by displays of glossy looking red and yellow cotton handkerchiefs. Many a peasant girl returns home at evening from her daily work of tending pigs or cows along the highway minus the flaxen or raven locks which adorned her when she set out in the morning. But she is richer by a new handkerchief on her head or by a franc in her bosom.

The Normandy girls are valier than their sisters of Brittany. Though they let the rest of their hair be cut short they leave a chignon over which they can arrange their high caps, coquettishly producing an effect so well calculated that they appear not to have lost any of their hair at all.

## Hair Merchant Plies Trade Shrewdly.

Nowadays, since railroads have put the smaller cities of Germany and France into touch with the world of trade, it is only in the rural villages that the hair market flourishes in all its celebrated glory. There the traveling hair merchant does business as openly and noisily as any barker on the St. Louis Pike.

This personage has more than Yankee shrewdness. He takes care to arrive in town on market day, or when a fair has drawn thither the people of all the region round about. On the fair grounds, in the midst of egg and butter stalls between booths of garden produce, he draws up his canvas



Wigmaker's workshop



In the hair dyer's workshop The Creator of Golden Locks.



Girl with ash blonde hair



After the clip

cabriole, with its little tri-colored flags floating above it. In front of it he takes his stand, either on a wine cask turned on end or on a diminutive wooden platform which he has brought for the purpose. With his hat on the back of his head, his sleeves rolled up, his collarless shirt turned in at the throat, he proclaims by every look, every gesture that he feels himself master of the situation.

A great crowd presses around him. There are women in sabots, with bright cotton aprons tied over their short serge petticoats. If it is winter they have on close caps, or their heads are bound with colored handkerchiefs. In summer hats with broad brims flap around their comely faces. There are men there, too, who have come to market with their wives, their sisters, or their sweethearts. Their large felt hats are faded, like their short jackets, apple green in color.

With gesture and voice the hair merchant invites the women to step up and show him their hair. By long practice in the arts of cajolery, he has become the wit and the flatterer of the countryside. One after another the girls yield to his persuasions. Each in turn steps up on the wine cask, and, throwing aside her cap or kerchief, loosens her heavy tresses, and, with a characteristically feminine sweep of her hand, spreads them over her shoulders. The dealer examines carefully the head of hair before him, and makes an offer for it. This is the signal for one of the noisy bargains unquailed of the continent. But at last both parties come to terms. The girl disappears into the hooded wagon which forms the dealer's booth. Here an assistant is waiting for her with his shears, and presently she steps forth again, shorn of her crown of glory.

Holding her hands to her head, which feels so strangely light and cool, she runs away, followed by the jeers and laughter of the crowd. Then the scene repeats itself over and over. Occasionally the day ends in a row. Perhaps a lover is angered by the change in his sweetheart's appearance, and drives her despoiler off the fair grounds, pursuing him with a volley of stones, eggs, and refuse of the market stalls.

## Tearful Children Led to Sacrifice.

It is a more pathetic sight when a child is led by her elders to be shorn, like a lamb being led to the sacrifice. Often the little ones are frightened by the strangeness of the occasion and surroundings, and hang back, weeping. An old woman fairly drags her unwilling little granddaughter up to the cabriole. Pulling off the child's cap she holds up to view the soft, luxuriant tresses beneath it. The dealer looks them over critically and makes a price. The old woman cries out upon him for a cheat. He insists that the popular demand is for blond hair, not for black. They have it back and forth like two angry cormorants. Meanwhile the frightened child shrinks back, digging her toes into the

earth nervously, and eying reluctantly the treasured masses of her hair.

Finally a price is agreed on. The dealer seals himself on his three legged stool, grips his victim between his knees of iron, grasps with one hand the long dark hair which showers over her slender shoulders, and, with the other brandishes a great pair of open shears.

"O, monsieur!" the child cries, "I am afraid you will hurt me."

For answer he clips close to the head one of the heavy tresses.

"O, monsieur," she begs, "Just one lock to fasten my comb to."

But, unheeding, he crops the hair close, rolls up the bunches of it, which he has placed to one side as he cut them off, ties all up together, and puts them into a bag which he tosses into his wagon.

Trembling, the child quickly ties her cap over her shorn head, so passers-by will not see how bereft she is. Meanwhile her grandmother selects greedily the gaudiest of the handkerchiefs which the dealer has in his stock and hurries her grandchild away into the crowd.

## Where Stage Wigs Come From.

For puffs and waves, in which long hair is not demanded, quality and color do not need to be especially considered. Long hairs, pulled out from combs and thrown on the streets of Paris in rubbish heaps, are carefully picked up by rag pickers, who sell them to be made into cheap curls and puffs in which the roots are not all at one end.

The cheaper stage wigs, both red and yellow, are made from flax found in France. Tips of the tails of European buffalo are also used for this purpose—rather a joke, this, on the stage door admirer, who has lost his heart to the golden locks of some footlight fairy.

Most of the hair reaches the manufactories in bulk, packed into large sacks, which hold each a couple of hundredweight. After it has been well washed in boiling water, passed through a bath of potash, and thoroughly dried, the tresses are sorted roughly, according to length and shade. Then the principal locks of the same tress which differ in shade are separated. The upper ends of each tress are placed together evenly. By a second, more careful sorting the hair is arranged in bundles which weigh from ten to twelve pounds. It is then taken up in small handfuls by workmen, who powder it thoroughly with fine flour, comb it vigorously on iron carders, and separate the hair according to length. Again it is combed, this time on fine carders. Finally the false tresses are put together composing of hair of the same tint and of slightly varying lengths, according to the desired proportions. And presently the woman of fashion wears them on her head as confidently, as proudly as they were her own by a right more personal than that of a phase.

# FROM NEAR AND FAR

**BOAT RACE IN CHINESE WATERS.**

The race took place at Aberdeen, near Hongkong, on the holiday of the dragon boat festival. The boats themselves are about 88 feet long, and are manned by from sixty to a hundred rowers, each armed with a small paddle, a gong beater, whose duty it originally was to scare the fish away, and a fan waver, who, by picturesque waving of fans, indicates the course to the steersman who is crouching in the stern.

**CHICAGO'S GROWTH.**

Diagram showing population of Chicago at each census in hundreds of thousands.

Year	Population (hundreds of thousands)
1790	0.5
1800	1.0
1810	1.5
1820	2.5
1830	4.5
1840	7.5
1850	12.5
1860	18.5
1870	25.5
1880	35.5
1890	48.5
1900	65.5

**LONG FINGER NAILS.**

They belong to a wealthy native of Annam, who prides himself on their length as proof that he doesn't work.

**HORNET'S NEST.**

This is a vertical section of a hornet's nest. It contains thousands of broad cells arranged in several conical galleries. At the bottom or center of each gallery is a small hole, enabling the insects to reach every cell. Another hole at the bottom of the nest affords ingress and egress.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**

This new picture of the martyr president shows a German artist's idea of him. It is from Illustrate Zeitung, the leading illustrated paper of Germany.

**WALKING LEAF.**

The "walking stick" insect, which looks like a dead twig, is common in America, but the "walking leaf" is found only in the tropics. Its body looks exactly like two leaves, and its head and feet resemble smaller leaves. The natives of Surinam believe that it grows, as a bud, on a tree, and other primitive races think that plants grow from its eggs. It is an example of "protective mimicry," for its resemblance to leaves makes it almost invisible, and therefore protects it from its enemies.

**TO HEROES.**

Monument at Halifax to Canadian soldiers who died at the Tugela river during the Boer war. Canada has erected twenty-four monuments to her South African heroes.

**POTATOES.**

New York, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Pennsylvania lead all states in the production of potatoes. Diagram shows relative production in millions of bushels.

State	Production (millions of bushels)
New York	100
Wisconsin	80
Michigan	70
Pennsylvania	60

**JAPANESE ABORIGINES.**

Prof. Starr says the hairy Ainu are the true aborigines of Japan.

**YOUNG KIOWA.**

This is said to be the only pure blooded Kiowa baby living. The Comanches in their wars against the Kiowas almost obliterated the tribe. A few families of Otse-Kiowa blood yet live in Oklahoma.

**IGORROTE GIRL.**

The Igorrote bells who does not smoke a pipe is considered as unsophisticated as the American who cannot play golf or bridge whist.

**WHY IT PAYS TO RAISE ANGORA GOATS.**

Angora goats clearing a mountain side farm of shrubs and saplings, not only help the pioneer but thrive on the coarse food.