

IF YOU ARE BALD YOU'LL STAY BALD

That's What a Tonsorial Artist Says and He Always Has His Reasons Therefor.

IF there ever had lurked anywhere in all the materia medica, not only of this age, but of past ages, the name of but one little herb or drug, or whatever you might call it, that could bid even a single hair to grow where there had been ten before, there would be no bald-headed doctors, and the discoverer of that boon would live longer in the hearts of men than the much-spoken-of individual who is expected to reach the summit of all greatness some day by making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before."

The professor of the art tonsorial was calm but earnest. He had been asked if hair could be made to grow on bald heads.

"Just call to mind doctors of your acquaintance," he said, "who are as bald as glass globes. Doctors, bald or unbald, are learned in the mysteries of herbs and roots and barks and drugs, and in the preparation of them for use. They know what results their combination and application will produce.

"If any one living were capable of making hair grow on bald heads some one among these experts in the science of medicine surely ought to be the one. It is to be reasonably presumed that your doctor doesn't find pleasure in being bald any more than you do—pardon me!—might. Consequently, do you think there would be any bald doctors if hair could be made to grow on napless pates?

"Some are born bald. Some achieve baldness. Some have baldness thrust upon them. So there is baldness and baldness. The born bald usually get over it and live to get it again, either by achievement or having it thrust upon them.

"The airtight silk hat, the too frequent high ball, keeping the hat on indoors during the day, habitual predilection for circles at whose nocturnal sessions the kicking of the hat off by some lithe and agile creature of the chorus is the culmi-

nating intellectual joy—these are alleged to be among the causes of baldness in some men. These are they who achieve baldness.

"But there are armies of prematurely bald men who never wore a silk hat, to whom the high ball and all that it implies is a stranger, and the high-kicking cult as unknown as the folks on Mars. These are they who have baldness thrust upon them.

"If a person becomes bald owing to sickness, of course the hair can be made to grow again; but a person bereft of his capillary crown by sickness I do not class among the bald. As a matter of fact, the hair doesn't have to be made to grow again on the heads of such.

"It will grow again without making, although it may be aided and abetted in its growth by tonics. But if a person is deprived of his hair by natural or unnatural loss of its vitality it will not grow again, and nothing has ever been compounded that will coax it back.

"Baldness that is the real thing comes on gradually, and the awful day of its complete triumph may be postponed by tonics and almost persuaders, but its final coming is as sure as the frost that nips the posey and the leaf and makes the meadows brown and sere. Long experience has taught me that fact, and—look at me, my son! See what a remarkably thick growth and youthful gloss of hair I have. It has not changed in twenty-five years. Why?"

The philosophical professor of the art tonsorial seized his soft, thick brown hair

with both hands and jerked it viciously from his head. It was a costly wig. His poll was as white and bare as a billiard ball.

"That is why!" resumed the artist, litterly. "And I skilled to the utmost in all the mysteries of the tonsorial art! If hair could be made to grow on bald heads, think you for a moment that I would not know it, and knowing it, would not only have rescued myself—and I am in the class of those that have had baldness thrust upon them, please to remember—but have saved to myself hundreds of my most profitable customers?"

"If that is not proof enough that a man once bald is always bald, just call to mind those doctors you have known who are bald as glass globes. You have never had occasion to go to a doctor to get a prescription for baldness, I see. I have had such occasion. Did I get a prescription? Let my shining poll beneath this \$40 wig be my answer!

"Come to me for a cure for anything

else," my medical advisor said to me. "Anything else," said he, "and I will undertake to cure you. But baldness! Why, my dear Sir, Esculapius himself was as bald as—as bald as—well, as bald as I am!"

"And he was bald, this doctor of mine. An onion has more hair than he had.

"No, my son. If there lurked anywhere in the materia medica—why, I have lamented with hundreds of my patrons, not only those whose heads the pale cast of too much thought had sickled o'er, so to speak, but those from whose heads the hand of time and the indiscretions and carelessness of youth were gradually but persistently plucking the natural and erstwhile luxuriant covering.

"If I have used on them one hair restorative I have used a hundred, every one among them warranted to not only prevent baldness, but to restore to bald heads their sometime hirsute glory. I have anointed, drenched, and plastered the too-apparent polls of these patrons of mine with tonics, lotions, and pomades innumerable, and rubbed and manipulated their failing scalps until, if there had been one feeble ember of hair-life left slumbering there, it must surely have been summoned back to its wonted fire and vigor, only to give it up at last and hand them a card to my wig-maker."