

Renaissance of the Mustache! But Why Is It Coming Back? Mere Woman and Man Discuss It

It Disfigures an Attractive Mouth—Mere Woman; Hard to Trim and Tickles Nose—Mere Man.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) HAVE you noticed the renaissance of the mustache? Yes. But what did it—the war? How does it differ from the old time variety with curls on the end? Do the girls favor it? These important questions have been put up to "a mere woman" and "a mere man" to answer.

By a Mere Woman.

The renaissance of the mustache may make a hit with the man who owns one, but I, a woman, dislike it for three good reasons:

- 1. It disfigures an attractive mouth. 2. It camouflages a cruel mouth. 3. It—not to put too fine a point on it, it—oh, dear me, this is a delicate subject—it—well, if any man wants to know—it tickles!

From the viewpoint of beauty, hair is just as obnoxious on the face of

By a Mere Man.

The man who wears no mustache heartily abominates the appendage and hasn't a good word to say for it. The man whose upper lip is, so to say, adorned, invariably gives one of three reasons for wearing the thing:

- 1—His best girl or his wife likes the way it looks. 2—It makes him look older. 3—It makes him look younger.

One reason which many men doubtless have is never publicly advanced,



A FINE-POINTED MOUSTACHE TICKLES.



HIS BEST GIRL LIKES THE WAY IT LOOKS.

the male as on the face of the female. The bearded lady is a circus monkey. The mustached gentleman ought to be one. The mustache is simply the mark of the beast—the remainder of those arboreal days when men wore hair all over their heads.

Nothing else—except tails. Compared to the nice, clean-shaven boys of this generation—before the present had hit them—with the men of other days who not only wore mustaches but side-whiskers and chin-sweepers. For a mustache never knows when to stop—if we tolerate it now it will spread up and down and on both sides until the gallant of 1920 will be as hirsute an exhibition as the Wild Man of Borneo or the Miasma Link.

Character readers tell us that most of our features are given to us but that we make our mouths. And it is a fact that the mouth of a cheerful, good-humored man is likely to turn up at the corners; that the sensualist has uncommonly thick lips and the miser uncommonly thin ones; that cruelty leaves its irremovable traces about the lower part of the face. The man who wears a mustache can cover the tracks of his virtues and vices. We all have read stories wherein a forest dweller, or a "fitter of the corners of his heavy mustache," has disclosed the direst plain of them all and frustrated his villainous tricks by warning his victims. Heaven knows, one takes enough of a chance when one marries a smooth-shaven man. But what woman would have the courage to marry a man who has a mustache? Possibilities carefully camouflaged under a mustache? (Of course, this may be a valuable hint for professional bachelors.)

Yet even the latter like to be kissed—or so I have been told. And kissing a man who has a mustache his lips is about like bestowing a passionate caress on a shoebrush or an angora goat. Take it AWAY!

which is that he himself thinks it rather snappy and becoming, what? Of course any thesis upon the mustache in this year of more or less grace refers to the smaller sizes, all the larger ones, such as the "Walrus," the "Grapevine Tendril," the "Pug's Tail" and the "Visiting Fireman," being horribly out of vogue. They passed on just before the bartender was abolished.

While the writer of these observations is, or at least was for a great many years, violently opposed to the mustache as the possessor of a super-labial efflorescence he admits that he supports the thing because of reason No. 3—it makes him look younger. At all events he thinks it does, which helps.

No man is to be censured or derided who wears anything, clothes, hair or mustache, for any of the above reasons. It is, however, to be regretted that any man should decorate (?) himself for the purpose of adding years to his appearance. Therefore, reason No. 3 is the least reasonable. Reason No. 1 is one against which few men have the courage to battle, just as some males are slaves to their wives or best young women when it comes to the selection of a cravat. This may account for the strange cuts of mustaches and weird color combinations in neckwear one encounters from time to time.

The new short, snappy kind of mustache is undoubtedly a product of the war and originated in Great Britain. Mustaches are quite the thing in the British army, as they have been for years, and when the men went to the front they refused to sacrifice the treasure, they merely cut it down to less unobtrusive dimensions. As postscript, the writer advises against mustaches, because they are difficult to keep in trim, have a way of tickling the nose at times and anybody can raise one. The man who caresses on a shoebrush or an angora goat, without a mustache, is to be envied.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. M'Correll.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) BUT you haven't seen any of the new wooden hats? remarked the saleslady. "Do not make a final choice until you see the very latest, and here is an effect in bronzed emerald with the new wavy bead effects."

Mr. Jarr groaned and murmured that he had seen enough. He was buying his wife a hat on a bet, and he felt sure he'd never do it again on a bet or for any other reason. A trimmed hat department was no place for a third business man, and Mr. Jarr was feeling very tired.

Already he felt he was being regarded as a base wretch buying hats for some one he had no moral right to buy a hat for, but it was plain to be seen that no married man, under any normal conditions ever came there to buy a hat for his own legal lawful wife, unless said legal lawful wife accompanied him.

Mr. Jarr also sensed that the more costly hat he bought the more of a base wretch he would be considered. Yet he offered no resistance when the hat after hat of varied shape and material was shown him, yet if there was any wooden hat among them he could not tell it. But he had heard of the high price of lumber and could well imagine that a hat constructed of even enough wood to build a bungalow would at least cost him \$3.00.

"Of course the new wooden hats are only fabricated from wood," explained the saleslady. "Just as they make fibre silk now, just so they are fabricating wood into hats! they take dry shades beautifully and will be all the vogue."

"I was thinking perhaps some of the designers made the new wooden hats up out of their own heads," remarked Mr. Jarr, assaying a joke. But his effort at humor was not taken in good part by the mislaid and the stern-faced woman

customers, still regarding him as an abandoned wretch, buying an expensive hat for some one he should not be buying hats for. The saleslady produced another hat.

"If the party is a brunette this vivid mulberry effect will be most suitable," remarked the saleswoman coldly. "She's a strawberry blonde, so the mulberry effect would be all to the raspberry," said Mr. Jarr, sullenly, for he felt like picking a quarrel and sneeping under a cloud of his own indignation without buying anything.

"Ah, this cerise hat will go well with her hair," murmured the saleslady. "How much for that little blue one that looks like a bug?" asked Mr. Jarr. "And should be worn by one," he added under his breath.

"Sixty-eight dollars, it's been reduced. Would you care for it?" "Oh, very much!" replied the now thoroughly aroused Mr. Jarr. "And I'll take the one that created the sensation in the Blag! And also give me the one that looks like a cranberry turnover, and I'll take the bronzed emerald hat, the one which the paradise, as you call it. And give me the one that is trimmed with little pearls, over there."

"Where shall I send them, please?" asked the saleslady, and the stern-faced acquisition of lady customers stood at attention with eager ears. "Send them to Hatter's!" snarled Mr. Jarr. And he fled and got him out.

When he reached home he told Mrs. Jarr he had forgotten all about their purchase but that he would not buy her a hat. "And, as I've lost the bet, I'll pay. How much does a lady's hat cost these days—twenty dollars?" he asked.

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Can You Beat It! By Maurice Ketten



FOUND---New York's Most Eccentric Character

His Name, Robert Winthrop Chanler; a Blue-Blood With Red Blood; Houses a Menagerie in His Studio.

By Will B. Johnstone. Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

FOUND the most unique character in New York," said the editor. I put in weeks of painstaking search before I found him. Here he is: One of the "400" and one of the 5,000,000. A blue-blood with red blood. One of the idle rich who works harder than a union man. A millionaire who prefers to be broke. A Jess Willard in build with an Aubrey Beardsley soul.

A New York State Assemblyman in 1903, elected Sheriff of Dutchess County in 1904 on the political platform of "Fun, more fun, and still more fun," after a unique campaign featuring baseball, bonds and a prize bull. Then, deserted the political canvass for the painter's canvas.



BOBBY CHANLER'S STUDIO HAS AN AQUARIUM CONTAINING SOME OF THE FISH HE LIKES TO PAINT.

Explored the jungle, lived with Moh-gul Indians, housed a menagerie in his studio consisting of the meow, the mangrove, the oke and the geyser nest out of the Nile to gain inspiration for his art.

His name? Robert Winthrop Chanler, descendant of John Jacob Astor, brother of Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, ex-Lewis Governor, and John Armstrong Chaloner (who's money now?) and ex-husband of Lina Cavalieri. He is also a genius in spite of this colorful background, the usual accompaniment of genius, because he has created works of art that stand out as the most impressive, distinctive, & unambiguously original and beautiful masterpieces ever produced by any American.

What Edgar Allan Poe is to American literature, Robert Chanler is to American decorative art. Chanler's unique New York studio is at No. 147 East 19th Street, the one with the frescoed lunette of a giraffe over the doorway, the whole interior of which, floors, walls, ceilings, windows, furniture, has been decorated by Chanler's master touch. Chanler wears in the model of this magnificent six feet, three and one-half inches tall, dressed in slouchy, faded overalls, leather belted and wearing easy slippers, giant of frame, enormous satyr-like head, covered with a thick mat of curly gray hair. He wears horn-rimmed glasses. He presided upon leaving a panel-one of his most celebrated

At Last, the Electric Highball! Current Applied to the Head Will Produce a 7% to 15% Jag

The Latest Scientific Machine May Become a Panacea for the 18th Amendment.

By Winfield H. Secor, Associate Editor, Electrical Experimentor.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) W HAT, ho, ye merry optimists of the flowing bowl! Rise up, for here is news of great cheer!

We have the latest scientific substitute for the 7 to 15 per cent "knock-em-out" highball of a short generation ago. This latest electric jag is reputed to be the invention of one Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco, Cal., an electro-medical specialist of international reputation. Whether or not a long-suffering, water-drinking public will take kindly to Dr. Abrams' latest invention, the electric jag machine, remains to be seen. One thing is certain, however, and that is that with the proper strength and frequency of electric current applied to the brain and nerve centres a very soothing or quieting effect on the nerves and system in general is produced.



AN ELECTRIC JAG WHILE YOU WAIT.

Hence, if we are to believe the assertions of the average cocktail lover, who invariably states that "he drinks because it quiets his nerves," then we should indeed find solace in this fluid-less electric cocktail mixed by Dr. Abrams. Such a current as here involved is available from the high frequency machine to be found in every physician's office, and in many of our homes, this machine being known variously as an ultra-violet ray machine or more commonly as a violet-ray machine.

In any case, if the high frequency current is used the voltage will be in the neighborhood of several hundred thousand usually, while the frequency of the current will be in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand cycles per second. There are other ways of producing a soothing effect on the nerves, and in fact "electric sleep" by low voltage currents which cannot be felt, but which have a certain and carefully graduated frequency of interruption. Several years ago, Dr. Louise C. Rabinovitch demonstrated electrical

anesthesia in New York City when she placed a rabbit and other animals in an unconscious state and performed surgical operations on them, while they were under the influence of the interrupted electric current. The current in this case, was a direct or continuous variety, such as that obtained from a battery and was interrupted by a commutator device rotated at high speed by an electric motor. It will thus be seen that the "electronic" high-ball" has some very plausible possibilities for the immediate future, especially if the newly proposed 275 beer and light wine bills are finally throttled.

It should be mentioned in regard to the experiments of Dr. Rabinovitch that not only was complete anaesthesia produced, but also any degree of sub-consciousness could be readily obtained at will. To-morrow we'll probably be able to drop a nickel in a slot and refresh ourselves with an electric highball, the effect of such currents, whether of high or low frequency, being very invigorating and stimulating to the nervous system.

The Country Girl and the City

By Sophie Irene Loeb. Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

THE other day a man was brought into court on the charge of abduction. He had taken a girl from her small-town home into the big city.

Her plea was: "I told me one of the good times I could have here and of the fine clothes I would wear. I became dissatisfied with my home and had quarrels with my mother. I wrote to him, asking him to come to my home and take me to the city."

"He took me to a furnished room house. He told the landlady we were husband and wife. "The next day he bought me a silk dress, silk stockings and silk underwear."

But to-day the silk dress and the silk stockings and the silk underwear mean nothing to this girl. She longs for the country. Back where she was protected. She is anxious for her mother.

She has had her lesson and the lure of the city is now lost to her. She wants none of it. When, oh when will they recognize the conqueror who comes from crowded corners to the quiet valleys and tells "fantastic stories of the distance—of unseen vistas and interest—of life."

When, oh when will they beware of the smooth tongue of the world-wise and the wary of the age-old promises that are never kept? When, oh when will they learn from instances like this that there always comes the sickening reality of a life devoted and of promises unkept? Let there be light before the real darkness comes, so as to keep young women from descending into the valley of shadows. No young woman is safe who forgets the wholesome lessons that mother taught. Every country girl must understand that, unless she goes with her husband, she must not listen to the man who paints pictures of the great city, for it is but a lure. She must understand that if she asks her to deceive her mother there is something wrong about it. The man who is honest and straightforward and really means to give a girl a chance to see the city, or appear to her, will see out the direct, honest course.

WHAT Do You Know?

- 1. In what branch of science is a Leyden jar used? 2. Of what nationality was the famous regiment called the "Black Watch"? 3. During what war was the Heenan fly brought into this country? 4. What kind of fruit in California is protected from frost by a smudge? 5. What is a trout called in which Indians live? 6. What is the best known constellation in the Southern Hemisphere? 7. What language is spoken by the people who live in the Pyrenees Mountains? 8. What Roman built the first wall in England to protect them from the sea? 9. What is the chief ingredient in litharge? 10. What great English poet became blind? 11. What explorer wrote "In Dark-ness Africa"? 12. By whom was the platform scale invented?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS. 1. Electricity; 2. Scotch Highlanders; 3. Revolutionary; 4. Oranges; 5. Wisconsin; 6. Southern Cross; 7. Hauser; 8. Agricol; 9. August; 10. Mithras; 11. Milton; 12. Paul Brainerd.