

# Hi-jacking the Face

*"Everything about you can be altered. I've seen men whose chins couldn't be distinguished from the napes of their necks, an' after an hour with the surgeon they come out with underjaws that can be used for sideboards"*

*Uncle Henry*

**I**T'S wonderful what modern science can do for the human face an' figure," commented Uncle Henry. "Why, it's nothin' at all for surgeons to take men an' women at fifty an' sixty, an' fix 'em up so that they don't look a day over seventy. Up-to-date doctors even get out style sheets, an' mail-order houses have a full line of features that they send on approval. The twentieth-century mug might almost be called Fashion's Playground."

"There are blunders now an' then, of course. Only last week I was readin' about an elderly banker who took injections of paraffine to restore the youthful plumpness of his cheeks. Unfortunately, the stuff didn't stay put. After a few days it meandered down into the neighborhood of his gills, givin' him an effect of turkey wattles, an' when hot weather came on, it collected under his chin in great pouches that made him look like a kangaroo with young."

"An' there was the case of that Boston woman who had her face lifted by a nearsighted surgeon. On account of missin' some of the survey pegs, he hiked her map so high it raised the heels a foot from the ground, an' she had to teeter along on the tips of her toes. As a consequence, she was forced to stay off the public streets, for people followed her in great crowds, thinkin' she was about to break the record for the standin' broad jump."

"Gland operations have also been attended by many upsets. Did you see where that Austrian specialist put in a pituitary that had somethin' wrong with its control? The patient shot up to eight feet almost at once, an' when they tried to correct it, dropped to three feet. Up an' down he went, despite efforts at adjustment, an' now the poor

devil is bein' used as a freight elevator in a Vienna office buildin'.

"As a usual thing, however, the operations are almost as easy as gettin' a spare part for your automobile. Face liftin', for instance, is now so simple that even the most childish can do it, an' do. Some women actually take scissors an' needle to a party, an' when they look down an' see their lap full of chins, they jes' step into one of the bedrooms for a few minutes, an' come back lookin' a little older than they did before."

"The whole body, as a matter of fact, is sharin' in the onward and upward movement. Nearly all the big construction companies have put in apparatus for liftin' the ankles of women hikers, an' the Department of Weights down at Washington is experimentin' with a special derrick for hips. A stomach skid has been invented so that abdominal fullness can be raised to help out the chest, or else carried right on over to fill in between the shoulder blades."

## Everything Can be Altered

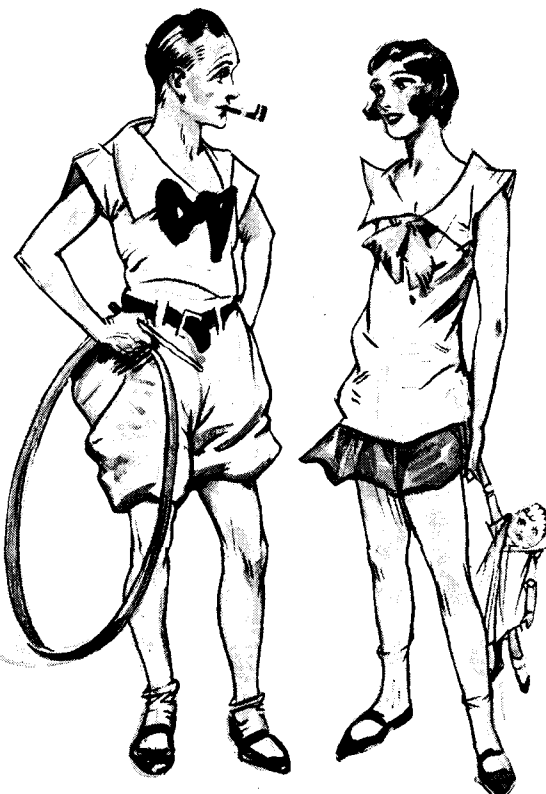
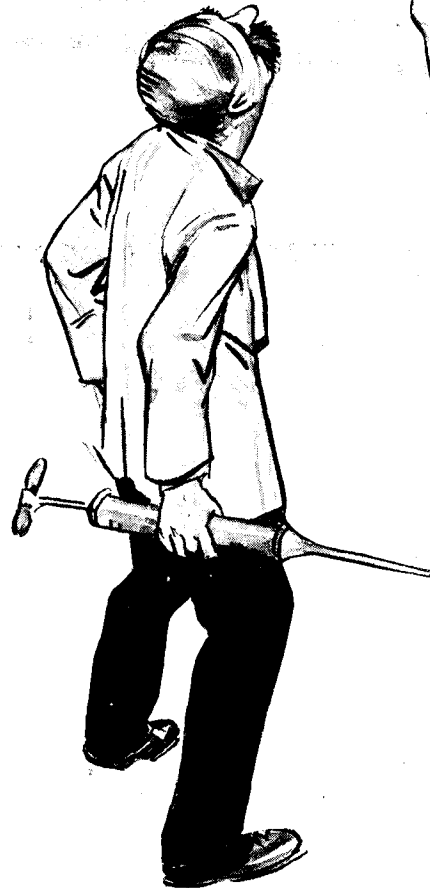
"No longer are we compelled to rest satisfied with what nature did to us. Doctors are able to sew in eyelashes that can't be told from the real thing a mile away; ears can be trimmed the same as a privet hedge, an' moved around like shrubbery; you can order dimples by the dozen, an' have 'em put in while you wait, an' a mouth like the Grand Canyon can be changed into a Cupid's bow. As for the nose, no longer will the poet sing:

'You may break, you may shatter,  
The face if you will,  
But the shape of the nose  
Will cling to it still.'

"Roman beezers, with a bridge almost as bad as that of San Luis Rey, can be graded down to the street level, an' noses built on the lines of a sunken garden can be given an impressive sky line. Nostrials can be taken in or let out so as to get slim, severe lines or a bouffant effect. It's so easy that any doctor can change the shape of a nose with his eyes shut. Judgin' from results, that's what most of 'em do."

"Everything about you can be altered. I've seen men whose chins couldn't be distinguished from the napes of their necks, an' after an hour with the surgeon they come out with underjaws that can be used for sideboards. Bowlegs are straightened, kneecaps cocked at a jauntier angle, an' there's even a high-powered gun

The patient shot up to eight feet almost at once, an' when they tried to correct it, dropped to three



Even grown-up sons an' daughters run the risk of bein' poisoned unless they dress in rompers

that shoots hair into bald heads. You've got to be careful to pick a good shot, however. It would be awful to have him miss, an' give you sideburns."

"Most amazin' discovery of all, however, is the gamma ray. You've seen 'em wash a hill away with high-pressure hose, haven't you? Well, that's what the gamma ray does with flesh. It banishes abdominal profiles overnight, an' gives the stoutest figure a boyish bob inside a week. It's like an Aimee Semple McPherson meetin' when men an' women who have gone along for years not knowin' how their other half lived, are given sight of their feet. Heart-rendin' sobs divide time with shouts of praise."

"Heigh-ho! Between you an' me, 'Lonzo, I think the world's gone crazy. Everybody wants to be young, an' old age is as shameful as cotton stockin's an' woolen underwear. Ask people how old they are, an' they refuse to answer on the ground it might incriminate 'em."

"Females are the worst, of course. As a matter of truth, the only old women left in the world are those between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. Grandmothers used to be proud of the fact that they were, but now grandmothers must be protected by stringent game laws, an' even grown-up sons an' daughters run the risk of bein' poisoned unless they dress in rompers."

"It's the pendulum swing of life, I suppose. Twenty or thirty years ago, old age was all the rage. Youth was

looked on with dark distrust, an' the ability of a doctor or a lawyer was measured by his whiskers. No man could be elected to high position until he'd been a sufferer from creepin' palsy for the last ten years. The highest office in the gift of an administration was the wheel-chair privilege for the senate."

"Now it's the other way 'round. The associations opposed to capital punishment have stated they will do nothin' in the case of men with beards. Industry calls in the veterinary for all men over fifty, an' writes letters of congratulations to the widows."

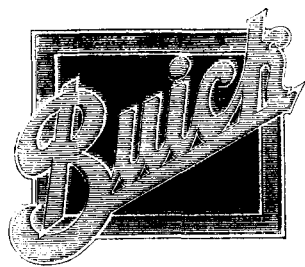
"If you ask me, one extreme is jes' as silly as the other. Brains an' character aren't things that can be measured by years, nor is a birth certificate any infallible test of ability."

## A Game That Fools No One

"What makes the whole rejuvenation business so silly, 'Lonzo, is that these remades an' repaints never fool anybody. Nature has a fixed scheme of things, an' it's mighty hard to take liberties with the dame an' get away with it. When an old bird dyes his hair a rich jet black, all that it does is to make his skin look like a fish belly warped by long exposure to the sun."

"After all," said Mr. Stubbs, oracularly, "beauty is only skin deep."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "an' almost any beauty doctor can skin you."



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# The Prince's Darling

By  
George R.  
Preedy

## The Story Thus Far:

**DELPHICUS DE HAVERBECK**, a young army officer, and **Johann Georg**, the spoiled young Elector of Saxony, are madly in love with **Madelon von Neitschütz**. The girl is lovely and beautiful. She adores **De Haverbeck**. But, urged by her impecunious father and brothers, she agrees to marry the ruler. **Johann Georg**, however, learns the truth. Furious, he marries another woman and forces **Madelon** to become his mistress.

Heartbroken, **De Haverbeck** leaves the country. Soon news of his brilliant military exploits reaches **Madelon**, who contrives to have him sent to Dresden. He arrives, and the girl implores him to flee with her, only to be met with harsh rebuffs.

Working with spies, **Count Stürm**, enemy of the **von Neitschütz** and Minister of State of Saxony, weaves a web of lies and half-truths about the two lovers; after which he has the young soldier arrested and thrown into the **Königsberg**. It is his intention merely to get **De Haverbeck** (whom he admires) out of the way until he can bring about the downfall of **Madelon**. But **Johann Georg** has other plans. Rushing to **De Haverbeck's** cell, he informs the prisoner that **Madelon** has confessed; that she ordered his arrest, desires his death.

**De Haverbeck** prepares for the end. He writes a letter to **Madelon** in which he confesses his love for her. This letter he gives to a Lutheran pastor, who promises to deliver it. Then he kills himself, by opening an old wound, and his body is sent to the border, where it is given out that he "died on the journey."

**Madelon** knows nothing of the fate of her lover. **Johann Georg**, enraged by what he regards as her perfidy and wickedness, but still desperately in love with her, questions her, talks to her. Then: "Last night, **Madelon**," he says, "a man was executed in the **Königsberg**."

**"POOR wretch!"** shivered **Madelon**. "It is frightful to have so much power. A human creature may scarcely bear it. Was **Count Stürm** in this?" she asked, curiously apprehensive.

"**Ferdinand Stürm**," replied the Elector, stupidly, "is a devil."

"Let us," whispered **Madelon**, "converse of something agreeable. I must vanquish this overcrowded humor of yours with some gayety."

"I think," muttered the Elector, suddenly seizing her hand, "that I'll never be gay again, or else I'll walk in a mist of phantoms and some ugly vision that will not lift even with the day."

His blue eyes stared over **Madelon's** head as if he were searching some far distance for an expected and dreaded apparition.

"And I was once merry enough," he added. "I thought there was no prince in the world as grand as I when I had you first, **Madelon**."

Her low rich voice answered him with a stately assurance that his passion was not extinct but smoldering.

"It is only a little cloud that has come between us—of hesitation and doubt. We must love each other, we must."

"What has come between us?" interrupted the Elector, with an eager sullenness. "What has come between us?"

And he wondered if, even while now she lay in his arms, she would mention the other man's name. But **Madelon**

de **Rocklitz** mentioned no name. Neither of them brought to their lips their secret terrors, and fears, and shames.

**Madelon** had the more quiet conscience and the serener mind; she did not even have the thought of that terrible paper in the Bible which came now and then to distract her lover, and she could dwell on pleasanter themes than he—vague, uncertain, impossible themes, but sweet enough. She was so young and would be beautiful so long. . . . Surely, she and that man driving now to Vienna to be rid of her enchantment must meet again. She was weary, fatigued. But she exerted herself, remembering her father and the flight of **Clement**, and the possible danger for all of them. This was her moment, now she had it in her power; perhaps tomorrow all her enemies would be flocking about him again and poisoning his weakness against her.

"Have you," she asked, "dismissed **Count Stürm**? Is he not something at the bottom of this trouble you are in?"

She felt his breath heave beneath her and break in a half sob.

"**Stürm** is a devil," he repeated, hoarsely. "A treacherous, difficult, clever devil! . . . If it hadn't been for **Stürm** arresting him, I had never—"

He broke off.

"He's been a devil to me, I doubt not," murmured **Madelon**. "Send him away. He works in the dark against me. He tells you lies. He will make dark insinuations and there will be no truth in any of them."

"WHAT do truth or lies matter, **Madelon**?" said the Elector wearily. "Kiss me and hold me, and let us take what we can before all is lost."

She believed that he would sleep where he sat, holding her, but he sud-

"It is only," she told herself, "to have a game of make-believe. He has just come from Paris, and it is amazing how he has grown! A young man now, and I am still a child and must play with the children"

Illustrated by  
Joseph Simont



denly put her aside, with a movement of almost rough vigor, and again commanded her to attire herself for his pleasure.

She must go to his cabinet of Dutch walnut and bring out more of his jewels; she must pull open the drawers of his cinnabar lacquer cabinet and bring out his collars and chains; treasures that his father had kept jealously locked in the green vaults this young man kept recklessly in his bedchamber. He flung her a key and she must unlock a wardrobe of cypress wood and bring out his swords and lay them at his feet; all this **Madelon** did obediently.

**SHE** trembled before his mood. He made her light more candles—wax tapers on the mantelshelf, on the bureau, on the table with the Bible, on the table with the wine in a rock crystal flagon, on the table with the cracked green marble top and the keys, so that all in the chamber was brightly illuminated, save the upper part of the bed, shadowed by the stiff curtains of scarlet Venetian brocade surmounted by coronets of purple ostrich feathers.

With his flushed blue eyes on **Madelon**, **Johann Georg** laid out his treasures—five collars of the Golden Fleece of different stones, onyx, Hungarian opals, cat's-eyes, agates, Bohemian garnets, zircons of red flushed with orange, all mounted with diamonds, all striving to emulate the most beautiful and perilous of the elements, fire. From one collar hung the largest carbuncle in the world—angry yellow, blazing red, a clasp from the helmet of Mars.

"Like flames, **Madelon**," he smiled, "like flames, eh?"

She begged him not to throw these fiery chains around her neck, and he dropped them on the couch where tiny Chinese figures stared from the white silk. He played (Continued on page 30)