# The Bee's - Home - Magazine - Pag

Batter Up!



A Study in Expressions of Girl Athletes, and Incidentally a Strong Argument in Support of Woman's Claim That She Can Vie With Man in Any Branch of Work or Athletics



The Misses Ruth Hoyt (catching) and Caroline Taylor (batting).

Miss Elizabeth Dawson, the star pitcher of Wellesley College.

Miss Gladys Gorman, the captain of the Welles- Miss Ruth Hoyt in characteristic attitude snapped ley Base Ball team.

college during a game between the teams formed by youths. of 1914 and 1915.

These remarkable photographs were | In many ways the girls showed ability to a "big brother" to even think of his sis-It has long been a source of amusement game their eyes would have been opened, out a curve that hardly ever fails to puzzle behind the batter.

Miss Dawson is a wonderful pitcher for her opponents at the bat. taken on the base ball field of Wellesley to handle bat and ball equal to teams ter throwing a ball properly, but could ified as being one of the weaker sex, is herself among women base ball players.

these "big brothers" have attended this phenomenal. And she, too, has rounded They hardly ever "get by" when she is

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS & HANSON BOOTH

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Prof. Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him to the Ainsiles, where he had a social engagement, encountered Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. She, too, is invited by the Ainsiles. When the belated trolley comes, they starn off together, to meet with a wreck. Miss Tabor is stunned and Crosby, assisted by a strange woman passenger. assisted by a strange woman passenger, restores her, finding all her things save a slender golden chain. Crosby searches for this and finds, it holds a wedding ring. Together they go to the Tabors, where father and mother welcome the daughter, calling her "Lady," and give Crosby a rather strained greeting. Cir cumstances suggest he stay over night and he awakens to find himself locked in and he awakens to find himself locked in his room. Before he can determine the cause he is called and required to leave the house. Miss Tabor letting him out and telling him she cannot see him again. At the inn where he puts up he notices Tabor in an argument with a strange Italian sailor. Crosby protects the sailor from the crowd at the inn and goes on to the Ainslies, where he again encounters Miss Tabor, who has teld her hosis nothing of her former meeting with the professor. The two are getting along very well, when Dr. Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and bears her away. Crosby returns to the inn and demands to see Miss Tabor. Reid refuses, but Crosby declines to go antil she tells him herself. Miss Tabor greets him in a strained way and tells him it is her wish he leave and never try to see her again. herself. Miss Tabor greets him in a strained way and tells him it is her wish he leave and never try to see her again, he says he will not unless she send for him. That night she calls him to join in a hurried trib by auto to New York. The chauffeur does not appear to relish the journey, but Crosby fixes the machine and they are driven into a crowded tenement district of the city. Here they ascended several flights of stairs, and found this door at the top blocked. Foreing it open, they discovered the body of Sheila. Miss Tabor's nurse, hleeding from many wourds, but with sizes of life. Carucci, the strange Italian, who is also sheila's husband, is in a drunken stupor in the next room. The chauffeur weakens, but crosby carries the injured woman down to the car, and propares to drive it himself. Crosby succeeds in cluding the police, but the timid chauffeur excapes. With no further adventure the party reaches the Tabor home. Here Crosby learns that Dr. Reid is married to Lady Tabor's sister. The details of the adventure are discussed, and the prospect of its getting into the papers. Crosby is informed that his former ejectment from the Tabor home had been a bluff. Tabor explains how shells came to be the wife of Carucct, and the frouler leatment of the persons who carried off Mrs. Carucci.

CHAPTER XL.

Carucci.

Expressions of the Family and Impressions of the Press.

'At least, it can do us no harm," said Mr. Tabor, while Lady and I exchanged mirthful glances. The more the whole affair is belittled, the less danger there is of any secious gossip or investigation. What I don't like is this sort of thing He crumpled a red and black page across his knee. There is no substance in it, but it might stir up trouble.

For Sallow, Wrinkled, Freckled, Pimpled Skin

If you have any cutaneous blemish, don't use paint, powder or anything else to cover it up. Too often this only emphasizes the defect. Besides, it's much caster to remove the disfigurement with ordinary mercolized wax. Applied nightly, the wax will gradually remove frechles, pimples, blackheads, moth-patches, sallowness, red or yellow blotches, or any surface eruptions. The affected cutcle is absorbed, a little each day, intil the clear, soft, youthful and besuifful skin beneath is brought wholly to view. Ask the druggist for an ounce of mercolized wax and use this like you use cold cream. Remove in morning with soap and water. Many who have tried this simple and harmless treatment report astonishing results.

If bothered with wrinkles or crow's feet, a wash lotion made by dissolving an ounce of powdered saxolite in a half pint witch hazef will prove remarkably effectual.—Advertinement

a struggle.

wife and mother, from her home. They left behind them destruction and a red stain upon the threshhold.

were they not apprehended? "'A swift automobile awaited them.

The police were powerless to stop them his careful smile. as they sped away. "If a poor laboring man, crazed by sor-

of the law awaits him. He can not pur-"Neither can be purchase the machinery of justice, the skill of eminent lawyers, the shifts and delays of appeal. He casier to wait when there are two.

must pay the penalty. "But the rich man pays only his last night's atrocity vanished behind a cloud of gold.

"Shall we permit these things to be so? like a palpable thing. At last Lady's Shail we allow the wealthy to avoid those punishments which we impose upon the poor? This means you,

"They deem themselves already seure; but though they exhaust every device of plutocracy, they shall be brought to justice in the end.

"'We say to them, We know you, and we will find you yet." " "That sounds threatening," I said. "But after all, isn't it just as empty as the

rest? People read that same shrick 366 days in the year, and nothing much ever happens. Do you think there will actually be any extra search because of that " "I'm not so sure." Mr. Tabor answered.

'It may not matter to the police, but the paper itself is quite capable of seeking us out. Indeed, I think we are really most likely to have trouble, not from the authorities, but from reporters." "That's it." Reld added. "You've pur your finger on it. That's what we've got

to look out for. Reporters." "But what can they do?" asked Lady. "Suppose some reporter comes here; we

won't tell him anything, and nobody else has anything to tell." "My dear child, you haven't the slight-

est idea what a newspaper investigation means. If they once get a hint of who we are we shall have a dozen men and women here, questioning everybody in sight-the neighbors, the servants-trying in every possible way to get at something which can be made to look sensational, and printing conjectures if they can't find facts."

"Besides," said Dr. Reid, "the poking and prying would be just as bad as the publicity. Let's look at the case: 'Tisn't that we're trying to conceal a specific fact; we're trying to avoid gossip, trying to avoid appearing in any way unusual, trying to seem like other people. We are like other people, except-well, now, here's the situation. Three points First, we mustn't be bothered by the police; secondly, we mustn't get into the papers; thirdly, we mustn't be investigated or talked about."

We're tolerably safe from the first said I. "if Mr. Tabor is right." "Good. Safe from the first. Then we'll pass right on to the next. Now let's see

what the papers will try to do. Their whole purpose-The tiny tinkle of a bell rippled from averhead. Reid was on his feet in a flash and started for the door. Lady following. I had risen, too, startled at the

tense faces of the rest. "Don't you come, father, dear," she said, turning for an instant in the doorway. "It's probably only for Shella. We'll call you if we need you." I heard their careful footsteps on the stairs. Mr. Tabor had settled back in his chair. the paper lying on his knee, his head forward, and the muscles of his neck rigid

"Last night the perpetrators of a bru- with listening. Somehow in the sharp tal and mysterious crime escaped without | sidelong light he looked much older than I had seen him; more conquerable, more "They abducted a poor woman, a marked by time and trial; and with the listless hands and deep eyes of his night's unrest went a strange look of being physically lighter and less virile than the "'How did these wretches escape? Why formidable old man I had begun to know And as the noiseless minutes went by I grew presumptuously sorry for him.

After a little he relaxed himself with an evident effort and turned to me with

"A family man gets very fussy, Mr. Crosby," he said. "You learn so man; row, commits a crime, the utmost rigor things outside yourself to worry about "Hadn't I better go and leave you all chase a great machine to speed his flight. free?" I asked. "It's getting time, any-WAS.

"I wish you'd stay." he growled, "it's I sat down again and began to talk but neither of us could keep any movemyrmidons. The dastards who committed ment in the conversation. We fell into long silences, through which the weight of the silent anxiety above pressed down

> voice called softly, and we rose. "Don't tell me anything." I said, as I opened the front door, "but if I can be of

any earthly use, I will." "Thank you, Mr. Crosby," he answered, shaking my hand slowly, "I know that.

CHAPTER XII. An Amateur Man Hunt Wherein My Own Position is Somewhat Anxious.

Shells herself opened the door for me "You're Mr. Crosby, I suppose," she said, with that clusive reminiscence of a brogue that may not be put into words. Sure, I'm obliged to you. An awful weight I must have been."

You were no feather." I grinned. Where is Miss Tabor?" "She's in the library, sir, with a young gentleman. There's a letter here for you,

sir." She pointed to a mail-strewn table near the door. Sure enough there was one-from Bob Ainslie, I judged, by the scrawled address. A young gentleman in the library-who

on earth could he be, and what did the fellow want? "I've been three days Inding you, you

see," he was saying, "but I guess there's no doubt I've got you right. Now, I don't want to make any trouble-The rest of the sentence was too low to

hear. I had been ripping absently at the letter, and now I glanced down at it. Then I stared with startled eyes and turned over the envelope and reread the address. It was a dirty envelope, of the same shape as my own which still lay upon the table, and addressed not to me, but to Mr. Taber. I carefully replaced the single sheet and as carefully stowed the whole in an inner pocket. It seemed a matter for Mr. Tabor's eyes alone.

Lady's voice came clearly through the curtained door. I thought it sounded a little strained. Mr. Maclean, I don't see why you

should come to me at all about this matter. If we have a dark green automobile, so have 10,000 people. And your story of millionaire kidnapers on an errand of violence is hardly the kind of thing-if this is a loke, it seems to me to ver poor taste."

"It won't quite do, Miss Tabor." the man answered. "Tisn't a joke, and maybe the best thing you can do is to be frank with me.

"What am I to be frank about? You see, Mr. Maclean, the last man that came in to talk frankly wanted to sell us silver polish. Excuse me, but you have really nothing to sell, have you?"

He laughed, humorously embarrassed. Why, no. At least, I don't want to sell you anythin'. Don't you sometimes call courself Lady?" 'Mr. Maclean!

(Continued Tomorrow.)





Rich Textures Used to Produce Novel and Simple Effects



BY LA RACONTEUSE.

The loveliest textures are used for half season wraps of a delightfully novel and simple type. This photograph shows one of these garments, half cape and half coat, made of a supple red duvetyn.

Advice to the Lovelorn does the kindergarten baby taking a red apple to the teacher. But the kinder-By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

the kind of "love" you are experiencing It Isu't a Question of Shame. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 15 years and very tall for my age. I am passionately in love with a boy of 17 years. I'm sure I know what love is and all the girls of my age do. I don't think any girl who is in love at my age need be ashamed to say it.

A question of shame or not, a girl of 15 years usually declares here love. years usually declares her love. It is after she has grown older and learned

that she never knew what love is that

Of course, you know what love is:

she grows ashamed.

and have been associating for ten years with a gentleman of good standing in with a gentleman or good standing in this community, to the exclusion of all others. He dines at my home occasionally and takes me to theaters and respectable clubs and restaurants. My mother has spoken to him regarding his intentions and he declines to answer.

Don't See Him Again.

garten baby forgets one month who was

its teacher the month before. That is

Don't make the ten years you have wasted increase to sieven. Show a little older.

## History of the Universe on Films Would Be Possible and Marvellous

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Many things are made plain by motion pictures which cannot be so well comprehended in any other way. It would be possible, by taking pho-

days, and then passing them in n wift succession through a lantern, so as to throw them in a continuous series on a screen, to see the plant develop as if its history were concentrated into

the space of a few minutes. This principle being understood, it is concentrated into an hour or two. zeology and satronomy.

cinematograph lantern at the rate of six. continually interchanging places. teen per second, so that, as with ordisuccessor.

ent to us an animated panorama of all terrestrial beings." the geological revolutions that our planet And again he says: "The bottom of years!

They must, of course, be supplied by the studies of geologists, who find in the rocks, and in analogies drawn from the conditions of other worlds studied by astronomers materials with which it is possible to construct a more or less sictailed history of our globe. There can be no doubt that. In their main outlines, the pictures of the remote past thus supplied by geology are very good represenfations of what once really existed. As we read about them in books they are

independence and spirit by refusing to see

Become tine of the Best. Dear Miss Fairlax. I have been keeping company with a joung lady for two
years. We have acknowledged our love
for each other, but her parents are upposed to our marriage, as they think she
can get somebody better. What would
you advise me to do?

H.

It is natural for parents to think no nan is good enough for their daughter. If their objection to you is hased on more serious grounds tyour tack of moral or business qualifications), you must set

yourself to work to improve yourself.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping com-pany with a gentleman seven years my senior. He is very nice and I like him. Nobedy would think by his looks that he is much older than myself. As long as my mother approves of his attentions, is it proper for me to accept them? B Dear Miss Fulriax. I am 35 years of age A girl of th is too young to keep steady

presented separately to our minds' eyes, and we do not get from them a lively

sense of the ceasiers changes by which they have been affected. But with our imaginary cinematograph geology springs to life, and the earth itself becomes like a living thing. Sixteen thousand years of vicissitudes being concentrated into a single second, the very rocks appear to flow like water. The mountains rise like exhalations, and shift their forms, and dissolve away like clouds. The Colorado river carves its nighty canyon through the solid strata'of the rocks as swiftly as a stream of hot water cutting a cleft in a cake of ics. The work of nature's forces during a mil-

The hills rise and sink like waves, and the valleys are as agitated troughs of the sea.

lion years passes before us in a single

The continents heave up their granite backs and stretch forth and retract their easy in imagination to represent the public shores, and play with the engrowth of the earth as if its hundred veloping deep, which now swells up and million years or more of history were submerges them and now sinks into its In profundities and bares their hidden borthis way one may get a wonderfully ders. Not for an instant is the earth at clear conception of the great facts of rest. Not for a minute do its features remain unchanged.

Let us suppose that we were in pos- Man, judging by the experiences of his session of a series of pictures of the ephemeral existence, imagines that the earth taken a thousand years spart, and dry lands and the seas were fixed in extending backward indefinitely into their places by an unalterable decree at geological time. Let us also suppose that the beginning of the uarth's history. But these pictures could be run through a our geological motion picture shows them

"Twenty times in the abort period repnary motion pictures, they would blend resented by one of our geological epochs, indistinguishably, each dissolving into its says the great French geologist. De Launny, "the place occupied by Paris The consequence would be that we has been covered by the waves of the should behold 16,0.0 years of the carth's sea, only to emerge again. There is not history passing before our eyes every a spot on our globe which may not, like second, and in the space of about two Atlantis, be invaded by the ocean, after hours the moving spectacle would pres- having been inhabited, for a moment, by

has undergone in the course of 115,000,000 the opean is that laboratory where future continents are claborated (worked But you may ask: "How are we to out), as well as the tomb wherein are get those pictures, even in an imagina- preserved, like mummies, old continents that have disappeared."

it is only necessary to reflect a little upon such statements in order to construct for onessif cinematographic films covering the past ages of creation, the exhibition of which, by the accelerating stereopticon of the imagination, will show a motion picture wherein the earth becomes an actor infinitely more changeable than Harlequin.

### "Tiz" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet

"TIZ' makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters and bunions.



"TIZ" draws out the acids and polsons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on our feet "TIZ" brings resiful foot gomfort. 'TIZ' is wonder-

ful for tired, aching swollen, smarting feet. Your feet just tingle for joy; sheen never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now from company with any man, no matter how any druggist or department store. End destrable he may be. If he is of the right foot torture forever-wear smaller about. sort, he will prefer, for your sake, wait- keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. ing until you are at least three years Just think! a whole year's feet comfort for only 3 cents