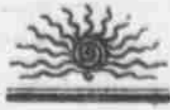


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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 Wellesley Base Ball team.

Miss Ruth Hoyt in characteristic attitude snapped while catching.

These remarkable photographs were taken on the base ball field of Wellesley college during a game between the teams of 1914 and 1915.

In many ways the girls showed ability to handle bat and ball equal to teams formed by youths. It has long been a source of amusement

to a "big brother" to even think of his sister throwing a ball properly, but could these "big brothers" have attended this game their eyes would have been opened.

Miss Dawson is a wonderful pitcher for a girl. Her speed, considering she is classified as being one of the weaker sex, is phenomenal. And she, too, has rounded out a curve that hardly ever fails to puzzle

her opponents at the bat. As a catcher Miss Hoyt is in a class by herself among women base ball players. They hardly ever "get by" when she is behind the batter.

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS by HANSON BOOTH
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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Prof. Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley, saw a woman in a blue dress, who he had seen at a social engagement, encountered Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. She, too, is invited by the Almalies. When the belated trolley comes, they start off together, to meet with a wreck. Miss Tabor is stunned and Crosby, assisted by a strange woman passenger, restores her, finding all her things saved a slender golden key. Crosby searches for this and finds it holds a wedding ring. Together they go to the Tabor's, where father and mother welcome the daughter, calling her "Lady," and give Crosby a rather strained greeting. Circumstances suggest he stay over night, 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, leaving 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 Almalies, where he again encounters Miss Tabor, who has said her best nothing of her former meeting with the professor. The two are getting along very well, when Dr. Waterfield, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and bears her away. Crosby returns to the inn and demands to see Miss Tabor. She refuses, but Crosby declines to go until 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. He says he will not unless she send for him. That night she calls him to join a hurried trip by auto to New York. The chauffeur does not appear to recall 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 the door at the top blocked. Forcing it open, they discovered the body of Shelia, Miss Tabor's nurse, bleeding from many wounds, but with signs of life. Carried to the strange Italian, who is also Shelia's husband, he is a drunken stupor in the next room. The chauffeur awakens, but Crosby carries the injured woman down to the car, and prepares to drive it himself. Crosby succeeds in eluding the police, and is started to New York. With no further adventure the party reaches the Tabor home. Here Crosby learns that Dr. Reid, the doctor who 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 elopement from the Tabor home had been a bluff. Tabor explains how Shelia came to be the wife of Carucci, and the trouble the Italian had made for the family. The newspapers come with sensational accounts of the fate of the night before, but no names of the persons who carried off Mrs. Carucci.

CHAPTER XI.
Expressions of the Family and Impressions of the Press.
(Continued.)
"At least it can do us no harm," said Mr. Tabor, while Lady and I exchanged thoughtful glances. "The more the whole affair is belittled, the less danger there is of any serious 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 conceals the defect. Use the only remedy to remove the disfigurement with ordinary mercerized wash. Applied nightly, the wax will gradually remove freckles, pimples, blackheads, mottled patches, sallowness, red or yellow blotches, or any surface eruptions. The affected outside is clear, soft, youthful and beautiful skin beneath is brought wholly to view. Ask the druggist for an ounce of mercerized wash 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 grooves, a wash lotion made by dissolving an ounce of powdered ascorbic in a half pint with nasal will prove remarkably effective. —Advertisement

Fashion

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 duvetyne.

Advice to the Lovelorn
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
It isn'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 her love. It is after she has grown older and learned that she never knew what love is that she grows ashamed.
Of course, you know what love is, so

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 photographs of a growing plant at intervals of a few hours, or a few days, and then passing them in swift 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 easy in imagination to retrace the growth of the earth as if its hundred million years or more of history were concentrated into an hour or two. In this way one may get a wonderfully clear conception of the great facts of geology and astronomy. Let us suppose that we were in possession of a series of pictures of the earth taken a thousand years apart, and extending backward indefinitely into geological time. Let us also suppose that these pictures could be run through a cinematograph lantern at the rate of sixteen per second, so that, as with ordinary motion pictures, they would blend indistinguishably, each dissolving into its successor. The consequence would be that we should behold 15,000 years of the earth's history passing before our eyes every second, and in the space of about two hours the moving spectacle would present to us an animated panorama of all the geological revolutions that our planet has undergone in the course of 15,000,000 years! But you may ask: "How are we to get these pictures, even in an imaginative form?" 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, material with which it is possible to construct a more or less detailed 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 representations of what once really existed. As we read about them in books they are presented separately to our minds' eyes, and we do not get from them a lively sense of the ceaseless 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 mighty canyon through the solid strata of the rocks as swiftly as a stream of hot water cutting a cleft in a cake of ice. The work of nature's forces during a million years passes before us in a single minute. The hills rise and sink like waves, and the valleys are as agitated troughs of the sea. The continents heave up their granite backs and stretch forth and retract their pebbly shores, and play with the enveloping deep, which now swells up and submerges them, and now sinks into its profundities and bares their hidden borders. Not for an instant is the earth at rest. Not for a minute do its features remain unchanged. Man, judging by the experiences of his ephemeral existence, imagines that the dry lands and the seas were fixed in their places by an unalterable decree at the beginning of the earth's history. But our geological motion picture shows them continually interchanging places. "Twenty times in the short period represented by one of our geological epochs," says the great French geologist, De Launay, "the place occupied by Paris has been covered by the waves of the sea, only to emerge again. There is not a spot on our globe which may not, like Atlantis, be invaded by the ocean, after having been inhabited for a moment by terrestrial beings." And again he says: "The bottom of the ocean is that laboratory where future continents are elaborated (worked out), as well as the tomb wherein are preserved, like mummies, old continents that have disappeared." It is only necessary to reflect a little upon such statements in order to construct for oneself cinematographic films covering the past ages of creation, the exhibition of which, by the accelerated stereoscopic 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 poisons 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 your feet "Tiz" brings restful foot comfort. "Tiz" is wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight. Get a 25 cent box of "Tiz" now from any druggist or department store. End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents.

