

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Woman's Crowning Glory and How to Care for It Simple Home Rules for the Preservation of the Hair Told by a Triple Beauty Prize Winner.

By MAUDE MILLER.

WHAT would you think if you had won three beauty prizes with your hair? If experts all over the country had told you that your hair was perfect, length, color and quality, and that you had a perfectly healthy scalp?

I think you would be very vain about your tresses and would imagine that you had gained possession of a beauty secret that no one else could know anything about.

Miss Mary Cranston, who is one of B. F. Keith's stars, is the lucky possessor of this wonderful head of hair, and she attributes its beauty to a very simple treatment of her own.

"Would you like to see my hair?" she said, shaking the wonderful gold mass down over her shoulders. "I do it up so simply that I never need a mirror, and the oftener I have it through it, the better I am pleased."

"I always wash my hair thoroughly



Miss Cranston says:

"I always wash my hair thoroughly once a week.

"Before the shampoo I rub a small amount of vaseline into the scalp.

"I use plain castile for washing my hair.

"In the last rinsing water I squeeze the juice of half a lemon."

MISS MARY CRANSTON, WINNER OF THREE BEAUTY PRIZES.

once a week, and just before the shampoo, I rub a small amount of vaseline into the scalp.

"This softens the cuticle and opens the pores, so that not only the hair itself comes out from the shampoo soft and glossy, but all the dead skin particles that cling to the scalp, in spite of any amount of brisk rubbing, are cleared away, and the blood has a chance to circulate freely, so that the process of nourishing the hair is not interfered with.

"I use plain castile soap for washing, and in the last rinsing water I squeeze the juice of half a lemon. This is my own idea, and there is nothing in the world so good for imparting lustre to the hair.

### "USE AS FEW HAIRPINS AS POSSIBLE."

"Hair to be beautiful should be of a uniform length, not thick on the head and uneven at the ends. And that is why I wear my hair as simply as possible. Hairpins are responsible for all the broken ends of hair. If girls would only remember this, and would use as few hairpins as possible, there would never be so many short ends to worry about.

"Talking about hair brings me to the very latest idea in hairdressing—colored wigs. I wear a colored wig myself on the stage, but simply as a novelty, for they will never become popular. To become popular a thing must be in itself of enough importance to interest practically every one; otherwise it never comes to stay.

"Colored hair is a wild freak of fashion. It isn't even becoming to people. It is simply the fact of a moment, and as such deserves nothing more than a little leniency until fashion shall turn its back on it forever."

And with a few clever twists Miss Cranston had piled all her wonderful hair up under a tiny green hat, and almost before I could tell her how beautiful I thought it was she had said goodby and was gone.

"MY HAIR IS ALWAYS SOFT AND GLOSSY."

## Unbalanced Social Conditions

Egypt, Persia, Babylonia, Greece and Rome Were Founded Upon Slavery and Fell

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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For thoughtful people who wonder why women want the vote in England so badly, the following statistics may prove of interest.

They are authentic and are worth pondering over.

In England 10,000 people die every year from tuberculosis and 50,000 suffer from it. This terrible disease is caused by a lack of conveniences and decencies of life. Fresh air and sanitary surroundings are needed. Ten a cent, however, can have no say as to how the abject slum in which they exist shall be ordered or policed.

England has an area of 7,000,000 acres and a population of 42,000,000. More than one-half the land is owned by 2,500 persons. Less than 10,000 people own two-thirds of the total land of Scotland, Ireland and England. There are 35,000,000 people that have not any land at all, and consequently not any homes of their own. The average amount of land owned by the British peer is 10,000 acres. There is one peer who owns over 1,000,000 acres. The average land owned by the British cottager is one-quarter of an acre. The phrase "bless our native land," in the British national anthem, is rather meaningless to all but a few thousand British subjects.

The annual income of Great Britain, from land and rent, is about \$42,000,000 a week. About one-half of this goes to 6,000,000 people whose annual incomes range from \$500 up. There are 10,000,000 that are so poor that they cannot provide the necessities of life. The average wage of these is \$5 a week. The average wage of the 6,000,000 industrial women is \$1.35 a week. The paupers of England, if lined

up four abreast, would make a line four miles long.

Egypt, Persia, Babylonia, Greece and Rome were founded upon slavery, and slavery, corrupted and unbridled, finally overthrew them. History emphasizes this instruction in the downfall of Egypt, when 2 per cent of its people owned 97 per cent of its wealth.

In Persia, when 1 per cent of its inhabitants owned all the land; in Babylonia, when 2 per cent of its citizens controlled all that was produced; in Greece and Rome, when 100 persons owned sufficiently well to force service and tribute from the then known world.

Of the 100,000,000 people in the United States, 80,000,000 are without lands or homes of their own.

This, more than any other statement that can be made, shows the failure of the United States as a government of the people for the people; for it was to set lands and homes of their own that the colonists, that founded the republic, left Great Britain. This was their ideal. They had no other.

Prof. Charles J. Bushnell, in a lecture at Washington, D. C., August 1907, said: "The control of the nation's wealth, and through it, of the nation itself, is fast centering into the hands of a few. It is said that the control of one-twelfth of the nation's wealth is represented at the meeting of the twenty-four directors of the United States Steel corporation alone, and that the all-important railway systems of the country are controlled by just six men; with only one supremely dominant."

On the other hand, 10,000,000, or one-tenth of the people of the country are in constant poverty, while 4,000,000 are paupers.

"Under the pressure of these abnormal conditions, drinking, smoking, murder, suicide, insanity, robbery, graft and social vice are increasing faster than the population, causing financial loss that more than counterbalances our annual national gain of wealth.

"The modern trust is the response under individualistic conditions to the inevitable

demand for a more unified and economical business organization."

A student of the stars in casting this horoscope of Vincent Astor and his bride-to-be, mentioned an industrial and social revolution in 1915. After reading the figures quoted above, this threatened revolution does not seem an improbable occurrence.

Meantime, constructive efforts at better conditions are being made by a society in Cincinnati, O.

The more people think about these things, the better for all of us. The day is not far off when every one will be obliged to think seriously of our social conditions.

Better begin now.

## "Fifty Men Who Think"

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Can you give me a list of the fifty living who really think?"

A.—It is not usual to pay high honors to the master minds of the world until after they have "passed out" or died. But I will mention the names of a few, because the entire world has already classed them as masters, that is, men able to add to the already vast sum of human knowledge.

I suppose that Joseph J. Thomson, Cavendish laboratory, Cambridge, England, now stands at the head of the hill-towns in existence—electrons. That is, he broke up the chemical atom that had ruled from the days of Democritus and Leucippus, the Greeks, down to Dalton and Thomson. These, not atoms, were the first entities in the universe.

Thomson is also an exalted mathematician, and therefore was in possession of the colossal power to show the mathematical place of these electrons in nature. Newton wrought three mighty works: He discovered universal gravitation; he discovered differentials; or the consecutive state, and then put them to incessant use. Here are some others:

Madam Curie, the discoverer of radium, who was able to add to knowledge; Ernest Rutherford, the great manipulator of electrons, and discoverer of the mathematical laws of radium emanations.

Albert A. Michelson, who with constant demand for a more unified and economical business organization."

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summate skill measured the absolute length of waves of cadmium light, now accepted by the entire scientific world as the set and fixed-for-all-time standard of length. He found the absolute number of wave-lengths in one absolute centimeter, so that if the meter, the bar of platinum-iridium in France, were destroyed, a new one could be made with unerring accuracy.

Robert Andrews Millikan, who started every scientific man in the world by actually isolating and weighing one electron. This seemingly impossible thing elicited the admiration of all students of nature on earth.

William Ramsey, in his near approach to nature's arcane place, the absolute zero of temperature, in the terrific cold of solid helium. I saw him handle liquid hydrogen so cold that if you touch it with the finger you are ready for its amputation.

Valdemar Poulsen, the inventor of the astonishing instrument, the telegraphone. Here words are impotent in description. But the energy that causes sound in the aural areas of a personality's brain is actually put into and taken out of the first layer of the molecules of metal on a disk instead of the indentations on a phonographic record. That is, a highly polished smooth disk of metal will talk to you. Edison—little use to try to recount his marvellousness—he studied during the regulation time of mathematician, from ten to twenty hours daily.

Charles Proteus Steinmetz, another twenty-hour man; he knows what a gigantic alternator will do before they build it. His equations in electrical engineering are classic and are published around the world.

I cannot take space to mention more, save Brashear, the millionth-of-an-inch in accuracy man, the spectro-balometer and lens maker. But the mighty recent dead; Kelvin, the master that deduced the equations for the Atlantic cables; and a greater, the simply amazing mathematical formulas upon which are now based all wireless work. And with awe, when I write the names Poincaré and Newcomb, the supreme mathematicians, for all other mathematicians look upon them with a veneration that cannot be told in words. They both added integrals to the growing list, and created new equations out toward infinity itself.

Professor Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him into Boston, where he has a social engagement, encounters Miss Tabor, whom he had met the previous winter at a social party. They compare notes, and find they are bound for the same place, and waiting for the same car. While waiting they talk of themselves in a casual way, and Crosby imagines he has touched on something closely personal to Miss Tabor. They start on the trolley journey, and the car is overturned. When Crosby recovers consciousness, he finds himself unharmed, but with a fair, strange girl in his arms. The trolleyman and the conductor leave Crosby and Miss Tabor in charge, and they set about to restore the girl to consciousness. When she recovered she seemed rather annoyed at the conditions. Crosby finds his pockets have been emptied, but recovers everything. Miss Tabor finds all her articles but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this but on it hangs a wedding ring. The girl suggests they leave her, but they insist on seeing her safely to her home. Arriving at the Tabor home Crosby is given a fulsome welcome by Mrs. Tabor, and a somewhat mixed reception by Mr. Tabor. They insist on her remaining over night, and he retires. Before he falls to sleep he hears voices in the hall near his door, and finding the door is locked in the room. Before he could learn the reason, he was asked by Miss Tabor to dress and come downstairs. Then he was asked to leave the house and not to come back. No explanation was given him.

I paused at the gate and looked back. In the upper windows light was showing behind the shades, and now and then a swift shadow passed across the pane. Yet the house was altogether quiet, free within and without from any evidence of the unusual. A waning moon glowed large and distorted through the shrubbery, and from all about rose the sweet breath and innumerable tiny voices of the night, comfortable chirps and rustlings, the creak of frogs and the rasp of an occasional katydid; accentuating by their multiplicity and smallness the sense of overwhelming peace. As I went on, a quick movement at my feet made me start, then I smiled to recognize the clumsy hurry of a toad; and the incident seemed to point the contrast between the human tension of the last half-hour and the huge normality of the outer world. With every step it grew more difficult for me to believe in the turmoil from which I had come, the strain and secrecy, the troubled voices and the moving lights became fictitious; as the scenes of a sensational story, plausible in the reading, turn to pastboard and tinsel when we have closed the book. Gently the quiet gloom was real, the hush as fresh aroma of ordinary night.

I had anticipated some difficulty in gaining admission to a country inn at such an hour, but as I climbed the hill I was surprised to see it still open and alight; and a glance at my watch deepened my surprise into astonishment. It was not yet midnight, and I had felt that it was at least 2 or 3 in the morning. So here was another contrast to add to the sense of unreality; and I entered the low-ceiled and dingy little office feeling like Tennyson's Prince returning from a fight with shadows.

My room was cool and pleasant enough, but sleep and excitement had evaporated my drowsiness and I lay thinking in reminiscent circles, trying in vain to puzzle out some theory that would fit the circumstances of the night. The more I reviewed details, the more they seemed to fly apart from any reasonable association, charged as they were with one mysterious electricity. If some accident or sudden trouble had befallen the house, the normal alarm would be motivated, but what mystery would that furnish for driving out its guest? Some unwitting provocation of my own (though I could imagine nothing of the sort) might have made my further presence unbearable, but what of the anxious bustle, the hasty conferences, the errands of the man we had met at the gate? And who was he, by the way, that he should have a latch key and the airs of intimacy, without being, from what I had observed, an inmate of the house? The fear of infectious disease was the only thing that I could imagine that would explain the immediacy of my expulsion. But if I was the bearer of a plague, why had Lady been allowed to talk with me in the hall? Or if one of ourselves had been stricken, why had she denied me for all time, or indeed made any mystery of the matter? Then I remembered her absence during the day; the ring, hidden in her breast, and her hesitation and doubt over asking me to stay the night. Whatever the trouble was, it had cast its shadow before, and I could not rid my mind of the conviction that all these matters must be fitted in, and they must all ultimately find their places in the explanation. At any rate, an explanation was due me, and I meant to have it. Either there had been some foolish mistake or I had been treated outrageously. It was not surprising, I told myself; the sorrows of the skeletons of this family were no business of mine; but I would know by what right they had elected me.

Over the telephone next morning, Mr. Tabor was ominously agreeable. "Certainly," he said. "You have a perfect right to the reason. When you have it, I think you will agree that you have no more cause for complaint than you have for remaining in the neighborhood. I will be down at once."

Half an hour later he was seated in my room, polished, choleric, aquiline, a man to be a fierce friend or a difficult enemy.

## THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS by HANSON BOOTH  
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### You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

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### Now Read On

#### CHAPTER IV. An Insult in the Morning.

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Half an hour later he was seated in my room, polished, choleric, aquiline, a man to be a fierce friend or a difficult enemy.

He wasted no time in approaches. "You ask why you were sent from the house last night. Well, here it is: You have arranged to go to Europe, and are actually on your way there. You see my daughter on a train. You force yourself into her company, presuming upon a very slight acquaintance, and follow her home. You come upon us in such a way that we can hardly avoid receiving you as a guest. Then it develops that you spent two or three hours between here and the station instead of coming straight over; and you arrive after dark. Now, in any case—

"That's distorted and unjust," I interrupted. "I haven't forced myself upon anybody. Besides, we came home as quickly as possible. The trolley—"

I had remembered Miss Tabor's version of the accident. "Go on," I said, "let me hear the whole of this first."

"We aren't discussing terms; the facts are that you throw aside your arrangements very conspicuously; that you follow a young lady entirely out of your way; and that you bring her home at an unreasonable hour, after wandering or loitering about the country. In any case this would have been officious and inconsiderate. But in the case of a man with such a past as yours, it might compromise her seriously. To have you staying at the house afterward was out of the question."

This was too much. "What do you mean?" I said. "There's nothing the matter with my past. It's nothing whatever to be ashamed of, and this is the first time in my life I've been accused of any such thing. My university position is proof enough of that. It's a mistake or an infernal slander."

He looked me straight in the eye. "I know more about you, Mr. Crosby, than you were prepared for," he said quietly. "Don't waste your time in posturing."

"I beg your pardon," I retorted, "you know nothing about me, but you've said decidedly more than one gentleman can say to another without explaining himself. We're two men together. Be so good as to tell me just what you charge me with."

I had risen from my chair, struggling hard for enough self-control to make my words carry conviction. Mr. Tabor sat unmoved while he deliberately lit a cigar, watching me over the end of it.

"I have no desire to dig over your life with you," he said, "any more than I have to continue your acquaintance. I came here to tell you why our invitation to you was withdrawn. Well, I've done so; you have an evil reputation. That's all."

"Excuse me, but that isn't all. It isn't true, and—"

"There is just one more point," he went on; "when you arrived, of course none of us realized who you were or how you had come. Later, when we understood the facts, you would not, under circumstances, have left until this morning. But Mrs. Tabor was so excited over the matter that I saw fit to relieve her immediately, at the cost of disturbing your sleep. I owe you an apology for that, and for that only."

"Look here, Mr. Tabor, said I, more

calmly. "I don't know what you have been told about me, but if it's distasteful it's a damned lie. Now, I'll wait here while you make any inquiries you like. I'll put you in communication with anybody you choose. And when you've looked me up and are satisfied, I shall expect a very complete apology for this whole matter."

"Thank you," he answered. "I am quite satisfied with my present information. I have no further curiosity. And now perhaps I have taken enough of your time. He rose.

"Then I lost my temper. 'That's altogether too thin!' I cried. 'I'm received as your guest, and then I'm locked into my room. I'm sent away in the middle of the night, and told not to ask why. You explain it on the absurd ground that I'm a disreputable character, and then you won't either specify your charges or investigate them. I believe you are making up the whole story to cover something in your own house; and if you were a younger man I'd have it out of you.'

"While I was speaking he had turned composedly to pick up his hat and stick. He faced me now without a quiver of the eyes.

"Don't bluster, Mr. Crosby," he said slowly, uncovering the tip of one yellow tooth in the faintest suspicion of a smile. "It isn't any real use. Well, I won't offer to shake hands, but I'll wish you a pleasant summer after you've forgotten this row. Shall I go first?"

If there was anything more to say, I was too angry to think of it. "After you," I said through shut jaws. "Good morning."

I followed him down to the veranda where we went through a comedy of leave-taking for the benefit of the people in the wicker chairs. At the corner of the building, discreet swinging doors gave entrance to the bar; and as Mr. Tabor started down the drive, there came from within a stream of savage gutturals and the squeak and clatter of an overtilted chair. A stock fellow in a flannel shirt lurched through the swinging doors and followed him at a clumsy run, cursing in a tangle of English and Italian so rapid and furious that by the ear alone I should have thought half a dozen people were involved. It had the multiplied brilliancy of a virtuoso's piano playing. Of the dispute which followed, the words were indistinguishable; but there was no question that each was threatening the other. The Italian danced and raved and gesticulated, while Mr. Tabor pointed a steady forefinger and retorted in low and frosty monosyllables. And presently the foreigner slouched back into the bar, which immediately filled with babbling bystanders. I followed to find him standing physically with his foot upon the low rail, and metaphorically with his back against the wall. He was the sampan that had pursued our trolley car on the day previous; a medium sized, stocky, leather-colored rascal in a shiny black suit and blue flannel shirt, with a blue fur upon his face, and blue tatted marks on his hairy hands.

(To Be Continued Monday.)



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