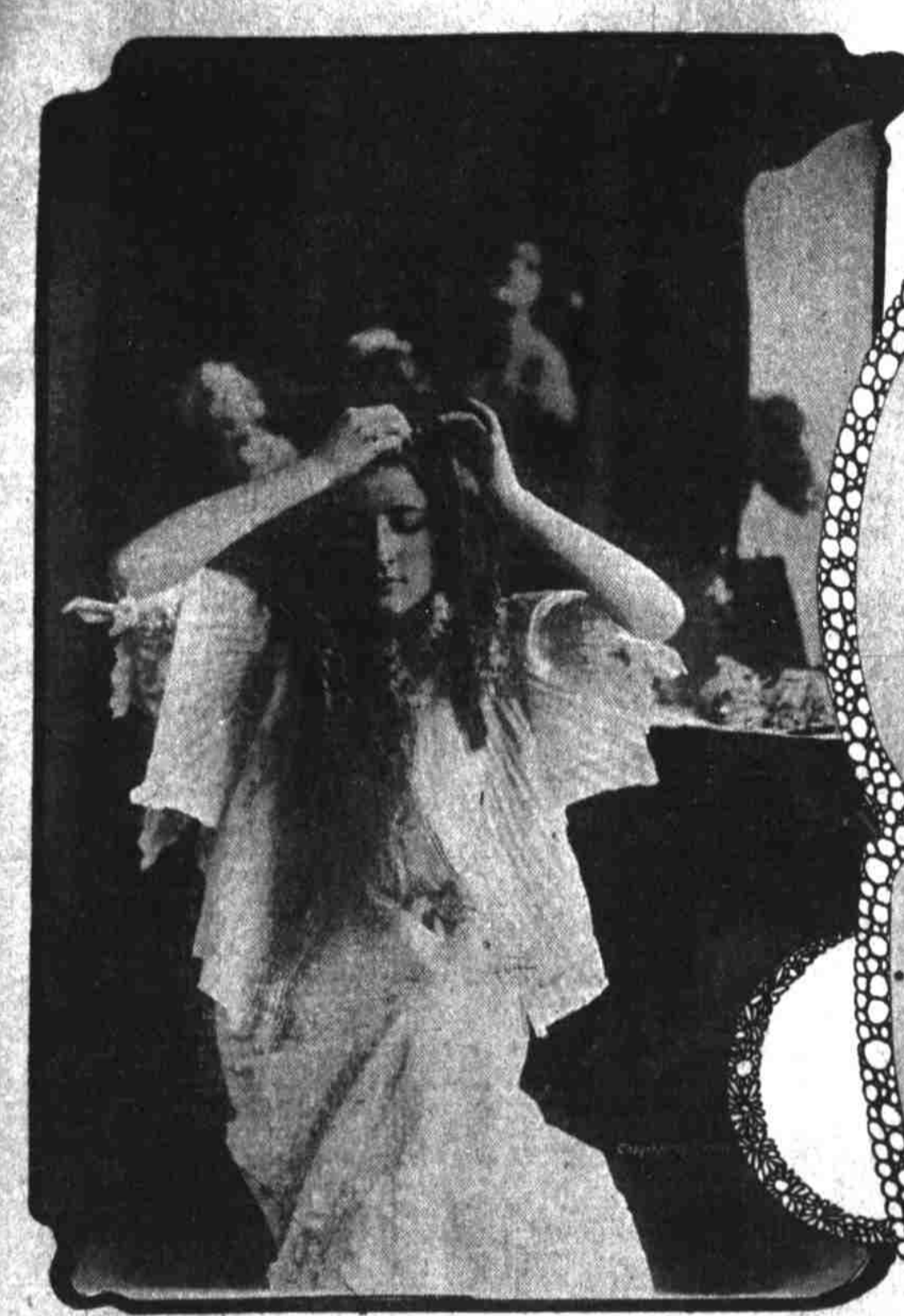
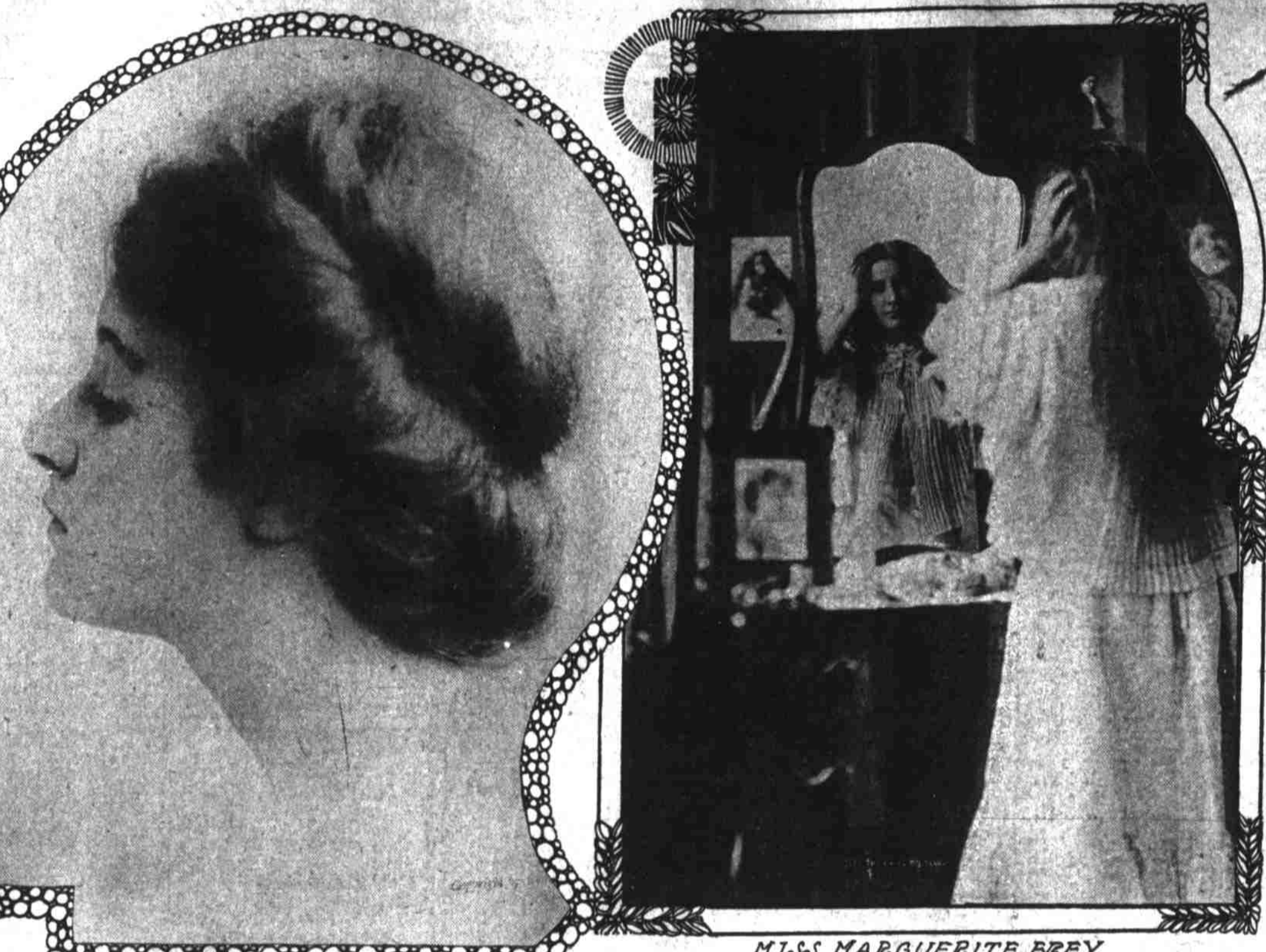


# WOMAN'S CROWN OF GLORY

Marguerite Frey, Winner of the International Beauty Quest. Writes of the Proper Care of the Hair—Points on Beauty by One of the Most Beautiful



MISS MARGUERITE FREY DENVER WINNER OF AMERICA'S BEAUTY CONTEST PHOTO BY ADELIN DE LUX DENVER COPYRIGHT DENVER POST



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**“A** WOMAN'S crown of glory is hair. Therefore, the young girl is unwise who does not care well for the wealth that has been given her, or try to improve the smaller share that is her inheritance. The hair should always be taken down at night, the tangles removed with a coarse, even-toothed comb; the scalp massaged and the hair well brushed and braided. The massage is to invigorate the scalp, the brushing to keep the hair thoroughly clean. Hair in a normal condition should not be washed more than once a month and then by using only pure castile soap. Never put ammonia in the water. The soap should not be rubbed on the hair, but first dissolved in warm water, then with the fingers rubbed well into the hair, making a good lather, after which it should be rinsed thoroughly in warm water, followed by cold. If possible, dry in the sun—a bit of sunshine adds new luster—and to take the hair down and sit in the sunshine for a short time every day is of the greatest benefit.

**Brushing the Hair.**  
The old rule of fifty strokes with a soft, firm brush on each side every night is just as good now as when it was new. It is good for the arms, I surmise, as well as for the hair. If the hair has a tendency to be dry a little olive oil carefully massaged into the roots before the brushing will tend to give it the silken texture which is the perfection for which we are all striving.

Singe the hair whenever the ends are split. Some people are very particular to do this in the light of the moon. I do not know whether the moon has anything to do with its growing, but I am certain the singeing has. **Dandruff and Curling.** Dandruff is a disease, the cause of which no one has discovered. There is no absolute cure, but your druggist or hair dresser can recommend an ointment, which, if massaged into the scalp every night for a week,

following with a castile soap shampoo, which will leave the scalp delightfully clean. The dandruff may not return for several months and it may in less time—like a bad penny, it is sure to come back. But isn't it fine to know even a temporary cure? Do you curl your hair on an iron? If you do be very careful not to burn it. Black hair becomes discolored very easily from too hot an iron. An excellent precaution is to put a little brilliantine on the hair before curling it. I never curl my hair, as you may have noticed. It's just a bit naturally curly. Most young girls do not curl their hair. The few stray locks about the forehead can be made soft and fluffy, forming them into Montague curls held in place with invisible hair-pins. They do not hurt, as some patent curlers, and when combed out in the morning look like a natural wave, and it's infinitely better than using an iron. If you have light hair and it grows dull in color, put a teaspoonful of peroxide in a bowl of water and wash it. This is not what is called bleaching the hair—it's simply touching it up. And, of course, we all want to look just as pretty as we can. **MARGUERITE FREY.**

## THE COUNTRY EDITOR

Some of the Trials and Tribulations of the Man Running a Newspaper in the Average Small Place

**E**ULOGIES and laudatory paragraphs, alternating with sneers, ridicule and deprecations, long have been the lot of the country editor. Pictured in the comic papers as an egotistic clown, exalted by the politicians as a mighty "moulder of public opinion," occasionally chastised by angry patrons and sometimes remembered by delighted subscribers, he has put his errors where they could be read by all men and has modestly sought a fair credit for all his merits. At times he has rebelled—not at treatment from his constituents, but at patronizing remarks of the city journalist who sits at a mahogany desk and dictates able articles for the 18-page daily. Instead of writing local items at a pine table in the office of a four-page weekly. Thus did one voice protest: "When you consider that the country weekly is owned by its editor and that the man who writes the funny things about country papers in the city journals is owned by a corporation for which he writes, it doesn't seem so sad. When you see an item in the city papers poking fun at the country editor for printing news about John Jones' new barn you laugh and laugh—for you know that on one of the pages of that same city daily is a two-column story in regard to the trimmings on the gowns of the Duchess of Whetbarrow. And it is all the more amusing because you know that the duchess does not even own a pair of shoes. The editor of the city paper, while John Jones and many of his neighbors take and pay for the paper which mentioned his new barn. Don't waste your pity on the country newspaper worker. He will get along."

**Helps Advance His Town.**  
After all, no one man in the community has so large an opportunity to assist the town in advancement as the editor. It is not because he is smarter than others, not because he is wealthy, but because he is the spokesman of the outer world.

He is eager to print all the news in his own paper. Does he do it? Hardly. "This would be a very newsworthy paper," exclaimed a frank country editor to his subscribers, "were it not for the fact that each of the four men who work on it has so many friends. By the time all the items that might injure any of their friends is omitted, very little is left."

When joy comes to the household it is but the working of the heart's beat impelling to desire that all should share it. The news that the princess of the family, has after many years of waiting wedded a prosperous merchant of the neighboring county, brings the family into prominence in the home paper. Seldom in these busy times does the editor get a piece of wedding cake, but nevertheless he falls not to say that the bride is "one of our loveliest young ladies and the groom is worthy of the prize he has won." The city paper does not do that. Here and there a country editor tries to put on city airs and give the bare facts of "social functions" without a personal touch to the lines. But infrequently does he succeed in reaching the hearts of his readers and somehow he finds that his contemporary across the street, badly printed, sprinkled with typographical errors and halting in its grammar, but profuse in its laudations, is getting an unusual number of new subscribers. Even you, though you may pretend to be unimpressed, are not displeased when on the day after your party you read that the guests "went home feeling that a good time had been had."

**A Power in Politics.**  
The power of the country press in Washington surprises men," said a middle west congressman last winter. "During my two terms I have been im-

## Glimpse of a Girl's Life in a Portland Candy Factory Making Sweet Things

**I**N PORTLAND many women and girls find employment at the candy factories. Here hours are the same as at other factory work, from 7:30 in the morning to 5:30 in the afternoon, with a half hour at noon. The cooking and mixing is done by men with various mechanical aids. Girls find employment at packing the candies, wrapping caramels and choice special goods, putting up packages of penny or nickel attraction—the kind which a prize in every package—the husband did not send the city papers to distant acquaintances; he sent copy after copy of the little country weekly, the only place where, despite his prominence, the world appeared a sympathetic relation of the loss that had come to him.—Charles Meager Harger, in Atlantic Monthly.

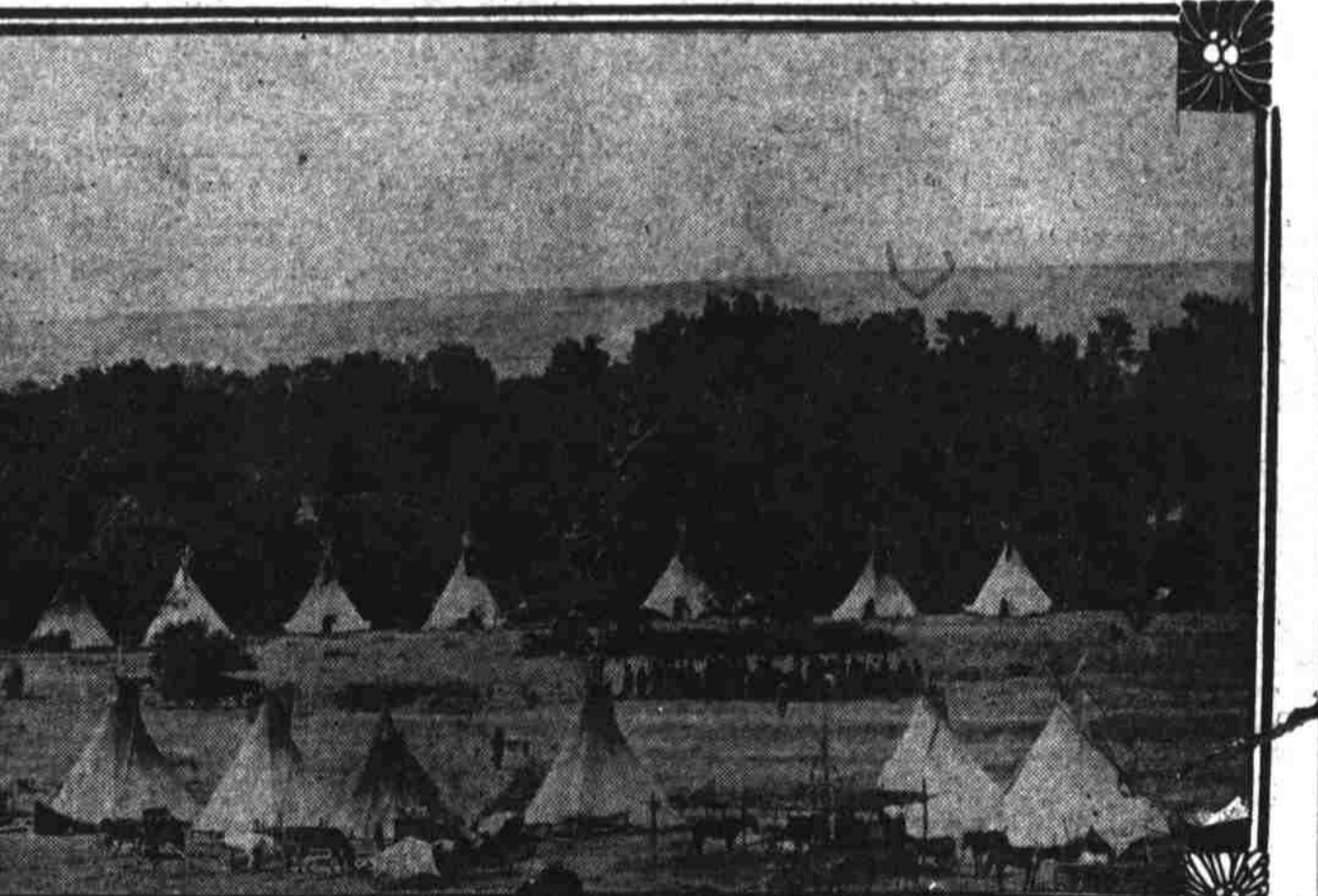
**Great Ropes of Taffy.**  
There is some fascination about watching the work of a big candy factory, perhaps because of the staggering quantities produced of something which we have from our childhood's days associated with rarity and the unattainable.

Here men are swinging out great ropes of taffy, molasses or strawberry, here is a mountain of mint drops, here barrels of marshmallows. Vast chaldrons are boiling, not with toil and trouble, but with a syrupy mass which will be fondant when it is done, and fascinating sticks which we usually see carefully guarded in glass jars, and putting upon them by their own deft touch the envying strip which bewilder the childish mind. Here may be seen the almost human machine which stamps into starch the shapes for the candies which is to be dropped into the molds or the machine which takes these trays of holes and with careful precision drops the syrupy mass into the beds of starch.

In the modern confectionery plant I found out the way in which are made the hard drops which are such good "suckers"; where you get your money's worth "cause they last so long"—one of the most interesting things in candy making to be seen. Great rotary machines are started, their contents consisting of a tiny coriander seed and a bit of enveloping candy. As the machines rotate the candies tumble over each other, and in my ignorance imagined that all the function of the machines was to make the candies round. Not so. Soon a man comes with a great dipper full of syrup and pours it over the rolling candies. When they have rolled awhile he repeats the process and so the little round candies gradually grow larger and larger until they are the approved size.

**Cutting Mint Drops.**  
There is a kind of candy which is rolled on a marble board like dough,

## HOW INDIANS CELEBRATE THE FOURTH—Poor Lo Spends Two Weeks in Festivities—Racing and Dancing



AN INDIAN CAMP. FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION. UMATILLA RESERVATION. PHOTO MOOREHOUSE

**D**OES the Indian celebrate the Fourth of July? is often asked by tourists and others passing through the reservation districts of the country. Yes, indeed, he celebrates, not only for one day, but usually for two weeks. On the night of the Fourth the Indians begin in all earnestness to express their appreciation of the advent of the whites in this continent. They come from miles around, with tepees and camping outfits, bedecked in their most gorgeous clothing, and for days they encircle and make merry on the camping grounds near where flows the Umatilla.

Racing is the main feature of these celebrations on the reservation. Hundreds of people from towns surrounding go out to see these races, which generally require about two hours after all the preliminaries have been arranged and about two minutes for the race. A number of Indians seated on horses, often 50 are in a circle, with their heads pointing to the center. Suddenly without the slightest warning they start. You see them go, on and on, over the Indian race course, at the end of which a post is usually planted, round which the racers are to turn and come back to the starting point, generally covering a distance of from three to five miles before the race is complete. Indians are seen all about and betting is liberally engaged in. Besides money, coats, blankets, wearing apparel, beads, pistols and almost anything that the Indian may have is put up. Not until the race begins do they become very much excited. While the preliminaries are being arranged they are serious, dignified they come forward with what they have for betting. Here and there you see a group of squaws who are taking great interest and pride in the races. They are bedecked in highly colored blankets and seem as excited over the results as could any white woman at the greatest race in the land. Dancing is also one of the great features of these celebrations. At these exercises they often dance for hours as in the old-time war dances, many of them continuing to sing the weird songs and dancing until they are almost exhausted. The scene is not only fantastic, but as any would exclaim, "most gay and gorgeous." In moccasins trimmed with beads, to music primitive, 'tis true, but music made with Indian drums, and rattling gourds. They go not in wait, but circling round and round, and always round, and round in single row, the circling ends of which would meet at any particular point or all points, wherever the ring is complete, and joining in the hi-yi-yi-e-la-ye-chi-ye-yi; and when tired sit down on the ground until rested, then dancers are all satisfied. Little by little, under the influence of the patriotic joy of freedom, the Indian has stepped from under a shadow that was once a benison, but is now of his enlightenment, a barrier to his happiness. He has found sunshine in American independence and the warm hand of freedom's sons have made him welcome to a better life.

The girl who is skilled will by a deft movement of her hand form a V on the top of the completed chocolate, which stands for vanilla, or an M for maple, S for strawberry, or W for walnut. In one of the Portland factories a machine is in use for dipping the chocolate chips and all that the operator has to do is to place the middle portions on the sliding band, which carries them on into the chocolate coating, and to take them off again at the other side. Other complicated machinery is on the market for taking the place of hand dipping, but has not yet been adopted here. Expert dippers may make from \$10 to \$14 a week, perhaps even higher, but only after long experience.

**Work Is Most Pleasant.**  
There is nothing unpleasant nor unsanitary in the work at a candy factory, at least in those that I have seen. The work is comparatively light, and the wages normal. Whether the girls sit or stand at their work depends upon the factory. Some have seats, others do not. The chocolate dippers sit, because their work is more easily done in that way. There is plenty of opportunity for good, steady workers in this line, for I am told that if a girl is slow, takes little interest in her work and seems to be doing it merely to fill in her time, without any desire to improve, the manager prefers to let her go, and give her place to a quicker and more willing girl. In this, as in every kind of factory work, it all depends upon the girl. There are more who want to make a ready wage of \$7 a week than there are of the class who would be willing to start at a little less where they would be learning something more difficult and at which they could after a while earn more. There is always room for the willing girl, yet I must emphasize what has been said before, that if a girl must depend upon herself it is a pity for her to come to the city to find work in the factories. She will in the end be sorry for it. It will take all that she can earn to pay her board and room and laundry. If she is a city girl and must find work at once, the candy factory will afford an opportunity, but if she is a country girl, she can do better by remaining at home.

**Origin of the Sedan Chair.**  
From the London Chronicle. Perhaps some expert in the Siamese language will tell us what is its word for "sedan chair." When the king of Siam's ministers protesting against his Majesty's favor toward motoring, suggested recently that "the royal sedan chair" was always at his disposal, it is improbable that they used a word reminiscent of the French word. For it is from the scene of Napoleon III.'s collapse that the sedan chair takes its name and perhaps remote history will suppose that it has some connection with that event. But see, first produced these conveyances centuries ago, and they were seen in England in 1581. One used by James I.'s Buckingham provoked great popularity against the employment of men as beasts of burden. Sir S. Duncombe is credited with having introduced them to London in 1584.