

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Professor's Mystery

BY WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

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You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Prof. Crosby casually encounters at a suburban trolley station Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party, both being bound for the Almsy. On the way the trolley is wrecked, near the Tabor home, and there Crosby goes to spend the night. After retiring he is awakened and hurried out to find accommodations at a nearby inn, no explanation being given him. He encounters Miss Tabor in a heated debate with a rough-looking Italian the next day, and learns the Italian is one Carucci. Later at the Almsy he meets Miss Tabor again, and they are getting on famously when Dr. Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's stepfather, turns up, and calls her off. Crosby is warned he must not try to see Miss Tabor again. He persists and is invited to accompany her on a midnight trip to the city, where they rescue Sheila. Miss Tabor's old nurse, from the effects of an assault committed on her by Carucci, who turns out to be Sheila's husband, is escaping from the city with Sheila, they have a smash with the police, but avoid being detained or identified. This sets the newspapers into the game, and one of the reporters, who comes closest to the truth, turns out to be Maclean, an old rival of Crosby's, who is persuaded to suppress the Tabor name, and to assist in clearing up the mystery. In the meantime Crosby has gotten into the good graces of the Tabor family, has learned that it is Margaret who wedded Dr. Reid, while he is in love with Miriam, who answers to the family pet name of Lady. He and Maclean locate Carucci working with a gang of rascals near the Tabor home, and manage to stir up quite a row with him, when Sheila intervenes. Crosby returns to the Tabor home, where he gets into an intimate conversation with Mrs. Tabor, only to be interrupted by Lady and her father. As a result of the conversation that follows, Lady is left with her mother, who seems usually excited, while Crosby and Mrs. Tabor go to have a smoke and talk over the situation. Tabor explains that his wife's health has been shattered since the death of a daughter several years prior, and that conditions are becoming unbearable. Carucci, several years ago, and they agree that he must be gotten rid of. Sheila is to help. Crosby goes back to town and encounters Maclean, who has dug up some information as to Carucci.

## Now Read On



CHAPTER XVII. Menger Revelations. (Continued.)

"Mac, I've gone so far with the Tabor that I need to know all I can. If it's a lie, why all right. If it's true, why you can trust me so can they. I wasn't born last week."

"Well," Mac granted after a pause, "I'd better tell you, I guess, than let you go it blind—here you are. You know that Dr. Reid that's in with the Tabor?"

"I know," said Crosby, leaning across the table. "According to the dago, he got mixed up with some woman ahead, and married her. Then he leaves her, and she comes back, and maybe he thinks she's dead. So he marries the Tabor girl, you see? Then the family get wise about the other woman, and there's an awful row, and finally they fix it up among themselves to move away, and let on that Reid is the daughter's sister married at all, not until this other woman dies you see? An' that's what they're all keepin' so quiet about. Mind you, I don't believe it, myself."

"Why, it's impossible," I said. "It doesn't fit together. Miriam Tabor died a year after Reid married her, and why should they?"

"Sure, that's just it. Sure, I told you it was all over, an' anyhow it couldn't be so." He looked at his watch, and I noticed that the monogram on the back was out in a quaint, antique fashion.

"Come ahead—we've just got time." I found his eyes and held them. "One minute, Miss. You're keeping back the point, so that I won't understand the story. It's no use."

"No, I ain't—honest—it's all over—well, damn it, Carucci says the Tabor girl didn't die. He says that's only the fake they put up, an' she's alive an' around the same as ever."

For a moment the words did not mean anything. I was groping madly among a mass of reminiscences, the noises in the house, the room with the presence in it, into which Carucci had broken, the

## Three Stunning Paris Styles

Described by Olivette So That You Can Understand Them



This smart little tailor-made of vermillion sponges, on the left, is an advance model for youth-ern wear, but midday will do well to keep it in mind for her spring wardrobe. The coat is a straight model turned back to form collar and revers. These revers broaden out at the bottom of the coat and are caught back by three white pearl buttons.

A tab fastening with two buttons of white pearl holds the coat together in front. The plain coat sleeve is finished similarly by a buttoned tab. The small waistcoat is of white sponges, with a turned-up collar rolling over the coat. This waistcoat fastens down the front with "twin" olives of ruby and pearl.

The skirt, slightly gathered at the waist, is a plain round model fitted with patch pockets on either side of the front.

Here is a charming afternoon costume, in the center, for the girl who wished to prepare early for the coming of Easter.

Every detail is carefully thought out, from the smart pagoda parasol of vanilla browns, with its single row of hemstitching and tasselled handle, to the pumps of vanilla brown suede buckled in brilliants.

The hat is of vanilla hemp with upstanding brim that forms a halo for the face. Brown taffeta is set tam-o'-shanterwise over this, and at the front there is a perky little bow of taffeta caught by a little nosegay of bachelor buttons and Scotch heather. These flowers enwreathe the brim just under the line of the taffeta tam.

The tailored afternoon frock is of navy blue sabardine.

The bodice is fashioned in a sort of bolero, laid up at the shoulders by horn buttons, and at the waist by crossed straps and similar buttons. This is arranged over a waistcoat of "linon glesse" flaring into a Normandy collar and fastened in front by a single vest button of blue enamel.

The sleeve and the underarm are of taffeta of the same color.

A deep cuff, fastened by three horn buttons, gathers up the sleeve.

The skirt is lifted up with a broad box-pleat in front and is held in place under the buttoned straps of the waist.

This very daring tailor-made suit, on the right, is worn by Miss Sydney—a very charming French actress—and its design originated in one of the most famous of all the dashing French houses.

The coat is an oriental blouse cut on very loose kimono lines.

The collar, of black fox, is continued in a straight line down the front. Narrow white braid sketches a very broad arm-hole and trims the coats in two separate bands extending horizontally about the coat. The lower one is finished by a broad band of braid.

The sleeve is finished in the same way. Two ornaments of the same braid fasten the coat over jet buttons.

The extremely short skirt is slightly draped on the right side.

OLIVETTE.

## Beauty and Plain Water

Some Valuable Hints From a Pretty Girl



Miss Dorothy Meuther.

By MAUD MILLER.

"I have thought seriously and often on just the best thing in the world to make a girl beautiful," says Miss Dorothy Meuther, who is one of Keith's stars, "and I know that there is nothing in the world so beautifying as water."

"There was a time, not so very long ago, when I felt all run down and because of which I had to resign. So on with all the exercises I had always taken, but I didn't seem to feel any better. Finally I decided to try something new, and as I had never learned to swim, I went over to one of the baths and began taking lessons. The exercise seemed to have a great effect the very first day and the excitement of it, the bracing nerve tonic, the feeling of absolute power that one assumes after mastering one or two successful strokes. That was how I

found out about swimming, and swimming was the thing that first suggested different ways of becoming beautiful through the use of water.

"Get into the water just as often as possible. If it isn't possible to go somewhere for an invigorating swim then get into the bathtub and refresh your whole body with a warm bath and a brisk rub down. Exercising in the water is a splendid idea, especially if a girl has the courage to take a cold water plunge. Exercise keeps the blood in circulation, that is why swimming in cold water hasn't the same effect upon the body as the cold dip.

"The best exercise in the world to keep warm and glowing while taking a cold plunge is to wet a towel and slap it on the skin as hard as possible. This exercise, taken with the cold water, is the most invigorating thing in the world. Keeping the blood in circulation is the

"There is Nothing So Beautifying as Water."

roses to the cheeks quicker than anything else.

"Sometimes, I think I'd like to have an island all my own, where I could have swimming, sea breezes and everything else all at once. Water is really the most wonderful beautifier in the world and just because it is so easily obtained people don't think about using it."

## Does Marriage Excuse Jealousy?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

From three who are unmarried: "I am 23 and have been keeping company with a young man two years my senior. I love him and he loves me. But he objects to me even speaking to other men, which has caused many quarrels. Do you think he is right?"

"I am 18 and love a girl one year my junior. We are not engaged, but for a year we have taken it for granted that we will be some day. The other day a boy asked her to go to the theater. I didn't object, and he went, and he then asked permission to call on her. Now, instead of waiting what I consider a reasonable length of time, he called within three days. We quarreled about it, as I insisted this growing intimacy should cease. Was I right?"

"I am 15 and deeply in love with a man three years my senior, with whom I have been keeping company two years. He comes to see me every night, and when he fails to come, which is seldom, and I ask him why, he gives an evasive answer. Don't you think I ought to know where he goes when he fails to come to see me? Do you think he has another girl? How can I find out without letting him know it?"

From three who are married:

"My husband said not long ago that I must be giving wine suppers because I was short of money. He gives me \$5 a week for four of us. I pay \$25 rent, \$4 gas, insurance, \$2.50 machine, \$2 plan, \$5 and have until recently been paying on some lots purchased on installments.

This leaves me the magnificent sum of \$11.50 to be wildly extravagant on. Now, when you feed four people from \$11.50, clothe them, give them car fare, etc., can you tell me where the wine suppers would come from? Please tell girls who are loved by suspicious men about me."

"Life is made miserable for me by a jealous husband. I have but one thing to live for, and that is my baby daughter. He is continually nagging me and accusing me wrongfully through jealousy. If I go to the store, he times me, and if I go to the office, he times me, and if I go to the movies, he times me, and if I go to the movies often and the man who runs it knows us, if I pass the time of day with him, in response to his greeting, my husband scolds me. I was brought up to be friendly to people, and think and intend no wrong, but my husband's jealousy makes every innocent act one of deceit. He watches me all the time, staying home to do it, and never lets me even visit a woman friend. He says I could win any

man if I tried, and won't believe that I have never tried to win another."

"My wife accuses me of leading a double life, though I am home every hour when not at work, and keep only enough of my wages for lunch and car fare. What can I do?"

"There is no help for the married that a third party may offer, but to those who are unmarried let me offer these three letters for earnest reading and thought. Love is no excuse for suspicion, and a love that knows suspicion is not the kind of love to encourage. It means rancor, quarrels, jealousy and fault-finding and makes of life a veritable haze.

If two lovers haven't confidence and faith in each other, they should part. There should never be a marriage when either party to it harbors a doubt or suspicion of the other's good intention. The letters from the three who are married are my grounds for the contention. They dispose of all argument.

tangled half-confidence of the family. Then the picture of Lady twisting nervously at the slender chain came uppermost in imagination, and through the edging fog of my mind the whole nightmare leaped forth in a flash of horrible clearness, a scene of interwoven circumstances outlining it as with threads of fire; the wedding ring worn hidden at her breast, her raiment of unaccountable barriers, her hopelessness, the family's fear of publicity and growing anxiety over my intimate presence among them, the cloud upon Mrs. Tabor, her aversion to Reid and the elaborate explanation of her slip in calling her daughter Miriam—I leaned my forehead on my hands. Maclean had me by the shoulder. "Brace up, man," he muttered; "here, drink your drink. You'll have everybody looking at you."

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Borderland, and a Name.

"It's an infernal lie," I said dully. "Sure it is," Maclean was thoroughly embarrassed and uncomfortable. "The way I work it out is, there's probably just enough in it somewhere for Carucci to build on. Maybe Reid did get into some mess or other 'way back before he was married, an' Carucci works that in with what he thinks he knows about the family now, an' drops out this scandal in high life business. Or maybe he don't believe it himself, an' just has it in for the old man. You can't tell whether it's muck-rakin' or mud-slingin', but it's bound to be partly both, you see? I only told you so you'd know what was around. Well, are you comin'?"

I got my hat mechanically, and went out with him into the dust and the heat. The sense of unreality that had been upon me that early morning in the automobile was returned now in the breathless afternoon. The hazy slit of sky overhead, the stark light and shadow of the street, had the tones of a cheap colored photograph. The very smell of the air was like a memory of itself. The rear and jangle of the traffic seemed to come from a distance through a stillness that listened; and the wall of a hand-organ on the corner somehow completed and enclosed it all. I had only had one serious illness in my life, and that had been long ago; but I remembered that upon my first venturing out of doors after it, things had looked an; and I wondered for a moment whether I were going to be ill again. But that was nonsense. I was not a person to collapse upon the hearing of bad news, and besides, this news, I did not believe. Maclean had not believed it himself, in telling it to me. Only, he had so much less knowledge than I of its consistency. Grant for once that Lady was Miriam,

that she was an only daughter—and they all would have done even as I had seen them doing. So Lady would have worn her ring, so feared our growing intimacy, so felt the burden of an abnormality not her own, so confessed to me the barrier and in extremity lied about her name, so the family would have shrunk from any notice, and striven to rid themselves of Carucci and of me. Straight this way pointed every line of mystery since the beginning; here was one logical motive for all. The explanation fitted every fact; only, I could not believe it of the people. A small cloud covered the sun, and the hot street turned suddenly gray. A horse cloaked heavily around the corner, the rattle of the wheels behind him suddenly muffled as they struck the asphalt of the avenue. We were going up the steps of a house, a horse closed for the summer with lead-colored board shutters over the lower windows, and an outer door of the same, on which the bright brass disk of a spring lock took the place of a knob. Maclean glanced again up at the number as he pressed the bell.

"Admit one gent and phantom," he said smiling. "Now you put your ring in a safe pocket, an' button it in. This gang, they'd snitch it in a second."

A low-voiced man in a cutaway coat opened the door, and we stood for a moment in a dark hallway smelling of cloth and furniture, while he and Maclean talked together in a half-whisper. I suppose explaining my presence. Then he opened another door at the side of the hall, and ushered us into the front room, where we half dropped our way to a seat on the farther side, amid a low rustle of whiplashes. A grayish twilight filtered through the bright cracks of the shutters and between the closed folding doors at the rear. At first, the contrast with the glare of the street made it seem almost absolutely dark; and as my eyes gradually became adapted to the dimness, I remembered being shut in the closet when I was a child, and how the pale streaks from door-casing and keyhole had gradually diluted the gloom in just the same way. The recollection was so vivid that I half imagined here the same rustle and stiffness of way to a seat, and the scene of outrage at the shutting out of daylight. Then slowly the room formed itself out of darkness into grayness; the white ceiling, with its moving shadows and bulbous cloth-enfolded chandelier; the floor and furniture, all shrouded in summer covers of grayish denim; and the indefinite shade of the walls, lightened here and there by the square of a picture turned back outward, and darkened by the gleam of the corners and the blurred figures of the

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