

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

By WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER
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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 Amesley. On the way the trolley is wrecked, near the Tabor home, and there Crosby goes to spend the night. After retiring he is summoned and turned out to find accommodations at a nearby inn, no explanation being given him. He encounters Mr. Tabor in a heated debate with a rough looking Italian the next day, and learns the Italian is one Carucci. Later at the Amesley he meets Miss Tabor again, and they are getting on famously, when Dr. Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's stepbrother, turns up, and carries her off home. Crosby is warned by Mrs. Tabor not to try to see Miss Tabor again. He persists, and is invited to accompany her on a midnight trip to the Amesley, 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. In escaping from the city with Sheila, they have a brush with the police, but avoid being detained. Crosby identifies the newspapers into the game, and one of the reporters, who comes closest to the trail, turns out to be Maclean, an old pal 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 graders near the Tabor home, and manage to stir up quite a row with him, when Sheila intervenes. Crosby returns to the Amesley, 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 followed, Lady is left with her mother, who seems unduly excited, while Crosby and Mr. 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 is the storm-center, and they agree that he must be gotten rid of. Sheila is to help Crosby go back to town and encounter Maclean, who has dug up some information as to Carucci. Maclean explains the situation, that is leading up to the solution of the mystery. It involves a visit to a spiritualistic seance, which Crosby makes under Maclean's guidance. It develops the medium friends to produce the spirit of Mrs. Tabor's dead daughter, the wife of Dr. Reid.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dr. Reid Removes a Source of Information.

For a block or so I still felt a little queer and girly; but the air and movement soon set all at rights, and after a walk back to the club and a comfortable bath, I felt as well as ever, and rather wondered at by sudden upsets. Evidently it had been only the heat and the nervous excitement of the day; and I had been foolish to take Scotch with my luncheon in such weather. I remembered that I had been out of wear a bit since the morning; Maclean's revelation must have shaken me more than I had admitted to myself, and it only wanted the startling coincidence of a "parrot" called Miriam to cap the climax. Besides, if you sit for two hours in a dark and stuffy room waiting for something strange to happen, something usually will. At any rate I had an interesting experience. For a moment, it occurred to me that the episode might have been prearranged by Mac, with the idea of conveying to me in that way something which he did not wish to tell, but that was not like him, and was absurdly far-fetched besides. If the name had been taken somehow from my own thought, it was a remarkable case of telepathy; but no, it had been the professor, not the medium, who had named the voice; and by his tone, this had been a familiar one often heard before. If the name had any other than a chance connection with my affair, I could not fathom it.

There must be in all of us an instinct for the occult, an affinity for illicit shortcuts through difficulty that comes of mental and normal intelligence—the instinct that causes the schoolboy to look up the answer to his problem in the back of the book, and sends ignorance running to the apothecary. Here was I an educated man with what I hoped was not less than ordinary intelligence, in the grip of a crushing question, and instead of seeking certainty through rational search, I was pulling over a mummy which purported to be communication from another world. I was no better than a kitchen-maid at her dream-book and fortune-teller. Carucci had said that Lady was secretly Reid's wife—or rather that

An Appetizing, Nutritious Dinner for 10 cents.

Take a 10c package of Faust Spaghetti, cook for about 20 minutes with some ripe tomatoes and serve with powdered cheese—there's a meal that will delight anybody's palate—a meal that is tasty, nutritious, digestible and cooling. You ought to make Faust Spaghetti the chief meal at least twice a week—as a side dish it should be on your table often. It is rich in gluten—a single 10c package being four times as nutritious as a pound of the finest tenderloin steak. Think of the savings! And the numberless ways that Faust Spaghetti can be cooked! Write for free recipe book and find out the greatest variety of dishes (meals with a smacker) that can be made with Faust Spaghetti. 5c and 10c packages.

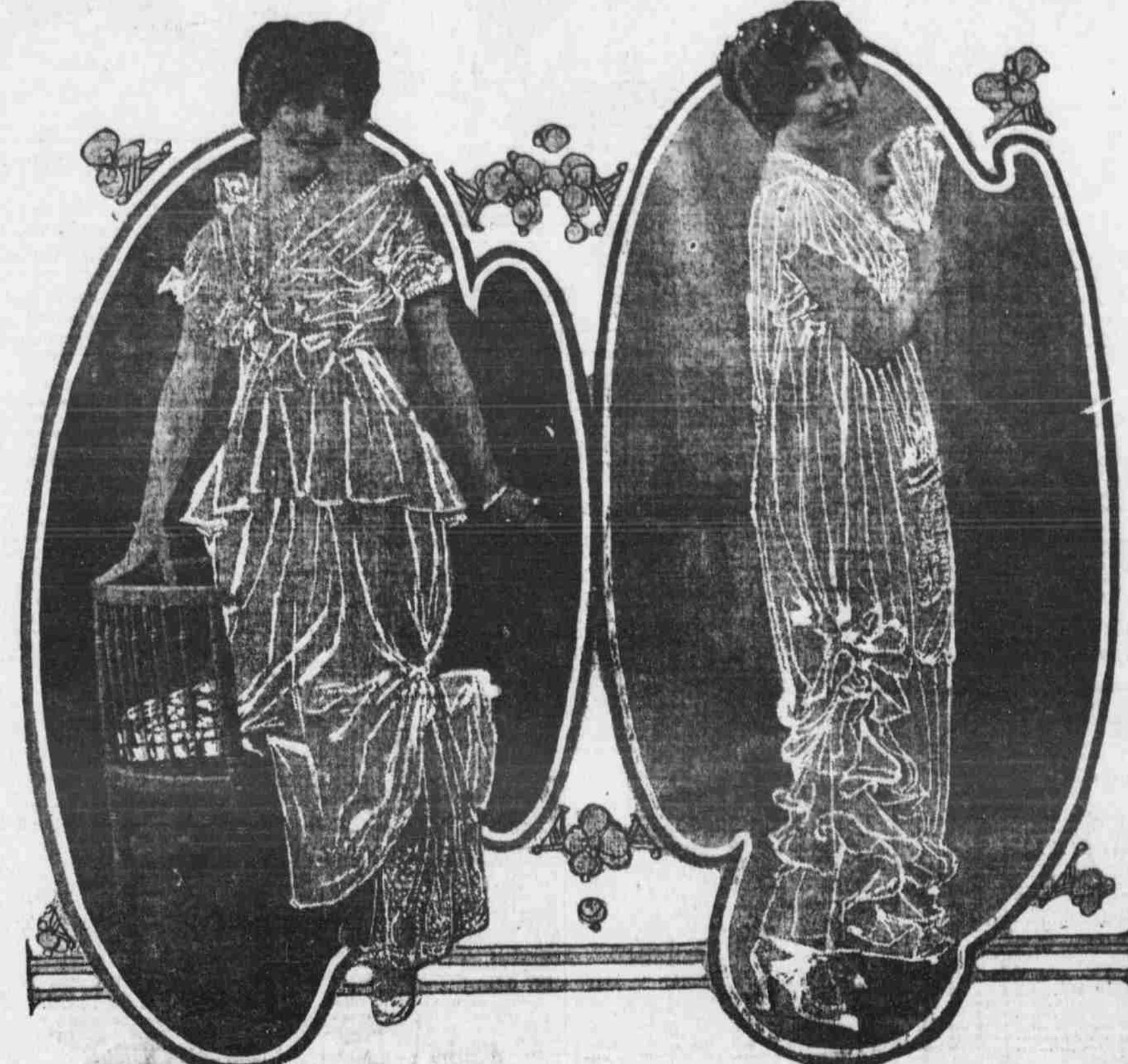
MAULL BROS., St. Louis, Missouri

Everybody Reads

the day's happenings every day. If folks don't read your store news every day, it's your fault.

What Dame Fashion is Offering By Olivette

Two Stunning Evening Gowns Fully Described.



A very smart French designer is responsible for this delightful dancing frock of rose taffeta, on the left. Its graceful simplicity is prettily girlish and charming. The bodice is of white tulle done in the silver "lame" lace. It is cut in V front and back and a stiffened Empire collar of the same tulle. The small sleeves are bordered in rose taffeta, with wee bows to add perness to their style. Taffeta forms the skirt, which is fastened in front by a huge flower of plain tulle bordered with strass. The skirt gathers at the waist line and is crossed by a shaped flounce slightly flaring and lifted a bit in front. Strass edges this, too. A beaded ornament catches up the fullness at the height of the knees. Beneath this shows an underskirt of tulle lame bordered at the hem by a wee band of the strass.

For evening frocks taffeta is invaluable, since at the end of an evening of dancing it remains as fresh and crisp-looking as it was when the wearer first donned it. Tulle, net, muslin of various sorts and even crepes become mused and tumbled-looking after a short wearing. This dainty frock, on the right, of azure blue taffeta, is a delightful frock for summer evening parties. The lower part of the waist is swathed in a supplied draping of the material. The sleeves and shoulder draperies are a form of two scarves, beaded and fringed front and back in silver. The skirt hangs gathered and tightened by a "drape" at the depth of the knees. Here on either side the drapery is caught into three wired flounces that graduate at front and back to follow the line of the hem. OLIVETTE.

The Power of Mental Science

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company.
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There was a woman of limited mental powers, who listened to lectures on mental science and the power of making, and she decided to develop her child of 10 into a wonder of wit and a musical prodigy.

She was utterly lacking in a sense of humor herself, and she had never been able to understand the different major and minor keys, or the intricacies of time, in music.

She decided to give her son those things she lacked.

She put him in the hands of music teachers, and she procured for him all the humorous books she could find in the libraries.

Then she devoted an hour in the silence each day to asserting success for her child.

provident and extravagant boy trained into practical prudence, thrift and economy by the persistent guidance of an uncle he loved and who loved him.

The brain cells were entirely remade in the course of a few years of constant association with the uncle.

Fear is self-consciousness sometimes, sometimes an anaemic condition, sometimes the result of false education.

The child that never hears stories about the "dark," who never read "Little Red Riding Hood" and other fear-inspiring tales, and who has not been nagged and scolded by its parents in the effort to make it a perfect child, is not liable to feel fear on slight provocation.

The old theory, with its absurd and blasphemous stories of lakes of hell fire for the children of unbelievers and an avenging and frowning God, did much to awaken fear in children and render them nervous and timid.

I have heard mature men describe the nights of horror they passed as little children after listening to one of the old-time sermons and the awful terror of

death which such pernicious teachings inculcated. A mother who, during the nine months preceding her child's birth, lives in fear of poverty or death, or who is in terror of a drunken or cruel or unkind husband, makes her child with a timid and easily frightened child.

I have seen a child of 2 or 3 years who has given to hours of hysterical weeping without any apparent cause. But the cause lay in the fact that the mother lived with her husband's family, and the baby was unwelcome to all, as the father was dependent financially on his parents.

Yet such an unfortunate birthmark can be educated out of the child by a cheerful and kind and wholesome environment.

While the great talents cannot be educated into a human being, all the unworthy and unfortunate traits can be educated out and the great virtues awakened by persistent efforts on the part of associates, guides and teachers.

A man who wrote good, strong prose, and who was a devout believer in the

power of the will to achieve anything, wasted precious time and energy in a determination to be a poet.

He studied all the laws governing verse, and he put large, virile ideas into correct mechanical form. Yet he was unable to produce one line of poetry.

All he wrote in verse left his readers cold and uninterested and even worse than that, many of his would-be poems jarred like discords in music, even though they "scanned" according to rule.

But the divine something was not there.

He had mistaken his vocation.

In our application of this great law of the power of the will to achieve results we must employ reason and logic.

We must use this law along the line of least resistance.

Find where our strongest powers lie and our best abilities we should turn our whole intellectual and spiritual batteries in that direction. Think, study, meditate, affirm, pray and work to attain desired results in the undertaking for which we are fitted by nature. The man who is color blind and unable to distinguish shades and tones easily may overcome this misfortune to a great degree by patient practice in studying colors. But he should never seek a position on trains or ships, where the observance of signal is an important part of duty; nor should he try to become an artist. In neither field could he gain honors.

Children should be watched as they develop into thinking beings, and their tastes and tendencies should be carefully noted by wise parents and instructors. Then every effort should be made according to old and new thought, methods to encourage the growth of the very best qualities and to eliminate by lack of use all undesirable traits and propensities.

By encouraging words and forceful, silent thought vibrations the most unpromising child may be helped to grow into what a wise parent desires. But the wise parent never desires the impossible. He does not try to make a mechanic out of a musical prodigy nor a musical prodigy out of a born mechanic who is tone deaf.

He does not try to produce a Beas Brummel or a dilettante out of an athlete whose nature cries for the open nor a farmer out of one who is never content to save with a book in hand.

Find first what your child can best do, what he is best fitted by nature to undertake.

Then give him the benefit of your affirmations for success.

Knocking Harmful System

Order just issued by the railroad commission of California, requiring the Pullman company within thirty days to change in many respects the methods of operating its cars in that state, are particularly interesting because of what the commissioners have to say about the plan of making the traveling public supplement with tips the meager salaries paid to the porters. As this practice is by no means confined to the Pullman company, but is followed by most employers, incorporated or other, the business of whom involves the necessary rendering of services more or less distinctly personal, the vigorous language used in the commissioners' report on the results of its investigation might well start a new general discussion of what is undoubtedly an obnoxious and variously harmful system.

Of the attempts made by the Pullman officials to prove that they paid adequate wages and did not expect their employees to exact money from travelers, the commissioners say: "It is hard for us to determine which should be criticized the more, the attitude of the company in this regard or its suppositions that it could make this commission believe a thing which everybody knows is not

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Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON VIII—PART III.

The Hands—Their Possibilities. Gloves are not a fashion, a mark of social position or formal dressing; they are in all climates and at all seasons of the year a necessary protection to the hands. If everyone would regard them as such, hands would be much whiter and would not need the constant cleaning with strong soaps that does so much towards spoiling the texture of the skin.

Wear gloves in summer to protect your hands and prevent tan and unsightly freckles. They are quite as important at this time of the year as in winter. Always wear gloves in a railroad train; the dust and dirt is very drying and, moreover, on a railroad trip one is apt to read newspapers and cheaply printed literature and the ink that comes off from this matter is bad for the skin.

If you are doing housework, try to soil your hands as little as possible. While dusting and sweeping or doing any dry, dirty work, wear a loose pair of old kid gloves. Rubber gloves are a longer and very expensive, provide yourself with a pair of these and use them while washing dishes or any work that demands the use of strong soap and water.

Even with care the housewife is forced to do some hand-sore work unprotected, and to be cleanly must wash her hands many times a day. Do this properly and the harm will not be apparent. Do this thoroughly, for dirt, allowed to remain on the skin, harms it more than strong soap; wipe the hands thoroughly, for half-dried skin will chafe and chafe, and then rub into the hands some emollient. There are some excellent hand lotions sold, but if you do not wish to use one of these, ask your druggist for a preparation of one-half glycerine, one-half rose water, with a few drops of carbolic acid added during the winter.

NOTE—Lesson VIII is divided into five parts and should be read throughout to obtain full information on the subject. (Lesson VIII to be continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

True Love Will Last. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years and am in love with a young man of 20. He has asked me to marry him and this was my answer: "I am both too poor to think of marriage and if you will wait about three years and if you still love me, then I shall give you my heart." He said that he would be willing to wait for me.

My sister told me that I ought to have accepted the offer, therefore see a lot of words that he cares for me, I can tell by his looks and the way he treats me. We would never, therefore see a lot of each other. As there is not any other girl to do the work I do for him, it puts us nearer to each other every time he comes to my table. Kindly advise me what to do, as I have not any one I can confide in.

Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 30 years of age and am deeply in love with a man of 28 years. I love him with all my heart, but I know he is beyond my reach. I know I know it is wrong for me to love him, but when I try to tell myself so, I find it impossible to think that way. I know I know it is wrong for me to love him, but when I try to tell myself so, I find it impossible to think that way. I know I know it is wrong for me to love him, but when I try to tell myself so, I find it impossible to think that way.

A Married Lover.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 30 years of age and am deeply in love with a man of 28 years. I love him with all my heart, but I know he is beyond my reach. I know I know it is wrong for me to love him, but when I try to tell myself so, I find it impossible to think that way. I know I know it is wrong for me to love him, but when I try to tell myself so, I find it impossible to think that way.

Certainly She Does.

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Absorbs Skin, Chases Wrinkles—Young Again.

The shock of beholding myself in the glass after some long weeks' abed, nearly caused a relapse," writes Emily Colton in Home Queen. "The faded face, with its lines of illness and worry, seemed twenty years older. Now, I thought, I could not attend my chum's wedding, never say off, to which I had looked hopefully forward.

"She, herself, came to my rescue. She procured an ounce of ordinary mercurial wax at the drug store, which she bade me spread on like cold cream, washing it off next morning. Applied nightly, this apparently absorbed the wrinkles, and so gently I experienced no discomfort. Upon the wedding morn the pallid complexion had entirely given way to one of youthful color and loveliness.

"And there wasn't a wrinkle. This due to a wash lotion made by dissolving an ounce of powdered axolite in a half pint with water. The daily face bath had dispersed every line. Advertisement.