

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Girls o' the Week

Which Girl Are You?

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By Nell Brinkley



And the child that is born on a Sabbath day is blithe and bonny and good and gay.

Monday's child is fair of face. Tuesday's child is full of grace. Wednesday's child is full of woe. And Thursday's child has far to go. Friday's child is loving and giving. Saturday's child must work for a living.

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS by HANSON BOOTH
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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Prof. Croby casually encounters at a suburban trolley station Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party, both being bound for the Almshouse. On the way they trolley, near the Tabor home, and there Crosby goes to spend the night. After retiring he is summoned and dressed 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 Almshouse he meets Miss Tabor again, and she tells him of her famous stepbrother, Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's stepbrother turns up, and carries her off home. Crosby is asked 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. In escaping from the city with Sheila, they have a brush with the police, but avoid being detained or identified. This gets the reporters, who come closest to the trail, turns out to be Maclean, an old pal of Crosby's who got into the good graces of the Tabor family, has learned that it is Margaret who wedded Dr. Reid, while he is in love with Alframa, 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 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 followed Lady in left with a name that seems unduly 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 is the storm-center, and they agree that he must be gotten rid of. Sheila is to help Crosby go back to town and 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 pretends to produce the spirit of Mrs. Tabor's dead daughter, the wife of Dr. Reid. Leaving the scene of the seance, Crosby sees Carucci on the street and follows him to a drinking place, where the Italian meets Dr. Reid and a giant, and drinks are served for three.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dr. Reid Removes a Source of Information.

(Continued.)
They seemed to be talking with greatest good fellowship. Reid, I noticed, barely tasted his drink, and watched his chance to pour the rest with a certain medical accuracy into the cuspidor beneath the table. I smiled to see how pleased he was with the way he was carrying off a heretofore evident part. Every minute or so he would reach forth his hand and give

the Italian a couple of staccato pats in the region of his shoulder, pulling back his hand as quickly, and beaming the while with a radiance of staccato friendliness. The giant with him took things more as a matter of course. He wanted none of his drink, but drained each glass as soon as it was set before him, leaning between whistles with mighty elbows upon the table, his great disfigured hands cradling his brutal face. He seemed the least person in the world that a man of Reid's type would sit at table with. Perhaps Reid had reason to be afraid of Carucci and had employed this fellow as a sort of bodyguard.
Another human mockery was upon the stage; a tall, scrawny creature with some remnant of good looks and a voice that retained a surprising sweetness and charm. She sang unhappily, with an occasional scowl at the piano, where the set on the stool jangled his notes tirelessly. Carucci was getting a very drunk; he was commencing to wave his arms about, and now and then the splutter of his words reached even my far corner. As for Reid, he was plainly embarrassed and somewhat frightened. His hand rested beseechingly upon the Italian's arm, and he looked at his burly companion with evident appeal.
The big man grinned, and he gave his order to the waiter with a leer that ended with thrown-back head and closed eyes. The waiter grinned in his turn and hurried off. I was getting more than a little interested. Carucci tossed off the fresh drink at a gulp, and pushed back his chair.
"I know," he shouted. "I konwa da groby" with all you. You can't fool Antonio, non clo-ze."
Reid had grown suddenly rigid in his seat. I got up from my table and hurried across to them.
"Sit down," said the giant, and pushed Carucci back into his chair with a thud.
Carucci scowled sullenly. "Well, gimme da mon." Gimme da mon," he growled.
"I needa da mon," and he poured forth a torrent in Italian, threats for the most part about a secret he knew which he proposed to about to the world unless somebody paid him well. The room was fairly empty, but here and there people at the tables had begun to stare. The woman on the stage stumbled in her song, and paused wearily. Reid glanced again at his companion.
"Ah, give it to him, he's a good feller," laughed the giant. "Just play he's a bank, ax make a deposit."
Reid drew a roll of bills from his pocket and began slowly counting them off. The giant grew impatient.
"Ah, hell," he said, "here, give 'em to me," and he snatched the roll from Reid's hand and gathered up the money from the table, crushing the whole into a bulging wad. "Here, you; take it all. That'll hold you for a while."
Reid got up in protest.
"Sit down, you dope," the other growled, "let him have it for a while."
Carucci grinned cruelly, and crammed the handful carelessly into a deep pocket, awaiting to his feet.
"Graz, Alla H." His mouth opened loosely, and he slumped to the floor in a heap.
The waiter had come up, and with the giant's help lifted Carucci, and between them they half carried him to a doorway at the side of the room. They moved for all the world like three bronc companions, arm in arm. The door closed behind them, and I glanced around. Nobody appeared to be concerned in the least, and even Reid, almost dancing with nervousness, no longer attracted attention.
"See here," I said, "did you people drug that fellow, Reid?"
He whistled upon me. "You keep out of this, Crosby," he muttered; "nothing to do with you, nothing whatever."
"Well," I answered, "Mr. Tabor asked me to keep an eye on him, that's all. What am I to report? What are you going to do with him?"
"Um, humph! That's why you're here,

CHAPTER XIX.

In Which I Cannot Believe Half I Hear.

We were all upon our feet, and now Reid, with a curl nod of farewell, turned away with his companion. I stepped to his other side.
"One moment," I said. "I want to know a little more about this before I drop it; and right here is as good a place as any."
"Can't just now, Crosby," he motioned me away nervously. "Not possible. See you up in the country any time, and tell you all you want. Not here, and he moved toward the door.
"You can't help yourself," said I, and I won't keep you long. Sit down again, please." He had jerked out of his watch, "You'll have to miss your train, but there are plenty more."
The giant scowled at me with obvious willingness to begin a disturbance then and there; and Reid glanced hesitatingly from one to the other of us, his impulse printed plain up his face.
"Certainly," I put in, "you can get rid of me in that way, for the moment, if it's worth you while. Make up your mind—your're the doctor."
He started angrily, flushing to the roots of his close-cropped hair; and I thought for an instant that I had mistaken my man. Then the melodrama coaxed out of him. He dismissed the unwilling bully with a whispered word or two, and sat sullenly down across the table.
"I'll make it as short as you please," I retorted. "Carucci's wife is sent down to see that he sells, I'm sent down to see that she makes good. Now you come down and have him shanghaied. Was this your idea, or were you?"
"No. My own initiative entirely. Only practical way of making sure that he went. Best to see to it personally. Always better to do the thing yourself, and then you know it's done."
"I understand," then, that Mr. Tabor didn't suggest this to you?"
"Exactly. Tabor knows nothing about it. My own idea altogether." His triumph in his own efficiency was overriding his annoyance. "Better say nothing to him whatever. He has enough to think of. Always best to avoid trouble. The man's gone, and there's an end to it. Is that all?"
So Reid's own fear of Carucci had been intense enough to drive him to this dirty alternative rather than trust to our sending the man safely away. There was something unnatural here.
"Not quite," I said. "Of course, you know the exact nature of the fellow's blackmailing story?"
"Certainly. Pack of lies. Won't discuss it. Utterly absurd, the whole thing, but we can't have it go any further."
"Precisely, and it won't go any further, now. What I want to know is the foundation for it. You must see the reason for my knowing that much of the facts, and for trusting me with them. If there is any enticement—"
"Look here, Crosby," Reid leaned forward across the table, his face scarlet and working, "that'll do. I don't propose to sit over my life with you. Not for a minute. What's more; if we could afford a row, I'd punch your head for having the assurance to repeat that infernal slander to my face. That's all, you understand? That's all."
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Science and the Visible Aura

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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In the oldest religions of earth we find mention of the auras. Auras and haloes are generally supposed to be crowns of light hovering over the heads of saints. By practical minded people the aura has long been regarded as a delusion of overwrought sensibilities.

Religious devotees, mediums, fanatics, poets and and insane beings were alone considered susceptible to these hallucinations.

Theosophists have always talked of auras as a part of the mental and mystical belonging of every human being.

But by the material mind the Theosophist is considered insane. And now comes science, lagging along, with its proof of what the Theosophists and other advanced souls have long known to be true.

That there is a haze or atmosphere surrounding the human body and differing in the case of each individual, and that its existence is susceptible of physical proof is the assertion made by Dr. Walter J. Kilner, a London physician, whose investigation of the subject has covered many years.

In a book Dr. Kilner gives the result of his investigations, and invites those interested in the subject to make the same experiments, using the means which he employed to aid the eye in perceiving what he calls the human aura.

Dr. Kilner maintains that he has not only perceived what the clairvoyants have declared they saw, but even more. Not only do people possess auras, according to Dr. Kilner, but their auras, differing in the case of each individual, and very distinctly so in the case of women and men, are probably inherited, he thinks. Then, too, he says the physical condition affects at once the aura.

Whatever value the revelation of auras will have for the scientific world, Dr. Kilner thinks it will lie in this point, for being thus affected by physical conditions, auras will be a distinct aid in diagnosis.

Dr. Kilner gives examples in his book of persons suffering from epilepsy whose auras all exhibited a different outline from those of persons in good health. The healthier a person the more distinct his aura.

"The influence of heredity and temperament upon the aura," says the doctor, "is one of the most fascinating parts of this subject, and at the same time it does not require a prophet to foresee that an inquirer in this direction is likely to reap a big harvest."

Dr. Kilner likens the aura to the rays proceeding from a magnet. When looked at through his screen the magnetic cloud emanating from a magnet appeared distinctly visible in the same manner as did the human aura. He believes that the forces giving rise to the human aura are quite distinct from those producing the magnetic cloud, and that there is more than a single force at work, one producing the outer and another the inner aura.

These forces, he believes, are most probably generated in the body in some such way as the nervous force.

and whom he asked to shoot rays from her two shoulders, first one and then the other. The beams manifested themselves almost directly, taking an upward and outward direction. She was asked to turn sideways then, and to will a ray to extend from the tip of her nose.

"In this," said the doctor, "she was perfectly successful, as it appeared almost immediately and stretched outward seven

or eight inches. This was beyond the external margin of the visible outer aura."

Dr. Kilner lays distinct emphasis on the statement that he is not an occultist, nor does he make pretense to clairvoyance. What he wants people to understand is that his researches have been entirely physical and that they can be repeated by anyone.

"There cannot be the slightest doubt," he says, "as to the reality of the existence of an aura enveloping human beings, and this will be in a short time a universally accepted fact, now that it can be made visible to anyone possessing normal eyesight. It would indeed be strange if the aura did not vary under different circumstances, and we firmly believe that a study of its modifications will show that they will have a diagnostic value."

Now, in the face of these scientific facts, it behooves each one of us to give some thought to the subject of auras.

We need to realize, first of all, that the aura is as much a part of us as our heads or hands. And that its shape and color is largely under our own control.

Long ago the theosophists and clairvoyants said the dark gray or green or muddy brown aura was an evidence of unwholesome conditions of mind and body. Blue and pink and yellow were desirable shades for auras, indicating spirituality, affection and intellect.

Dr. Kilner's book gives three classes of people according to the color of their auras, those whose auras appeared to be blue mixed with gray and those with gray auras. Taking these classifications he examined 100 persons. He found forty in the blue aura class. Of these forty persons none was below the average in mental power, and some were distinctly above it.

Thirty-six were in the second class, with auras showing a combination of blue and gray. Among these were two epileptics and one with meningitis. Seventeen had gray auras, and among these seventeen were two eccentric people, six epileptics, one insane person and three who were mentally dull.

From those observations the doctor deduces the theory that if you have a blue aura you are most apt to be mentally fit, but if your aura is gray you are probably a bit deficient in intellectual power.

Now that science so closely agrees with the seers, we cannot reasonably doubt that psychic people have seen and do see auras. And it renders one a bit uncomfortable to think how many clear seeing eyes may have beheld very ugly auras emanating from us.

Every thought, emotion and feeling is having its influence in shaping and coloring our auras.

If we were given free choice of selecting a hideous or a beautiful head dress, or hat, there would be no hesitation about the one chosen.

We are given this privilege of selecting our auras. Or, at least, we are given the privilege and power to change those which may have been given us by inheritance from other lives, or which may have been created by wrong methods of education in this life.

Not only is your aura visible to many clear-seeing eyes, and to the eye of science, but its influence is felt by everyone. The dark gray or brown aura sends out a gloomy and depressing influence; and the light, bright colors send out love and cheer and aspiration to all who come in your presence.

And as you color and beautify this aura, you are helping build your body into greater strength, and your brain into greater power.

Think of the aura as an absolute possession, belonging to you, and given you to make beautiful in its appearance and its influence; and so surely as you work toward this result shall peace and prosperity and health come to you and your power for usefulness increase.

for, and it wrings every ounce of labor out of her that it can get.

Even a philanthropist, like Mr. Ford, when he comes to paying his male and female labor discrimination against women. Look at the haggard faced women of the sweatshops and factories, look at the worn and weary army of shop girls, look at the bent old women scrubbing our office buildings on their knees, and see if you think it is any privilege to be a woman when you have to earn your living.

Worse than that a man has only to fight his battle with poverty, but every young and good looking woman has to battle with one hand for a livelihood while she defends her honor with the other.

But it's in the home, my correspondent will say, that a woman's privileges are so great. She can stay at home, safe and sheltered, while the man goes out into the world to struggle for his support.

Perhaps the very rich woman has more privileges than her husband. Perhaps Mrs. Astor is less vexed with cares than Mr. Astor, and Mrs. Vanderbilt has a rope of pearls, while Mr. Vanderbilt only has pearl shirt studs. With the lot of millionaires most of us have as little to do as we have with the lot of the people in Mars.

In the average family it's a mother's privilege to bear the children, as well as work for them to walk the coles, to sit up at night nursing the sick, to stay at home and get the balance of the family ready for their excursions, to have the shabbiest clothes, and eat the back of the chicken. That's her privilege in the home.

In the ordinary family the boys are given pocket money and an allowance. The girls are not. The boys are sent to college. The girls are not. If the girls go out to work they are expected to turn over their pay envelopes to the mothers. The boys are not. The girls are expected to help in the housework. The boys are not, and when it comes to marrying, the boys have the privilege of picking out their life partners, while the girls have not.

What are the privileges of being a woman? I pause for a reply.

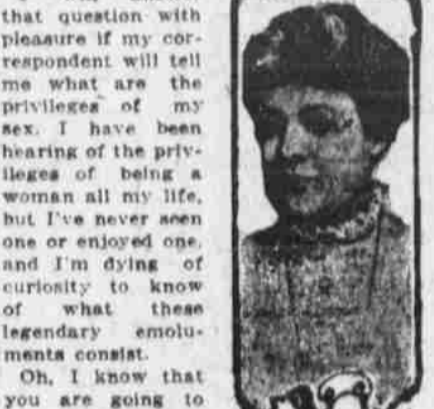
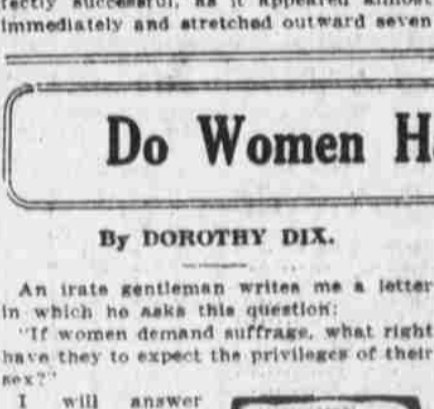
A Vain Wish.
"Our various American country week associations are preparing for a busy summer. Let us help them all we can. They do untold good to the sickly youngsters of our slums."

The speaker was Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes. She continued:
"A little boy, during his first country week, was given a drink of milk from a prize Jersey."

"Gee," he said, smacking his lips, "I wish our milkman kept a cow!"—New York Mail.

Society gives a woman no privileges. The world draws its skirts aside from the woman who sins and asks her partner to dinner. A man may be known to be a profligate and to have a dark and lurid past, and he may marry the sweetest and purest girl in the community and be received with open arms by society, but let a woman so much as soil the hem of her petticoat, and she is pushed down into the mire. If you stumble on the straight and narrow road your petticoats are no protection to you.

Business offers no privileges to the women. It beats her down to the last cent that her poverty makes her work



Do Women Have Privileges?

By DOROTHY DIX.

An irate gentleman writes me a letter in which he asks this question: "If women demand suffrage, what right have they to expect the privileges of their sex?"

I will answer that question with pleasure if my correspondent will tell me what are the privileges of my sex. I have been hearing of the privileges of being a woman all my life, but I've never seen one or enjoyed one, and I'm dying of curiosity to know of what these legendary emoluments consist.

Oh, I know that you are going to say that women and children go first into the lifeboats when there is a wreck at sea. At least they sometimes do, for if you mention the Titanic I will counter with La Bourgoyne, where the men cut off the heads of the women who caught on to the sides of the lifeboats, thereby endangering those already in.

However, let's concede the life raft as scoring one for the skirts. It really doesn't matter. Few women ever go to sea at all, and disasters at sea are so very rare that the privilege of being rescued in shipwreck doesn't cut any ice with the vast majority of the sex. If that privilege was taken away from us entirely we would never know it.

In all other earnestness, brother what are the privileges of being a woman? Nature gives a woman none. On the contrary, she handicaps her by making woman subject to every disease and pain that can afflict a man, and then throwing in a few special ailments of her own, and cursing her with a nervous system kept up to the nth power. When you wish for a strong, healthy body you never wish to be a woman.

In only a few states does the law give a woman the privilege of making a will and disposing of property that she may have inherited from her father or accumulated herself. In Texas and Louisiana a husband has the right to collect his wife's wages if she works outside of the home, and in only twelve or thirteen states does the law give a mother the privilege of being equal guardian with her husband to the child she brought into the world.

Certainly in the eyes of the law it is no privilege to be a woman. Society gives a woman no privileges. The world draws its skirts aside from the woman who sins and asks her partner to dinner. A man may be known to be a profligate and to have a dark and lurid past, and he may marry the sweetest and purest girl in the community and be received with open arms by society, but let a woman so much as soil the hem of her petticoat, and she is pushed down into the mire. If you stumble on the straight and narrow road your petticoats are no protection to you.

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