

# 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 Ainsleys. On the way the trolley is wrecked, near the Tabor home, and there Crosby is obliged 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 Ainsleys he meets Miss Tabor again, and they are getting on famously, when Dr. Reid, Miss Tabor's stepbrother turns up, and carries her off home. 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 Stella, Miss Tabor's old nurse, from the clutches of a assassin committed to her by Carucci, who turns out to be Stella's husband, in escaping from the city she had learned they have a brush with the police, but avoid being detained or identified. This gets 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 help in cleaning up the mystery. In the meantime Crosby has gotten into the good graces of the Tabor family, having 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 Stella intervenes. Crosby returns to the Tabor home, where he gets into an intimate conversation with Mrs. Tabor, who is interrupted by Lady and her father. As a result of the conversation that followed Lady is left with a mother, who seems to be a good deal more than a mother. Crosby goes to have a smoke and talk over the situation. Tabor explains that his wife's health has been several times the death of a daughter several years ago, and that conditions are becoming unbearable. Crosby is informed that they agree that he must be gotten rid of. Stella is to help. Crosby goes back to town and encounters 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. The spirit of Mrs. Tabor's dead daughter, the wife of Dr. Reid, will be present, and the seance. Crosby sees Carucci on the street, and follows him to a drinking place, where the Italian meets Dr. Reid and a whole lot of other people. A large roll of bills is handed Carucci just before he collapses and is carried out. The girl comes back with the money and gives it to Reid. Crosby accuses Reid, and they quarrel. Reid is taken to hospital, Carucci abandoned. Crosby meets Stella and tells her what has happened to her husband. She tells him of the death of Miriam Tabor and her infant child, and lays the blame on Dr. Reid, with a suggestion that Mrs. Tabor needs a priest more than a doctor.

### Now Read On

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### In Which I Can't Believe Half I Hear.

"Stella," I said, "tell me just one thing. How much truth is there in what your husband says?"

"How do I know what he says?" She was watching me closely, as if to see that I followed her words. "He's drunk half the time, poor devil, and he says one thing today and one tomorrow. Never your mind him, sir."

"But there must have been something for him to go on," I persisted. "Did Reid have some affair abroad before his marriage, or not?"

She hesitated, her apparent hatred of Reid struggling with her loyalty to the family and her recovered caution.

"There was some matter with a woman in Germany," she said at last, reluctantly. "But I never rightly know about it, nor Antonio either." Then more rapidly: "An' it's angry I've been, Mr. Crosby, an' it's like I've said more mesself than I mean." She paused.

"Has that nothing to do with the trouble in the family? Stella, you know I'm your good friend, and I'm not merely gossiping. You must have seen—?" for the life of me I could not go on.

"I'll say no more," she answered obstinately. "It's weary I am for you, an' the poor devil's that's bewitching ye, but—" her eyes filled, and she shut her mouth with a snap. "Say what I would after that, I could not move her. She had said enough already, and she trusted a gentleman like me that it should go no further. That was all."

"Stella," I said, as I rose to go, "is all you have told me true?"

"True," she started as if I had struck her. "Yes, it's true—an' sorrow fell him that made it so."

I took up my hat and stick from the table.

"I will have another talk about this some day, Stella," I said. And I closed the door behind me.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### Nor Understand All I See.

For the next few days I think I must have been nearer to a nervous breakdown than I am ever likely to be again. All the strain and the anxiety of the whole summer seemed to fall upon me in a mass; I had not the relief of taking arms against my trouble, nor of any better business than to brood and to remember, sitting idly by the hour in hopeless search after some grain of detraction; and the heat and hurry of the city broke my natural sleep, and went to make a nightmare of my days. Maclean was with me

## Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man  
No. 10—When the Wrong Number Is the Right Number

By Stella Flores  
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"Now who on earth but a human would need any help at love-making on a day like this!" grumbled Cupid, rolling lazily out of a cluster of violets.

His complaint did seem justified, for spring was never more maddeningly sweet than now.

Like a humming bird, he darted off, and when he reached Orchid's home, hovered over it, looking keenly down.

Orchid went over to the phone. "I'll just call up Ruth," she mused.

Cupid flashed down.

He gently tickled the nose of the little telephone operator with a May blossom scent.

She looked around guiltily, and stole out to the door.

In that moment Cupid put his chubby hand out, muffling the bell.

Then he deliberately signalled—not Ruth, but Bob. "Now I wash my hands of you!" he exclaimed.

Five seconds later he was busy with the charming affairs of a pair of young swallows.

## "Twenty-One Guns"

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

"Twenty-one guns will be fired in their honor"—  
Highest salute that our nation can give.  
On that grim ship, with their coffins upon her,  
Death gives them rank and through death they shall live.  
Never in combat these lads could have won it—  
Sailors, marines of the rank and the file—  
Now that the twistings of fate so have spun it,  
Sound them the cannon from Governor's Isle.

"Twenty-one guns will be fired in their honor."  
Back from the Palisades echoes he sped  
O'er the Montana, with death throned upon her,  
Honor denied us reverts to our dead.  
Irony grim in our Nation saluting!  
Little they heed it who silently lie;  
Shattered they fell to the sound of guns shooting  
Under the hostile blue Mexican sky.

"Twenty-one guns will be fired in their honor."  
—Twenty-one guns— and they never had died!  
And the Montana's bright flag set upon her  
Need not half-mast as she creeps up the tide.  
—Twenty-one guns— and the mothers who loved them  
Never need weep as the death ship goes by.  
Huerta refused to the banner above them  
"Twenty-one guns"—and these lads had to die.

## Two-Year Courtship Bill—Another Blue Law

By ADA PATTERSON.

They're trying to pass a new blue law in Massachusetts. The women of that state, which centers in Boston, are trying to bring about a revival of the Puritan laws that made life a pain and death a joy while New England was making its history from the Plymouth Rock beginnings. They propose, quite seriously, these women bent upon reforming something they don't care they don't care they don't care what — to limit the period of courtship. Unsmilingly the peck-skirted lobbyists have charged the legislature.

The first might require five years or longer for their wooing. The last may well be in a few hours. Five times sixty minutes, I believe, is the record interval between meeting of two of these human shavings type and their marriage. Their closest second was a New York couple whose host and hostess introduced them at a dance at midnight, watched them dance the hours away and were gratified to see them at their wedding next morning, waving them their adieu from pier to Europeward sailing steamer at 10 the same morning. Least the women of Massachusetts be swayed from their course by such examples as these of the celerity of cupid, let me explain that both occurred in New York.

Men, too, are temperamentally akin to the three types I have described. The men who fall in love at first sight and marry are a small minority compared with those who wait for second sight and third and hundredth to clarify their vision—especially in New England. And when their love grows rapidly the same is not true of the contents of their pocket-books. Love may be forced by hot house methods of proximity and moonlight and quotation of the poets, but marriage can't—not in New England, where they've formed the deliberative habit, where they think things over before and after and during everything.

I fear me, well meaning women of Massachusetts, that the bachelors of your state will pay their \$5 tax for freedom from matrimony and laugh at you.

The man who is working to earn that competence without which no man who respects himself and cares for the well-being of the woman he wants for a life companion; the man who is waiting to meet the sort of woman he prefers, and who meanwhile continues his brotherly comradeship with the other women; the man who is waiting for his childhood sweetheart; these and many others will scorn your sky-tinted laws.

Cupid laughs at bolts and bars. Likewise he sneers at a time card.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Declaration Not to Be Defended.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17, and have been keeping company with a young man four years my senior. But lately he is getting serious, always mentioning me as his future wife. How can I tell him I do not love him?  
E. K.

It may be hard to tell him you don't love him, but every day this is deferred makes it that much harder. Moreover, to accept his attentions is neither fair nor honorable.

Foolish Girl.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17, and in love with a young man two years my senior. He made an appointment with me which I could not keep, and ever since he does not speak to me. He is employed in the same place in which I am, and I love him.  
YOUTH.

You hold your love too cheaply to bestow it on a man as surly as this one. Don't speak to him and think no more about him.

Orange Blossoms.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am going to be married in June, and I am going to have an evening wedding. Which is the proper headdress, orange blossoms or pearls? My sister wore orange blossoms and I prefer the pearls, but my mother prefers the orange blossoms.  
BRIDE.

There will be many other occasions when you may wear pearls, but this is the only occasion that permits of orange blossoms. Therefore, wear orange blossoms.

## Do You Believe in God?

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

A woman has lost her only child; a man has lost his possessions in an earthquake. They wonder how any intelligent human being can believe in God.

"What do you know about God?" they ask.

Not so much as many great ones know, yet more and more with each passing year, so that life grows more radiant with each step forward toward the final goal. For even upon the path shines the smile of Him I know to be God.

I know this earth is but one room in my Father's mansion, and that whatever my experiences may be in this, they are but to prepare me to enter larger rooms.

Experience is the object of all life. We came from the great all source, and we are returning to it. That we can make the journey for ourselves and others happier and more beautiful by an absolute, unswerving faith in the God of Love back of all things I know.

That a belief in our own divine origin and our oneness with God will mold circumstances and turn seeming evil to good I also know. But the way to such molding is long and the path steep, because it leads over the boulders of self, and we must climb our own stairway through the rocks. But God awaits us at the summit.

The great trouble with most of us is that we magnify our petty lesser selves and desires and tasks, and ignore our real selves, and then doubt the existence of a God because our lesser selves suffer some disappointment or pain, which need not have come to us if we had recognized the divinity within.

God made millions of worlds—billions of planets. No man can make one or even explain how the beginning began. Therefore the most reasonable explanation is that He whom we call God made all.

The magnificence of this vast universe is beyond the scope of human intellect.

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