

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## THE PROFESSORS MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER  
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And there he stood on the sidewalk.

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 Amesway. On the way this trolley is wrecked, near the Tabor home, and there Crosby sees to spend the night. After returning 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 dispute with a rough looking Italian the next day, and learns the Italian is one Carucci. Later at the Amesway he meets Miss Tabor again, and they are getting on famously, when Dr. Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's stepbrother, turns up, and starts her off home. Crosby is warned by Reid not to try to see Miss Tabor again. He persists, and is invited to accompany her on a midnight trip to the hotel where they rescue Sheila, Miss Tabor's only child, from the effects of an assault committed on her by the Italian. This is the beginning of the mystery. Crosby is detained or identified. This gets the newspapers into the game, and one of the reporters, who comes closest to getting the truth, is Miss Tabor's stepbrother, Dr. Reid. Crosby is persuaded to suppress the Tabor name, and to assist in cleaning up the mystery. The next day 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 Miss Tabor, 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, Lady follows Crosby to her mother, who 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 ago, 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 goes back to town and encounters Maclean, who has done by 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 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 the Amesway, where the Italian meets Dr. Reid and a giant, and drinks are served for three. Crosby is invited to join them, and a scheme on foot, for Crosby notes that Carucci's drink is drugged, while neither of the others is drinking. A large roll of bills is handed Carucci just before he collapses and is carried out. The giant comes back with the money, which is Reid's. Crosby accuses Reid, and they quarrel. Reid has planned to have Carucci shanghaied; Crosby meets Sheila 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. While Crosby is insisting over Sheila's story, he is called on the telephone by Tabor, who tells him Mrs. Tabor has started for town alone, and asks Crosby to keep track of her.

### Now Read On

CHAPTER XX.  
Nor Understand All I See.  
(Continued.)

She came on quickly, carrying a little shopping bag, and stepping with a certain birdlike alertness. It was hard to imagine that this eager, pretty lady, with her spunglike hair and her bright eyes, could be either ill or in trouble. I let her pass me, and followed at a little distance into the waiting room; then crossed over and met her face to face by the telephone booths on the west side. Her greeting was a fresh surprise.

"Why, Mr. Crosby, this is delightfully fortunate. I was just going to call you up, and here you spring from the earth as if I had rubbed a magic ring. You must have known that I was thinking about you. You're not going away, are you? Or meeting any one?"

"If she meant anything in particular, I had reason to feel embarrassed; but the big, childlike eyes that smiled into my own seemed wholly innocent of suspicion."

"No," I said. "I've been seeing somebody off, and I'm very glad that your service for as long as you like." I was praying heaven to inspire me with mendacity.

"Well, that's the best that could have happened. I came in town to see some friends, and I promised myself to see you at the same time. Excuse me just half a minute, while I telephone them."

She slipped into the booth, leaving me hesitating outside. Evidently here was my chance to call up Mr. Tabor, and report, but she kept glancing out at me through the glass doors as she talked, quite casually, but still with observant interest; and I dared not shut myself in a booth lest she should either suspect or escape. She was out again before I could take up my mind.

"Now take me to lunch," she said gaily, "and after that, if you haven't grown tired of such a frivolous old creature, I'll set you free by 3 or 3 o'clock, at the latest."

I took her to the Waldorf, for no better reason than that it was cool and close at hand; wondering all the way how in the world I was to get word to the family, and keep up my end rather absent in a conversation, which with a younger woman would have been merrily flirtatious, and wanted only relief from preoccupied anxiety to be very delightful fencing. Mrs. Tabor was in that state of fluffly exhilaration, that brightening and brightening of spirit which in a man would have been hilarity, and which in a woman may equally well mean the excitement of pleasure or the tension of imprisoned pain. She was a little above herself, but there was absolutely nothing to tell me why. And she kept me too busy in finding the next answer to plan what I should do the minute afterward.

"Of course, Mr. Crosby," she began when we were settled at our table, "this is another of my horrible and mysterious disappearances. I've actually come to the great city, in broad daylight, without a chapron. Isn't it reckless of me?"

"Desperately," I answered. "And not a soul knows where you are? Won't they be shocked and surprised when they miss you?"

She shook out a little laugh. "Let them; it's their own fault. If I'm to be treated like an European school girl, I shall at least have the pleasure of seeing like one. They need imagination enough to conceive of my being able to take care of myself now and then. I'm not in my second childhood, yet—only in my second infancy."

"At least let me telephone them that you're with me. I won't say why or where, and we can make a mystery of that."

"Not a bit of it." Her color sharpened just a trifle. "That would spoil the

## A Leading Lady's Jewels

The Magnificent Collection of Gems Owned by Charming Fannie Ward.  
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Pearls and diamonds are Miss Ward's favorite jewels. Her collection includes some very rare and valuable stones, and some with very interesting histories. The collection as shown here does not include her remarkable diamond tiara or turquoise coronet, which she left in London, knowing she would not wear them here. She has designed many of the settings.

The tiny watch, crusted with diamonds, hanging from a pearl chain, was once the property of the late empress of Austria. It was given to Miss Ward by the Archduke Ferdinand. The gold box set with diamonds and emeralds, was a wedding gift from Barney Barnato. The diamond serpent bracelet is her mascot. She never plays without it. Frequently it is the only bit of jewelry she wears. Necklaces are a passion with this piquant little actress. She has an almost barbaric love for chains of jewels. One of Lacloche turquoises is set in diamonds, and another, entirely of diamonds, has a curious clasp, with a large ruby as the center of the three stones. Of pearl necklaces, her jewel box holds half a dozen, which may be combined under a round diamond clasp, as the three are shown in this picture.

## Cold Cuts

BY DOROTHY DIX

Most housewives make it a habit to keep their larder well supplied with cold cuts, which are exceedingly convenient to serve when unexpected and unwelcome visitors drop in.

The most common of these delicatessen morsels is cold shoulder. This is a favorite dish with brides, who almost invariably serve it in large, solid chunks to their husband's people and his old friends. It is equally good, however, to offer to resumptuous people who knew you in the days when you were poor and struggling, and who still have the presumption to call you "Bill" or "Sally" when you are rich and prosperous, and have moved from Brooklyn to Fifth avenue.

Pickled cold shoulder is the most familiar article of food among those who have just made their fortunes. They are always giving it to some one, or getting it from somebody else, and there is probably more of it consumed in this city than anywhere else in the world. New Yorkers invariably hand it out to Pittsburghers under the impression that it is their favorite article of diet, while when the domestic bread runs out of New York they import it from Europe, the cut direct of cold shoulder from people of title being a sweet morsel that New York mill onalres roll on their tongues.

To prepare cold shoulder take a barrel of snobbishness, a bushel of idiosyncrasy, a peck of egotism and a pound of superciliousness, and mix well together. When these are thoroughly blended flavor with enough ingratitude for past favors and broken ties of friendship to make it bitter. Add selfishness and cruelty to taste, and steep yourself in this mixture.

Follow these rules and you cannot fail to produce an article of cold shoulder that will have no superior on the market, and of which no one will ever ask a second helping. There is nothing that a housewife can serve at her table that will do so much to reduce the high cost of living as cold shoulder, and this is why in so many homes it is invariably the piece de resistance when the husband dars bring a friend home to dinner.

Another favorite dish with married women, and an article of food that they always keep on ice, is pickled tongue. Some women serve this at all hours to their family and friends, and even recale their servants upon it, but the majority of wives save it as a particular tidbit for their husbands.

The impression prevails that men have an especial hankering after this piquant morsel late at night, particularly after they have been spending a few hours with their friends in the smoke-laden atmosphere of a poker game, where perhaps, there was also some beer. Whether husbands really are so keen about pickled tongue upon such occasions, or whether they find it somewhat indigestible, is not known, because after perceiving how much trouble and time and worry their wives have spent in preparing an unlimited supply of this domestic staple for their consumption they feel it best simply to gulp it down in silence.

Thus do we perceive the wisdom of the nursery training, which teaches small boys to eat what is set before them, and ask no questions.

There are many ways of preparing pickled tongue, each housewife, indeed, having her own specific rules, and her tried and true recipe for making this relate to domestic life. We can, however, heartily recommend the following formula, which is followed in many of our best families.

To properly pickle a tongue, first put it down in brine. Make your brine by weeping a barrelful of tears over the most foolish and trivial happenings. When the tongue simply drips tears and is so salty that the mere thought of it makes a man want to take to drink, it is ready to pickle.

Then take an unlimited supply of the vinegar of temper, throw in enough of the mustard of spite to make it bite, and sufficient of the cayenne of malice to cause it to burn and blister. Then season it to taste with reproaches and suspicious and unguarded accusations—the more bitter these are the better. Spice up still higher by dragging out all of a man's weaknesses and rebuking them with any unpleasant facts you happen to have in your possession concerning his family.

Steep your tongue in this mixture for about four or five hours, while you are waiting for your husband to come home at night, and then serve it to him, good and plenty, while it is still on the frits.

Pickled Tongue may be served either plain, with a simple garniture of curled papers and Mother Hubbard wrapper, or as a kind of floating island surrounded by a sea of tears.

Pickled Tongue cannot be recommended as wholesome, yet many men partake of it every night and still survive.

As roast beef is the national dish of England, spaghetti of Italy, saurkraut of Germany, and oatmeal of Scotland, so Pig's Feet is of New York. It is the proud boast of this great city that nowhere else under the sun are there so many Pig's Feet, nor are they so large and luscious, and so within the reach of all, rich and poor alike, as in New York.

Everywhere you go in New York Pig's Feet are served to you, but the very finest and best are to be found in the Subway.

To prepare Pig's Feet a la Subway, take a large, able-bodied, husky male person, with long legs that end in a pair of about No. 11 socks. Place the male person in a seat at the back of the neck, so that his legs will extend out in the aisle as far as possible. Cross these extremities at an angle of forty-five degrees, as this will enable him to use one foot to trip up people as they enter the car, and the other to smear mud over the expensive clothes of women. Then jam the car as full as possible of assorted sizes of men, women and children, add a motorman who starts and stops the car with a jerk that muzzes up everybody around with the Pig's Feet, and flavor the whole with blasphemy and cursing.

Another very delicious brand of Pig's Feet is made from the hoofs of the theater folk, who forces everybody to hurdle over his hoofs as they come in and go out of their seats at the play.

According to statistics the life of the average New Yorker is very short and full of internal pains. Scientists account for this on the ground that New Yorkers are forced to practically subsist on Pig's Feet.



## The Veteran

He has been through many wars. He bears the mark of battle. But the mark of old age he has escaped. For grey hair is the mark of age—he uses Hays' Hair Health.

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## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

**Burn Them.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been married one year, and love my husband dearly. Now he kept company with a girl before I knew him. When we started to keep company he asked me to burn any letters or pictures I had from other men, and I did so. I find love letters and pictures which he received from his girl, I feel hurt because I imagine he still loves the other girl and keeps these things in remembrance of her. Will you shall I do with them?

M.

Men are not given to any sentimental cherishing of remembrances, and he has probably forgotten he has them. Destroy them and say nothing to him about it.

**Wait Five Years.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, age seventeen, and am in love with a girl one year my senior. She loves me, and I love her. My parents object to our being engaged. The reason of my parents' objection is because she has no parents. What would you advise me to do, as I am heartbroken?

J. W.

You are a mere child—and cannot dream of taking the responsibility of marriage without the help and consent of your parents.

**Mind Mother, of Course.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a boy of 17, and am in love with a girl 18 years of age. She continually asks me to quit my position and pay more attention to her. My mother says if I cease to work she will stop my spending money on Sunday. So which would you advise me to do?

J. P. L.

Your inquiry is enough to make one regret that corporal punishment is no longer in fashion.

Your mother seeks your future welfare; the girl doesn't. Which, you ask, should you heed? I am ashamed of you because you hesitate.

## Aim to Be Perfect Man or Woman

By ADA PATTERSON.

Recently a Judge died in a western state and columns of sincere mourning in the press marked his passing. Those who thought their way through the columns discerned something the unquestioned sincerity of their expressions of praise. They noted the remarkable range of the qualities set forth.

I knew this judge and knew that every encomium bestowed upon him was deserved. Not only was he a just judge, a brilliant lawyer, a good husband, a good father, an eminent citizen, a loyal friend, but a man with a keen appetite for, and enjoyment of life.

The fact that he rewarded the praise bestowed upon him for all of these phases of his character called attention to the subject of what is a laudable ambition. The judge was an intensely ambitious man, eager for approbation as a child, sensitive, too, as a child, to adverse criticism of his acts, yet possessed of infinite courage in doing what he believed to be right, no matter what scores of passing public odium he might invite by his rulings. Yet while he was ambitious he did not desire what Inspector Byrnes of the New York police once said of men anxious for the applause of their fellows: "Watch the very ambitious man. He will turn sharp corners." He was a just judge and no breath of suspicion ever clouded the sanctification of his honor.

He was a fond and faithful husband. As far as the commentary on masculine nature, fondness is not always a guarantee of fidelity. "I don't know why I did it" was the only explanation of a man who had been apprehended in an attempt to make love to his secretary could make. No man does. The speech occurred in a play on a New York stage, causing merriment by some, discussion by others. Well, the judge didn't make love to his secretary. Rather he earned the secretary of Othello Thane pronounced upon Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll: "He was the lifelong lover of one woman."

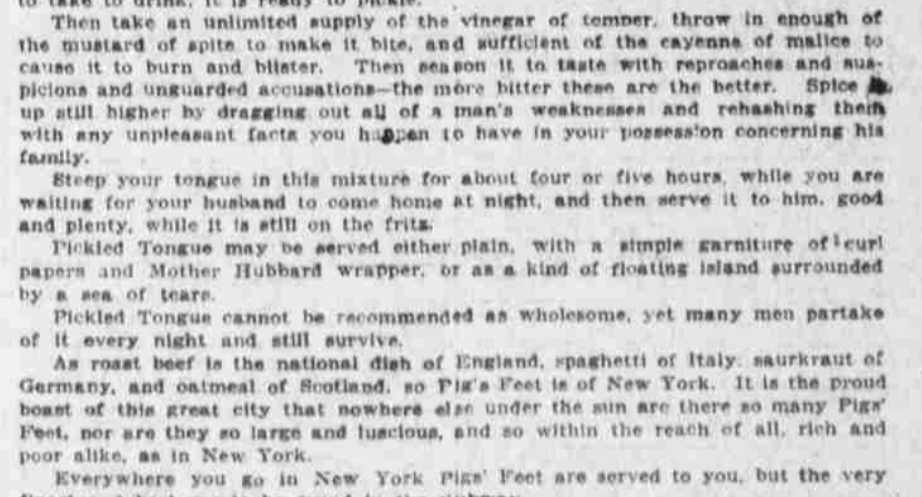
He was a lawyer who used the weapon of a profound knowledge of the law, not for the prosecution of the oppressed and unfortunate, but for their relief. Circumstances occasionally forced him into the office of prosecutor, but after securing one man's conviction he afterwards begged for leniency and saved his life.

"There's a world-wide difference between high justice which is broad humanity and the quibbling technicalities of the law," he said.

His aunchness as a friend was as proved, as by the strength of Gibraltar, as unwavering as the silence of the Sphinx. He was one of those companions who brightens an hour and lightens the burdens of life. As a father he was tender and comrade-like, yet just, as was the Roman judge who sentenced his son to death when that son was found to be an enemy to the state. He fashioned his son's character upon the precept: "The proper ambition is to be a perfect man."

There we have it. All the wisdom of all the ages has given us no greater precept. Try to be a perfect man or woman. If we may not reach the stars we may gaze upon them. To do our work well and zealously and at the same time approach as nearly as may be to a perfect character is the right ideal. To do one thing well while being many things that are worth while is the normal aim. Genius will take care of itself. Like love it cannot be controlled. But thoroughness and business are sufficient aims for the 99 of every 1,000 men and women.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



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