

# 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 Ainsleys. 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 Ainsleys 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 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 her from the clutches of a 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 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 cleaning 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. Mrs. Tabor manages to slip up on Carucci, 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 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 got rid of. Sheila 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. Develops the medium pretends to produce the spirit of Mrs. Tabor's dead daughter, the wife of Dr. Reid. Crosby explains that 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. It becomes apparent that Reid has a scheme on foot, for Crosby notes the Carucci's drink is drugged, while neither of the others is drinking. A large roll of bills is handed to Reid, just before he collapses and is carried out. The giant comes back with the money and gives it to Reid. Crosby accuses Reid, and they quarrel. Reid just blusters, and Sheila Carucci shanahed; 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 physician more than a doctor. While Crosby is puzzling 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. Crosby encounters Mrs. Tabor and goes with her while she keeps an appointment with the man Reid had twice taken secretly to the Tabor home.

## Now Read On

CHAPTER XXI.

Concerning the Identity of the Man with the High Voice.

I had my first good look at him while he moved deliberately past me and up to the door of the house: A man past middle age, in frock coat and silk hat, in spite of the season, heavy without portliness, a figure of an elderly athlete. A shock of iron-gray hair brushed the back of his collar, and his face was a face to ponder over, a face at once square and aquiline, broad forehead, predatory nose, and massive lips and jawbones of a conqueror, clear-cut under a skin of creamy ivory. He might have been a Roman emperor in time-worn marble. While I stood irresolute, wondering whether to follow, and on what pretext I should do so, the door swung open and he passed ponderously within; and the next instant Mrs. Tabor appeared at the ground-floor window, motioning to me frantically. I came forward, but she as frantically waved me back, and seemed to indicate by her gestures that I was to keep the taxicab where it was. A moment later she slipped out of the door like a fugitive, ran across the sidewalk, and fell in a heap inside the car, crying: "Take me away, quickly! Oh, take me away!"

I directed the astonished driver to the Grand Central, and springing inside her, she was very pale and breathing with sobbing gasps, and remembering her weak heart, I was alarmed almost for her life. But she began to recover as soon as we were fairly in motion, and by the time we had gone a few blocks was apparently beyond the immediate danger of collapse. She was still, however, pitifully pale and shaken, clutching unconsciously at my arm, and whispered: "That man—that man—like a frightened child—'Whom do you mean?' I asked. 'Not the chauffeur? He went the other way as soon as you were inside.' 'Chauffeur? No, what chauffeur? I mean the old man that came in after me. He comes after me everywhere. I can't get away from him. Is he coming now?' She tried to look out of the window.

"There's no one coming," I said blindly. "He sent his car away, and he couldn't follow us if he tried. It's all right."

"Really? Are you quite sure?" She sat up, and began setting her hair to rights with little aimless pats and pushes. "You must think me ill or crazy, Mr. Crosby," she went on, with a faint smile, "but if you could only understand, you would see that I'm not so absurd as I seem."

"But who is he?"

"He's the worst of them all. He's the head of it. My own people would hear reason if it weren't for him. He knows—oh, he knows all the things that nobody

## A Peril of the Sea :: Copyright, 1914, International News Service. :: By Nell Brinkley



The Lorelei, who crouched on the rocks in a mist of gauze and song; the Sirens, with pomegranate blossoms red in their hair; the shoals, and the dreamed-of and watched-for serpent of the sea, the great wave in midocean, jade on its riding tip and indigo in its swallowing hollow; the September-squall and the storied merman, with oyster shells on his breast, who comes up at sunset once every seven years and might frighten a chap to death with the cold stare of his eye; the "Ninth Wave," that calls to the ears of the out-land Scot and its call is "Follow, Follow," and he follows who hears it into the night-dark sea, out and out, until his weary limbs can row no longer and he sinks—all these are perils of the sea! But they are nothing to the larming, charming peril that the sea takes on in June! Lovelier than a mist-wrapped siren, more deadly than the fabled serpent, eyes that hold both the jade and the indigo of the midsea wave and swallow your heart if you look too long, more sure than a September squall, and just as swift to your undoing, from whom you had better run like the dickens as you do from the fish-eyed merman; more luring than the "Ninth Wave," with its same beckoning call of "Follow, Follow!" Close in to shore it is—as thick as the surf edge in June as the suds of the lacy water. Sometimes it wears a scarlet frock and sometimes sheeny black; sometimes its hair is red and sometimes blackbird dark and sometimes gold, and always it is as myriad as the sandpiper that hops and rustles on the sand. Better be careful, Billy-boy! Don't laugh at the desperate word "peril!" for a clear-headed serious chap recalled to me a woman's face whom we both much admire—and "Do you know," quoth he, "it's a terrible thing for a heart-breaking creature like that to be just loose in the world—she's dangerous—perilous—I call it now!"

So perilous is the word—a "Peril of the Sea."

—NELL BRINKLEY.

## When the Monroe Doctrine Was Alive

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was exactly fifty years ago—April 19, 1823—that Maximilian accepted the crown of Mexico from the deputation at Miramador, and thus was afforded the opportunity for the people of the United States to show to the world what they thought about the "Monroe Doctrine," whether in their opinion it was a joke or a reality.

As everybody knows, the government of the United States had its hands full when the Austrian arch-duke came over to establish himself in the land of the Aztecs, and he was permitted to fix up his throne, mount it, and play emperor for a time on these western shores.

In the meantime the monarchists of Europe were nudging each other, and with sly winks saying to one another, "We knew it. Uncle Sam was only bluffing, and when his bluff was called he slunk into his hole like the empty brag he is well known to be. The Monroe Doctrine is dead." And then they laughed, and laughed again.

Good-natured as he was—and is, and perhaps always will be—Uncle Sam got pretty mad to see the fun they were having with him across the water; but he simply had to bite his lips, hitch up his trousers and stand it. Being right in the midst of the biggest and bitterest family row that ever tried a nation's strength he simply had no time to attend to anything else. It was humiliating to have those quality-fellows in Europe laughing at him, but he was helpless and had to take his medicine as best he could.

But by and by "Uncle Robert" fought himself out of breath and fell down, the war ended, and the union was saved.

And then, upon getting his mind a bit after his hard tussle with "Johnny Reb," Uncle Sam spat in his hands, straightened himself up, rolled up his sleeves and shouted to Maximilian to get out, that he "wouldn't stand for the sort of thing he was attempting to do in Mexico." Maximilian shouted back that he "didn't propose to get out at all; that there was a big man over in Europe named Napoleon the Third, the great emperor of France, and if Uncle Sam had anything to say let him say it to Napoleon."

Taking him at his word, your Uncle Samuel sent Napoleon word to recall his troops from Mexico at once, as their presence over here was distasteful to him, and the suggestion did not have to be repeated. The French troops were recalled, and after a brief struggle with the Mexican people poor Maximilian lost his throne and his life.

The Monroe Doctrine had prevailed; and the bold attempt on the part of the French emperor to found a monarchy on the North American continent went up in smoke. America was America in those days, and the Monroe Doctrine was a live wire that no old world monarchist cared to handle.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Mama's Girl."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, 20 years old, very good looking and a good dresser, but have a fellow who has come across a lot of fellows that would like to take me out, but these I could not love, and the boys that really did like me don't like me because I wouldn't go to any rages and cabaret shows. So now I wish you would give me good advice and let me know if it's wrong for a girl to go to such places, for the boys say it's nothing wrong and always BROWN EYES.

"Mama's girl" ought to be considered a title of honor. If you are the sort of girl who would never allow herself to be influenced to do anything that would grieve your mother, I see no reason why you cannot go to a safe occasionally or to a cabaret. Of course, you must be sure that you are going to a place of excellent reputation, and you must not touch any form of liquor.

Avoid Their Company.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am ill and a friend of mine has advised me to go to a party quite often. As I am very jolly, I often joke with the husband, who is also of the same nature. His wife does not seem to approve of this, but I do not mean any harm by being jolly with him, for it is my natural disposition.

Which do you think is the most appropriate way for me to act when I am in their company? UNHAPPY MARY.

If the wife is jealous of you it will be impossible for you to do yourself that she will not see cause for further jealousy. The wise thing to do will be to see as little of them as possible.

## The Origin of Metallic Ores

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

You have read of that legendary Indian, who, while chasing game on a Bolivian mountain side, seized a bush to prevent himself from falling, and the bush being pulled loose from its roots held on to his feet, he saw his crooked roots grasping masses of gleaming white ore, and thus became the discoverer of the famous silver mines of Potosi.

You have also read, perhaps with itching fingers, of prospectors picking up nuggets of gold worth \$1,000 each, or opening veins of quartz, all shot through with heavy threads of the yellow metal.

You know that ores of gold and silver or any other precious or useful metal are not to be found in everybody's back yard, but must be sought for in certain favored parts of the earth.

But has your intelligent curiosity ever led you to inquire how these ores came to be where they are and nowhere else? Have you ever wondered what makes a gold nugget?

Possibly you think that gold and other metals grow somewhat as fruits do, in soils and climates that are specially suited to them. Well, there is considerable truth in that idea, and the word "grow" is, in one sense, surprisingly applicable to such deposits.

But this is a great deal more in the matter than you would imagine, and on no subject has science fought more battles royal than on this of the origin of metallic ores. I think that there are some geologists who would rather find out this secret, to the very bottom, than discover the richest lode that the ribs of the earth contain. If they could do both, that would be perfection, and we must not forget that knowledge is power.

I find the subject again under discussion in scientific journals, and Dr. Hatch, the president of the British Institution of Mining and Metallurgy, has been setting forth some of the ancient and modern views about it. They are interesting even to persons who never expect to get a dollar out of the ground except with the aid of a hoe.

Until about 400 years ago everybody who thought about it at all believed that veins of precious ore were distributed under the influence of the planets. At that time astrology held the place of science.

Finally George Agricola, a German mineralogist, who lived about the time when the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru were making Spain the temporary mistress of the world, hit upon a theory which came, in substance, very near the truth. He taught that water, penetrating into the earth and becoming heated, took up scattered minerals in solution, and afterward deposited them as ores in cavities in the rocks. The mineral solutions he called the earth's "juices."

A couple of hundred years later the German geologist Werner set forth a view that became very famous under the name of the "Neptunist theory," from Neptune, the god of the sea. Werner's idea was that as the earth cooled down from the primeval nebula out of which it was formed, it was enveloped in a universal hot ocean.

Holding in solution all kinds of minerals, and that when the rocky crust it deposited, the water leaking down into it deposited its metallic contents by chemical precipitation in veins and lodes wherever the circumstances were favorable.

But a hundred years ago the Neptunist theory, which has swept everything before it in the minds of men of science, met its Waterloo at the hands of Hutton, the Scottish geologist, with his "Plutonist theory" (from Pluto, the god of the internal regions). Hutton's idea was that the materials which fill the metallic veins were melted by heat and forcibly injected into the clefts and fissures of the strata from below.

The "Neptunists" and "Plutonists" had a hard fight, with the latter holding the upper hand, until their theory had assumed a kind of compromise form, with water again playing the principal role. The American geologist Van Hise is the author of one of the latest theories, according to which, meteoric water (condensed atmospheric vapor) penetrates deep into the earth's crust, and, with steadily increasing temperature, takes up mineral matter into solution. Spreading, as it gets deeper, the water reaches larger openings in the rocky crust, in which it ascends, with decreasing temperature and pressure.

There it deposits the ores, whose materials it has collected in its wanderings and carried along in solution.

But this is not the last word, and Dr. Hatch points out that in recent years there has been a partial reaction toward the Plutonist theory. Besides, a great deal seems to depend upon the nature of the ore whose origin is in question.

## What Stands in Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

In 1901 I said in print that beyond doubt some gigantic discovery would be made; some rock-hewn stupendous law; so far-reaching, so inclusive, that all of the laws then known would be subsidiary or mere by-laws.

This is now fulfilled in the isolation and weighing of electrons. Nothing exists but electrons, is the law. And therefore every other law whatever is secondary—that is, a by-law in comparison with this mighty law at the very base of nature, of the entire universe as it now stands in its majesty.

Let us have one language and one code or set of laws. And one bottom law upon which all others stand as upon rock.

Q.—As the nebular hypothesis of the La Place is not accepted by the astronomers of today, is it not possible that great mathematical laws of the future centuries will discard many theories held as correct by astronomers of the twentieth century?

A.—Not discarded if based on rigid mathematics. This is the only thing that cannot be upset. The hypothesis of La Place, where the solar system was thought to have been formed by masses being thrown off or abandoned by a rotating mass of rare gas, to later become planets, was not based on mathematical proof. It was a theory.

## Boy or Girl? Great Question!

This brings to many minds an old and tried family remedy—an external application known as "Mother's Friend." During the period of expectancy it is applied to the abdominal muscles and is designed to soothe the intricate network of nerves involved. In this manner it has such a splendid influence as to justify its use in all cases of coming moonstruck. It has been generally recommended to women as "Mother's Friend" who have used it speak in highest praise of the immense relief it affords. Particularly do these knowing mothers speak of the absence of strain on the ligaments and freedom from those many other distresses which are usually looked forward to with so much concern.

There is no question but that "Mother's Friend" has a marked tendency to relieve the mind and this of itself in addition to the physical relief has given it a very wide popularity among women. It is absolutely safe to use, renders the skin pliable, is penetrating in its nature, and is composed of those emollients best suited to thoroughly lubricate the nerves, muscles, tendons and ligaments involved.

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(To be Continued Tomorrow.)