

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, on his way to visit a friend in the country, meets Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. An accident to the trolley car leaves them stranded near the Tabor home, where they are made welcome, but under peculiar conditions. During the night Crosby is asked to leave the house, Miss Tabor saying goodbye to him and requesting him not to call again. At the inn he learns that Tabor is concerned in some way with a burly Italian, named Carucci. When he goes on to his friend's home, he finds Miss Tabor also a guest there, and just as they are getting on well together, she is taken away by Dr. Reid, whom Crosby afterwards learns is a brother-in-law of Miss Tabor, having wedded her sister Miriam, who is now the wife of the mystery of the Tabor household is increased, though, when Crosby gets a hasty call to go with Miss Tabor on a mysterious mission to the city, where he rescues Mrs. Carucci, who is Sheila, Miss Tabor's nurse, from the effect of a brutal attack by her husband. Plans are laid to get rid of the Italian, by sending him out of the country, to relieve Mrs. Tabor of his presence. Mr. Tabor tells Crosby his wife has never been quite well since the death of her daughter, MacLean, a newspaper reporter, and Crosby in gaining admission to a spiritualistic seance, where the dead daughter is supposed to be "materialized." After the seance Crosby discovers Dr. Reid and a stranger drugging Carucci, intending to have him "abducted" and board and ostentatious. He makes an enemy of Reid by interfering. A call comes from Tabor, telling him that Mrs. Tabor has suddenly gone alone to the city, and asking Crosby to look after her. He succeeds in locating her, and witnesses a strange interview between Mrs. Tabor and a man who turns out to be Dr. Paulus, a celebrated alienist. Crosby and Sheila get Mrs. Tabor back home, and there Crosby meets Miss Tabor for an interview that promises to lead to the clearing up of the mystery.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XXII.

I Learn What I Have to Do.

(Continued.)

"True?" she wrinkled her brow. "Of course it was true." It was evidently not a question that she had expected. "Then who is Miriam?" "Oh, I told you the truth then. Do you doubt it? Why should you ask these things again?" I paused. Certainly she was not to hear that ugly story if it were not true and I could in any way prevent it. "It may seem very strange to you," said I, "but some day I will tell you all about it. I have to know this now. Do you mean that it is true you have a sister, that her name is Miriam, and that she is—that she was Dr. Reid's wife?" The question was out at last, and my heart stopped for the answer. "Why, yes," she answered, in the same disinterested tone, as if she were telling dry facts in distant history. "Miriam married Walter when he came back from studying abroad. She only lived about a year. They had a little girl, you know, that lived not more than about an hour. I think if she had lived, Miriam would have lived, too. But it was too much for her to bear. He died three days after her baby died."

The unshed tears were falling now, falling quietly in the mere physical relief of tender sorrow. Every rigid line of tragedy and pain had disappeared, and her trouble came upon her naturally, like sleep, a relaxation and a rest after hot-eyed days. I did not even feel any sorrow for her, so full was I of the new certainty that we were free. Very reverently I came closer to her, and like a child she turned to me and hid her face against my shoulder. So we rested for a space. I do not think that either of us had any definite thought—only that peace wrapped us like a garment and that the tension of the last few weeks had somehow vanished away. At last Lady drew herself quietly from me, half smiling as she brushed away her tears.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I Stand Between Two Worlds.

After a few minutes, I went quietly out of the house to look back over the sunlit lawn with its bright flower beds and heavy trees. My work was plain enough before me now. I saw what I had to do, and the only question was my method of approach. The impossibility of it somehow did not interest me. I did not want to think the situation over, but merely to decide at what point I should first take hold upon it; and I was eager to begin. As I stood there, I saw Dr. Reid, in loose flannels and with a tennis racket in his hand, come in the side gate and walk jerkily toward the garage in the rear. Here was one thing to be done at least, and I might as well attend to it while I was on the ground. His springy step was on the stairs as I entered the building after him, and I overtook him at the top, shuffling from one foot to the other before an open door, while he hunted through his pockets for the key. He turned sharply at the sound of my coming. "What are you doing here?" was his greeting. "Reid," said I, "I have to say to you that I regret forcing that matter on you the other night; and if you'll give me a little time, I want to tell you why. It will end in our pulling more or less together, instead of fighting each other."

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With the Othine Prescription. This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., or any druggist, under guarantee to refund the money if it fails. Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely. Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee. Advertisement.

A Princess Who Defies the Conventions



The Detachable Skirt. Princess Bariatinsky (better known as Lydia Yavorska) was seen in London recently wearing breeches. She was off to Espat-bourne, where she gave a flying matinee, and when she arrived at the station she was attired in a detachable skirt, the advantage of which she demonstrated. In an instant the buttons, which are fastened down the front, were undone, the skirt cast aside and the princess was standing before the camera, as shown in the picture.

Babies and Consumption

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In glancing over an article on the relations of diseases by Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, I hit upon this statement: "There is no incontrovertible evidence that any adult ever acquires tuberculosis."

When why, I said to myself, are the doctors continually warning us against the danger of becoming infected with the germs of consumption? If no adult ever acquires tuberculosis (consumption) then all grown-up people can snap their fingers at its germs and defy them.

I did not have to read very far, however, before I found the explanation, and it is a thing of so much interest to every human being that—assuming that Dr. Woodruff is sure of his facts—I feel that it ought to be brought to everybody's attention.

The essence of the explanation is found in the following sentences: "Babies are born free of tuberculosis, but begin to acquire it as soon as they can crawl around, pick up the bacilli with dust and dirt, and immediately convey them to the mouth after the manner of all babies."

These germs are weakened or attenuated by sunlight, drying, etc., and are not able to spread actively, though they establish themselves. Those which are taken in by the phagocytes have the same effect as vaccination and cause the production of antibodies which make us all more or less immune to infection or virulent bacilli. If a baby is infected by fresh, virulent bacilli from a nurse before its immunity is produced it dies of rapidly disseminated tuberculosis, but an adult is not harmed by the virulent bacilli he takes in."

So, if all this is correct, and I am not competent to dispute it, consumption always plants its first seeds in babies and never in adults, and if babies can manage, by early exercise of the art of crawling, to infect itself with weakened bacilli and thus become immune, it can defy the later attacks of virulent con-

sumptive germs in the same way that its elders do. Moreover, if it were not for the baby's habit of crawling and of tasting everything it picks up, it would not become immune, and the protective "antibodies" of which Dr. Woodruff speaks would not get established in our blood and free us henceforth from the danger of acquiring tuberculosis. But now the reader may ask, in his turn, "How does it happen, then, that anybody except a young baby that has never crawled ever dies of consumption?" The answer is as interesting as anything that has preceded and is perhaps of greater importance. "If an adult develops active tuberculosis it is not a new infection, but an activation of latent lesions that he has been carrying since childhood. "Something has happened to him which has caused a temporary lessening of his antibodies and allowed the latent tuberculosis to spread, and nothing is more potent in doing this than infections like measles, whooping cough and typhoid fever. Without these activating causes a man may lose immunity very slowly by improper food, mental and physical exhaustion, living in badly ventilated rooms, lack of outdoor exercise, and a thousand other ways of lowering general health, but if one in such a condition does acquire another infection like pneumonia, typhoid fever or influenza, his chances of becoming actively tubercular later are very large."

And then read this: "Post-mortems of children almost always reveal tubercle, no matter what the disease was which caused death. Post-mortems of adults always show healed lesions, proving that at some time in our lives each of us lost resistance sufficiently to allow the lesions to become active, though we were later cured by a re-establishment of the immunity. One-eighth or one-tenth of us are unable to re-establish it and perish."

Man Is a Conundrum

By DOROTHY DIX.

Man is the prize conundrum of the universe.

He has explored the remotest parts of the earth and discovered the North Pole, but he cannot find a clean handkerchief in his own drawer.

He will lead a forlorn hope in battle with a smile on his face, but he has to walk seven times around the block before he can screw his courage up to enter his dentist's door.

He can face a ferocious lion without quailing, but a little two-by-four wife can have him so terrorized that he pulls off his shoes on the outer door mat and sneaks into his home like a burglar.

He can be big and bold, and strong, but be scared to death every time he has a sick headache.

He can wait like patience on a monument for the accomplishment of some big end, but rave like a lunatic if dinner is ten minutes late.

He may be utterly cynical and worldly-wise, yet a girl baby with dimples and large blue eyes can take him in and make a fool of him.

He may have written volumes about the psychology of woman, but he can't distinguish between nepes and trimper in his own wife, nor tell whether she is weeping for joy or sorrow.

He may be highly intellectual and educated, and enjoy only the society of cultivated people, yet he will pick out a silly little goose of a girl for a wife.

He will spend ten years of his life chasing down some woman to persuade her to marry him, and apparently lose all interest in her the minute the wedding ceremony is over.

He will spend every evening with a girl before he marries her, and every evening away from her after they are married. He can always remember his sweet-



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON IX PART I.

The Present Fashions.

It is often bemoaned by poets and philosophers that the age of great personal beauty is past; that there are today no unique examples of loveliness to which the world pays homage.

There is no reason to doubt the existence today of beauty as compelling as ever adorned the pages of history, and there is every reason to believe that the average woman is far better looking than has ever before been the case.

There are several reasons for this. Women now take more intelligent care of their looks; their minds are better cultivated so that intelligence of expression adds to mere physical charms.

Moreover, the modern fashion of dressing with its wide choice is far more becoming to the average woman than the more flamboyant modes of the past which were only suited to very beautiful types.

In youth at least, every woman today has her share of attractiveness, and the proportion of good looking women of middle age is growing larger every year.

While modern dress has not equalled the picturesque quality of the Remains of the gorgeousness of the courts of the French Louis, it has expressed precisely the modern woman and the condition under which she lives. Cut and workmanship have improved; costumes for practical occasions have grown more comfortable, more utilitarian, and, as knowledge of dress has become more widespread, individuality in gowning has become more pronounced.

White women as a whole, have declared in favor of dressing along certain prescribed lines termed "the fashions," these lines have been elastic and sufficiently varied to suit different types. The result has been pleasing and generally becoming.

(Lesson IX to be continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Cultivate Some Interest.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 23 years of age and decidedly plain looking. I am told that I possess no charm and am called a "crank" by my family. I have no taste for business or housekeeping. Even children annoy me. Still I am exceedingly desirous to marry, and am in despair. Dear Miss Fairfax, what shall I do? HOPELESS.

The very first thing for you to do is to find interest in this world full of wonders. As long as everything bores you and you have nothing to think about outside of your own lack of attractions, how can you expect others to be interested in you? Have you ever tried fashioning a hat or a pretty blouse or making a dainty salad or cake, or firm, rich loaves of bread? There is great joy in looking at something and thinking, "I did that." If you are happy and animated and busy you will no longer be plain, cranky and without charm.

I Hope You Never Will. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young actor, whom I recently saw at a theater. I want to know how I may meet him, as we have no mutual friends. LITTLE GIRL.

As actors are much like Mormons in their love affairs, I hope you will never meet him. You call it "love." Believe me, my dear, it is only infatuation, and some day you will be ashamed of it.

She Has a Right to Friends. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping company with a girl and now I find out that she is keeping company with somebody else. Kindly advise me what to do. "Every one has a right to a large circle of friends. If you mean to marry this girl, go and ask her if she cares for you. If she does, she will gladly give up the other man. Otherwise she has a right to enjoy the society of any one she likes."

He Always Approves His Wife for Repeating Scandal. Not until after she's told him the last detail. He has a poor opinion of the feminine intellect, but when he gets in trouble he always goes to a woman for advice.

He spends ten years' time in deciding on the noble qualities he shall demand in the woman he marries, and then he marries a girl because she had white teeth for a cute little curl on the back of her neck.

He Preaches the Doctrine of Common Sense and Rational Dress to Women, yet Wild Horace could not drag him to a restaurant with a woman dressed according to his specifications, and the more frivolous a girl is the more men flock about her.

Oh, man is the prize conundrum of the universe. No woman ever guesses the right answer to that riddle; that's the reason the two sexes are of perpetual interest to each other.

Mexican Politeness. "These Mexicans, for all their boasted Spanish politeness, are a laugh. Why, a New York subway guard could give a Mexican cards and spades in the politeness game and beat him hands down."

The speaker was Yngve Lungstrom, a railway engineer of Denver. He continued: "In a black once in the traffic of Mexico City my caddy struck at the man ahead of us."

"Yes, answered the other caddy, 'an I had a face like yours once, and when found I couldn't cut it off, by the hair-Stein Christopher, I raised a beard.'"

He can always remember his sweet-

Quickly heals skin troubles

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