

# 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 early in 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 time he learns that Tabor is concerned in some way with a burly Italian, named Carucci. When he goes 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 dead. 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 "shanghaied" and outgoing steamer. He makes an enemy of Reid by interfering. A call comes from Tabor, telling him that Mrs. MacLean has suddenly come back 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. They confess their mutual love, and agree to work together for Mrs. Tabor's recovery. Crosby meets Dr. Reid, and they settle down for an explanation. After discussing the situation fully, Crosby returns to the city, where he meets MacLean, and together they go to attend another seance, where they encounter Mrs. Tabor.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XXIII.

I Stand Between Two Worlds.

(Continued.)

And it was as if she brought with her an increase of the already tense expectancy, as if her own nervous trouble spread about her like a deepening of color, like a drop of blood falling into water already tinged with red. It was my own imagination, of course, the excitement of being close upon my quest, and the reaction of silence closing over the interruption of her entrance, but I felt the exertion of breathing, as if I were immersed up to the chin in water. If the atmosphere had been like a weight before, it was now like a deliberately closing vise. In the intervals of the dropping hum at the table, the silence took on a quality of brilliancy. Little brushings and rustlings ran in waves around the room, and I thought how a breeze runs over a field of tall grass, where each tuft in turn takes up its neighbor's restlessness. It occurred to me suddenly that what of the people here were women; that the sense of crowded presence led to imagining crowds and throngs of women grouped in pictures or dancing in rows upon the stage. And then I remembered sharply that I could not see Mrs. Tabor and wondered whether my certainty that it was she had any more foundation than these fantasies. I heard my own breathing, and that of many others. I felt vaguely irritated that all these breathings were not keeping time, and instinctively brought my own into the rhythm of the predominating number. A chair creaked softly, and I started, while the skin tightened over my cheeks and my tongue dried and tasted salt. The medium seemed to be writing about making little soft urging noises, like muffled groans or the nameless sound that goes with lifting a heavy burden or suddenly exerting the whole strength of the body. Then the peculiar padded rapping began. The inconspicuously matter-of-fact voice of the professor asked: "Are the hands all here?" and the circle counted in a low tone while the raps went irregularly on. Some women across the room sighed nervously. Why these trivial details did not interrupt and relieve the tension, I do not know; but their very

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## The Chapeau Chic Fully Described By Olivette



Some of the smartest French houses are specializing in hats that are brimless, bonnet-shaped affairs. One we picture today, at the left, is of old blue pique developed in a style most becoming to a youthful face. A wide ribbon of silver moire crosses the shape in front and is drawn through wide slits in the sides of the hat to be tied in a bow of two flaring loops at the back. This butterfly bow is most softening and becoming to the face. At the right side is a huge rose of pink in a setting of silver leaves.

The small shepherdess plateau, illustrated on the right, is prettily tilted at the left. With such a hat a carefully arranged coiffure is of the greatest importance.

About a brim of tete de negre straw rests a cross-ribbon and soft bow of geranium velvet. Two huge blush roses rest among the velvet folds at the heightened left side and another rests below the brim.

The home milliner will find it very easy to make over a last year's chapeau into this style, and with a little patience and ingenuity may have a hat that looks as if it were "just from Paris."

With a knife cut off enough rows of braid from the brim so that it will be as small as is becoming to you. Then separate crown and brim except for about three inches at the right side. Raise the brim above the crown so that the crown forms a bandeau to rest upon the hair. Now with straw paint such as may be purchased at any drug or department store color your hat the rich dark brown used in this Parisian model. You may freshen old roses by a bath in gasoline containing a tube of pale pink oil paint. But if you can possibly afford it, buy two yards of fresh new geranium-colored ribbon, as this will give your hat a crisp, new look.

If you follow directions carefully you ought to be able to duplicate this \$35 hat for \$1! I know—for I have done it. OLIVETTE.



### Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON IX—PART II.

The Present Fashions.

Today we seem confronted with a curious change in the trend of fashions. Utility seems entirely disregarded and the craze for the unusual has run riot with utility and in some cases with good taste. When the new models first came from Paris I was puzzled as to how they would suit the American woman, whose personality is so different from the French type for whom they were created. On the whole, the new dress ideas (I am not speaking of the extreme models) have been quickly and in most cases successfully adopted, and in their refined form there is much to admire about them.

There was, perhaps, a danger that women were growing too practical in their ideas about dressing, and that tailored suits, close, straight skirts and sober colors were too largely considered. Feminine beauty is one of the refining influences of life and it needs a setting worthy of it.

I do not believe that any woman, no matter what her age or situation, should be indifferent to the question of dress. The ultra fashionable woman who makes her toilet the chief interest in her life is to be pitied, for she is a slave to the false ideal she has created for herself. And in another way the woman who is unhappy because she cannot have everything that is new, beautiful and fashionable is a slave to a wrong conception of happiness. Clothes have their place and they fulfill it the best when they express the greatest harmony with our lives and surroundings.

Some women are so situated that they have little time to spend on clothes, and they are wise if they restrict themselves to a simple and conventional manner of dressing. Very elaborate dressing, especially if it weighs on the historical or picturesque, demands thought and time in addition to expense. The woman who has not these at her disposal is wise when she avoids such fashions.

(Lesson IX to be Continued.)

Madame Isbell

### Do the Ocean Levels Vary?

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q. "Is there any difference in sea level between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans? If so, which is the higher level on, does the rule, 'Water finds its own level,' apply to the two oceans?"

A. Water surely seeks its level. This is one law of nature, at least, that was discovered by men before the discovery of mathematics. If the air surrounding the earth should forever remain at rest, no winds, and if the water in all oceans was also in a state of complete rest, that is, without oceanic currents, it would be without surface waves in absence of winds, then at all places on earth of the same latitude the true surface of water would be at the same distance from the center of the earth—that is, equal latitudes, equal levels.

But winds, currents in air and ocean streams, currents in water greatly modify actual levels. When water comes in contact with land, if any regular current of ocean water strikes against any land, whether continent or island, the water will be backed up and rise somewhat higher than at places not so beaten by currents. But these elevations of the water are merely local, temporary and subjected to fitful changes.

The laws of gravitation, centrifugal tendency of the earth's axial rotation, shape of the earth, of islands and continents are not changed. Suppose that the United States geodetic survey engineers make a triangulation and a measurement of all altitudes of points on a line from the Atlantic level in New Jersey to the Pacific level north of San Francisco, as they have done and should find the water at mean height one foot, two feet or so farther from the center of the earth in California than in New Jersey, the Pacific would appear to be higher, but in a year or two repeat the process. Then the Pacific might not be any higher.

### Gallery Boys.

At a suffrage banquet in an Indiana town the equal-franchise ladies will occupy the tables while their husbands look down from the gallery. Later on, the men will take the husbands home and send them to bed and see that they are covered up nice and warm.

No doubt the tame cats in the gallery will stand while Mrs. Clytemnestra Stiggins looks "The men-God bless 'em."

And when "Old Lang Syne" is reached the men are quite sure to join hands and sing the words with real regret.

Of course, it's all right, but it does seem as if some Indiana husbands must naturally be of the 18-cent gallery type. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Heavens in June

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

On the 23d at 1:54 a. m. the sun reaches its highest northern point in the sky and that day is the longest of the year everywhere in the northern hemisphere and shortest in the southern. For Omaha its length of the day is fifteen hours four minutes and of the night eight hours fifty-six minutes. The sun is then in the summer solstice and enters the sign of Cancer.

The earliest sunrise of the year, 4:53, occurs from the 18th to the 21st, while on the first, as well as on the last, of the month the sun rises at 4:56. The latest sunset of the year, 7:38, occurs from June 23 to July 1. It is 7:46 on the first of this month and 7:45 on the 15th.

Owing to the very slight change in the sun's noon altitude for many days, about the 23d the sun is said to be at the solstice, that is, it stands still. As the equation of time the difference between sundial and clock times changes about six minutes during the month, the sun being two and a half minutes fast on the first, on time on the 15th and three and a half minutes slow on the 30th. The earliest sunrise and the latest sunset do not occur exactly on the very day of the solstice, although that day is the longest, or rather one only of the longest days of the year. This greatest length, fifteen hours four minutes, extends from the 18th to the 20th, the shortest day of the month, fourteen hours, fifty minutes, falling on the first, so that all the days of the present month are equal in length within a quarter of an hour.

According to standard time the sun is twenty-one minutes slow on the first, twenty-four minutes on the 15th and twenty-seven minutes slow on the 30th.

The official length of the nights, that is, the time from sunset to sunrise, of nine hours, is reduced about an hour and a half at each end by the twilight, so that we have only about six hours of night this month. While the weather is the most agreeable the length of time that astronomers can devote to their work is the least of the year. For the non-professional world the planet Venus in our evening twilight will therefore most probably, next to the moon, be the only celestial object for convenient observation. This planet will all along be very conspicuous and the time of its setting on the 15th will be 10:06 p. m.

Jupiter is morning star and may be seen to rise on the 15th at 11:23 p. m. in the east-southeast. The other planets are lost in the long twilight.

The moon is in first quarter on the first at 8:03 a. m., full on the 7th at 11:15 p. m., in last quarter on the 16th at 8:29 a. m., new on the 23d at 9:31 a. m. and in last quarter again on the 30th at 1:24 p. m. It is in conjunction with Jupiter on the 12th, Venus on the 25th and Mars on the 27th. All these conjunctions will be pretty close, although at the exact times of nearest approach the moon will not be visible to us.

### Why, Oh! Why Be Bashful?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Love is a medley of endearments, jars, suspicions, quarrels, reconciliations, wars.

—WILLIAM WALSH.

"I am positive," he writes, "that the girl loves me, but I just cannot bring myself to the point to ask. She knows that I love her, but she stubbornly refuses to make it just a little easier for me to ask. This troubles me, but I have a greater worry."

"Why is it that two people, who really love each other, and who know that they love each other—why, oh! why will these two people do mean little things to make each other feel bad? Why do they affect love for others and an indifference to each other? Why will they take a sort of savage delight in being able to make each other feel the most terrible mental anguish? Why do they act this way?"

"Why? Because they are in love, and love is a sort of sweet insanity in which its victims do such things and say such things, that if the man were to behave in a similar fashion in business he would have to retire to private life in a week, and if a girl were to treat her friends as she treats her lover she would soon be hopelessly friendless."

Love, like wine, goes to the head. At a time when its victims should be as cool headed as if their lives depended on being well balanced, they know neither sense, nor judgment, nor caution, nor sympathy, nor understanding. They become almost vicious in trying to torment those their hearts are crying loudest for, a viciousness that has for its only redeeming quality its greater desirability than indifference.

It is the last resistance before surrender. Without the formality of reasoning, every girl knows when she has confessed her love for a man she has lost a certain degree of her power over him. The certainty is never as powerful as the uncertainty. When he is not sure of her love, he is hers to torment. When he is sure of it, it often happens that he becomes the tormentor, and to the end of her days, if she loves him, she must bear his tormenting with a sinking fear that he no longer loves her, and with a determination to keep that love if humility and self-sacrifice will serve.

Courtlip is the playtime of the heart in which wounds are given ruthlessly, every wound to be salved and healed and forgotten when the confession of love comes later.

The writer of this letter and his sweet-heart are having in love's torment the happiest time of their life, but it will take the cold shower bath of matrimony to make them know it.

### Sympathy

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

You seem so very far away,  
 Tho' you are just across the room;  
 About your head the sunbeams play,  
 While I am deep in shadowed gloom.

And if I crossed to where you stand  
 The sunlight would not reach my heart,  
 The miles between us were not spanned—  
 Tho' close, we'd still be miles apart.

But if you came to where I lie  
 In darkness—weary leagues away,  
 My happy soul would view the sky,  
 And I'd know sun and joy and day!

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