

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, 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 Crosby learns that Tabor is concerned in some way with a burly Italian, named Caracci. 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 dead. The mystery of the Tabor household increased, however, when Crosby gets a hasty call to go with Miss Tabor on a mysterious mission to the city, where he rescues Mrs. Caracci, 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. Dr. Reid 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 Caracci, intending to have him "hanged" aboard and outgoing steamer. 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. 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 a seance, where they encounter Mrs. Tabor. The usual phenomena are presented, table-lifting and the like, and the "spirit" of "Miriam" appears again, and Mrs. Tabor questions it. In the midst of proceedings Crosby switches on the lights and Mrs. Tabor faints. The medium is furious, but Crosby calls his bluff, and Mrs. Tabor awakes for a moment. He appears. He takes Mrs. Tabor home, while Crosby goes to consult with Dr. Paulus, to determine the cause of Mrs. Tabor's hallucination, which is such as leaves any hope for cure. Dr. Paulus says that the visits to the seances have been a contributing cause to Mrs. Tabor's condition, and when they join the family they have a general consultation as to what action should be taken. Crosby suggests they get hold of the medium and try to make her confess her fraud.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XIV.

The Consultation of an Expert and a Layman.

(Continued.)

"But her heart, man, her heart," objected Reid, "what about her heart, and the shock?"

"Well, we can dare, I think, to risk that. Every operator is a risk that we judge wise to take, and this is a malignant mischief to be extirpated. There will be no unreasonable danger."

"If we can somehow get this medium out here—" said Mr. Tabor.

"That I shall manage, to bring her tomorrow afternoon, tell me her name, or a private address, if you please, if you are not often so much away, but this case is of importance. Her nose, and look at his watch. 'Is not that the motor car now at the door?'"

"On the step he turned to me with his quizzical smile. 'It is perhaps well for us all to have your mind stimulated, Mr. Crosby. That is a beautiful and intelligent young lady.' He looked abruptly from me to the midnight sky. 'It appears, if I do not mistake, that we shall have rain,' he chirped. 'Good night.'

It is Just Natural To Admire Babies



Our attractive nature impels love for the cooing infant. And at the same time the subject of motherhood is ever before us. To know what to do that will add to the physical comfort of expectant motherhood is a subject that has interested most women of all times. One of the real helpful things is an external abdominal application held in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." We have known so many grandmothers, who in their younger days relied upon this remedy, and who recommend it to their own daughters that it certainly must be what its name indicates. They have used it for its direct influence upon the muscles, cords, ligaments and tendons as it aims to afford relief from the strain and pain so often unnecessarily severe during the period of expectancy.

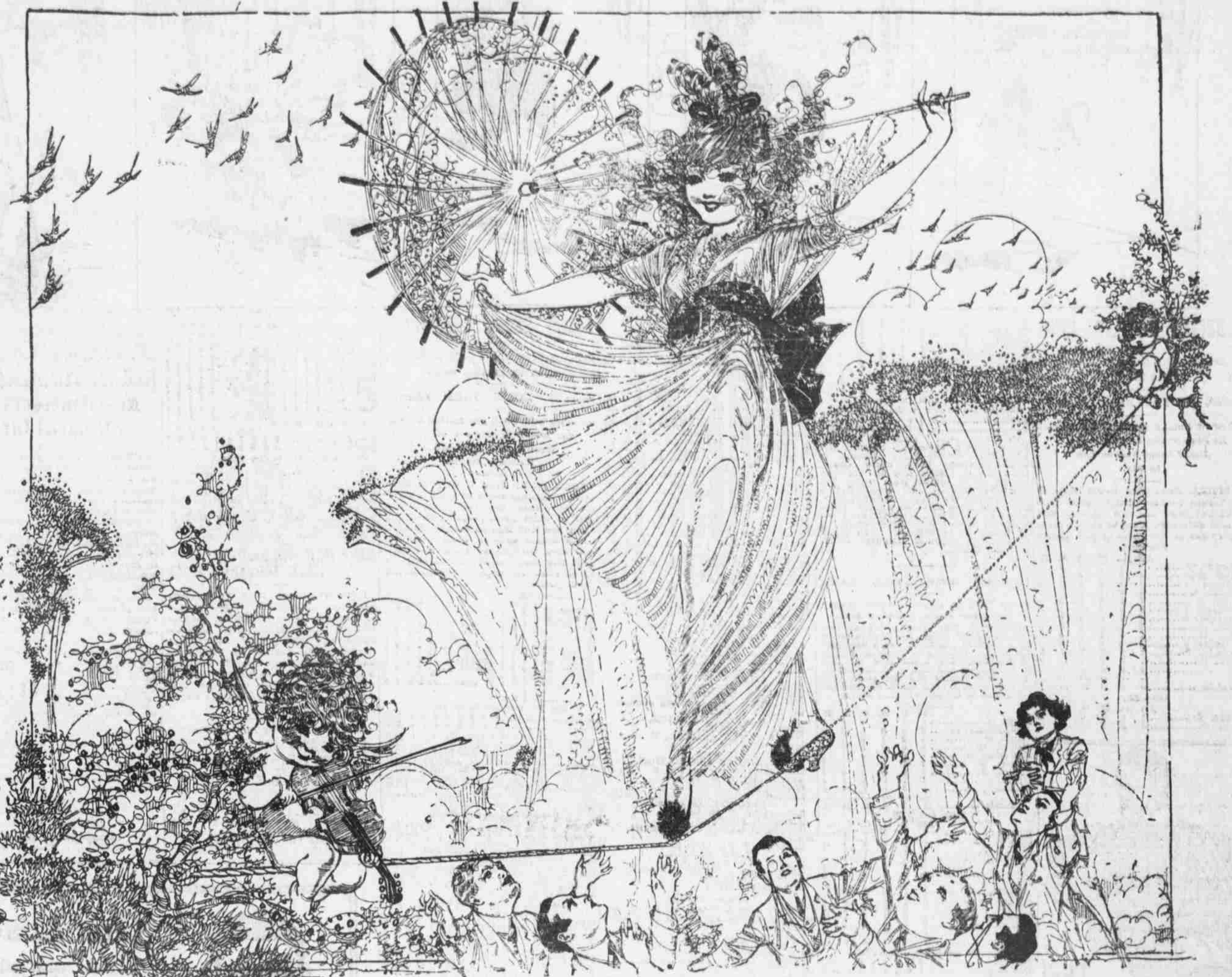
Every woman should mention "Mother's Friend" when the store is the subject of conversation. An interesting little book mailed free upon application to Bradfield Regulator Co., 405 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. It refers to many things that women like to read about. Get or recommend a bottle of "Mother's Friend" to-day and write for the book.

Being Eighteen

Pretty and Eighteen, and Tryin' to Stay Single Is a Tight-Rope Performance

By Nell Brinkley

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Nell Brinkley Says:

It's a bit of a job to walk the tight-rope from 15 to 20 years—when the girl in the story has a fresh, sweet face, the light, fine way and the round arms and neck of babyhood still on her, a gift of pretty chatter that makes even the sour-heart that knocks her smile behind the awol, a warm heart and a grand, fine way of cunning with man or dog

or girl, light-footed, light-handed, light-hearted ('and light-headed,' think you, perhaps). Yes, sure, but then youth goes to a fellow's head, you know; you, too, were drunk with youth when you were traveling the dizzy way from 15 to 20 years. And when you bubbled like a small and shallow brook, whose golden bottom is all clear and plain to the eye of the passerby, whose flow is as deep only as your fore-finger—and did most

unwise things, and laughed out at the blue sky over nothing at all * * * it was the strong, sweet wine of youth in your pretty head. All things reach and lean to 18 years—and beauty. As a plant in the window lifts leaves and flowers to the sun. The boy, her own age, yearns for her, follows her, dreams of her, and, fired with adoration, makes what that Laureate Du Lake of the swaying red-gold hair would not be

ashamed to own. The fat boy—four years younger—forgets his supper for her sake. Twenty-nine, long-legged and wiry, hustling, and strong of chin and shoulder, falls hard and far, opening his arms, sings, "Oh, girl who can sing and dance and laugh, fall into my heart!" The scholar, with the world of men and women laid open before his cool, calm eyes, and a little pet belief that his heart is as cold as a reef in the sea, and a

leading for "brainless" women, loses his heart and his calculating head to the Mademoiselle "Twixt 18 and 20 years." The artist, the baker, the broker, the poet, the boy and the man, lift their dream-weaving voices and their calling hands to 18 and 20 years. Even her father's old friend, almost as old as he is, and who ought to know better, cusses his grey hair and dares to lift his weary eyes to slim girlhood.

So what their numbers, their verses, their dream-weaving, their coaxing, their silver tongues, tipped with romance, their loving, the open arms of all mankind spread below her, it's a pretty neat bit of balancing when a maid, 18 to 20 years, and peach-pretty, gets by 16, the solid bank of 31 years—unmarried. And then, too, you see, Love's been finding maddy on the rope—and a maid's heart is warm and quick

CHAPTER XXV.

Fighting with Shadows.

The morning came dark and stormy, with a September gale driving in from the south, and the trees labored and tossed gustily through gray slants of rain. It was so dark that until nearly noon we kept the lights burning; and through the unnatural morning we sat about listlessly, unwilling to talk about the impending crisis and unable to talk long of anything else for the unspoken weight of it upon our minds. Mrs. Tabor kept her room, with Sheila, and most of the time Lady busy with her. She seemed hardly to remember the night before, save as a vague shock; and physically she was less weakened by it than might have been expected; but her mind wavered continually, and she confused with her hallucination of Miriam the identity of those about her. The rest of us talked and read by snatches, and stared restlessly out of the rain-flecked windows. Mr. Tabor and I began a game of chess.

It was well on in the afternoon when the automobile came in sight, swishing through the sodden grassiness with curtains drawn and hood and running gear splashed with clinging clots of clay. None of us knew who saw it first; only that we three men were at the door together encouraging one another with our eyes. The medium greeted us with a gush of careless politeness, glancing covertly among us as she removed her wraps, and bracing herself visibly beneath her unconscious. It was she who made the first move, after Dr. Paulus had introduced us, and we were seated in Mr. Tabor's study behind closed doors.

"Mr. Crosby is the gentleman who turned the light on me last evening," she said. I wish I could express the undulating rise and fall of her inflection. It was almost as if she sang the words: "Of course with him present I would not be willing to do anything. It was very painful, beside the risk, a dreadful shock like that."

"I shall not be in the room," I answered, "and I'm sorry to have caused you any discomfort, Mrs. Mahl. We needed the light, I thought."

"Oh, it wasn't the pain," she smiled with lifted eyes. "We grow so used to that we don't consider suffering. It was very dangerous, waking one out of control suddenly. You might have killed

me, but of course you weren't aware," she turned to Dr. Paulus. "You understand, doctor, how it is, now it strains the vitality. The gentleman didn't realize."

We had become, at the outset, four strong men leagued against an appealing and helpless woman. Perhaps I should say three, for Dr. Paulus did not seem impressed.

"Yes, I know," he chirped. "You need not, however, consider that. We are here, madam, as I have told you, for a scientific experiment under my direction. Mr. Crosby will not be in the room. With your permission, I will now explain the nature of that experiment. There is in this house a lady, a patient of mine, Mrs. Tabor, who has for some time frequently sat with you. She has on these occasions habitually conversed, as she believes, with the spirit of her daughter Miriam that is some years dead."

"That is our greatest work." She was not looking at Dr. Paulus, but at the rest of us. "To be able to soften the great separation. You others hope for a reunion beyond the grave, but we ourselves know, if you could only believe, if you could realize how wonderful it is to have communion with you."

"We will not go into that," said Dr. Paulus. "Mrs. Tabor, as I said, believes she is therefore in a hysterical condition to which you have largely helped to contribute. I do not say she is insane; she is not. But I do say she stands on the edge of insanity, and that, to save her mind, or as it may be, her life, it is necessary for these unhealthy conversations shall cease."

The medium now looked at Dr. Paulus. "The poor woman! Isn't it terrible? But you know, I can't believe, doctor, that the situation do anything but soothe and comfort her. It can't be that you think her insane just because she believes in spiritualism? You believe too much yourself for that."

Dr. Paulus looked at her steadily. "I have told you plainly that she is not insane yet," he said. "See here," snapped Reid. He had been shuffling his feet and fidgeting in his chair for some minutes. "No use discussing the ethics of your business with you. Let's come down to the facts. We're not asking for advice. We're stating a case. Plain fact is that Mrs. Tabor's going insane. You can stop it by showing her that these supposed spirits are a trick. Will you do it or not? That's the whole question."

ing for her handkerchief, eying Reid with meek fearlessness. "Of course, I'm used to this," she murmured, "but not among educated people. A few centuries ago, doctor, your profession was regarded in the same light. I don't imagine we can have anything in common. Is the car still at the door?"

"Hold on, Walter," Mr. Tabor interrupted quietly. "Mrs. Mahl, you must allow for our feelings in this matter. Please sit down again. Now, we make no charge against you. The issue is not whether you are sincere in your beliefs, nor whether we agree with them." He moved one hand in a slow, broad gesture.

"All that we leave aside. The point is here: Mrs. Tabor's belief in these things is harmful and dangerous to her. And it must be done away with, like any other harmful and dangerous thing. We don't ask whether it is illusion or fact; we ask you, for the sake of her health, to make her believe that it is an illusion."

"You know, of course, that I have no control over the spirit voice," said Mrs. Mahl blandly. "Do you wish me to refuse to sit for her?"

"Here and now, we wish to have you sit for her," Dr. Paulus put in. "And show her, once for all, how this her daughter's spirit is made. It is to cure her of all credulousness in it, for with her mind clear of such poison she will recover."

"Would you have me lie to her even for her good?" The woman was either a wonderful actress or a more wonderful self-deceiver. She turned to Mr. Tabor apologetically. "How can I deny my own faith? Do you think the truth can ever be wrong?"

Mr. Tabor went suddenly purple. "It is in the truth," he growled, "it's a truth out of hell, and we're going to fight it. But it isn't."

Not in the least disconcerted by her false move, she turned back to Dr. Paulus. "Doctor," she said, dropping her veil of martyrdom and speaking more incisively than I had yet heard her, "you are the one who knows. These gentlemen do not understand. You know that there are mysteries here that your science can't explain whatever you think about them. You know the difference between my powers and the fakes of a two-dollar clairvoyant. You know it in spite of yourself. Now tell me how you can reconcile it with your conscience, to bring me up here to listen to such a proposal as this?"

The alienist's Napoleonic face hardened, and his voice took on a shriller edge. "The spirit is not a lie," he said. "It is a fact. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)"

A Girl's Law for Girls

By ADA PATTERSON.

That was a cheering and significant line in the news that told us of a wealthy woman senator introducing a bill limiting the low wages of working girls. Other measures of this kind have been discussed in other states. The keen brain in this senator's daughter, but eyes and brains might not have been employed for so constructive a purpose had she not been gifted also with sympathy. The brain gives understanding, but understanding is cold and remote if it has not at its back profound sympathy. The eyes, the brain, and the sympathy told the girl something and she told that something to her mother.



"I couldn't live on what Mollie McCann, who works at the Eumorphium arena," she said, and not satisfied with the saying, repeated it. A powerful weapon is repetition. The just judge who told a woman to go away, but who afterwards yielded to her importunities, is a case in point that all Christendom knows and by which all Christendom should be encouraged. The senator's daughter saw that her mother's mind was attempting to focus on other matters. She saw that the smile with which she answered, "Yes, dear," was mechanical. There is much work to be done by a conscientious senator while the legislature is in session, and afterwards. Helen Ring Robinson is a busy woman, but Helen Ring Robinson's daughter is a determined one.

"I couldn't live on what Mollie McCann's earnings," she said next day at breakfast. She knew her mother had the good habit of listening to the family conversation at breakfast.

"I'll tell you why tonight," she said. That evening she showed her mother a neat list of necessary expenses for any girl. Opposite the total she placed Helen McCann's wages. There was a deficit. Only two dollars by a conservative estimate, but two dollars are a mighty sum when your wages are five a week. And two dollars multiplied by fifty, the number of working weeks a year, became one hundred dollars, a staggering sum for a raw recruit in the army of wage earners.

"I don't know what I would do if I were in Mollie's place. Mother," we can hear the sage of seventeen saying. "I don't know what I would do."

That was a masterly move. If women

ever do military duty that girl will be raised to a general's rank for her power of strategy. By an indirect manoeuvre she had made a direct appeal. She had brought Mollie McCann into the family circle. She had placed her at table opposite her mother, had forced her to the mother's line of vision, had aroused the lawmaker to concentrate on Mollie McCann and her needs. The result was the Robinson Minimum Wage Bill. I wish it might bear the name of the girl whose intelligence and sympathy brought it into being.

She is a "well brought up girl" we may be sure. She had been trained to share her chocolate equally with little visitors. It had been impressed upon her that if another little girl cried to hold her doll it was a gracious and humane thing to place the tear-causing doll into the yearning arms of premature motherhood. She had been taught to think of others, not before herself, that would be L'etopian and superhuman, but think always of other lives as linked with her own.

I heard a well brought up boy propose to a girl with whom he was in love. He said: "I have great plans for my future, dear, and you are in every one of them."

He won the girl, as he deserved to do, and he has been a good husband, as we would expect him to be. He had been taught to think of others with himself. The spirit of seeing ourselves as others of linking ourselves in the great living chain of humanity, was behind the Robinson minimum wage bill. It is behind every movement toward the greater beauty and usefulness of life.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Are Very Selfish.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a boy of 17 and an very old for my age. I am also very tall, too. I am deeply in love with a girl two years my senior. It grieves me very much to see her going out with other fellows. I would like to have her go out with me only. How can I make her stop going out with other young men?

You are a very selfish, as well as a very foolish boy. What right have you to deprive this girl of the company of other friends? You are a child of it, while a girl of 19 is a woman. If you were five or six years older you might get her to marry you, and then, naturally, she would give up the society of other men. As it is, try to be wiser and kinder.

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