

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE PROFESSORS MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

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 house of Miss Tabor's nurse, who, 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 Caracci. When he goes on to his friend's home, he finds Miss Tabor also a guest there, and just as they are sitting so 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. Caracci, who is the 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, Miriam, a newspaper reporter, who aids Crosby in gaining admission to a spiritualistic seance, where the dead seance is supposed to be "materialized." After the seance Crosby discovers Dr. Reid and a stranger drugging Caracci, intending to have him "materialized" 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 Miriam, and together they go to attend another seance, where they encounter Mrs. Tabor. The usual phenomena are presented, table-lifting and the like, and then 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 has Mrs. Tabor cared for when Mr. Tabor appears. He takes Mrs. Tabor home, while Crosby goes to consult with Dr. Paulus, to determine if the nature of Mrs. Tabor's hallucination is such as leaves any hope for cure. Dr. Paulus agrees 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. Dr. Paulus succeeds in getting Mrs. Mahl, the medium, to visit the Tabor home, and Tabor, Crosby, Reid and Paulus enter into a conversation with her, leading up to the proposed "materializing" seance. Mrs. Mahl is inclined to be recalcitrant. Some little persuasion is used, and she consents to undeceive Mrs. Tabor. A "seance" is arranged, and "Miriam" is called up. At the proper time Mrs. Mahl explains to Mrs. Tabor how she has been deceived. The explanation is a success, and Mrs. Tabor faints. Dr. Paulus takes her in charge, and soon revives her, arranging so she will see only her own when she returns to consciousness. Mrs. Tabor's first question on recovering is for the doctor.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XXVI. And Rediscovering Realities. (Continued.)

"Why have you taken her from me?" she asked brokenly, at last.

Dr. Paulus' face was very kind and very serious.

"I know that now it seems so," he answered, "but all that will go your way. It is not that I have taken the daughter that is dead away. For you see now, and you will understand how all that came only out of yourself, like a picture that you made of your own sorrow. It was in a circle, how you made by grieving this grief like a thing from outside coming to make you grieve the more. A circle that seems to will to begin at one point as at another, is it not so? And this cruel light so suddenly has made you see the true beginning. So now it is all gone because you have known that it was never there at all."

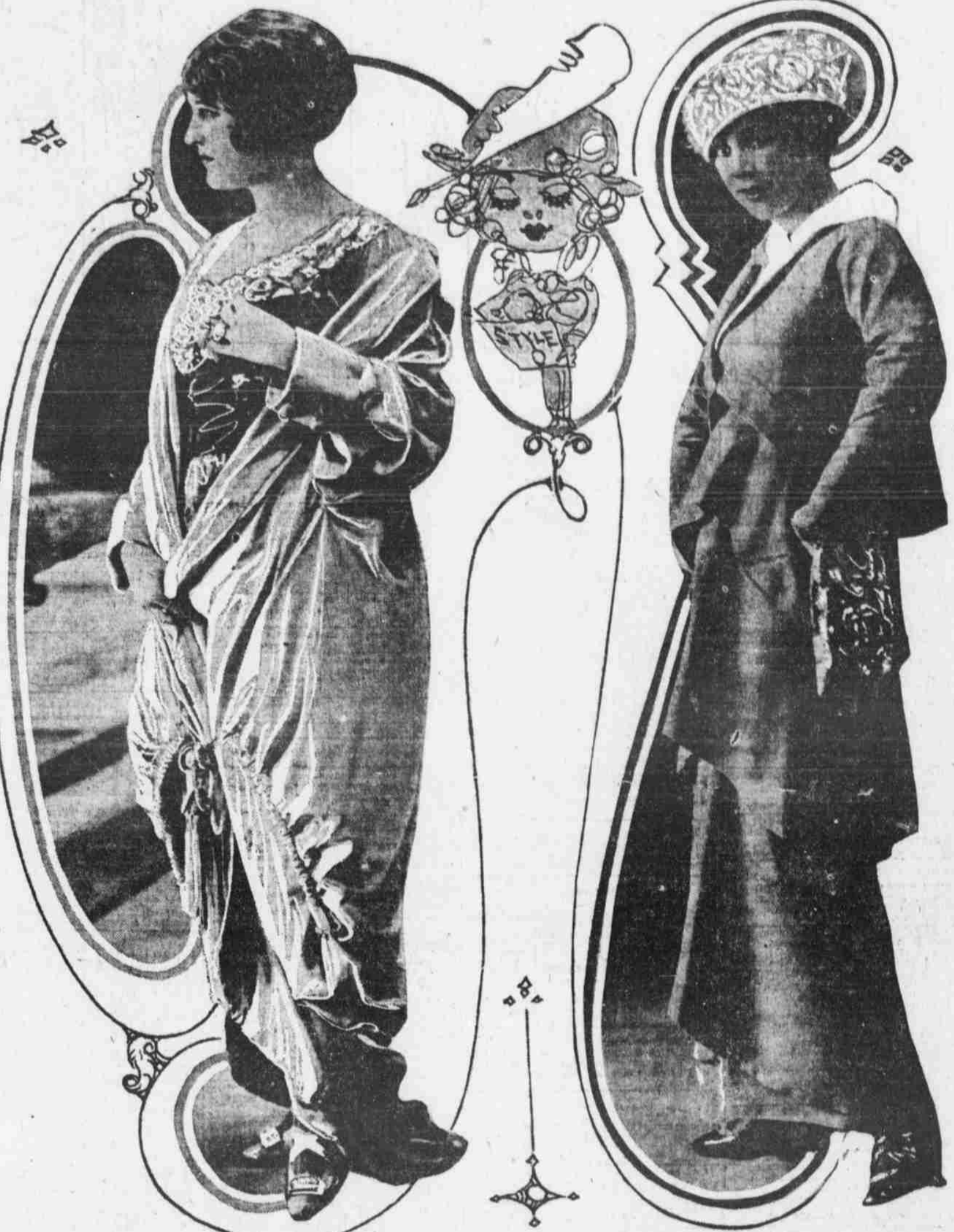
Resinol will heal your skin

No matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing, antiseptic Resinol Ointment on the sore and the suffering stops right there! Healing begins that very minute, and your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you threw away on useless, tedious treatments.

Resinol contains nothing of a harsh or injurious nature and can be used with confidence on the tenderest or most irritated surface. Practically every drugstore sells Resinol Ointment (50c. and \$1.00), and Resinol Soap (50c.). For trial free, write to Dept. B-2, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Beware of "substitutes."

THE OMAHA BEE—THE HOME PAPER.

The Cape and Cutaway Fully Described by Olivette



This season capes and coats alike seem expressly designed to bring out the graceful lines of the feminine figure. Their soft folds are, however, only attractive if the wearer knows how to select a drapery that will harmonize with her personality.

The charming model we illustrate on the left is suitable for the tall, slender figure. It is fashioned of citron and shell pink taffeta, cut in the mantle shape with a wide armhole. It has a round collar bordered by silk braid and deep cuffs fastened by buttons of the material. The most taut straight in the knees, where the fullness is caught by a cord that curves a bit in its confining lines. At its highest point there are two passementerie tassels, which are used to fasten the garment.

Women like the cape and find its usefulness endless, and yet for years they have allowed it to be eliminated from their wardrobe. Now it has returned triumphant, and so great is its influence that even the little suit coats of today are cut on cape lines. Witness the little model of old rose gardine on the right.

The little cutaway coat has a cape back and slopes up in front in parallel to the three flounces set in circular fullness on the skirt, which is plain and round at the feet. The only fastening is a pale amber olive that is set on a deep band of the material that borders the little coat. There is a small shawl collar at the neck, above which blooms the perennial Gladstone collar of organdie.

OLIVETTE.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON IX—PART V.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mabel C. F.—That rough condition of your skin may be due to sunburn or to an improper habit of washing your face. Most soaps in common use roughen the skin. For the moment until your face is better, use no soap at all, but instead a good cleansing cream or cold cream. Clean the face well at night with cream and a piece of old linen or cheesecloth that has been washed. Then rub a little massage cream into the skin and let it stay on during the night. Bathe the face in the morning in very cold water. Before powdering, rub in a little cream. In this way the skin is kept always lubricated and the rough condition will disappear.

Mrs. F. G. 8.—I do not think you are at all extravagant and I certainly think you make the most of your modest dress allowance. You say you make your wash gowns yourself. If they are cut and hang well there is no reason why you should be afraid to make a woolsown gown. The one-piece gowns so much worn now present no more difficulties made up in woolen than in cotton goods. Be sure you get a good pattern. Why not invest in a long coat this winter instead of a tailored suit?

Little—The yellow condition of the whites of the eyes comes from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. To your mind it is a most unfortunate defect in a woman's looks and you should correct it at once. Change your diet. You are probably eating too much sugar and starch. Avoid hot bread and eat plentifully of fruit and green salads. Every other morning before breakfast take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water. Eat occasionally a raw onion, well salted.

Mrs. G. E. C.—At near 50 years, my dear friend, it is not strange that the hair should begin to turn gray. Do not think of dying it; it means expense and constant trouble. Keep your scalp free from dandruff, brush the hair and massage the scalp every night; if you keep your hair in good condition, the graying locks will not be unattractive.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Do You Really Love Him?

Dear Mrs. Fairfax: I am 25 years of age and have become acquainted with a young man about two years my junior. He has spoken seriously to me about marriage, but I am undecided whether to accept his proposal, as his business calls him out of town most of the year. This, of course, would make his very lonely for me. I have suggested to my friend that I retain my present position after our marriage, explaining that the time would not seem so long, but he would not hear of any such thing. I consider this somewhat selfish on his part.

I am going to take your advice in this matter. If you really love this man enough to become his wife, can you not fill your life with the interests and duties of making his home? If you are assured that you will not be busy enough during his absence to keep happy and cheerful until the time of his homecoming, try to persuade him to let his love give you happiness as you want it. Remind him that you are an individual and that it is not fair to you to sacrifice you to his masculine pride.

But if there is no need of money to force the married woman to be a wage earner, and if she has no special talent crying for expression, I think she finds her greatest happiness in devoting herself to the business of being a good wife and mother.

The Stepmother.

Dear Mrs. Fairfax: I am 16 and am living with my stepmother. She tells me that she hates me and wishes I would get out of her sight when she will never see me again. Would you advise me to leave home?

ANXIOUS. You are far too young to leave home. Try to win your stepmother's love. Go to her and tell her that you are at the age where you need the advice and sympathy of a mother or older sister. Ask her if she won't stand in the place of one of these? Tell her you want to deserve her love and that if she will tell you of any offense you have ever given her you will strive to avoid that in future. If by your sweetness you can win her affections it will be a triumph of which you may be proud. If this fails, write me again.

Chance Acquaintances.

Dear Mrs. Fairfax: Will you kindly tell me if it is improper for several young girls employed in a company to hold an arrange a meeting between themselves and a young man who occasionally calls up our office and who has become very friendly over the wire. This, of course, being rather a meeting for curiosity sake. CONSOLIDATED. If this young man is deeply interested in you he can easily arrange to be introduced. Let him make the advances. Even for the sake of a lark it does not pay to make yourself too easily accessible.

The Need of Kindness :: The Old-Fashioned Theologies, Breathing All of Punishment, but Little Love, Have Had Their Day

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1914, by The Star Company.)

Out from The Vicarage, Stockton-on-Tees, Scotland, there comes the following letter to me, written in the Christmas season:

"I am sending the enclosed, as I am sure it will pain you as much as it has me. I do not know if you wrote it at all, but am quite sure you never meant such a heathenish sentiment to influence the world; and at Christmas time, too, when Christ, the God of All, is in everyone's thoughts. No doubt you will be able to withdraw it before next Christmas."

"MARY MARTIN."

The "heathenish sentiment" Mary Martin enclosed was a quatrain written by me several years ago. It reads as follows: So many gods, so many creeds; So many ways that wind and wind; While just the art of being kind Is all the end world needs. I do not know who Mary Martin is. Doubtless she is the wife or the daughter of the vicar at Stockton-on-Tees. One can only breathe a little prayer of pity and sorrow for the poor souls who are obliged to listen to the theology which emanates from that vicarage. It must be filled with threats of God's

anger at all who "fell through Adam's sin," and it must breathe much more of the flames of hell than of the sweet winds of heaven.

It must indeed be very old-fashioned, very unwholesome, very dreary and dreadful theology to have educated a woman's mind in such a narrow and bigoted rut as Mary Martin's mind shows itself to be in this letter.

The quatrain was written because of the consciousness in the writer's mind of the need upon the earth today of the simple religion of kindness—a religion which, if practiced hourly in the home, in the business mart, in the social world and in the churches, would banish crime, discord and gloom from the hearts of men.

The old-fashioned theologies have had their day. They put on. They caused bloody wars; they put upon the torture rack; they burned at the stake; they boiled in kettles of oil; they slowly starved those who would not believe as the leaders of these theological schools believed.

Such cruel and loveless religions have done more to bring suffering and sorrow upon the earth than all other causes combined. More blood has flowed, more communities been devastated, more lives have been sacrificed in the name of religion than through greed, lust of power and desire of gain all united. This is a highly spiritual age. But its spirituality is not doctrinal. Everywhere in the churches and without the churches, souls are craving for the creedless religion: the religion of practical kindness; the religion of love, hope, helpfulness; the religion of willing

service, perfect trust, joyous faith and universal good will. It is only through such a religion, nourished in the heart and expressed in the daily life, that the latest of the world's Great Masters, the gentle Christ, will be satisfied when He takes account of the deeds of His followers.

Many people are filled with the belief today that the second coming of the Great Master is near.

He who said "A new commandment I given unto you, love one another," is surely expecting His faithful ones to understand the law of kindness.

For just the art of being kind is all the new world needs to carry out the new commandment.

We recommend the following verses to Mary Martin in place of her dreary theology: Thinking of Christ, and hearing what men say, Anew His second coming, some near day, Into the life of me, I turned to ask: What can we do for Him, and by what task Or through what sacrifice can we proclaim Our mighty love, and glorify His name? Whereon 'Myself replied (thinking of Christ), Has not God's glory unto Him sufficed? What need has He of temples that men raise? What need has He of songs of praise? Not sacrifice or offerings needs He. (Thinking of Christ, so spake 'Myself to me).

And thus should we (thinking of Christ) The full sweet tides of love that through us flow Upon earth's weaker creatures. To the less Must flow the greater, would we lift and bear. Christ is the Mountain Source; each heart a river; The thirsting meadows need us—not the giver.

Thinking of Christ, let us proclaim His worth, By gracious deeds to mortals on this earth. And while we wait His coming let us bring Sweet love and pity to the humbled and show our voiceless kin of air and The mercy of the Universal God.

Not by long prayers, though prayers renew our grace; Not by full gifts, though steeples have their place; Not by our faith, though faith is glorious— Can we prove Christ, but by the love in us. Mercy and love and witness: seek these three. Thus (thinking of Christ) 'Myself said unto me.

The rivers from the mountain do not try To feed the source from which they gain supply; They pay their debt by flowing on and down, And carrying comfort to the field and town. They scatter joy and beauty on their course In gratitude to the Eternal Source.

The Vanderbilt Hotel Thirty Fourth Street East at Park Avenue, New York. WALTON H. MARSHALL, Manager. An Ideal Hotel with an Ideal Situation Summer Rates