

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 time 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 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, Mrs. 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, aids Crosby in gaining admission to a spiritualistic séance, where the dead daughter is supposed to be "materialized." After the séance Crosby discovers Dr. Reid and a stranger drugging Carucci, 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 writes a strange interview between Mrs. Tabor and a man who turns out to be Dr. Paulus, a celebrated scientist. 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 séance, where they encounter Mrs. Tabor and the usual phenomena 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 séances 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" séance. Mrs. Mahl is inclined to be recalcitrant. Some little persuasion is used, and she consents to undertake the séance. The séance 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 serene.
"I know that now it seems so," he answered, "but all that will for you pass away. It is not that we 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."
She gave me one look. "All that I had left," she whispered, and then again she began to cry, but this time softly, turning away from us toward the window at the end of the room. Sheila followed and put an arm about her, and the two stood together apart from us under the fading light, while above their heads the canary burst out into a mockery of song. No one knew what to say or do; but after a little, Reid's itch for efficiency drove him into speech.
"If it comes right down to this, mother," he began, a look from Lady dried the words upon his tongue, and the silence fell once more. Then slowly and confidently Lady came over to me and slipped her dear hand into mine.
"You are right, Laurence," she said. "The truth is best for all of us now."
"Mrs. Tabor," said Dr. Paulus, "you do not lose your daughter, but gain. I think a very good son. Indeed it is Mr. Crosby who has helped us much to our knowledge that you were going to be well and strong again."
The calm strange voice broke in at just the precise instant to relieve the tension. Mrs. Tabor looked up.
"Oh, you need not be afraid, doctor," she said, as she wiped away her tears. "but you do well to remind me. I know—I know there's nothing really the matter with me except that I'm a little tired. And goodness gracious, what are you good people standing there so stiff and solemn for? It's all right! You've made me understand. Turn the light on, Sheila—and—Lady, what have you done with my ring?" She came across to where we stood together, and took a hand of each in her own. She glanced over her shoulder at Paulus, and you mustn't say of you think of going away this weather. The house is big enough to hold us—and, Mr. Crosby, I'm going to put you in Miriam's room."

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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 interesting straight to 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 gabardine 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.

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

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Out from The Vicarage, Stockton-on-Less, 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."
"MAY 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 gods; so many creeds;
—and—Lady, what have you done with my ring?" She came across to where we stood together, and took a hand of each in her own. She glanced over her shoulder at Paulus, and you mustn't say of you think of going away this weather. The house is big enough to hold us—and, Mr. Crosby, I'm going to put you in Miriam's room."

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 must go. 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 flown, more communities been devastated, more lives have been sacrificed at the command of bigoted minds, in the name of religion than through greed, lust of power and desire of gain all united.

I do not know who Mary Martin is. Doubtless she is the wife or the daughter of the vicar at Stockton-on-Less.

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

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 sad 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
Amen His second coming, some near day,
Unto the Me 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 any songs of praise?
Not sacrifice or offerings needs He.
(Thinking of Christ, so spake Myself to 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 path
In gratitude to the Eternal Source.

And thus should we (thinking of Christ) bestow
The full sweet tides of love that through us flow
Upon earth's weaker creatures. To the least
Must flow the greater, would we lift
Christ is the Mountain Source; each heart a river;
The thringing 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 sod
The mercy of the Universal God.

Not by long prayers, though prayers renew our grace;
Not by tall spires, though spires have their place;
Not by our faith, though faith is glorious—
Can we prove Christ; but by the love
Mercy and love and wineness; seek these things.
Thus (thinking of Christ) Myself said unto me.



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. Bath 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. S.—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 woolen 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?
Lottie—The yellow condition of the whites of the eyes comes from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. To my 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. F. C.—At near 50 years, my dear friend, it is not strange that the hair should begin to turn gray. Do not think of dyeing 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 23 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 life very lonely for me. I have a sister and a 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.
A. H.
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 where she will never see me again. Would you advise me to leave home?
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 affection 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 commercial house to arrange a meeting between themselves and a young man who has become very friendly over the wire. This, of course, being rather a mere question of courtesy.
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 attainable.

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