

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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

Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man

By Stella Flores

No. 6—A Situation Which Wahn't Amusing for Anyone Except Cupid

Copyright, 1914, International News Service.

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Professor Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him into Boston, where he has a social engagement, encounters Miss Tabor...

Now Read On

CHAPTER II. The Meadow of Illusion.

Miss Tabor looked at her with pity. Evidently the woman was still out of her head. "If you will sit quietly for a little while you will be better," he said.

Miss Tabor shook her head. "We must walk back and look for an easier place. But I am afraid that the car will come before we can find one."

Mechanically I put my hand in my pocket, to find it empty. For a second I was dumfounded, then I stepped over to the place where I had fallen and poked about in the grass.

And she pointed to where it lay near mine, in a tangle of blackberry vines. But when I turned from rescuing them I found her standing with her hand at her neck, searching distractedly among her laces.

"What you have lost something?" I cried. "Yes," she said, and it seemed to me that her eyes were afraid, "there was a little gold chain that I wore. Oh, it can't be lost, it can't be!"

Her manner surprised me. To all my knowledge she had been so unruffled, had borne herself with such a certain serenity, that to see her now, with frightened eyes staring and full of tears, pain written clear across the lovely brows, and with hands that trembled at her breast, startled me out of my own composure.

"Certainly it's not lost," I said harshly, for I was puzzled. After all, there was nothing so tragic in the loss of a little chain. Then I knew better, knew that if she valued it so I would find it if it took me my vacation. "Come," I said more gently, "we will look."

And there as I walked directly to it I saw the glimmer of a strand of gold straggling from beneath the upturned roof. "Here it is," I cried wonderingly and

CHAPTER III. An Alarm in the Night.

There was nothing that I could ask, nothing that I could say, and aside from her thanks she was silent. So without a word I turned and helped the other woman to her feet, and still in silence the three of us walked along until we came to an easy place where I helped them both to the track.

So for a mile or so Miss Tabor and I sat in intimate aloofness, while the car bore us through the beauty of the fading summer day. Everywhere birds were chanting the evening, and ever and again with growing insistence the vivid breath of the nearing sun blew past us.

I spoke to her as if conversation had been unbroken. "Of course I am to take you home."

"That's perfectly absurd," I said. "There must be some inn or other near by. I can put up there for the night and go on in the morning. In fact, I am pretty tired myself; the dearest place that I can get supper and a bed is the best place for me."

She considered for a long moment. "Very well," said she, at last, "I am tired and still a little dizzy; it would be nice to be taken all the way home. I don't generally mind the dark, but I suppose that we were a good deal shaken up. There is an inn, too, but it would be very silly of you to go there, unless—unless for some reason we could not put you up."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



Orchid sat disconsolately at her window. For three evenings after her quarrel with Bob she had put on her prettiest dress and held royal court. But he did not appear.

Not a stone's throw away, Bob, in a big Morris chair, remorsefully puffed shadowy smoke rings at the pale face of the moon.

What Pretty English Girl Thinks of American Cousins

A Charming Talk with Cyril Maude's Talented Daughter.

By MAUDE MILLER. "I wonder if the American girl realizes that she serves as a model for all the rest of us who come here," said Miss Maude, with her quaint English accent.



Miss Maude.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON VI. The Neck and Chin. The chances are that the woman now forty began destroying the beauty of her neck by wearing stiff linen collars in her girlhood.

ing to directions I shall give you, and follow by bathing the neck with very cold water or rubbing it with a piece of ice folded in a square of linen.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 years old and like a girl the same age. She is a poor working girl and dislikes to work, and I am only earning \$10 a month.

ITCHED SO, HE TORE HIS FLESH RESINOL CURED

Tortured For Three Weeks, But Two Applications Did the Work. Washington, D. C., Dec. 9, 1913: "All over my body were small pimples which itched me so that I could just grab my flesh and tear it apart."