

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

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, whom he had met the previous winter at a social party. They compare notes, and find they are bound for the same place, and waiting for the same car. While waiting they talk of themselves in a casual way, and finally Miss Tabor has touched on something closely personal to Miss Crosby. They start on the trolley car, and the car is overturned. When Crosby recovers consciousness, he finds himself unhurt, but with a fair, strange girl in his arms. The motorist and the conductor leave Crosby and Miss Tabor in charge, and they set about to restore the girl to consciousness. When she recovered she seemed rather annoyed at the conditions. Crosby finds his pockets have been emptied, but recovers everything. Miss Tabor finds her articles, but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this, but on it hangs a wedding ring. The girl suggests they leave her, but they insist on seeing her safely to her home.

Now Read On

CHAPTER III.

An Alarm in the Night.

"Oh, come," I said, "you probably have a houseful at the present moment, and you know it. Nothing is more upsetting in the world than the unexpected guest."
"Well, we shall see," she answered. "I am pretty sure that nobody but the family is at home, and father will want to see you and thank you. Knight-errantry appeals to him. We will leave the asking to mother. If she can she will want you to stay. If she can't, well the inn is not so bad after all. There it is, by the way, on that little hill. I have no idea that we were so near home. We get off at that next electric light. Will you please signal to the conductor?"

The car stopped and I helped her down, taking our two bags with the strange feeling that I was suddenly coming to the end of a brief sentimental journey. Our companion in misfortune, who had chosen a seat by herself, scarcely looked up. It was no great walk to the house and presently Miss Tabor related it out to me. It was long and low, set well back upon a great lawn that a tall, dark hedge divided from the outer world.

As we neared the pillared gate a high-shouldered man stepped out nervously from the shadow. Miss Tabor put her hand upon my arm. "Just wait here a moment, please," she said and ran forward to him.

It had grown almost dark, but I could see that she leaned toward him, placing both hands upon his shoulders. The soft splendor of her whispered words and the startling rumble of his bass came to me indistinctly, merely wordless tones. I grew red in the darkness and turned my back, for I had caught myself trying to listen.

Presently Miss Tabor came to me. "I didn't mean to keep you so long," she apologized, "but you see—"
"It wasn't long," I said shortly, surprised to find myself angry. So we climbed the steps the shadow had dropped upon us again.

For a moment I stood blinking when the door had shut behind us. The large, low room in which we stood was not brilliantly lighted, but the sudden change from the soft outdoor glow dazzled me. The room was very large indeed, floored with dull red tile, paneled in dark oak, a great Dutch fireplace, filled with flowers, breathed fragrance. Opening from the room's far end, and raised three steps above its level, was a dining room. Our entrance two chairs had been pushed back from the table, and now a slim, pretty little woman came running down the steps and across the big room.

"Lady, dear," she cried, "what on earth has made you so late?" She flung herself into Miss Tabor's arms, hugging her as a child would.

Miss Tabor kissed her gaily. "We will

talk to you all about it, mother, dear," she laughed. "Let me introduce Mr. Crosby, without whose help I should have probably been much later. And, Mr. Crosby, this is my mother."

She greeted me graciously, turning to introduce me to her husband, who had followed her more slowly. He was a florid man and rather tall, his gray eyes being level with my own.

What places had been made for us at the table, and we were gathered in the close radius of the table lights. I found myself surprised that the daughter looked so little like either. Her mother was much smaller than she, one of those women who never grow thin or fat, but whose age comes upon them only as a sort of dimming of color and outline.

And indeed, in the more intimate light I found her looking more her years, pretty and soft and doll-like, but too delicate a vessel for any great strength of spirit, a sweet little woman, affectionate and inconsequent. Her words came quickly and with a certain merry insistence, but with little nervous pauses that were almost sad in their intensity; and once when a bicycle sounded faintly from the street she stopped altogether, her hand at her heart, her head turned and listening, until her husband's quick laugh brought her blue eyes questioning to him. Then we all plunged into conversation at once as if ashamed of the sudden pause it had given us.

Miss Tabor and I were made to give an account of our accident, or rather she gave it, and a very nicely tempered account it was, too. I was kept busy devising plausible confirmation of surprising understatements. She seemed for some reason very anxious to hide a possible seriousness in the matter, and her first brief, pleading glance bound me to her, freely accepting the judgment of her competence of my own. Under these circumstances I expected no mention of the loss and finding of the ring and there was none.



Still in silence the three of us walked along.

Both mother and father called Miss Tabor "Lady," so, I remembered, had all her intimates at the Christmas home party. Yet her husband had been initiated "M. R. T." I thought the nickname a gracious one and well suited to all the manner of her bearing. I wondered idly as they talked what the M. stood for, sure in my heart that it, too, was graceful and fitting. And as "Lady" told of the beauty of the meadow where we had been delayed "almost two hours by an old flat wheel, or something like that—let's that in the term, Mr. Crosby?" I decided that if the rest of my three months were spent in the most humdrum of ways, my vacation as a whole would not have been a barren one.

There was little conversation after we left the table. Miss Tabor said that she was too sleepy to sit up—and, indeed, the strain that she had been under was already beginning to show through even the vivacity of her acting. For my part, I had no inclination to sit in the family circle that she left. I, too, was tired, and I had many things to think and little to say. So that as she got up I, too, pleaded fatigue, and my need of finding my room at the inn.

"The inn! Indeed you will do nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Tabor. "There is a bed just waiting for three young men here." She glanced for confirmation at her daughter.

Miss Tabor said nothing, but looked across at her father. He paused an uncomfortable second, then turned to me with a smile.

"Of course you are to stay here," he said. His pause had troubled me, and I hesitated, but Mrs. Tabor would hear no arguments or excuses, and overwhelmed my stammering in a rippling torrent of proof that I was a very silly young man and that she would not hear another word about any such absurdity as my going; and as I stood embarrassed, Mr. Tabor, with another glance at his daughter, took my bag himself, and his hand upon my shoulder, fairly bore me off to my room. I was too comfortably tired to lie long awake, even with so eventful a day to turn over in retrospect. As I floated downward in the dark through a flood of inconspicuous, green meadows and roaring trains, clamorous streets and calm rooms, delicate with white and silver, I distinctly heard a step upon the porch, the click and closure of the front door, and the deep voice of the man we had met at the gate. But even my angry interest in him was weaker than the waves of drowsiness.

I roused into the dubious half-consciousness of the territory of the powers of darkness; in which the senses are vaguely alive, while no judgment restrains or questions the vagaries of the imagination; the place of evil memories

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Ma handed a book to Pa last night and Dearest, read this tender love passage. I bet it will make you think of the days you were courting me.

Wait till I finish reading about this game the Yankee won from a southern team sed Pa.

No, sed Ma, you must put aside that sporting page & read this chapter now. Read it out loud, so Bobbie can hear it. Then maybe he will know how to propose when he grows up.

Pa took the book. The name of the book was The Heart of Desire. This is a joke title, sed Pa. Maybe it is, sed Ma, but you must read that passage, even if the title doesn't happen to be The Life of Robert Fitzsimmons. So this is what Pa read:

and needless fears, of sweeping reforms whose vanity appears with the new light, and of remembered dreams whose beauty faints upon the threshold of the day. It was still so dark that before I could place myself amid my unfamiliar surroundings, I was aware of smothered commotion. People were awake and in trouble; the house was full of swishing garments and the busy of uncomfortable feet. Some one passed my door swiftly, carrying a light, whose rays swept through the cracks and swung uncanonically across the ceiling. Another door opened somewhere, letting out a blur of voices, among which I seemed to distinguish the bass growl of the man at the gate. My first thought was of fire, and with the shock of that I sprang up and across the room, groping for the handle of the door. It would not open. I pulled and tugged at it, feeling above and below for a bolt. There was none, nor was any key in the keyhole. After some fumbling, I found the switch of the electric light, and in the sudden radiance explored the floor for the fallen key. It was not there; and a hurried examination of the crack showed me that the lock had been turned from the outside.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

the clock & sed I guess it is time to go home. Sum of these days I am going to read a novel of my own, sed Pa, & it won't be all full of sobbing & moaning, sedther. This is the way I am going to make my cheerful dialogue, sed Pa: "You are braving my part!" she laughed gaily.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Unfair to Her. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 22 years old, and at present earning \$12 per week, and don't expect any advancement for at least two years, and at the end of that time will receive \$5 per week. Now what I want to know is would it be proper for me to ask my lady friend to marry me at the salary I'm making now, or should I wait until I get more, because when I get \$15 per, I'll have to wait another two or three years before I can expect any more? B. H.

Beauty

How a Day in a Picture Gallery is as Good as Face Massage



By MAUDE MILLER.

"I suppose that every one has something dearer to her than all the world. I know that my love for pictures amounts almost to a passion with me, and through the atmosphere that they suggest I have had some of the greatest pleasures of my life." And Miss Irene Fenwick flushed with the triumph of her first sale in the rural comedy "Along Came Ruth," forgot that she was playing a part as she warmed to a discussion of the things she loved best in the world.

Miss Irene Fenwick.

that will last that will live forever. If I could paint a picture and know that it was good I'd be perfectly willing to die, so great is my faith in the fact that it represents a finished creation. I know, too, that I am not alone in this idea, and for that reason I have often wondered if people realize what a great creation a picture is and how stimulating it is to the imagination.

world and nothing else that counts; it is the accomplishment of something worth while in the world of men that is going to make your name live after you.

"Study the pictures of the old masters as well as those of the modern period. I think pictures that the modern workers illustrate more clearly the idea of a united world. Carol offers the best example of anyone I know, because his pictures always suggest restlessness. Man is necessary to complete nature, but always subordinate in it: nature first, foreground, background and center, and man at play upon its surface. Don't you think that a stimulus like this would make you

Words About Words

By REV. C. F. AKED, DD., LL. D.

He was an ordinary boy, so ordinary that he did not know how very ordinary he was. He was well into his teens before he read his first serious book. Yet he was an omnivorous devourer of the worst kind of fiction. He had a gluttonous appetite for it, and his digestion was good. He simply gobbled it, and yet was able to assimilate it and make it his own.

"Hereward the Wake," and Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." This last might have opened his eyes, for in the very first chapter Wamba turns philologist. The moment had not come; that is all that he can now say about it.

farmers there would have been less hate of them; many persons thought they were a tribe of South African blacks. Mental is only one of "many," one of the common people whom Abraham Lincoln said God must have loved so well because He made so many of them.

Always There was an exception. Bacon is English—for many centuries and well within the knowledge of the present generation, bacon has been the only flesh food that the English agricultural laborer has known from year's end to year's end.

Nearly forty years lie between "Trench's study of Words" and Miss Wright's magnificent volume, "Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore." Just issued by the Oxford University Press. The passion which was born in the breast of that ignorant lad now awakes with joy upon this storehouse of wealth.

Miss Wright's researches link our common American words with the golden age of English literature. The word "chore" will serve for illustration as well as another. The boy who has not "done chores" is greatly to be pitied. The English have the word as "char" and retain it in "charwoman" and the like.

And then one day he picked up a book, a book which was a book indeed. In that hour the scales fell from his eyes, a new and nobler passion took possession of him, and he was born again. He wanted to know. To this hour he has not ceased to want to know. He raises because he has to waste time on the world's work which ought to be devoted to the diligence of learning what he wants to know.

Dandruff, Falling Hair Itchy Scalp, End this at Once—25 Cent Danderine.

Girls! Girls! Save your hair! Make it grow luxuriant, beautiful—a delightful dressing.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

itching of the scalp; the hair roots fall thin, loosen and die; then the hair falls out flat. If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will see this was the best investment you ever made.