# The Bee's - Home - Magazine - Page



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

Professor Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley can to take him into Boston, where he has a social engagement, smoounters 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 raiting they talk of themselves in a casual way, and Crusby imagines he has touched on something closely personal to Miss Tabor. They start on the trolley journey, and the car is overturned. When Crosby recovers consciousness, he finds himself unburt, but with a fair, strange will in his arms. The motorman 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 emptled, but recovers exceptions. Miss Tabor finds all her articles but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this, but on it hangs a weedding 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 (Continued.)

Oh, come." I said, "you probably have houseful at the present moment, and ou 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 had no idea that we were so near home. We get off

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 pointed it out to me. It was long and low, set well back upon a great lawn that a tall, dark hedge

at that next electric light. Will you

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 noment, please," she said and ran forward to him.

It had grow almost dark, but I could see that she leaned toward him, placing both hands upon his shoulders. The soft sibilance 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

Presently Miss Tabor came to me. didn't mean to keep you so long." she spologized, "but you see-"

"It wasn't long," I said shortly, surprised to find myself angry. limbed the steps the shadow had dropped batween 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 audden change from the soft outdoor gloom 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. On 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

# Greatest of All **Human Blessings**



The most wonderful thing in the world is love expressed in the helpless infant and among those aids and comforts for

This is an external application to mable the abdominal muscles to become more pliant, to expand naturally without undue pain from the strain upon cords and ligaments.

In almost every settled community are women who have enjoyed the blessing of this famous remedial and helpful embrocation. Their daughters have grown up to learn of its splendid assistance.

Applied as directed upon those muscles involved it nothes the fine network of nerves with which all the muscles are supplied. Thus a great share of the pains so much dreaded may be avoided and the period of expectancy passed through in my room at the inn

Anything that adds so much comfort must be counted as a blessing indeed.

In a little book sent by mail much useful information is given to inexperienced s. It tells how to use "Mother's and how to avoid caking breasts.



laughed. "Let me introduce Mr. Crosby, said. without whose help I should have prob ably been much later. And, Mr. Crosby,

She greeted me graciously, turning to being level with my own.

Where places had been made for us at the table, and we were gathered in the myself surprised that the daughter looked 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 1 found her looking more her years, pretty So we and soft and doil-like, but too delicate a vessel for any great strength of spirit 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 bleycle 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 questioningly to itm. Then we all plunged into conversa-

> tion at once as if ashamed of the sudden pause it had given us. Miss Tabor and I were made to give an ecount of our accident, or rather she gave t, and a very nicely tempered account it was, too. I was kept busy devising plausible confirmation of surprising understatements. She seemed for some reaon 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 conscience of my own. Under these cirumstances I expected no mention of the

loss and finding of the ring and there

was none. Both mother and father called Miss Tabor "Lady," so, I remembered, had all her intimates at the Christmas house party. Yet her bag had been initialed "M. B. T." I thought the nickname a gracious one and well suited to all the manner of talked what the M. stood for, sure in my heart that it, too, was graceful and fitof the meadow where we had ben delayed read: almost two hours by an old flat wheel, or something like that-isn't that the term, Mr. Crosby?" I decided that if the rest of my three months were spent in the most hundrem of ways, my vacation as a whole would not have been a bar-

ren one: There was little conversation ofter 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, 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

"The inn! Indeed you will do nothing

her daughter.

tell you all about it, mother, dear," she; "Of course you are to stay here," he and needless fears, of sweeping reforms

ted, but Mrs. Tabor would hear no argu- faints upon the threshold of the day, flushed with the triumph of her first it is to the imagination. ments or excuses, and overwhelmed my stammering in a rippling torrent of proof introduce me to her husband, who had that I was a very affly young man and followed her more slowly. He was a that she would not hear another word florid man and rather tall, his gray eyes about any such an 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 close radius of the table lights. I found shoulder, fairly bore me off to my room was too comfortably tired to lie long so little like either. Her mother was awake, even with so eventful a day to turn over in retrospect. As I floated downward in the dark through a flood of incongruous images, 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 which is 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

whose vanity appears with the new light. His pause had troubled me, and I healts | and of remembered dreams whose beauty my life." And Miss Irene Fenwick | creation a picture is and how stimulating | everyone has a different impression of I place myself amid my unfamiliar surcommotion. People were awake and in the things she loved best in the world. The world moves so rapidly that if we its theme, is created to last until stertrouble; the house was full of swishing garments and the hurry of uncomfortable feet. Some one passed my door swiftly. carrying a light, whose rays swept through the cracks and awung uncannily 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 audden 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.)

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

age, I bet it will maik you think of the days wen you was courting me. Wait till I finish reeding about this game the Yankees won from a southern gaily.

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

Pa took the book. The naim of the book was The Heart of Desiree. This is a joke her bearing. I wondered idly as they title, sed Ps. Maybe it is, sed Ma, but you must read that passage, eeven if the title doesn't happen to be The Life of ting. And as "Lady" 'told of the beauty Robert Fitzsimons. So this is what Pa

"You heer?" she cried. "Yes," he jaffed. He hit his riding boot with his whip. "Fo soon?" she sobbed

"Yes," he smiled. His voice was very ter,der now. "Thay told me you were ded," she eried , wildly.

"It was false," he smiled tamely. "Then it was really false?" she laughed loyously.

"Yes," he cried hoarse-ly. How much most of this have I got to read sed Pa.

Doant you think it is pretty? sed Ma always liked to read dia-log like that, So that as she got up I, too, beckaus it sounds so much to me like the pleaded fatigue, and my need of finding littel talks that we used to have wen we was engaged. We might have talked a lot, sed Pa,

of the sort," said Mrs. Tabor. "There is but we wasent all the time laffing & a bed just waiting for tired young men crying. These pospul in this novel are She glanced for confirmation at laffing & crying in every line they eav. "Yes." he laffed. "O," she cried. They Miss Tabor said nothing, but looked nin't any class to that kind of a talk Get a bottle to-day and write for book to across at her father. He paused an unbetween lovers, sed Pa. The only time at the end of five years you will be taught him the simpler and truer forms accomfortable second, then turned to me any of my old flames used to cry was getting only \$30, barely enough to marry of "English" and if wery life, and if were lovers and if were lovers. But he had atrength and its very life, and if were lovers and former was getting only \$30, barely enough to marry of "English" and "French." But he had atrength and its very life, and if were lovers at her father. He paused an unbetween lovers, sed Pa. The only time and no more failing hair—you must use
any of my old flames used to cry was getting only \$30, barely enough to marry of "English" and "French." But he had atrength and its very life, and if were lovers. wen I was calling on them & looked at on. Don't ask her.

the clock & sed I guess it is time to go hoam. Sum of these days I am going to Ma handed a book to Pa last nite & rite a novel of my own, sed Pa. & it ed Decrest, read this tender love pass won't be all full of sobbing & moaning, eether. This is the way I am going to maik my cheerful dialogue, sed Pa: "You are braking my hart!" she lafted

"I mean to brake it!" he smiled boy-

"You would not murder me?" she asked with a girlish laff. "On the contrary," he sed with his rare,

brite smile, "you are never going to leeve this room alive." Thare isent any sense to that kind of dia-log, aed Ma.

There is as much sense to it as to any of the dialog that I have seen in any of the modern novels juitly, sed Pa. man that can set down & read Vanity Fair & then read a society novel of today is loose in the head, Pa sed.

#### Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE PAIRPAX.

Unfair to Her. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 23 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 \$15 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.

Long engagements are not advisable because of the fickleness of your own sex. race. He called the contending races, as After a girl has waited five or six years everybody did then, "Saxon" and "Northe man coolly takes his heart elsewhere.





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



Miss Irene Fenwick.

By MAUDE MILLER. "I suppose that every one has some-

that will last that will live forever. If | want to go out and conquer the whole could paint a picture and know that world? it was good I'd be perfectly willing to

"Deep in the heart of everyone is the aren't careful we shall be left behind. nity, its mission is established in the desire to create something, something After all it isn't the being part of the world! Isn't that a wonderful thing?"

"Then there are other pictures that thing dearer to her than all the world. die, so great is my faith in the fact that suggest peace. That wonderful 'Hope' by I know that my love for pictures amounts it represents a fluished creation. I know, Watts has perhaps inspired more people almost to a passion with me, and through too, that I am not alone in this idea, tired out with the realities of life than the atmosphere that they suggest I have and for that reason I have often won- any other picture that has ever been had some of the greatest pleasures of dered if people realize what a great created. And the best part of it is that greatness. Figure studies are wonderful It was still so dark that before I could sale in the rural comedy "Along Came "Everyone who is alert and responsive for inspiration: a whole character is Ruth," forgot that she was playing a to the demands of life is driven on by a often revealed in a pictured countenance. roundings. I was aware of smothered part as she warmed to a discussion of nameless something to be up and doing. Just think, a picture, no matter what

# Words About Words

he was. He was well into his teens be- can now may about it. fore he read his first serious book. Yet The facts amused him. The names of made so many of them. he was an omnivorous devourer of the animals, while the animals are alive and worst kind of fiction. He had a glutton- need to be tended, are English. The ous appetite for it. And his digestion was flesh, when it is prepared for food, is good. He simply gobbled it, and yet was always called by a French name. Ox,

King, Claude du Val and Jack Shepherd them. were his heroes. Robin Hood was a Alwaya" There was one exception demi-god. He consumed on an average Bacon is English-for many centuries and one novel a day for many years. Indians well within the knowledge of the present were ectasy. Fenimore Cooper, Mayne generation, bacon has been the only flesh Reid and Gustave Almard-it was before the day of Dick Deadeye and Buffalo borer has known from year's end to Bill-were chiefs among the immortals, year's eng.

Nothing in the world could induce him to read a volume of history, of blography. even of travels, though there might be Indiana and even pirates in them. Morphine never held its victim with tighter grip than that which the bleed-and-

thunder novel had fastened on him. 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. wanted to know. To this hour he has not ceased to want to know. He rages because he has to waste time on thu world's work which ought to be devoted African war that the Bosrs were simply words." to the idieness of learning what he wants to know.

And the curious thing is that he cannot explain what impulse moved him to buy the book, nor what power constrained him to read it. Nobody had told him about H. He was rooting at a cheap second-handed bookstall for more Indianpirate-highwayman pabulum. He saw a little volume called "Trench on the Study of Words." He bought it for a few pence The boy died and the man was born. The first fact that appealed to him was that in the commonest words of human speech is preserved the conflict upon English soil between the English and the French which ended in the conquest of and lustrous, try Dunderine England by the French and the absorption ; of the French conqueror by the English

By REV. C. F. AKED, DD., LL. D., "Hereward the Wake," and Sir Walter | farmers there would have been less hate Scott's "Ivanhoe." This last might have of them; many persons thought they were opened his eyes, for in the very first a tribe of South African blacks. Menjal He was an ordinary boy, so ordinary chapter Wamba turns philologist. The is only one of "many," one of the comthat he did not know how very ordinary moment had not come; that is all that he mon people whom Abraham Lincoln said

able to assimilate it and make it his own, steer, cow are English; beef is French. "Penny dreadfuls" they were called in Deer is English, ventson is French, Calf in the breast of that ignorant lad now that day, and the soul of the boy-what is English, veal is French; swine, pig. served him for a soul-gloried in them, hog are English; pork is French; sheep "Handsome Harry of the Fighting Bet. is English, mutton is French. The story vedere" charmed him. "Alone in the stood revealed; the English serf or slave Pirates' Lair" transported him to the worked with the ox, the pig. the calf. seventh heaven. Dick Turpin and Tom the sheep; the French conquerer ate

food that the English aggleuitural la-

The boy pend on. He learned that words which speak of rule and magnificence are all French. Sovereign, scepter, throne, realm, royalty, prince, duke, palace, castle, hall-the list is interminable. And again there is an astounding exception: king is English. And three No more, but e'en a woman, and comcenturies of history are in this fact. The foreign conqueror could only hold his own on English soil and establish a dynasty which would remain, by claiming to come in the true line of succession and promising to maintain the continuity

of English law. Boor is farmer-and if the British pea-

God must have loved so well because He

Study of Words" and Miss Wright's magnificent volume, "Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore," just traued by the Oxford University Press. The passion which was born seizes with foy upon this storehouse of wealth.

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

A saying traced back as far as 1678 and then lost belongs to the tales of a grandmother, "That char is char'd, as the good wife said when she hanged her husband." Shakespeare has it in "Antony and Cleopatra." Charmian seeks to repress Iras with her swelling words addressed to the dying queen, "Royal Egypt, Empress," and Cleopatra says:

By such poor passion as the maid that milks And does the meanest chares.

From the Dislect Dictionary it appears that there are 1,300 ways of telling a person he is a fool. It is necessary to learn a few of them to describe the individual who can see only words in what ple had known in the time of their South poor Hamlet called "Words, words,

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

Girls! Girls! Save your hair! | itching of the scalp; the hair roots fam-Make it grow luxuriant, beau- out mat. tiful—a delightful dressing.

Just one application doubles the beauty you ever made. of your hair, bosides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you

ish, loosen and die; then the hair falls

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get If you care for heavy hair, that glist- a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine ens with beauty and is radiant with life; at any drug store or toilet counter; apply has an incomparable softness and is fluffy a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment

We sincerely believe regardless of everything cise advertised, that if you cannot have nive, heavy, healthy hair desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and John Richard Green had not if you have dandruff. This destructive lots of it-no dandruff-no itching scalp read Lytton's "Harold," and Kingsley's overcome it produces a feverishness and why not now !- Advertisement