

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Professor's Mystery

BY WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

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

Prof. Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him to the Ainslies, where he had a social engagement, encountered Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. She, too, is invited by the Ainslies. When the belated trolley comes, they start off together, to meet with a wreck. Miss Tabor is stunned and Crosby, assisted by a strange woman passenger, restores her, finding all her things save a slender golden chain. Crosby searches for this and finds it holds a wedding ring. Together they go to the Tabor's, where father and mother welcome the daughter, calling her "Lady," and give Crosby a rather strained greeting. Circumstances suggest he stay over night, but he wishes to find himself locked in his room. Before he can determine the cause he is called and required to leave the house. Miss Tabor's father, Mr. Tabor, and telling him she cannot see him again. At the inn, where he puts up, he notices Tabor in an argument with a strange Italian sailor. Crosby protects the sailor from the crowd at the inn and goes on to the Ainslies, where he again encounters Miss Tabor, who has told her nothing of her former meeting with the professor. The two are getting along very well when Dr. Walker, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and tells him Crosby returns to the inn and demands to see Miss Tabor. Crosby refuses, but Crosby declines to go until she tells him herself. Miss Tabor greets him in a strained way and tells him it is her wish he leave and never try to see her again. He says he will not unless she send for him. That night she calls him to join in a hurried trip by auto to New York. The chauffeur does not appear to recall the journey, but Crosby fixes the machine and they are driven into a crowded tenement district of the city.

## "May Flowers"

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By Nell Brinkley



### Now Read On

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### How We Made an Unconventional Journey to Town.

(Continued.)  
We stopped before a narrow doorway planked sideways between two shop windows like a fish's mouth. Lady leaned across me to scan the bleak windows above.

"There should be a light on the top floor," she said, "yes, there it is. Ask Thomas to make sure of the number."  
He was back in a moment to say that the number was right: "And all asleep, miss, by the look of it. Shall I knock somebody up? There's no bell."  
"No, not yet. What time is it, Mr. Crosby?"  
"Twenty minutes of 5," I told her.

"She must have got the message before now," she said, half to herself. Then, after a little thought, "Stay here with the car, Thomas. Mr. Crosby and I are going in."  
"You're not going into such a place at this hour!" I protested. "Tell me what it is and let me go."  
"No, I'm coming, too. Don't stop to talk about it, please."

The door yielded and let us into a stained and choking hallway, faintly lighted by a blue flicker of gas at the far end. The stairs were worn into creaking hollows, and the noise of our passing, though instinctively we went upward like thieves, awakened a multitude of squeaks and scuffings behind the plaster. The banisters were everywhere loose and shaky, and in places they were entirely broken away, so that we went close along the filthy wall rather than trust to them. Each hallway was like the one before; narrow, dusty and airless, with its blue spur of gas giving us just light enough to find our way without groping. At last we reached the top, and Lady knocked softly on the door at the end of the hall.

There was no answer. She knocked again. I turned up the gas, and as I did so a fat beetle ran from under my feet. I stepped on it, and wished that I had not done so.  
"Are you sure this is the place," I whispered.  
"Yes, I've been here before. But I don't understand. Sheila knew that we were coming."  
"Look," said I, "the door is unlatched. Shall I go in?"

For an instant the oppression of the place was too much for her, and she clung to my arm whispering, "I'm afraid—I'm afraid!" Then before I could speak, she had caught up her courage.

"Yes," she said, "Open it if you can."

### Physician Tells How To Grow Hair

A Well-Known Physician and Newspaper Correspondent Tells How to Promote the Growth of the Hair.

A well-known physician who has made a careful study of the hair recently made the following statement: "It is comparatively easy to stop the hair from falling out, promote its growth and banish dandruff by the following simple recipe, which can be made at home: To 1 oz. of water add a small box of Barbo Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Apply it to the scalp with the finger tips two or three times per week. It not only is excellent as a scalp and hair tonic, but it darkens faded, streaked, gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. I use it myself and have no hesitancy in recommending it to my patients. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost."—Advertisement.

The door swung a few inches, then closed. Something soft and heavy, like a mattress, seemed to be braced against the bottom of it. I felt for the revolver in my pocket, then put my weight against the panel. The thing inside moved a little, then rolled over with a thud, and the door swung open. What had lain against it, and now lay across the opening clearly visible in the light from behind us was the body of a woman with blood soaking into her hair.

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### How We Escaped from What We Found There.

We stood looking down upon her without a word. She was a tall, rather thin woman of about 30; Irish by the look of her, and still with some share of earlier good looks. The hair that fell away loosely from her broad forehead was black and straight, showing only here and there a thread of silver. The large hands lay limply open, and the face was deathly white. She had fallen away from the door with her knees pressed closely against it, as though she had been trying to open it when the blow came.

"Do you think she is dead?" Lady breathed at last.  
"Of course not," I answered, but I was very much afraid. I knelt down beside her and listened to her heart. I was not sure, but it seemed to me that it beat faintly; so faintly that it might have been only the drumming of my own pulses in my ears.

"Can you find a mirror?" I asked from the floor.  
Lady glanced vaguely about the room, then came back to me with uncomprehending eyes. "No, I can't see any. What for?" she said dully.

I sprang quickly to my feet. A chair lay overturned on the bare wooden boards of the floor, and I picked it up, setting it near the window.  
"Sit there," I said, "while I rummage, and I drew her to it, half forcing her down into it. She sat very still, mechanically obedient, while I looked around me.

It was a strange little room to find in this decaying tenement. On the sill of a single window that gave upon the street blossomed an uneven row of geraniums. One pot had fallen to the floor and lay shattered, the fresh green of its broken plant piteous in a sprawl of scattered earth. The whole place bore evidence of an insistent struggle for the cheerfulness of a home. White, starched curtains were at the window; the walls were fairly covered with pictures, colored prints for the most part, and supplements of Sunday papers. A bird cage had hung in one corner, and now lay, cage and bottom fallen apart, upon a middle of seed and water; and a frightened canary perched upon the leg of a fallen table, blinking in the unsteady flare of the gas. The floor was spotlessly clean, its worn boards white with scrubbing, save where the flower pot and bird cage had been overturned, and the dark stain spread from beneath the woman's hair. The whole scene was unaccountably and strangely vivid, all its little details leaping to the eye with the stark brilliance of a flashlight.

To the right of the door by which the woman lay was another door, and I crossed over to it. It opened with a squeak, and for a moment I stood looking in. This was evidently the sleeping room. It held only a washstand, a chest and an iron bedstead, and here, too, an unextinguished gas jet flared. I stepped in

and closed the door behind me, for upon the bed lay another huddled figure. It was a man lying face downward, breathing heavily and evidently very drunk; for the whole place reeked acutely of alcohol. I pulled at his shoulder, turning him half over. For half a minute I held him so, then let him fall back as I had found him. I glanced behind me to be sure that the door was shut. The man on the bed muttered thickly, shifting his position; and something thudded upon the floor, and rolled to my feet. It was a short bit of iron, rather more thick at one end than at the other; and as I turned it over in my hands, it left a stain. Somewhere I had seen such an instrument before, but I could not at the moment recall where; and I dropped the thing into my pocket not without some feeling of disgust. A small mirror hung over the wash stand. This I hurriedly took down, and as hurriedly left the room, closing the door behind me. Lady was still sitting where I had left her, but as I came across the room she got up.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "I'm sure I can help in some way. You were gone a long time, but I waited."  
"I'll show you in a moment," I said. We talked in whispers as if the presence of death; and yet I was almost sure that the woman was alive. Nevertheless, it was with a great deal of relief that I saw the mirror swing closed before her lips.

"It's all right," I cried. "She's alive." "Are you sure?" "Absolutely."  
"O, thank God!" Lady breathed. "Amen," said I. "What are we to do now?"

"What do you think we had better do? Is there any water in there?" "There's nothing in there that's of any use," I said quietly. "I should say the first thing would be to send for an ambulance, and the next for the police."  
"No, no!" Lady cried. "Whatever is to be done we must do ourselves. I came here to take her away. Can't we take her as she is?"

"She could be carried downstairs easily enough," said I, surprised, "but somebody ought to be arrested for this thing. Have you any notion who did it?" "Her husband, I suppose," answered Lady bitterly. "He is like that when he has been drinking. Sheila was afraid something would happen when he came back."  
"Sheila?" "Lady glanced at the figure before us. "That's Sheila," she said. "She used to be my nurse."

I picked the woman up in my arms. She was heavier than I had thought; not beyond my strength, but more than I could walk with safely down those crazy stairs.

"I'll call the chauffeur," I said. "He can help carry her down."  
"Yes, but I'd rather he didn't see this." "He'd see her anyhow, when we brought her down; and we can't do anything for her here. Where shall I put her?" "Wasn't there a bed in that room?" she asked.

"Slip off your coat, she will be all right on the floor for a minute."  
Lady took off the long coat and spread it upon the boards, taking Sheila's hand in her lap as I laid her down upon it. I raised the little window, and looked down into the street. The car stood there, its lights glaring monstrously down the empty street.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

"WHEN Spring comes laughing by vale and hill,  
By windflower dancing and daffodil,  
Sing stars of morning—sing morning skies,  
And gay birds gossip the orchard long."

## Our Last War With Mexico

How It Started; How It Was Fought; What It Cost in Lives and Money and What We Gained by It.

By Rev. THOMAS B. GREGORY

This concise history will be completed in six installments, published consecutively.

General Scott arrived off Vera Cruz with the larger part of the forces assigned to him on March 9, 1847, just two weeks after Taylor's brilliant victory at Buena Vista. He had about 12,000 troops, including the divisions of Generals Worth, Twiggs, Quitman and Pillow.

The city of Vera Cruz at the time contained 1,000 houses and 7,000 inhabitants. The houses were built of stone, two stories high, with flat roofs and parapets. It was situated on a dry plain, behind which rose sand hills, cut up with many ravines and covered with clusters of thick chaparral.

The city was entirely surrounded by a massive stone wall two and a half miles in circumference. On this wall there were nine bastions, mounting 109 guns. Another 100 guns and mortars were in the city and in the defenses outside of the wall.

Within the walls were 5,000 troops, besides the citizens, most of whom were well armed. On an island about a mile in front of the city was the famous stone castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, built by the Spaniards in 1562, and the foundations of whose walls, laid down in the sea, had enabled it to withstand the waves and storms of three centuries.

The American line of investment was completed by the 13th, and each division and regiment was given its place. Immediately the battle opened from both sides. The cannonading was practically incessant, the Americans steadily setting the better of it, and on the 25th, as Scott was about to order the final assault, General More informed him that he was ready to surrender.

On the next day the articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed, and General Scott sent on to Washington his historic dispatch: "The flag of the United States of America now floats triumphantly over the walls of this city and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa."  
"On to Mexico City!" then became the cry of the Americans, and while the Americans were shouting that slogan, Santa Anna, who had worked up a revolution in the capital and got himself elected president, was making the walking with the cry, "On to Vera Cruz, to drive out the Gringos!"  
The mutually advancing forces—the Americans on their way to Mexico City and the Mexicans on the march to Vera Cruz—met at Cerro Gordo, a strong position some sixty miles inland, April 15. After a stubborn fight of half a day's duration, the Mexicans were routed, retiring in great disorder toward the capital.

## The Heavens in May

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

This is a quiet month in the heavens. There is no eclipse, nor an unusual display of any kind. The planet Venus, however, has come to grace our evening twilight. It is continually getting farther away from the sun. On the 15th it sets at 9:23, and on the 31st at 9:56, about five hours after the sun.  
Saturn is also in the evening sky, and sets on the 15th at 9:36, five minutes before Venus. Mars sets on that night at 12:38 a. m. It is getting to the east of the Twins, Castor and Pollux.  
Jupiter is the only morning star, rising

on the 15th at 1:22 a. m. It is still rather far south.  
The sun rises on the 1st, 15th, 31st at 5:25, 5:08, 4:54, and sets at 7:17, 7:32, 7:46, making the day's length 13 hours, 54 minutes, 14 hours, 24 minutes, 14 hours, 50 minutes, an increase of 26 minutes during the month. The sun is 3 minutes 54 seconds, 2 minutes 40 seconds, 2 minutes 28 seconds, fast on sundial time on these dates, but 30 minutes 30 seconds, 19 minutes 35 seconds, 20 minutes 45 seconds slow of standard time. On the 21st the sun enters Gemini.  
The moon is in first quarter on the 3d, at 12:29 a. m., full on the 14th at 1:11 p. m., in last quarter on the 18th at 4:12 p. m., and new on the 29th at 8:35 p. m. It is in conjunction with Mars on the 2d, with Jupiter on the 16th, with Saturn on the 26th, with Venus on the 27th, and with Mars again on the 30th. This last conjunction of the moon with Mars on the 30th narrowly misses being for us an occultation, that is, an eclipse of the planet. On the 15th, at 9:09 a. m., Venus passes north of Saturn at a distance of somewhat over four lunar diameters—Craighigh University Observatory, Omaha, Neb.

At the very foot of Chapultepec was Molino del Rey, a number of stone buildings that had been used as a foundry. It guarded the only approach to Chapultepec, and had been made as strong as possible to protect that fortress.  
On the morning of the 8th of September, at break of day, the Americans attacked the Mats and Molino del Rey as preliminary to the main assault upon Chapultepec, the grand objective of their efforts. Before the impetuous charges of the infantry, assisted by the fine work of the artillery, the positions were carried, though at a terrible sacrifice.

It was the bloodiest day for the invaders of the whole war. Seven hundred and seventy-eight Americans were killed and wounded, fifty-eight of them being officers.  
The Mexican loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was over 2,000.  
At dawn on the 12th the American batteries began pounding Chapultepec and kept at it all day. The next day two assaulting columns, each of 250 picked men, selected from the divisions of Worth and Twiggs, bore down, from opposite directions, upon the grim old fortress.

The garrison, realizing the supreme importance of the position, poured forth a hail of shot and shell upon the advancing columns, but it did not deter them. Pillow's men rolled up the rocky ascent, while from the opposite Quitman's column kept steadily on, and by the help of scaling ladders the Americans were soon inside the walls. Those of the garrison that stood their ground were soon overpowered, and the American colors were soon flying from the ramparts.  
Chapultepec had fallen—and the way into the Mexican capital was at last open.  
On the 13th the Mexican forces began the evacuation of the city, and by 1 o'clock on the morning of the following day all that was left of Santa Anna's army was in bivouac at Guadalupe Hidalgo.  
About 8 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September, General Scott and staff rode into the ancient capital of the Montezumas. Along the Avenida de San Francisco he rode to the "Plaza de la Constitucion," entered the palace, ordered the flag raised from its towers, and the war was over.

Chapter VI, the concluding one in the series, will deal with the results of the war; what it brought us, the number of the opposing armies, the battle losses, and what it cost us in dollars and cents

## The New Baby is World's Wonder



Every tiny infant makes life's perspective wider and brighter. And what ever there is to enhance its arrival and to ease and comfort the expectant mother should be given attention. Among the real helpful things is an external abdominal application known as "Mother's Friend." There is scarcely a community but what has its enthusiastic admirer of this splendid embrocation. It is so well thought of by women who know that most drug stores throughout the United States carry "Mother's Friend" as one of their staple and reliable remedies. It is applied to the abdominal muscles to relieve the strain on ligaments and tendons.  
Those who have used it refer to the ease and comfort experienced during the period of expectancy; they particularly refer to the absence of nausea, often so prevalent as a result of the natural expansion. In a little book are described "Mother's Friend" in an external abdominal application known as "Mother's Friend." There is scarcely a community but what has its enthusiastic admirer of this splendid embrocation. It is so well thought of by women who know that most drug stores throughout the United States carry "Mother's Friend" as one of their staple and reliable remedies. It is applied to the abdominal muscles to relieve the strain on ligaments and tendons.  
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THE OMAHA BEE—THE HOME PAPER.