# The Beers-Home - Magazine - Page

E PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS & HANSON BOOTH

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

First

Prof. Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him to the Ainsiles, where he had a social, engagement, encountered Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. She, 100, is invited by the Ainsiles. 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 live, finding all her things sage for this and finds it holds a wedding ring. Together they go to the Tabors, where father and mother welcome the daughter, calling her "Lady," and give Crosby a rather strained sreeting. Circumstances suggest he stay given night, and telling him she cannot see him again. At the lin where he puts up he notices Tabor in an argument with a strange lialian sallor. Crosby protects the sallor from the crowd at the inn and goes on to the Ainsiles, where he again encounters miss Tabor. The two are gettling along bord, half-brother, appears and bears her away, Crosby returns to the lin and found to the lin and found to the line and found the door at the top locked. Forthing. That sight she calls him to follow the door at the top blocked. Forthing, the down on the strained several flight of states, and found the door at the top blocked. Forthing. That sight she calls him to do the strained several flights of states, and found the door at the top blocked. Forthing, Tabor so rures, bleeding from many wounds, but encounter weekens, but Crosby carries the injured woman down to the car, and prepares to drive it himself.

Now Read On

# Now Read On

CHAPTER X

We Brought Home And How

It was a matter of seconds. I vaulted over the spare tires into the chauffeur's She has come to herself now. Can you seat, pulling the throttle open while I find some water? I have a flash here." felt for my pedals; and as I did so, I heard the door of the limousine slam behind me. A hasty glance over my shoulder showed me that the back of the car was clear. I jerked in the reverse and was clear. I jerked in the reverse and raised my feet; and with a roar and a. The excellent Thomas had taken advanstream of blue smoke, the machine tage of my forgetfulness awung backward across the street, while I twisted furiously at the wheel. One of the men caught at me as we began to move, but the suddenness of our starting helped the push I gave him to throw as he jumped. him off his balance. He sprawled on his back in the gutter, and an instant later I was in my second speed and half way up the block. The policeman behind us was firing his revolver; whether at us or our tires or the sky I had no time to guess. And I took the first corner with my heart in my mouth and an empty feeling in my stomach, praying that we might get around it right side up. shadow ran out from the curb and number," sprang for the running-board; but my hands and eyes were so busy in front of me that I did not know whether we

turnings as possible to avoid being starting the car. And I put out that red headed, and for the next few minutes we lantern thing, too." swayed and slid around treacherous coring enemies. I wondered that every blue- more than other women. And now she coated figure running blindly up the lane of our lights did not stop us, and that at every turning we had neither upset out my hand, as if she had been a man. nor skidded into the opposite curb. It was wild work at the best; and consider- not half good enough to be your lieuing that I was driving a heavy and un- tenant. Good work." familiar car over slimy pavements, I can not understand now how we avoided either accident or capture. But presently the headlights showed a long, dark street, getting Sheila." clear of interference. We raced up it at in my head, and numbed my fingers drinking fountain and got the water, health, and you are

missed him or ran him down.

Speed was impossible over the cobbles;

there was a man beside me in the car. He was huddled in a heap on the floor, between the seat and the dash, hanging on desperately, and crowding himself into the least possible space as if to keep" out of sight. As soon as I could spare a The road-side trees were still mysterious fortune sead and neck. I was in no mood for half measures. He cowered back on the running-board, shielding himself with an arm and turning up an absurd and ugly face of terror. . It was our highly re-

'Oh, for God's sake, don't sir" he eroaked, shrinking back out of reach. "I won't interfere with you nor nothing. I'll get out as soon as we get fair away. Only I'd ha' been took up sure, sir, and there's me character gone."

"Get into that seat and keep still." T

He crawled into the reat, shaking and

protesting. There were tears in his voice, and I think actually in his eyes. "Do you know your way out of this?" I demanded.

frightened to know his own mind, but I gray; the air freshened as the stars went had made up mine. He was better with out; and the twitter of birds and the us than wandering about the city, telling scattered barking of dogs underran the

"Stay where you are." I snapped, engine. That sound itself dried and hard-'you'll go home with us, and keep your ened in the keener atmosphere. And in

never get home after this. I'll get out its speed, until the sidelong away of the here. It's murder and resisting arrest body warned me that I was driving too and endangering traffic. They'll have fast for the road. We passed a milk

I caught at, his collar as he tried to trotley. Then came the dawn, so swiftly

Before he could make another move, I had shut off and got my right hand on the revolver. I held it across my knees under the wheel, and slipped the holster off it.

"You're going to sit still and keep quiet," I said, "and you're going wherever we go. Do you understand?" He sat like a graven image after that

with no sound but an occasional snift.

more than a little anxious for the safety of my passengers within.

I stopped in the deepest shade I could find, and clambered out. Lady's face was at the door almost before I could

"Are you all right?" she panted. ould see only her eyes and the outline of her face like a white shadow.

"Yes; are you?" She laughed nervously. "I'm as well as when we started, and Shella is better. 'There are fountains all along these

drives. We'll run ahead until we come torone of them." As I spoke, there was a thud behind liberty. He was out of sight almost be-

fort I turned; and he had been thoughtful enough to throw the revolver away "I'm a clever idiot," I said ruefully, 'you chauffeur has been trying to desert all along, and now he's done it.

difference does it make?" "I was thinking of what he might say, said I. "But for that matter, I suppose I have got you into a newspaper scrape anyhow, if nothing worse. Every policeman on the east side must have our

"But you were driving, youself. What

"I was just going to ask you about that," said Lady, with a queer little crow in her voice. "Perhaps we had better carry this outside now." She felt about her feet and handed me a muddy strip our only chance was to take as many of metal. "I took this off while you were

For an instant I forgot Dr. Reid and ners through a darkness that was full all the mountain of impossibility that of shouts and whistlings and gesticulat- lay between us. She had always been was that rarest thing of all, a comrade ready in a moment of need. I reached "You're a miracle," I said, "and I'm

> There was a broken whisper from the darkness within.

> "The water," said Lady, "we're for-

I replaced our number, lighted the tail- depends the next situation. If you have a rate that seemed to loosen every tooth lamp, and a little further on found a upon the rattling wheel. The noise was Mrs. Carucci was able to speak only a determined to imfairly behind us. After a couple more few words of unsteady thanks; but that turns, it had grown fainter; and I was enough to make me fall in love with slowed to a saner speed, watching the the crooning voice of her. We pushed on street lamns for knowledge of my whereabouts. Then I became conscious that ture; and on the open roads off to the northward were free to make the most of our speed.

The night slowly faded, not as if any light were coming, but as if the dark- itual ness itself were growing faint and weak. for bulks against remoter gloom, but their better body blackness now gave a dull hint of green and the yellow glare of our lamps grew tion. washed out and lifeless. The crowing of cocks, reiterated from place to place, sounded fictitious and unnatural. The sir chilled a little and here and there we struggled to obtain them, every effort ran through a momentary blindness of mist, as if a small cloud had fallen to drift along the surface of the earth. sat back half drowsy, with relaxed nerves; and although I had no desire for sleep, although I never loosened my said. "or you'll have us all taken up. for a second from the wavering end of hands upon the wheel, nor took my eyes the ribbon of light that unwound Itself continually toward me, yet I felt somehow unreal and very peaceful, without will or memory, like a person in a dream The car obeyed me without my being con "No. sir. I haven't a notion. "I'll it by my mere volition. Slowly the pal-get out and ask." He was apparently too lor around me changed from green to unvarying, inevitable drumming of the the pleasure of the perfect power under "Oh, I can't think of it, sir. We'll me, I let the car out only to the limit of

wagon or two and an occasional early

Peach Blossoms

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By Nell Brinkley



And the Peering Little Bird is Singing a Song Something about (1 Can't Hear VERY Good), but Something About a Maiden.

## The Law of Justice

There is No Escaping the Decree of Karma or Reincarnation-Whatever You Are Here on Earth You Will Be Again

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Whatever you are here on earth, whatever you possess, you have in some life earned. And upon you, and you alone,

prove your condition by industry, you may die be fore you attain your aim, still you have laid the spirfoundation and a

the next incarna-11

you bave longed for education and accomplishment, if you

you make will be placed to your credit

when you come again. If you have beauty, talent, wealth and are not making good use of them-use which will benefit others and leave the find the whole matter incompatible with race better off for your having livedthen you will be obliged to return without beauty, without talent, without

This great law of cause and effect is called karma

We are all making good or had karma every hour.

The fair working girl who is turning and over again. away from the temptation to wear the fine aparel at the cost of her self- But the idea is not one whit more diffirespect, and who is seeing herself grow faded and careworn while she toils to sup-

that it was full day of sunlight and shadow before I thought to look for color in the east. Somehow it did not seem like morning, but like coming out of a curtained house into the midst of after-

(To Be Continled Tomorrow.)

beautiful body, and fair ralment and a happy environment for herself in the next incarnation.

The companion who laughs at her while she drives by in her "protector's" motor car is making bad karma. She is preparing an ugly or deformed body for herself when she comes again, a body which will not be attractive to vice, and she will have to do the toll she has refused to do here. There is no escaping the law of karma, which is the law of

If you have been educated on traditional lines you are thinking that the Creator of this vast universe makes each soul from new material and sends it to quicken the unborn child at a certain

If you think anything at all about the matter beyond that, you must wonder why one of these God-made souls is sent nto a palace, another into the slums.

If you decide that some are made to suffer and be poor and unfortunate on earth, in order that they shall shine above their affluent brothers after they go to heaven, then you must think the Creator a very partial and unjust being, or He would not show such favoritism. Any way you reason it out you will justice unless you accept the idea of re-

incarnation. Briefly told, the idea is that the Great wealth, and work your way back to Power which made the universe has always existed and will always exist. And all that exists has always existed and sides this, there are intervening "heav every soul that animates the body of the bodies of innumerable beings over

It is, of course, a very vast thought. cult to grasp than the modern one, that each soul is made out of new material and that the beginning of life was a few agine a circle without beginning and away in early youth. without end than a straight line which begins nowhere.

And it is so magnificent and stupen- malice, these who live wholly and only cause you are not among the invited.

undeveloped.

This earth is only one of millions of Spiritual birds of a feather flock vorids more wonderful, and we are but gether, as well as the earth birds. expressions of that vast power.

Everything that exists anywhere is

expression of what we call God. and we are in this world what our former lives made us. We will be in our next incarnation just what we are now pre-

paring ourselves to be. The law governing this universe is the or elsewhere. law of cause and effect. If in some former existence you lived a life of luxury and license, if you trod flowery paths of dilliance" and ignored the voice of reason and wisdom, then you are back in All things give way before it, soon of this world for the purpose of working out your debt to the universe. You are poor, frail of body, and between you and health

and success and comfort and happiness tie seemingly insurmountable obstacles. You look on other more fortunate human beings and wonder way God has been so ankind to you, But you have made your own destiny

And now you possess the power to change that destiny. You can change it to a wonderful degree, here and now; and you can build

It is possible that your next life will e spent on some other planet; but wherever you go, the character you are now making will shape your destiny. Be ens" and "hells," through which we must any human being today has animated dwell, according to our deserts, and each thought and act of your life here is determining what your experiences in those planes of existence will b

a glorious destiny for your next coming

Modern ereeds have taught the selfish, nercenary and self-indulgent woman that when she dies, asking God to forgive her sing, she will immediately join the thousand years ago. It is easier to im- spirit of her lovely child who passed

But such a woman has not made such a reunion possible. She will have to earn The creative power is so vast that it her admission before she will be admitted is almost unthinkable. But we have to to the realm where her child dwells.

port an old mother or a little sister, is, dous a fact that it thrills the mind and for the enjoyment of the senses, must them. Such was the once despised and

realms.

This consciousness should act as a mighty stimulus to persistent and patient started, and is now steadily rising. divine. There is nothing which is not an efforts at self-conquest and self-development; conquest of the unworthy and weak from the higher-perhaps we should say in the course of cons of time we have and indolent impulses; development of the higest-levels, and his conclusions are occupied many bodies and many worlds; worthy and strong and aspiring side of correspondingly elevated. The "Buin," our natures.

forward toward realization of our ideal out of Wordsworth, and to the end of and its absolute attainment, either here

We can be what we will to be There is no chance, no destiny, no fate Can circumvent, or hinder, or control The firm resolve of a determined soul Gifts count for little, will alone is great.

obstacle can stay the mighty force Of the sea seeking river in its course. Or cause the ascending orb of day to

Each well born soul must win what it tuziate Is he whose earnest purpose never

one great aim. Why, even death And walts an hour, sometimes, for such

#### Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

She is a Silly Girl.

clas her. (There were no kissing games).
Please advise what action to take, and what is your opinion of her.

STEADY READER.

There is no excuse for her silliness in a dozen or so of the sonnets, would make letting two strange men kiss her. In a splendid preacription for this superficial, that, she did wrong.

But she did no wrong in accepting the eration. invitation to the party. She is not engaged to you, and it would be extremely



### Madame Isebell's - Beauty Lesson-

LESSON VII-PART II.

The Effect of Color on the Skin Our grandmothers had certain rules in this regard that must have mitigated strongly against their appearances, especially as their color card in regard to wearing apparel was limited. In those days dark people were supposed to weat red, blondes and auburn-haired blue. with widows and all women over 40 years of age were confined to uprefleved black. Most cut and dried color rules are stupid, for, broadly speaking, any woman can wear any color if the shade is carefully chosen, and these rules seem particularly irritating, for they are quite opposed to the first canons of artistic dressing.

Most blondes have light blue eyes. This type can often wear pale blue, but, if the blue is at all deep, it will kill the color in the eyes and make them appear green or gray. A fair blonde without much color looks far better in red, which adds color to the cheeks and, by forming a contrast to the blue in the eyes, em-

phasises their color. Sandy blondes with no pronounced color in cheeks or hair and with eyebrows not strongly marked, generally need strong colors such as red or green to offset this monotony, thus forming what we would term an agreeable contrast. There are some cases, however, were such a type appears well in the soft pastel shades of blue, mauve and rose, the soft colors harmonizing with the delicacy of the face. This apparent contradiction is but an illustration of the fact that we cannot lay down absolute rules for different

Note-Lesson VII is divided into four parts and should be read throughout to obtain full information on the subject.

## Tome Sofell William Wordsworth,

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

NATURE'S INTERPRETER

Nature! How often the word is upon our lips. But what does it mean? What is nature? and what is its messages to

William Wordsworth, who settled up his earthly accounts sixty-five years ago, April 24, 1850, went a great way toward helping us to answer

the very important question. As an interpreter of Nature, he took the step which Chaucer and Shakespeare never took-he explored the virtures which reside in the Sym-

bal, he described objects as they affected human hearts, he showed how the influencing world is a material image through which the Sovereign Mind holds intercourse with man.

Foremost and alone as the part of the common and the familiar, not indeed of the wit and merriment of things, but of the tenderness and thoughtfulness called good karma. She is preparing a heart and soul, unless all are strophied or seek their own kind in the intervening long neglected sage of Rydel Mount, a true man and true part, whose star, because it was a real star and not a mere will 'o the wisp, kept its place in the heavens despite the amoke that the cities

> Wordsworth was a student of Nature the half-witted, the soggy-minded, the For every such effort means a step mentally indolent, never made anything time never will; and the intellectually alert, the clean-minded, the sincere and serious among us, find in him an unfailing service of inspiration and joy.

He is retired as noon day dew
Or fountain in a noon day grove.
And you must love him ere to you,
He will be worthy of your love.

It would be a grand thing for this mad. hustling, menacing generation if it would most wonderful poems to be found in the deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck. The for- but much of it casis, immortally green libraries, some of it desert, to be sure. and refreshing . To read "The Excursion," one needs to think, but thinking Whose slightest action or inaction would not hurt this too trivial age; and the rewards of this thinking would be a the rewards of this thinking would be a rich one.

Wordsworth's greatest piece of work is the little poem on the "Intimations of Immortality," a master piece that every one should know by heart. Nothing finer was ever written by man. Its author has said: "Whoever has recollections of his early years, whoever cherishes the hallowed dreams of youth, whoever has Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping steady company with a young lady for the last ten months. She recently attended a party to which I was not invited. Did she do right in attending. She also admits having had two young men, whom she had never met before, than the thirsty man can take a cool in the control of the con drink of water without being refreshed

by it. And the "Ode to Duty." together with mammon loving and not too spiritual gen-

It is a hopeful sign of the times that the circle of Wordsworth's readers in Those who think hate and envy and foolish in her to refuse invitations be- steadily widening. Join the circle. It will