

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

**THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY**  
 by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER  
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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 get together, with Miss Tabor, the wreck. Miss Tabor is stunned and Crosby, assisted by a strange woman passenger, restores her, finding all her things saved. 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 they stay over night, and he awakens to find himself locked in his room. Before he can determine the cause he is called and required to leave the house, Miss Tabor letting him out 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 hosts nothing of her former meeting with the professor. The two are getting along very well, when Dr. Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and bears her away. Crosby returns to the inn and demands to see Miss Tabor. Reid 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 to leave and never try to see her again. He says he will not unless she sends for him. This night she calls him to join in a hurried trip by auto to New York. The chauffeur does not appear to relax, but Crosby fixes the machine and they are driven into a crowded tenement district of the city. Here they ascended several flights of stairs, and found the door at the top blocked. Forcing it open, they discovered the body of Shelia, Miss Tabor's nurse, bleeding from many wounds, but no signs of life. Carucci, the strange Italian, who is also Shelia's husband, is in a drunken stupor in the next chauffeur weakens, but Crosby carries the injured woman down to the car, and prepares to drive it himself.

**Now Read On**  
 CHAPTER X  
 And How We Brought Home a Difficulty.

It was a matter of seconds. I vaulted over the spare tires into the chauffeur's seat, pulling the throttle open while I 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 raised my feet; and with a roar and a stream of blue smoke, the machine swung 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 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 me 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. A shadow ran out from the curb and sprang for the running-board; but my hands and eyes were so busy in front of me that I did not know whether we missed him or ran him down.

Speed was impossible over the cobblestones; our only chance was to take as many turnings as possible to avoid being headed, and for the next few minutes we swayed and slid around treacherous corners through a darkness that was full of shouts and whistlings and gesticulating enemies. I wondered that every blue-coated figure seemed blindly up the lane of our lights did not stop us, and that at every turning we had neither upset nor skidded into the opposite curb. It was wild work at the best; and considering that I was driving a heavy and unfamiliar car over slimy pavements, I can not understand how we avoided either accident or capture. But presently the headlights showed a long, dark street, clear of interference. We reared up it at a rate that seemed to loosen every tooth in my head, and numbed my fingers upon the rattling wheel. The noise was fairly behind us. After a couple more turns, it had grown fainter; and I slowed to a snail's pace, watching the street lamps for knowledge of my whereabouts. Then I became conscious that 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 hand, I began to pound him over the head 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 respected chauffeur.

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

"Get into the seat and keep still," I said. "You'll have us all taken up. Get in, I tell you."

He crawled into the seat, shaking and protesting. There were tears in his eyes, and I think actually in his voice.

"Do you know your way out of this?" I demanded.

"No, sir. I haven't a notion. I'll get out and ask." He was apparently too frightened to know his own mind, but I had made up mine. He was better with an arm wandering about the city, telling murder stories.

"Stay where you are," I snapped. "You'll go home with us, and keep your head shut."

"Oh, I can't think of it, sir. We'll never get home after this. I'll get out here. It's murder and resisting arrest and endangering traffic. They'll have me as an accomplice."

I caught at his collar as he tried to

**Peach Blossoms** :: Copyright, 1914, International News Service :: **By Nell Brinkley**



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



**Madame Isbell'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 appearance, especially as their color card in regard to wearing apparel was limited. In those days dark people were supposed to wear red, blonde and auburn-haired blue, while widows and all women over 40 years of age were confined to unrelieved 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, emphasizes 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, where 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 types.

Note—Lesson VII is divided into four parts and should be read throughout to obtain full information on the subject. (Lesson VII to Be Continued.)

William Wordsworth, NATURE'S INTERPRETER

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

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

William Wordsworth, who settled up his earthly accounts sixty-five years ago, April 23, 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 virtues which reside in the Symbol, 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 meriment of things, but of the tenderness and thoughtfulness in them. Such was the once despised and long neglected sage of Rydal Mount, a true man and true poet, whose star, because it was a real star and not a mere will 'o' the wisp, kept its place in the heavens despite the smoke that the cities started, and is now steadily rising.

Wordsworth was a student of Nature from the higher—perhaps we should say highest—levels, and his conclusions are correspondingly elevated. The "Bun," the half-witted, the soggy-minded, the mentally indolent, never made anything out of Wordsworth, and to the end of time never will; and the intellectually alert, the clean-minded, the sincere and serious among us find in him an unerring oracle 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, bustling, menacing generation if it would dip a bit into "The Excursion," one of the most wonderful poems to be found in the libraries, some of it desert, to be sure, but much of it oasis, immortally green and refreshing. To read "The Excursion," one needs to think, but thinking would hurt this too trivial age; and 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 observed with thoughtful reverence the tastes, delights, affections and strange questionings of childhood will appreciate this wonderful poem. One can no more read it without being made better by it than the thirsty man can take a cool drink of water without being refreshed by it."

And the "Ode to Duty," together with a dozen or so of the sonnets, would make a splendid prescription for this superficial, mammoth loving and not too spiritual generation.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that the circle of Wordsworth's readers is steadily widening. Join the circle. It will do you good.

**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, what ever you possess, you have in some life earned. And upon you, and you alone, depends the next situation. If you have poverty and ill health, and you are determined to improve your condition by industry, economy and sensible living, though you may die before you attain your aim, still you have laid the spiritual foundation for a better fortune and a better body in the next incarnation.

If you have longed for education and accomplishment, if you have struggled to obtain them, every effort 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 race better off for your having lived—then you will be obliged to return without beauty, without talent, without wealth, and work your way back to divine favor.

This great law of cause and effect is called karma.

We are all making good or bad karma every hour.

The fair working girl who is turning away from the temptation to wear the fine apparel at the cost of her self-respect, and who is seeing herself grow faded and careworn while she toils to support an old mother or a little sister, is called good karma. She is preparing a beautiful body, and fair raiment and a happy environment for herself in the next incarnation.

The companion who laughs at her while she drives by in her "protector" 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 justice.

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 period.

If you think anything at all about the matter beyond that, you must wonder why one of these God-made souls is sent into 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 find the whole matter incompatible with justice unless you accept the idea of reincarnation.

Briefly told, the idea is that the Great Power which made the universe has always existed and will always exist. And all that exists has always existed and every soul that animates the body of any human being today has animated the bodies of innumerable beings over and over again.

It is, of course, a very vast thought. But the idea is not one whit more difficult to grasp than the modern one, that each soul is made out of new material and that the beginning of life was a few thousand years ago. It is easier to imagine a circle without beginning and without end than a straight line which begins nowhere.

The creative power is so vast that it is almost unthinkable. But we have to accept that as a fact.

And it is so magnificent and stupen-

**Advice to the Lovelorn**

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

She is a Silly Girl.

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, kiss 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 letting two strange men kiss her. In that, she did wrong.

But she did no wrong in accepting the invitation to the party. She is not engaged to you, and it would be extremely foolish in her to refuse invitations because you are not among the invited.