

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

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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 Annelies, 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 Annelies. 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, 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 insists 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 presents the sailor from the crowd at the inn and goes on to the Annelies, where he again encounters Miss Tabor, who has had her house 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 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 relish the journey, 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 Sheila, Miss Tabor's nurse, bleeding from many wounds, but with signs of life. Carucci, the strange Italian, who is also Sheila's husband, is in a drunken stupor in the next room. The chauffeur weakens, but Crosby carries the injured woman down to the car, and prepares to drive it himself. Crosby succeeds in eluding the police, but the timid chauffeur escapes. With no further adventure the party reaches the Tabor home.

Now Read On

CHAPTER X. And How We Brought Home a Difficulty.

(Continued.)

It was part of this same strangeness that I only felt the exhilaration of the present without any thought of trouble that lay before me and behind. I was a conquering hero, carrying my princess home in triumph out of the castle of the enchantress. I had overcome desperate accidents and won my spurs; this page of the fairy-tale bore a picture in shining colors, and I knew of neither the last page nor the next. It was in this mood that I passed, unheeding, through the gathering familiarity of nearer landmarks, past the inn and up the winding hill, and drew up at last before the Tabor's door with some vague fancy that I should hear a trumpet sound. I suppose that I was unconsciously very tired and in part asleep, so that it came upon me with the shock of a violent awakening when the front door swung open and Mr. Tabor hurried out to meet us, followed by Dr. Reid.

The fairy-tale burst like a bubble, and the actuality of all that those two men stood for in my last few days and all the days to come dawned on me in a breath. I got down mechanically to help them. I suppose we must have spoken a few words while Lady was helped down and half carried into the house between the two men. But I do not remember. I remember only the three figures in the doorway, the drooping woman, with their arms about her. Then the door closed, and Lady stood alone upon the steps above me. Her eyes were larger for the shadows under them; but there was no bloom upon her, and I wondered why I had thought her really beautiful.

CHAPTER XI. EXPRESSIONS OF THE FAMILY AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE PRESS.

With that, all the strangeness of the day, all the feeling of moving in an unnatural world which had hung about me since the dawn, blew away like the shadow of smoke. It was a summer morning of breeze and cold light, scrupulous with innumerable birds; and I was standing with my feet upon solid earth, glad beyond measure for the knowledge that I was a fool. The very idea of it had been absurd; and best of all, there were still things to be done.

"At least you may as well come in to breakfast."

"I should say he might," Mr. Tabor cried behind her. "I have Sheila safely stowed away, and now I must make sure I must have looked nearly as puzzled as I felt."

"You see, Mr. Crosby, I owe you an apology. You helped us out of a tight place last night, and we are deeply in your debt; your coals of fire are upon all our heads."

"But," I said, and hesitated.

"But," but that's what I say. I owe you an apology. We fired you out the other night because we had to. We had something going on here then which we did not care to have a stranger mixed up in. We had every regard for you—but, after all, you were an outsider, and we simply could not risk you. So we threw you out. You understand that I am speaking to you now in confidence, and because I take you to be a gallant gentleman. Neither can I explain. Of course, the explanation I did give you was a sheer bit of bluff. I knew nothing against you whatever; but you forced me into saying something, and that was the most effective thing I could think of to say to a man of your kind. Believe me, I hated to do it. Will you shake hands?"

By this time I had got my breath again. "I will do more," I said laughingly. "I will congratulate you. You are one of the ablest and most convincingly finished—a—"

"Liar," he prompted.

"That I ever had the privilege of meeting," I concluded unblushingly.

Mr. Tabor clapped me on the shoulder.

"Thank you, I am honored. We shall get along very well, I promise you, Lady. Lead the way where breakfast waits; this low fellow and I will follow."

So the three of us made a very comfortable meal. Mrs. Tabor was not at the table, and I supposed her breakfasting in bed, if indeed she were awake; and Dr. Reid, it appeared, was yet busy with his patient. We told Mr. Tabor our adventure, turn and turn about, and I found myself listening to Lady's warm recital of what she was pleased to call my rescue, with a tingling at the heart-strings. When we had done, and Mr. Tabor had listened very carefully, he sat frowning before him for a while; and I thought he saw more in the recital than did we ourselves.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose all's well that ends well, but I do hope that it has all ended. Are you quite sure, Mr. Crosby, that nobody got a look at you or Lady or the car who would be likely to have mind enough to give the affair clearly to the newspapers?"

"I'm pretty sure of it, sir," I answered. "The only people who got a good look at anything were the little group of the usual slum roughs; and from their general air and the hour of the night, the probability is that there wasn't one of them that was not pretty well befuddled."

"How about the police?"

"I didn't get a good look at the police myself; but I think that we were too fast for them. You see, Miss Tabor had the number off, and we started with considerable speed. They may have a general idea of the car, but I think that is about all."

"I wonder what Carucci will do?" missed Miss Tabor. "He looked rather unpleasant on the sidewalk."

"He will have to say something," I said uneasily. "He couldn't have careened around there very long without falling into the hands of the police; and they would certainly arrest him. They usually arrest anybody in sight when one person has got away and they don't know quite what the trouble is."

Mr. Tabor nodded. "Yes, they doubtless have him safe behind the bars by now; but I don't think that will hurt us any. Personally, I can imagine no place where I should rather have him, unless it were far upon or under the deep blue sea."

"But, father dear, that is terrible. If they have him in jail, he will have to talk, and he will be blamed for that poor wrecked room and everything. He'll have to give some explanation to save himself; and he must know that we are the only people that would be likely to come for Sheila in an automobile."

"The Italian, my dear, is not that breed of man. We may be very glad for once that he is an Italian. There is only about one thing in the world that a man of his race and class will not do—and that is, talk in the police. It is part of his faith not to. He will either invent some all-enveloping lie that tells nothing whatsoever, or else he will not say a word."

"But he must have struck her with something," said Lady. "Suppose they should find that, father. He'd have to tell them to save himself."

"I slipped my hand into my pocket. 'I don't think they will find it,' said I, and showed the thing above the table. Lady shuddered, and I quickly returned it to my pocket."

"Just what you would expect," said Mr. Tabor, "and if you had left it, I am afraid Carucci would have had some difficulty in explaining things. A marriage isn't it? Poor Sheila was really very fortunate that he didn't stab her with the sharp end. A stab would have been more in his line—the beast. As it is, I don't believe the police will ever find out any of the truth of the matter."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

A Trio of the Newest Tailor-Mades



TAILOR SUIT IN SOFT SERGE.

The coat, which has collar and waistcoat embroidered in shades of tone, is cut with the popular godet-shaped tunic without pleats or gathers, beneath which appear the straight and closely fitting tunic of the skirt, producing a slim effect which is very charming.

COLLAR AND WAISTCOATS OF WHITE PIQUE

With a tailor-made coat, a collar and waistcoat of muslin, pique or linen is most attractive, being particularly becoming to the face as well as giving a smart finish to the costume; white pique is used in this instance, and the costume is of blue gulfine.

EFFECTIVE TAILORED GOWN.

In plain cloth with sleeves and trimming of silk mousseline and Roman striped satin. There is a pleated tunic, but the large pleats being firmly stitched down the graceful outline of the gown is preserved. Several small pleats at the front of the skirt give delightful freedom.

Does Marriage Change the Character?

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man asks this question: "Does marriage change the character for the better?" That depends on the individual man or woman. When we are young our natures are fluid. They may be compared to the juice of a grape, and marriage may be likened to the fermentation process. Some it turns into vinegar. No experience of life leaves us just what we find us. We are either the better or worse for it, and this is particularly true of marriage, which is the greatest of all human experience. That is why marriage makes or mars a man or woman. The idea that matrimony is some sort of a miracle is very generally accepted by the unthinking, and it is responsible for more suffering and more broken hearts than anything else in the world. A man will be caught by a pretty face

of a girl whom he knows to be silly, vain, selfish and frivolous. He knows that these qualities in a wife will make any man miserable, yet he goes along and marries her under the delusion that marriage will change her character and convert her into a wise, intelligent, unselfish, devoted helpmate. Of course, marriage does nothing of the kind. It doesn't put brains into an empty head, or a heart into a sawdust-filled doll. He gets what he married. Not something else.

In like manner a girl falls in love with a handsome youth, who is a drunkard, or a gambler, or lazy and shiftless, and she marries him believing that marriage will change his character. She thinks that as soon as the words of the wedding ceremony are said above him he will never thirst for a highball again, and that he will immediately become thrifty, industrious and domestic, but nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand nothing of the kind happens, and the marriage estate of the man is worse than the single.

In reality, marriage only accentuates character. It is a crucial experience that brings out whatever is the strongest note in a man's or woman's nature, whether this is good or bad. But it does not alter this characteristic. If it has any effect upon it at all it is to exaggerate it.

For example, if a woman is a narrow, prejudiced fool, marriage does not make her broad-minded and wise. On the other hand, as the years go by she gets narrower, more prejudiced and sillier, because the very facts of married life tend to confine a woman's interest to her home, her husband and her children, and unless she has the broad outlook in herself she is sure to have her horizon bounded by just the things of her everyday life.

But the woman of wide sympathies, of big brain and intelligence finds that marriage promotes her spiritual growth, so that she gets bigger, wiser, tenderer every day that she lives. Her character has been no more changed than the little, narrow woman's has. Both have just been quickened by marriage into being more completely what nature cut them out to be.

Men show precisely the same char-

acteristics under the ordeal of matrimony. If a man is a drunkard or a rouse by nature the inevitable disagreeable features of matrimony, the fret and crying of a sickly child or an ill managed house will drive him to the saloon for comfort, or his wife's fading beauty gives him excuse for attentions to younger and fairer women. Marriage with its attendant ills is an incentive to wrongdoing to such men rather than a preventive.

But there are other men whose dominant character is loyalty and sense of duty, and when these men marry, no matter how wild a life they may have led beforehand, they settle down into models of domesticity. The knowledge of a woman's dependence on them, and their obligations to the helpless little children they bring into the world, brings out all that is best, and strongest, and truest in them.

It is common observation how often a woman who has been a pretty and attractive-looking girl develops into a starchy, shiftless dowd after she is married, and how many women, whom no one suspects of having a temper concealed about their persons when they were girls, turn into nagging shrews of wives. Matrimony didn't change these women's characters. It simply gave them liberty to develop what they were. After she had caught her man the lazy girl no longer left it incumbent upon her to keep herself neat and tidy. After she was safely married the ill tempered girl felt free to be as disagreeable as she pleased.

In the same way the man who was lavish as a suitor and makes a tightwad of a husband did not develop suddenly into a miser. He was naturally stingy and matrimony simply accentuated his desire to save, because it costs money to support a family.

Marriage does not change people. Husbands and wives do not change us. They only help us go a little faster up hill or down. We decide the course for ourselves. If we change for the better we change ourselves. So far as character goes we are all self-made. And most of us have mighty little room to be proud of the job.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Coming Out

CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Why do you bother me? I want to sleep; I am so tired, and when the shadows creep around me darkly, I can slip away. And drift, and drift where only thoughts may stray. I think I smell the scent of mignonette. From over on the window sill, and yet why am I in this funny, small, white bed, And who are you? Why do you bathe my head? And who is crying? Won't somebody tell? If I've been ill I'm going to get well.

The Myriad-Minded Shakespeare

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Nature is generous. It cares absolutely nothing for the rules and regulations of men. It does not give a "thinker's damn" for our theories or calculations, but keeps on about its business quite regardless of our human prognostications.

For example, one John Shakespeare, tired of clothing-ping, quits his farm in a Stratford, moves into town, and goes into the glove and leather business, and 350 years ago, April 23, 1564, the word came to John that there had just been born unto him a man-child, and that all was well with the mother and babe.

That babe was to become immortal under the name of William Shakespeare, the king of kings of intellect, the master of the masters of the histrionic art, in literary power and majesty the "foremost man of all this world."

Ask not for the biography of this unparalleled man. His work is his only biography. He belonged not to Stratford or to the sixteenth century, but to humanity and to the ages. As well ask for the biography of the sun, or of the chemical forces that vivify the world.

When the Stratford man went down to London he found all sorts of stage plays, of all dates and degrees of merit, most of them of unknown authorship. Shakespeare reached out for these pieces right and left, dived into the storehouse of the past like another in a fish pond, dived into the stores of his native England and, selecting what suited him, began his business as dramatist. The greatest literary thief that ever lived, he took whatever he thought he could use. In the first, second and third parts of Henry VIII, for example, out of the 5,043 lines, but 1,200 were the work of Shakespeare. And so it goes all through.

Taking these dry bones he put them together, clothed them with flesh and breathed into them the breath of life. Into the commonplace he put Shakespeare—the genius, the fire, the inspiration of his extraordinary personality, and lo! the modern drama was born, the mirror was held up to nature, and for the first time since the masters of ancient Greece ceased to live the world possessed a stage that was true to humanity and its actual facts.

The real man had at last come—the universal man. As Emerson observed: "What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Jajima taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not out-loved? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?"

It has often been asked (and quite naturally, too), "How happens it that the Stratford man, with no more education than he had been able to pick up, before his eighteenth year, in the grammar school of his native town, was so wise, so such encyclopedic knowledge of such universal information?"

The answer is: It was not Shakespeare's knowledge. It was the knowledge of all the wise who had gone before him, appropriated by him and unified and electrified by his surpassing genius.

Of the immortal discovery of the law of gravitation it was written, "Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night; God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light." What Newton did for the mathematics of the heavens, Shakespeare did for the hitherto hidden laws of the human heart—he flashed from the stage the secrets of his own personality, and in the flash human nature stood revealed just as it was—and is, and is to be—with all its greatness, with all its glory and all its shame, with its good and its evil, its heavens and its hell.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Since You Love, Yes.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 and deeply in love with a widower 41 years of age. I know he loves me and I know his life for some years and know him to be a good man, it is proper for us to marry? Our ways are alike. He enjoys whatever I do; but of late I have done him a wrong and he knows it. However, he feels bad, but treats me with the same respect.

ANXIOUS.

There is no reason why you should not marry. If he is willing to forgive and forget the wrong you did him, don't make yourself unhappy by brooding over it.

Circumstances May Explain.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am acquainted with a young man whom I care for very much, but he loves me and I know only once a week, and never on Sundays, and he never asks me to go to moving pictures or to the theater. How can I find out if he loves me?

If he had to work hard; if you live at a great distance; if his salary is small and inadequate for more than necessities, his conduct is excusable. Look at his side of the story before you condemn him.

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