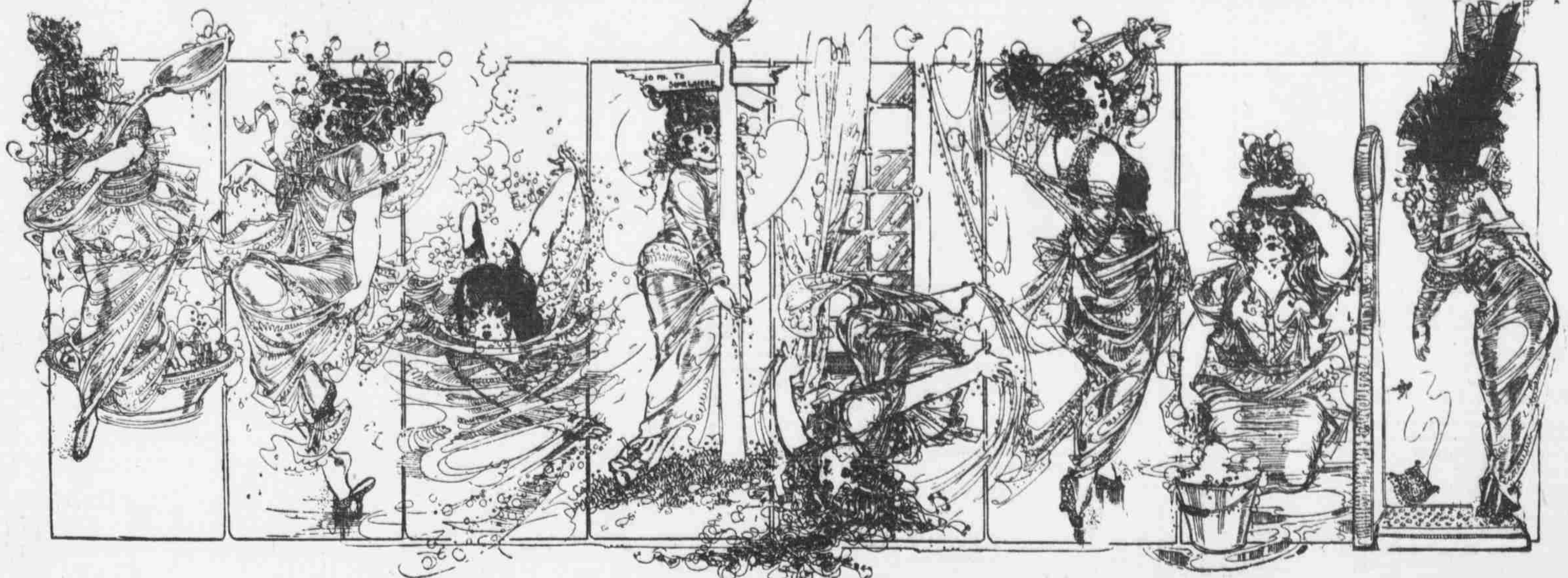


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Such Is Life When You're Fat

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By Nell Brinkley



She Cut Out Sweets.

She Skipped.

She Swam.

She Trudged.

She Rolled.

She Danced.

She Scrubbed.

And Weighed More Than Ever.

## THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER.  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH  
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You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

escapes. With no further adventure the party reaches the Tabor home. Here Crosby learns that Dr. Reid is married to Lady Tabor's sister. The details of the adventure are discussed, and the prospect of its getting into the papers. Crosby is informed that his former object from the Tabor home had been a bluff.

Now Read On

### CHAPTER XI.

Expressions of the Family and Impressions of the Press.

(Continued.)  
"Well, even if they do," said I, "it won't do any great amount of harm. They might arrest me for speeding, but that would be about all. No one in his senses would be likely to accuse us of murder."

"My good young man?" Mr. Tabor answered, "they absolutely mustn't dream that we had any hand in it at all. They mustn't ever hear of us. And neither must anybody else."

Lady sighed wearily. "I'm sure that it will be all right, father," she said. "The chauffeur will be quiet for the sake of his own character. I added, 'He's as anxious to avoid all connection with it as we are. And as for me, sir, you may be sure that nothing will leak out through any indiscretion of mine.'"

Mr. Tabor pushed aside the finger bowl. "I understand that Mr. Crosby—and I appreciate how uncomfortable it must be for you to act in the dark. Believe me, I regret very much the necessity for it, and appreciate your generosity."

Lady was looking at us, and I colored. "I'm very much at your service, Mr. Tabor," I said.

"You may perhaps wonder what this Italian has to do with it all. That, at least, I can tell you. He was a sailor on one of my ships in years past, and when the girls were—"

"When Lady was a little girl, you understand, we took quite a voyage for Mrs. Tabor's health. Sheila was Lady's nurse—and a very pretty slip of an Irish lass she was. Naturally we took her along, and the rest is one of those whimsical fates that you can never explain. This Carucci fell in love with her, what attracted her was more than any one of us could imagine, but at any rate she married him. Married him as soon as we got back to New York. Well, after that things gradually went wrong. The man got a taste for drink, which is unusual—the Italians aren't a drunken people—and although I kept him on against my captain's advice for Sheila's sake, in the end I had to let him go. From time to time, when there has been trouble, we have taken Sheila into our family to give the poor woman some protection, though her loyalty makes it pretty hard to do much for her. Carucci, however, resents our interference, and pretends that we force her from him. He is becoming very troublesome."

Mr. Tabor lit a cigar, puffing it slowly throughout his story. He talked very easily, and I was ashamed of myself for wondering whether he was telling all the truth. Perhaps my encounter with him had made me suspicious, but I could not forget that Dr. Reid had given Carucci money. I felt uncomfortable, and with the mental discomfort I realized that I had been through a sleepless and violent night, and that I was very tired. I must have shown some shadow of this sudden weariness, for Lady rose from her chair decidedly and stretched out her hand.

"Now you must go back to your room and get some sleep, Mr. Crosby. You can come back this evening if you like—we should have the evening papers by then, and we shall see how much notice has been taken of us."

"Oh, I'm all right," I protested.

"You are tired out," said Lady. "I know. I'm tired myself, and I—" she stopped, flushing.

Her father was looking at us with half a frown, and it was to him that I turned. "Well, then, I'm off," said I, "but I'll be back to help you dissect the Associated Press."

I had not thought that I could sleep during the day, or even rest, except from worry. But the strain, and perhaps even more, the relief of the last twenty-four hours, must have relaxed me more than I knew; for I did sleep soundly until late in the afternoon. When I returned to the Tabor in the evening, Mrs. Tabor was still invisible, and the others were seated about a big lamp in the living room, busy over a pile of last edition. The floor was strewn with open sheets from which wild pictures and wilder words stared upward.

"Come in and be thrilled," was Lady's greeting. "You're an unknown slyer and a mysterious criminal. We seem to be sufficiently notorious, but thus far we remain unidentified."

"Outrageous, the tone of these things," growled her father. "I never realized it before. They haven't got our names, though."

As for Dr. Reid, his mind was so concentrated upon the matter in hand that he barely looked up for a mechanical salutation and plunged again into the abyss of journalism.

"How is Mrs. Tabor?" I asked, and Mrs. Carucci—she hadly hurt? "Oh, mother's perfectly well. She was tired a little after sitting up for us, and went to bed early, that's all. And Sheila is doing splendidly."

Dr. Reid came abruptly to the surface. "Fine. Fine. Very rapid recovery. Blow only glanced along the bone. No fracture, no concussion. Strong vitality, too. Astonishing what resistance those unhygienic people have. Soon be all over it."

"Look here," Lady broke in, "here's a bird-eye view of the tenement house, with—no, it's an X-ray view, the walls are transparent. Arrow points to room in which Mrs. Carucci was discovered; cross marks location of blood stain; inner room with disordered bed; dotted line shows how the body was carried downstairs. See, they've got little pictures of us carrying her down, on each floor. And here's the automobile starting away with me leaning out of the window."

"And vignettes of Carucci and the policeman, and a fancy sketch of Sheila," said I. "Like those early Italian paintings, where they have two or three successive scenes on one canvas."

"This is about the fullest account, too. It's pretty nearly all here, except who we are. Carucci is in custody. Do you suppose they interviewed him?"

"I doubt it," said her father. "It was probably the tenants and the men in the street."

"Listen to this," put in Dr. Reid, with an indignant snort. "Outrageous, the flippant way this sheet takes everything. Send a clever young stenographer to write up important surgical cases. Poke fun at everything. Listen."

"Antonio Carucci is a true son of Neptune, born, as his name implies, under the shadow of Vesuvius. He goes down to sea in ships; and, like all good mariners since old Noah himself, returns with a throat parched by many days of briny breezes. Last night, being new landed from a long cruise, Giuseppe sought solace in the flowing fountains of 'Chianti,' until, when he lacked through the breakers of River street toward the beacon light which his lass kept ever burning in her wifely window, he had almost forgotten his own name and the rose aroma of his national potato. Arrived at his domicile, Gerolamo fell into a deep sleep, with a sinuous string of spaghetti clasped firmly in his corded hand; and as he slept, he dreamed a dream. Then it goes on to treat the whole affair as a hallucination, distorting or evading all the facts. Ridiculous account. Rubbish. Perfect rubbish."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

## Beauty :: A New Way to Do the Hair Told by La Raconteuse



### Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON VII—PART III.

The Effect of Color on the Skin. Most shades of blue are becoming to the brown-haired girl with blue eyes. The color of her eyes is apt to be a deeper blue than in the case of the blonde and is intensified, not faded, by the juxtaposition of the same color. If the hair is red, no shade of blue should be attempted. Pale pink and salmon pink are often becoming to a red-haired woman, but, as a rule, she looks best in pure white or black, which simply form a background for her own vivid coloring.

A dark woman with marked color can wear both red and the lighter shades of rose and pink. If she is at all sallow she will find these colors trying, and a better choice is cream or pale yellow. Purple is especially becoming to pale, dark women and the same type generally looks well in warm browns that point out the darker lines of the hair.

Brown is a safe color for most women, for the reason that the majority of American women have brown hair. The modern rule in choosing colors seems to be to match either the color of the eyes or the hair, and, while this is better than our grandmothers' system, it has its pitfalls. As I have explained, all blue eyes cannot stand the richness of blue, and the same is true of a too general use of brown; in some cases it kills the life and color in the hair. So in choosing a brown costume be sure the shade either matches the hair or is sufficiently darker to form a relief.

Young girls with a clear, rosy complexion can wear almost any color to advantage; the problem is far more difficult for the woman past youth or one with a discolored, sallow or muddy skin. Pink, lovely on the pink-cheeked girl, presents quite a different aspect on the rosy-cheeked matron. As women grow older the natural pink of the cheeks is apt to be less clear and it often takes on a bluish or magenta hue. When this point is reached all shades of pink or rose should be discarded. White is universally becoming; it enhances the beauty of a fresh skin and softens the defects of a sallow one. The darker shades of blue all have a beneficial effect on the complexion and can safely be adopted by women of all ages.

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.)

AD SIGNATURE

Madame Isbell

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Doing beads washing, but it's more like work.

Many a shallow remark is backed up by a deep voice.

Every man's credit is good when it comes to borrowing trouble.

Every year is leap year for the young who are in the game.

From his point of view, no man ever marries a woman smarter than himself.

The less some men have to do the better they fool around before getting busy.

There are several kinds of undesirable trusts, but trusting to luck is the limit.

He is a wise man who knows he isn't wise enough to answer all the fool questions asked him.—Chicago News.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

**Keep On Refusing.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 years old and a few days ago I was introduced to a young man and ever since that he has been sending me flowers and calling on me. I told him I did not care for his attentions, but he persists in forcing them upon me.  
LULL.

He shows himself to be very persistent, and, if qualified in every way to be your sweetheart, I am sure he will win that enviable place.  
But keep on refusing. The result will be interesting.

**Tell Your Father.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: A few weeks ago I celebrated my eighteenth birthday. A young man noticed my photo on the buffet and asked me for it. I refused, but he took it anyhow. I missed it after he had gone home. I wrote to him about it, but he has never answered me. Would you please advise me how I could get him to return it, as I have never met him.  
A CONSTANT READER.

No admiration he may have entertained for you or the picture excuses such rudeness.  
Have your father write him a note.

**Only One Way.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I love a young lady who, I think, loves somebody else. I think she likes me, but I hesitate to make any advances because I am not sure about the way in which this young lady and the other young man regard each other. I do not wish to "butt in." Oh, if I only knew! What shall I do?  
ANXIOUS.

The old adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady," says nothing against what you call "butting in." There is only one way to learn her heart. Ask her.

**Let Him Make the Overtures.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: After keeping company with a young man for four years we parted about five months ago. Recently I met friends who told me that he would be willing to come back to me if I will give in.  
It makes no difference who is in the wrong, he fails to show a manly spirit in telling friends that he will forgive you if you make amends.  
Let him make them. And insist that they be made to you and not come through others.

## It is Just Natural To Admire Babies



Our altruistic nature impels love for the cooing infant. And at the same time the subject of motherhood is ever before us. To know what to do that will add to the physical comfort of expectant motherhood is a subject that has interested most women of all times. One of the real keys to motherhood is an external abdominal application sold in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." We have known so many grandmothers, who in their younger days relied upon this remedy, and who recommended it to their own daughters that it certainly must be what its name indicates. They have used it for its direct influence upon the muscles, cords, ligaments and tendons as it aims to afford relief from the strain and pain so often unnecessarily severe during the period of expectancy.

Every woman should mention "Mother's Friend" when the work is the subject of conversation. An interesting little book is mailed free upon application to Bradford Regulator Co., 405 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. It refers to many things that women like to read about. Get your recommended bottle of "Mother's Friend" to-day and write for the book.

## Why Worry About Your Hair



## Cuticura Soap Shampoos

And occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will clear the scalp of dandruff, allay itching and irritation, and promote hair-growing conditions.

Samples Free by Mail  
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal samples of each mailed free, with 21-page book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 132, Boston.