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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 Ainsiles, 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 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 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 Tabors', 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 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 Ainsiles, where he again encounters Miss Tabor, who has told her house nothing of her former meeting with the professor. The two are getting along very well, when Dr. Waiter 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, Reid refuses, but Crosby declines to go until she tells him herself. Miss Tabor, Reid refuses, but Crosby declines to go until she tells him 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 lourney, 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. Foreing it open, they discovered the body of Shella. Miss Tabor's nurse, 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. Here Crosby learns that Dr. Reid is married to Lady Tabor's slater. The details of the adventure are discussed, and the prospect of its getting into the papers. Crosby is informed that his former ejectment from the Tabor home had been a bluff. Tabor explains how Shella came to be the wife of Caruccil, and the trouble the Italian had made for the family. The newspapers come with sensational accounts of the affair of the night before, but no names of the persons who carried off Mrs. Caruccil. Crosby and Mr. Tabor talk over the situation, and Lady is called to the Carucci. Crosby and Mr. Tabor talk over the situation, and Lady is called to the door, where she meets a prying and in-quisitive young man named Maclean, who turns out to be a reporter, and a friend of Crosby. Together they set about to locate Carucci and solve the meaning of a threatening note received by Tabor.

CHAPTER XII

An Amateur Man Hunt Wherein My Own Position is Somewhat Anxious.

(Continued.) He dived into the police station, leaving me standing outside, and presently bar. emerged with the lust of the hunter in his eye.

"I've located every cheap red-eye emporium in our beautiful little city. Now you spot all the fruit stores an' shoeblacks an' guinea grocers we pass, an' we'll take them later." 'You'll have to be careful how you in-

quire after him," I said. 'I ain't. I'm lookin' for his cousin, Guiseppe, that looks like him. Blue, an'

hairy, an' tattoo marks on his hands, you said. Come on.' We went through two or three saloons,

where Maclean loitered what seemed to me an unconscionable time, weaving into out in the least altering his description. I knew that Mac had an inventive genius but I was astonished at its fertility of detail.

"I didn't expect anythin' in those he confided, as we pushed through a swinging door. "They're a peg too good for him. I gust wanted to



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Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man

No. 7—He Learns That Fate is Not Above Rubbing Salt Into Wounds





Bob awoke with a feeling of impending calamity. Then he remembered-Orchid was to go back home that night. All day long he tried to forget. But late in the afternoon he realized that, terrible as it might be to face a possible snub before all the girls that would be there, it would be still worse not to see Orchid again. But this time luck was against him. Orchid was ill. The other girls who had come over to see her made hay while the sun shone, clustering around Bob. And he wretchedly submitted, even to drinking tea, in the vain hope that they would talk about Orchid. But, though they talked of every other subject under the sun, moon and stars, they seemed, by mutual consent, to forget such a girl existed. And Orchid, who wasn't really so very sick, after all, heard the girls' chorus "Bob! Of all people!" She assured the doctor that she felt all right; and Cupid, repenting for the way he had treated his favorite, urged her to dress and go downstairs. But the doctor, noting her flushed cheeks, shook his head decidedly, gave her a dose of bromide. Cupid scolded angrily. But it was useless, so he flew away in disgust, leaving a very miserable Orchid upstairs and a more wretched Bob below. The girls, however, spent a delightful afternoon, and each registered a

secret vow that it wouldn't be her fault if Orchid ever got another chance at Bob.

hear myself talk, an' get up my speed. "You're crazy," said i, "they don't even seltzer after this, or a cigar. Their "All right. Maybe you think I've cov-

immune." of large cuspidors and small tables. The bottles were fewer, and glittered with tell you what to do. You pike out an gilt ornamentation, like the bottles in a go back to that first place where we got barber shop. A veil of dingy mosquito the scent, an' wait around till I come netting protected the mirrors. The bartender was blue-shaven and deliberate, with a nest trick of sliding bottles and don't I'll be along myself pretty quick. glasses, without upsetting them, several I want to know what they're after, you chestnut colored maid who goes from of the thoughts of every level-headed wire asking for some money. She wants

"Giovanni Scalpiccio been in tonight?" Mac asked casually, after ten minutes of excise problems and the pure food law. "If he has, he ain't left his visiting card," returned the bar tender. "What do you think I am-delegate from the organ grinders' union? I don't keep tab on every I-talian dago that comes into the place. What kind of a lookin' feller is he?"

"I don't know. They all took alike to me. Oh, a monkey-faced guy, all tattooed-works up the line here a little. His wife owes me on a sewin' machine. Told me he was down here.

"Seems to me I seen that feller," the an elaborate discussion of things in gen- bartender reflected. "Talks all chokey, eral, some curiosity as to the whereabouts don't he? Yes, he was in tonight, about of an Italian debtor whose name and half an hour ago. Made an argument personal affairs varied surprisingly with- becux I wouldn't hang him up-if that's I waited, shuffling with impatience,

while Maclean bought cigars and alowly changed the subject. Then I burst out of doors so hurriedly that I coilided with two harmless looking individuals who were coming in. What shall we do now?" I demanded.

"Take a cigarette instead o' that Simsoury cabbage, and cool off. If it's our guines, he's huntin' free drinks all up the street. We'll run into him the next two or three places, somewhere."

In the next we drew a blank, but in the one after that we learned that our man had just left; and to my disgust, were forced to listen to a circumstantial account of his pleas and expedients in quest of liquor on credit. I was more certain than ever that it was Carucci table, still absorbed in discussion. himself, and hurried Mac on to the next saloon. To my surprise, he led the way to a table in the farthest corner and

sat down with his back to the door. "You look here, Laurie," he muttered leaning across the table as the bartender than agreeable. With a confused memory went back for our order. "There's more doing in this than we're wise to. Did you see those two ginks that we ran into in the door back there?"

"No." said I, "what about them." "No," said I, "what about them?"

Well, that's what Little Mac wants to know, the first thing he does. They're after the same dago, or else they're after us, you see? Every joint we've been in those two float along after a couple of away from me up the street. It seemed minutes, all cagey, not seein' anybody. An' they look like guineas themselves. There they come now."

He spoke without turning his head, and l looked past him at the two men entering the room. They were small, sallow and respectable, one of them decidedly fat; and they looked to me like small Italian tradesmen in their Sunday or traveling clothes. They stood at the bar, even though they had been rather unnectalking between themselves with rapid ensary. speech and gesture, and paying not the town, I stepped off to wait for my own smallest attention to us. They did not car. Just as it turned the corner, some even glance around the room, so ab. one touched me on the arm. sorbed were they in their own conversa-

snake-medicine'd polson you. Me, I'm ered police stuff five years without knowin' when Im gum-shoed. I've seen It was low-celled and smoky, and full that fat bologna before, somewhere, too. I ain't after a martyr's crown. Now, I If they follow you there, you duck for the busy street, an' go home. If they

> "What do you think they are" "I don't think yet: I'm going to know. Now you beat it-an' for Heaven's sake. jolly the barkeep for all you know how. an' try not to look as if you were wanted

I obeyed, wondering if Maclean's instinct for sensation had got the better of him. The two men took no notice whatever as I passed them, but went on with their talk. I heard enough to gather Mary, taking a that they were discussing the price of Yet, despite my scepticism, I walked up the street with something the sensation of having just passed a small storm suit. boy with an ominous snow ball. The other saloon was fairly crowded, and it affair worrying was some minutes before I found myself you?" I asked. I drinking a very evil beer.

"Say," sa'd the bartender, sliding my change down to me, "you're the guy that asked about the guinea, sin't yer?" "Why, my friend was," I said care-saty. "Has he been back? He owes me leasty.

"That'll do all right to tell." He leaned across the bar, dropping his voice. "The reason I asked yer's because there's two fellers after him, too. Guess they sold him a grand plane, likely."

He moved along to attend to other cus tomers, leaving me staring excitedly about the room. A moment later, he came back again, swabbing the bespattered bar with a towel. As he passed me without a look, he turned his thumb over and motioned, as if the gesture were part of his work, toward the corner by the door. There sat the two little men at a

My throat became suddenly dry. I had started out hunting with the hounds to find myself running with the hare; and the notion of being shadowed by unknown Italians was more melodramatic of all the detective stories I had ever read seething in my mind I lounged toward the door, gained the street, and started off on a run. I turned the first corner, ran half way down the block. then walked quietly back. The two men were nowhere to be seen. As I stood on the corner, one of them, the thinner one, came slowly out of the saloon, pausing to light a cigarette, and strolled casually mpossible that he had any interest in me, but I would be sure. I followed carefully after him for half a dozen blocks. He neither looked around nor altered his pace in the least; and where we crossed the car tracks, I stood and watched him go steadily out of sight. Then I jumped on a passing car, congratulating myacif on having carried out my instructions. And on the outskirts of the

(Continued Tomorrow.)

They May Happen

By ADA PATTERSON.

Mary was unusually quiet. Her face stenographer, willing to work hard, to before she had breakfasted. Mary had acquired greater length.

is a common carrier of intimate news. For more reasons than one her title, visiting maid, is appropri-

house to house and

was thinking what things may happen,' said the braid of my "There's no love

knew Mary's skill and energy and wages secure.

Mary dismissed the disquieting sex with have you?" she asked. a snap of her fingers. "I don't care that

for none of them." Mary was convincing, answered the little stranger. "Generally though not grammatical. "I'm thinking I ask a deposit of \$800, but I've taken a of a young girl I know and how she was fancy to you and I'll speak to the firm treated. A letter I got from her this I represent and try to get them to acmorning reminded me."

this story, which I was afterwards at per cent." pains to verify and which I think I Before she went back to her office the city and to the family and friends who per cent. The woman held its duplicate, should guard her as something very she said it was a customary form in

She had come from England to New Enters Mary. She arrived at the hand-

York because she knew salaries were nome, well gowned woman's rooms, for higher for such as she, a diligent little whom she worked three days a week, "What's live plainly, and anxious to put by the unwered the telephone.

to know when you can see her.' She secured work, she earned a fair salary. She worked hard, and in two needn't tell her, but when she comes arrested for usury."

ance of \$400.

Came one day under her eye an adwomen a new occupation that would be the world, but when she became trouble- may happen. exceedingly profitable. With the laudable ambition to do better she called in response to the advertisement. A handsome, well gowned woman explained that she trained chauffeuses. She taught girls to drive automobiles. It was a profitable occupation and a healthful one, for it required one to be much in the open air. But as a guarantee of good faith, to assure their keeping at it and taking an interest in the instruction she offered, she abounding health made her work and expected them to make a deposit of a certain sum. "Now how much money

"I have only \$400 in the bank." timidly cept this. When you've finished your While assuring hereelf that the hooks lessons and are able to run a car, this and eyes were beyond criticism told me \$400 will be returned with interest at 10

night to tell to the little stranger in a girl had a note for her \$400 to draw 10 business.

The Mystery

CONSTANCE CLARKE.

On a quaint old china plate Stands a patient mandarin. Waiting at a Chinese gate For the maid that dwells within. Days that slip by come and go, But he always stand just so.

Through the door she peeps at him. Funny little Chinese maid. Eyes aslant and figure slim. In kimono garb arrayed. But she ever lets him wait By the funny Chinese gate.

Have they quarreled, do you think? Won't she let her lover in. In his coat of Chinese pink. Such a patient mandarin? Centuries may come and go, Nobody will ever know.



Madame Ise'bell's - Beauty Lesson-

LESSON VII-PART IV.

The Effect of Color on the Skin It was a cruel convention that condemned women past early youth to the wearing of black. Black against the face is only effective with a very brilliant or very fair skin. On most women it has an aging effect, especially if the hair is turning gray. Women prone to wrinkles should especially avoid black, for it emphasizes every line and hollow on the

A grey haired woman can wear black for the atreet, if the materials chosen are very elegant, such as velvet, fur, or fine, smooth cloth, or if it is relieved by

If the skin is fairly firm and smooth. or if the color is high, a coarse mesh black vell is often very becoming, but a fine mesh black vell will call attention to all the lines that time has made on the face, and will reflect others that are not in the skin.

The woman with decidedly grey or white hair should adopt white or grey. for these colors form by far the most becoming background. Navy blue and especially the grey blues are a good choice, but brown is rarely becoming unless the eyes are very brown, in which case it is

Expression has a great deal to do with the choice of colors, and is a much stronger element than years in determining whether certain colors are suitable or not. Placid, sweet-faced women of any age can generally wear youthful shades of pink and blue, while some younger faces must discard them because they do not seem to suit the expression. A hard face, one with the lines strongly does not appear to advantage in colors that sugest freshness and feminity. And that brings us back to our first argu-ment; if you do not feel blue, or pink, or rose, do not wear these colors, but adopt the shades more suited to your tempera-

Note-Lesson VII is divided into four parts and should be read thoroughout to

Tome Soitell

ject of 'The Hands-Their Possibilities.' In this will be given directions for manicuring the nails, massage and general care of the hands.

charging more than the legal amount of interest. Fortunately Mary remembered the telephone number, called her up and warned her not to keep the appointment. So the little stranger escaped jail. But she had given up her work in one office while awaiting the beginning of the lessons that never came. When chastened and miserable she tried to return to it. hanks, for she reasoned that it were bet- there'll be a policeman here and she'll be She is working now for a third of her former salary. In her heart is a great It was one of the neatest swinding bitterness and in her mind a great light. vertisement offering to teach young not only lost all the money she had in know this for, as Mary said, such things It is well for other little strangers to The end.

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"Tell her to be here at II. And you

games ever perpetrated. The girl had

some she was to be railroaded to jetl for



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