

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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 Almalies, 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 Almalies. 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 slender woman, calling her "Lady," and give Crosby a rather strained greeting. Circumstances suggest he stay over night, and he awakes to find himself locked in his room. Before he can determine the cause he is called and required to leave the house. Miss Tabor lets 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 Almalies, 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 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 the 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, seeing the injured woman down to the car, and prepares to drive it himself. Crosby succeeds in eluding the police, but the time for his escape. With no further adventure the party reaches the Tabor home. Here Crosby learns that the car is the property of 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 elictment from the Tabor home had been a bluff. Tabor explains how Sheila came to be the wife of Carucci, 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. Carucci. Crosby and Mr. Tabor talk over the situation, and Lady is called to the door, where she meets a prying and inquisitive 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.

Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man

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

By Stella Flores

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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.

They May Happen

By ADA PATTERSON.

Mary was unusually quiet. Her face had acquired greater length. "What's the matter, Mary?" I asked. She is the chestnut colored maid who goes from house to house and is a common carrier of intimate news. For more reasons than one her title, visiting maid, is appropriate. "I was thinking what things may happen," said Mary, taking a stitch in time in the braid of my storm suit. "There's no love affair worrying you?" I asked. I knew Mary's skill and energy and abounding health made her work and wages secure. Mary dismissed the disquieting ax with a snap of her fingers. "I don't care that for none of them." Mary was convincing, though not grammatical. "I'm thinking of a young girl I know and how she was treated. A letter I got from her this morning reminded me."



While assuring herself that the hooks and eyes were beyond criticism I told me this story, which I was afterwards at pains to verify and which I think I ought to tell to the little stranger in the city and to the family and friends who should guard her as something very precious. She had come from England to New York because she knew salaries were higher for such as she, a diligent little stenographer, willing to work hard, to live plainly, and anxious to put by the old age fund that is in the foreground of the thoughts of every level-headed business woman. She secured work, she earned a fair salary. She worked hard, and in two banks, for she reasoned that it were better in two than in one, she had a balance of \$400. Came one day under her eye an advertisement offering to teach young women a new occupation that would be 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 chauffeurs. 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 expected them to make a deposit of a certain sum. "Now how much money have you?" she asked. "I have only \$400 in the bank," timidly answered the little stranger. "Generally I ask a deposit of \$500, but I've taken a fancy to you and I'll speak to the firm I represent and try to get them to accept this. When you've finished your lessons and are able to run a car, this \$400 will be returned with interest at 10 per cent."

Before she went back to her office the girl had a note for her \$400 to draw in per cent. The woman held its duplicate. She said it was a customary form in business. Enters Mary. She arrived at the hand-

some, well-gowned woman's rooms, for whom she worked three days a week, before she had breakfasted. Mary answered the telephone. "There's a forlorn little voice at the wire asking for some money. She wants to know when you can see her." "Tell her to be here at 11. And you needn't tell her, but when she comes there'll be a policeman here and she'll be arrested for usury."

It was one of the neatest swindling games ever perpetrated. The girl had not only lost all the money she had in the world, but when she became troublesome she was to be railroaded to jail for 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, her corner of the big office was filled. She is working now for a third of her former salary. In her heart is a great bitterness and in her mind a great light. It is well for other little strangers to know this for, as Mary said, such things may happen. The end.

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 elip by come and go,
But he always stand just so.
Through the door she peeps at him,
Funny little Chinese maid,
Eyes astart 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.

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

(Continued.)
He dived into the police station, leaving me standing outside, and presently 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' show-blokes an' rumen grocers we pass, an' we'll take them later."
"You'll have to be careful how you inquire after 'em," I said.
"I ain't. I'm lookin' for his cousin, Galsappe, 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 unbecomingly long time, weaving into an elaborate discussion of things in general, some curiosity as to the whereabouts of an Italian debtor whose name and personal affairs varied surprisingly without 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 joints," he confessed, as we pushed through a swinging door. "There's a peg too good for him. I just wanted to



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Madame Isbell'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 face.
A grey haired woman can wear black for the street, if the material chosen are very elegant, such as velvet, fur, or fine, smooth cloth, or if it is relieved by a little white at the neck or in the hat lining.
If the skin is fairly firm and smooth, or if the color is high, a coarse mesh black veil is often very becoming, but a fine mesh black veil 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 often effective.
Expression has a great deal to do with the choice of color, and is a much stronger element than years in determining whether certain colors are suitable or not. Plain, 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 marked, or with a masculine suggestion does not appear to advantage in colors that suggest freshness and femininity. And that brings us back to our first argument; if you do not feel blue, or pink, or rose, do not wear these colors, but adopt the shades more suited to your temperament.
Note—Lesson VII is divided into four parts and should be read throughout to obtain full information on the subject.

Madame Isbell's next lesson to be published in this column will be on the subject of "The Hands—Their Possibilities." In this will be given directions for manicuring the nails, massage and general care of the hands.

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