

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 Almslie, 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 Almslie. 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 the 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 Almslie, 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. 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 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 sister. The details of the adventure are discussed, and the prospect of its getting into the papers. Crosby is informed that his former ejection 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 came 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. The man hunted them through a lot of low shanties, frequented by Italians, where Crosby finds two suspicious looking men are also searching for Carucci.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XII.
 An Amateur Man Hunt Wherein My Own Position is Somewhat Anxious.
 (Continued.)

"Pardon; have you a match?" I swallowed my heart down again with a gulp. The fat Italian scratched the match on his shoe, and breathed a soft cloud of smoke. "Thank you, sare. Now tell me," he took me confidentially by the elbow, "what is it you want with Antonio Carucci?" My car was passing. "I never heard of him," said I as blankly as I could. "You've got the wrong man." "Excuse me, sare. No mistake at all." He smiled deprecatingly. "The car was almost beyond reach. 'All right,'" I said. "Come in here, and if you can show any right to ask, I'll tell you." Then, as we turned together toward the hotel behind us, I flung him on his face with a sudden wrench, and sprinted after the car. As I clung gaunt on the back platform, I heard a snout, and saw him following at a waddling run, waving his arm angrily. The car stopped, and for a sickening instant, I thought that my last device had been in vain. But at that moment a couple of men ran from the sidewalk behind my pursuer and caught him by the coat. The three stood in the middle of the street, wrangling and gesticulating; and the conductor, with a disgusted jerk of the bell, started the car again. Later in the evening, Maclean called me up on the telephone. "Say, you made a pretty good getaway for an amateur. Did you see us stop your fat friend?" "What? Was that you?" "Sure was it; me and the other one. Now listen, Hello! Can you hear? Those two parties are plainclothes men after the other party. That's what they let him out for, to watch him, you see? I'm with 'em now. You people better just be as low as you can, and do nothing at all, if you want to keep out of it. And if I can get wise to anything I'll call you up. Goodbye."

CHAPTER XIII.
 The Presence In the Room.
 I wonder how we shall come out of it all," said Lady.

She was sitting at the big dining table before a treasury of bowls and vases, with a many colored heap of cut flowers reflected from the polished wood and the drops and splashes of spilled water. In the open window, Sheila's canary was whistling merrily down a deep shaft of sunlight; and from the garden outside came the purr of a lawn mower and the cool freshness of new cut grass. Across the still dimness of the house behind us, the further windows gave upon squares of blinding green. Mr. Tabor and the doctor had gone to the city upon some business of our common defense. The house hung sleepily at the heart of a

Three Stunning Styles Fully Described by OLIVETTE



All the quaint, Old-World, sloping-shouldered fashions of the early spring pointed inevitably to the triumphant return of the vogue of the cape. And now we have it with us in all its glory and in many variations. It appears with waistcoat, with surplice fronts, with high, upstanding collar, with jacket armholes, cut away like a man's swallow-tail, or, as in the picture we show on the left, as a very charming "cape vailment"—or true cape. White velvet cloth is used to fashion this pretty garment. Cut on simple lines, hanging straight from the shoulders, it is topped by a wide collar of black taffeta. At the back this collar lengthens into a graceful hood. Black jet cords and tassels set under the collar are the sole means of fastening of this garment. For further ornament it has its lower corners embroidered in fans of black and emerald floss. You often hear dresses described as "confections," "dreams," and even "poems." This charming little dancing frock in the center, of silver and white-spangled tulle, is so daintily beautiful as to merit any and all of these titles. The bodice is a girlish blouse, with a wee sleeve of maline lace falling gracefully over a white arm. A band of silver and crystal beads fronts the front of the blouse, which is held softly at the waist by a garland of dainty pastel roses. The skirt has a foundation of white charmeuse, cut plain and round, as an effective background for the graceful beaded tunic. A satin ribbon of Bordeaux red knots on the left side below a puff pannier of the frosted net. Below this are three flounces pointing low in a design symmetrical with the down-curve of the puff and bow. These flounces are of equal width and are deeply spangled as the edge in the gleaming silver and crystal. The model we show you on the right adds the element of great practicalness to its real beauty and good style. It is a splendid costume for the woman who goes away over week-ends, it is a smart afternoon tea or shopping frock and it may be used on evening occasions with the assurance that black taffeta is always suitable and smart. The coat is a little cutaway kimono, opened over a waistcoat of organdie, linen, pique, silk or even chamolis cloth, as best suits the wearer. This waistcoat crosses in front in two deep points and is finished by a high-standing incroyable collar. The coat has a standing ruffle collar of the mode of Marie de Medici. The cuffs are made by buttoning the sleeves in snugly at the wrist under jet buttons, like those used to ornament the skirt. A girle of the taffeta starts at the left and flares out at the back in a great butterfly bow. The skirt loops up into a bustle back, and is trimmed straight down the front with the buttons of jet. A slit at the foot gives ease in walking or dancing. A blouse of black tulle over white chiffon, girdled high in taffeta, will make of this a three-piece costume—or blouses of Georgette crepe, or of fine batiste will be found smart for wear with the taffeta. Milady of the picture carries one of the new-old, wee, adjustable-handled sunshades, and finishes her elegance with a moire bag and a high turban, swathed and trimmed in a mass of black Paradise. OLIVETTE.

Only 1 in 1,000 Alive

To Be Alive Means More Than To Be a Breathing, Eating, Drinking, Talking Human Creature.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In every 1,000 people who are living on this earth not more than one is alive. To be really alive means more than to be a moving, breathing, eating, drinking and talking human creature. He who is actually alive finds the days too short for the wonderful experiences which are constantly involved in his state. He finds life itself a continual adventure, full of interest, and with opportunity for pleasure and achievement at every turn. He finds himself an object of delightful study, however dissatisfied he may be with the present results of that study; for he perceives that he is a crude chunk of eternity, and that in himself lie all the powers and possibilities latent in the universe. And that in himself lies the will to work out those possibilities. He who is fully alive enjoys the earth and all its pleasures. He loves the slap of the wind upon his cheek; the dash of the waves upon his breast; the thrill of the good steed's body under his own; the ecstasy of rhythm in the dance; the fatigue which follows, and in his harmoniously developed frame there is not one lazy or unused muscle. But being alive does not stop here. The man who is practicing the art of being alive to its full extent has an alert, receptive brain and an awakened spirit. Without these, he would simply be a splendid animal. With these he is the highest expression of the creative power visible to mortal vision. And with these he finds his opportunities for happiness, usefulness and pleasure in existence threefold. He knows the pleasure of the physical plane, for which his body is adapted; he draws to himself those nearest to the mental plane, and the sense of the pleasure of the spiritual plane, which lies near, and derives power therefrom. The man who is alive in all these ways must radiate light, cheer, sympathy and helpfulness to all who come within his aura. He understands the temptations and the troubles and the sorrows of all beings who are less alive than he, and his compassion is greater than his tendency to condemnation. Being alive to the vibrations from three realms, he knows all temptations, and from having made many mistakes himself, in his road to unfoldment, he can sympathize, counsel and help onward many who have not been able to make his progress. The man who is really alive realizes that he must use his own position in the world, and his own environment as the first field of action, if he hopes to reach success in any venture. He must not wait for luck or a miracle to give him a change of location and surroundings better suited to his taste. Out of whatever destiny has bestowed upon him he will make the conditions which he desires. And out of every day he will make a little bit of heaven. No difficulty can discourage, no obstacle dismay, no trouble dishearten the man who has acquired the art of being alive. Difficulties are but hurdles to try his skill; troubles but bitter-tonics to give him strength; and he rises higher and looms greater after each encounter with adversity. The man who is wholly alive finds pleasure in the simplest things, and to him nothing is commonplace, nothing is menial, and he is never bored. For nature, human nature, and himself are ever interesting subjects of contemplation and study. And the future to him is a radiant vision, growing ever more and more wonderful. Are you alive?

Why Don't the Men Propose?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
 "Why don't the men propose, mamma? Why don't they propose?" Each seems just coming to the point, and then away he goes. I've hopes when some distingue beau glances upon me throws; But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt, Alas! he won't propose."
 —Thomas Haynes Bayly.

showed his teeth and drove the ox away." There are young men who spend all their time with certain girls, and take up all the time the girls have, for no other reason than that they are keeping other men away. Perhaps unconsciously so; let us give them that much credit. They began by calling, found it agree-

able, enjoyed the girl, liked the easy air of welcome their intimate relations with the daughter secured for them in her home, and got the habit. Nothing more than that. If they had more money the same desire for a loafing place would find satisfaction in some expensive club, but lacking the means for that, they hang around the home of some girl. Matrimony does not enter such a man's head because the girl lets him see he has possession of her heart without it. He does not make it a fine point to be gallant in offering her attention. He knows if he telephones her at 7:30 he is ready to go to a theater with him at 8, she will be ready. And pleased!

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a girl of my own age, and I know that she loves me also. But the trouble is that when I am with this girl, and many a time there is not a word spoken between us for a lengthy time. Please tell me how I can get over this habit. THOMAS W.

When the Regiment Came Back

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. (In "Poems of Power.") All the uniforms were blue, all the swords were bright and new. When the regiment went marching down the street, All the men were hale and strong as they proudly moved along. Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet. Oh, the music of the feet keeping time to drums that beat: Oh, the splendor and the glitter of the sight, As with swords and rifles new and in uniforms in blue The regiment went marching to the fight. When the regiment came back all the guns and swords were black And the uniforms had faded out to gray, And the faces of the men who marched through that street again Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way. For the dead who lose their way cannot look more wan and gray. Oh, the sorrow and the pity of the sight, Oh, the weary lagging feet out of step with drums that beat As the regiment comes marching from the fight.

Never, I will warrant you, He is keeping other young men away; he is enjoying himself; he thinks he is doing the right thing by you because he gives you his most honorable and adorable company three or four nights a week, occasionally throwing a theater ticket your way to some show he wants to see himself. My dears, you can't propose. You can't even hint at a proposal without cheapening yourself, and hearing (if your proposal is accepted, which I doubt) the end of your days that you asked him to marry you. You can't drive him to the altar with a club, but you can get him there by letting him see that he hasn't the right time of monopoly, and that only an engagement ring gives that right.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
 Don't Try. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a girl of my own age, and I know that she loves me also. But the trouble is that when I am with this girl, and many a time there is not a word spoken between us for a lengthy time. Please tell me how I can get over this habit. THOMAS W.
 Silence between two often denotes a better companionship than constant chatter. He glad neither of you feel that to entertain the other one must "make talk."
 She Calls You Her Favorite. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young lady. I thought she loved me, until two weeks ago, when she gave another boy some candy she made. When I asked her about it she confessed she gave this other boy the candy, but swore she loved me. She then sent me a box of home-made candy with a note in which she called me her favorite. I understand she gives candy to a lot of boys. Do you think she loves me? BILL.
 She Gave You Candy, too, and since you have no right to monopolize her time and efforts, you can't complain. My criticism of her is based on the ground that she gives candy to you, or to any other boy. She should be the recipient of such favors not the donor.
 More Reason for Devotion. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping steady company with a girl for about four months. Recently her sister died. Would it be proper for me to continue, or should I quit for a while? P. G. B.
 She needs her friends in her grief and loneliness as she needs them at no other time. You can be devoted without taking her to places of amusement.

(To Be Continued Monday)