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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 had met at a Christmas party the winter before. She, too, is invited by the Ainslies. When the belated trolley comes, they start off together, to meet with a 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 assisted by a strange woman passenger, at the inn where he puts up he notices Tabor in an argument with a strange Italian sallor. Crosby protects the sailor from the crowd at the inn and goes on to the Annales. where he again encounters has a few former meeting with the professor. The two are zetting 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 I rosby declines to go until she tells him herself. Miss Tabor streets him in a street of the case of the see 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 found the door at the top blocked. Foreing it open, they discovered the body of Shella. Miss Tabor's nurse, bleeding from many wounds, but with signs of life. Carucci, the strange Italian, who is also Shella's husband, is in a druinent stuppoint the next room. The tabor home. Here Crosby learns that Dr. Reid is married to drive it himself, Crosby succeeds in eluding the police, but the timid chauffeur escapes. Will no further adventure the party reaches the Tabor home. Here Crosby learns that Dr. Reid is married to hardy the first propages to drive it himself, Crosby succeeds in eluding the police, but the timid chauffeur escapes. Will no further adventure the party reaches the Tabor home. Here Crosby learns that Dr. Reid is married to lady it shall be a seed for the studies of the seed of Mrs. Carucci, and the trouble the Italian had made for the family. The newspalers come with sensal 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. Togother, but no names of the persons who carried off Mrs. Carucci, where she meets a prying and inquisitive young man named Maclean, where the she

Now Read On

CHAPTER XII.

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

"Pardon; bave you a match" match on his shoe, and breathed a soft

"Thank you, sare. Now tell me." took me confidentially by the elbow, 'w'at is it you want with Antonio Catucci?"

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.

started the car again.

right," I said. "Come in here, and if breath coming hard and fast. you can show any right to ask, I'll tell ward the hotel behind us, I flung him on | tension in her voice was not a thing to sprinted after the car. As I clung gasp- on the lowest step, my heart staggering and saw him following at a waddling sight. The acreams had broken into a run, waving his arm angrily. The car cheking wall of utter terror. A door thought that my last device had been in angrily, then sank under a broken clamor vain. But at that moment a couple of of stumbling steps.

up on the telephone. Say, you made a pretty good getaway | with him. for an amateur. Did you see us stop. In the hall I paused, for it was empty

your fat friend." "What? Was that you? "Sure was it; me and the other one.

two parties are plainclothes men after Carucci. the other party. That's what they let him out for, to watch him, you see? Tabor's treble rose above the murmur, If I can get wise to anythin' I'll call you My room then had been at the rear of all of my time, but never speaks of getap. Goodby.

And his receiver went up with a cluck.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Presence in the Room I wonder how we shall come out of it

with a many colored heap of cut flowers bind us, the further windows gave upon passed before another. It was slightly up till I reach the altar with another Squares of blinding green. Mr. Tabor and alar, and half instinctively I pushed it man. Now, while I do not want to force the doctor had gone to the city upon open. some business of our common defense.

hot forenoon, very quiet and open; overhead, Shella was shuffling about, with a

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

crooning of soft Irish minors. "It seems to be just a case of walting." said 1, "but the flewspaper excitement is blowing over atready, and we can trust Maclean to keep us clear. As for the detectives, if they arrest Carucci again so much the better, provided we don't appear in it. He'd be no more likely to talk then, than before."

"I wonder if we can trust Mr. Maclean.

"I'm rather sure of Mac." I said. "It isn't that exactly; I'm not doubting rour friend; but even so, he knowsknows absolutely that we were involved in that New York disturbance the other night. Think of all we did to keep you wreck. Miss Tabor is stunned and Crosby, from even suspecting something far less exciting. And he's a reporter after all. and in no way one of us. Of course he's honorable, but-he's working up the Carucci side of it. I'm afraid of what he the may bring out, perfectly removed from us in itself, but that might suggest-Oh, you see what I mean."

"I wish I could hear from him," I said want to know what's happening. But honestly, I think I took the safe way with him, whatever happens. It's much better to have him know what he mustn't say than to have him guessing all sorts

And nothing else in the world could be

as bad as that even-'Don't. Please don't make it any worse -oh, stop telling me-listen!" She caught herself suddenly, holding up her hand. The canary poured out a long trill that sounded like tiny laughter.

"Sheila," I said. "She's been walking about up there all the morning. You've got so that this nightmare doesn't give you an hour's peace. I don't care what it is. You know that. You know that I couldn't be troubled by anything behind you or about you. I never shall want to know. But I want the whole right to I swallowed my heart down again with stand in front of you and fight it, to a gulp. The fat Italian scratched the take you away from this place and make you forget and be alive. And you know

that no reason-' I do not know what stopped me. The canary was silent, and the clock ticked twice across the hush. Then from the floor above a horrible scream cut through me like a frozen knife; then another, mixed with a heavy clatter of feet.

We both sprang for the stairs, Lady a little before me. As I tried to pass her at the foot, she caught me by the The car was almost beyond reach. "All arm and clung desperately to me, her

"No, you mustn't. Don't come, do you Then, as we turned together to- hear? Wait until I call you." The dry his face with a sudden wrench, and disregard blindly. I waited with my foot ing on the back platform, I heard a shout, in my ears, while she sped above out of stopped; and for a sickening instant, I slammed. Sheila's strong voice rang out

A man leaped men ran from the sidewalk behind my roughly down the first few stairs, stopped pursuer and caught him by the coat. The and turned as I bent forward just enough three stood in the middle of the street, to get a half glimpse of course clothes wrangling and gesticulating; and the con- and clumsy feet, and sprang back again. ductor, with a disgusted jerk of the bell, trampling across the upper hall. I heattated an instant, then followed him three Later in the evening, Maclean called me steps at a stride. Whatever happened, would not leave the three women alone

From the front room which I took to be Mrs. Tabor's came voices, Lady's full and sweet, her mother's frightened and child-Now listen. Heijo! Can you hear? Those ish, and the resonant whisper of Mrs.

"He was here, I tell you, Lady," Mrs. I'm with 'em now., You people better just and as suddenly ceased. I looked about ie as low as you can, and do nothin' at me, uncertain. I had only been above half have been keeping steady company all, if you want to keep out of it. And stairs once before, and then at night, with a young man. He has taken almost the house, with a full length of hall be- ting married. Would you advise me to tween it and Mrs. Tabor's; and the stair bring up the subject?" head where I now stood was an even midway between the two. I felt vaguely !!! "I am 23." she writes. "and a man five at ease. I knew that I should look for years my senior has given me his entire the intruder, and look for him upon the attention for four years. He treats me natant; but something held me back- well, but has never yet broached the subperhaps a feeling that I had little right ject I want him to. It would break my to blunder about upon this floor, to stum- heart to give him up. She was sitting at the big dining table ble perhaps into Lady's own room, an "Perplexed" is in the same predica before a treasury of bowls and vases, intruder upon her intimate privacy. This, ment. "I have been keeping company however, was no time for doubtful senti- with a young man for the last year, and reflected from the polished wood and the ment. Minutes were passing, and the though he has told me several times his drops and splashes of spilled water. In man must be found. I was sure that he attentions are serious, and has given me open window. Shella's canary was was still in the house. Very carefully I several gifts, he has said nothing about whistling merrily down a deep shaft of tiptoed down the hall toward the room sunlight; and from the garden outside that I had occupied. Fate might grant of marriage from other men, but, loving came the purr of a lawn mower and that he was hidden there, and so I should this man first, I did not encourage the the cost freshness of new cut grass, have to search only where I had already others. There is one among them very Across the still dimness of the house be- seen. But before I reached my door, I persistent, who says he will not give m

The house hung sleepily at the heart of a . (To Be Continued Monday)

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 giory 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 vraiment"-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 frosts 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 puif pannier of the frosted net. Below this are three flounces pointing

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Why don't the men propose, mamma Why don't the men propose?

Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes:
I've hopes when some distingue beau
A glance upon me throws:
But though he'll dance, and smile, and

"I am 22 and for the last year and s

Grace has been treated even less kindly

settling down. I have received proposals

things, do you think I should tell him

If the story of the dog in the manger

about the other man?

-Thomas Haynes Bayly.

he won't propose.

Maybelle writes

low in a design symmetrical with the down-curve of the puff and bow. These flounces are of equal width and are deeply spangled at 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 chamois 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 Medicis. The cuffs are made by buttoning the sleeves in snugly at the wrist under jet buttons, like those used to ornament the skirt. A girdle 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.

other reason than that they are keeping same desire for a loafing place would

of welcome their intimate relations with

Matrimony does not enter such a man's

head because the girl lets him see he

has possession of her heart without it.

galiant in offering her attention. He

knows if he telephones her at 7:39 to be

I want to ask you three troubled girls-

How often does your young man hear

you say. "I have a previous engage-

Never, I will warrant you. He is keep

ing other young men away; he is enjoy-

ing himself; he thinks he is doing the

right thing by you because he gives you

his most honorable and adorable com-

pany three or four nights a week, oc

My dears, you can't propose. You can't

ven hint at a proposal without cheapen

ing yourself, and hearing tif your pro

posai is accepted, which I doubt to the

end of your days that you asked him to

You can't drive him to the allar with

of monopoly, and that only an engage- time. You can be devoted without taking

a club, but you can get him there by

letting him see that he hasn't the right

ment ring gives that right.

ready to go to a theater with him at !

she will be ready. And pleased!

Only 1 in 1,000 Alive

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

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In every 1.000 people who are living or 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

ally alive finds the days too short for periences which are involved in this state. He finds life itself continual adventure, full of interest. tunities for pleasure and achievement at avery turn: He finds himsel

He who is actu

an object of delightful atudy, however dissatisfied he may be with the present

results of that study; 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 these 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 motion of his limbs in the swift walk; the thrill of the good steed's body under his own; the costagy of rhythm in the dance; the swing of the our. He loves labor and 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 practising the art of being slive to its full extent has an elert. 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 three-

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, 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, oheer, 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 dency to condemnation.

Being alive to the vibrations from three realms be knows all temptations, and from having made many missteps himself, in his road to unfoldment, he can sympathise, 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 de-

And out of every day he will make a little bit of heaven. No difficulty can discourage, no obstacle dismay, nor trouble dishearten the man who has acquired the art of being alive. Difficultnes 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 mental. 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?

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 I don't keep up a conversation with her long, and many a time there is not a spoken between us for a lengthy Please tell me how I can get over abit. THOMAS W. this habit.

the ox showed a desire for it, when the so; let us give them that much credit, but lacking the means for that, they Silence between two often denotes a better companionship than constant chatter. He glad neither of you feel that to entertain the other one must He does not make it a fine point to be

> 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 contested she gave this other boy the candy, but swore she loved me lest then she sent me a box of home-made candy with a note in which she called me ler favorite. I understand she gives candy to a lot of boys. Do you think she loves me
>
> She gave you candy, toe, and since you 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 to based on the casionally throwing a theater ticket your ground that she gives candy to you, or way to some show he wants to see himto any other boy. She should be the re-

cipient of such favors not the donor.

her to places of amusement.

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? F. G. K. She needs her friends in her grief and loneliness as she needs them at no other

When the Regiment Came Back

Why Don't the Men Propose?

psychological reasons the question of sex away.

had been written these days, when for showed his teeth and drove the ox able, enjoyed the girl, liked the easy air

is of paramount interest and becomes. There are young men who spend all the daughter secured for them in her

a factor in the solution of motives and their time with certain girls, and take home, and got the habit. Nothing more

"Now the dog did not want the hay till other men away. Perhaps unconsciously find satisfaction in some expensive club.

actions, the narrator might have said in up all the time the girls have, for no than that. If they had more money the

dog, being a male, bristled up and They began by calling, found it agrees hang around the home of some girl.

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,

Oh, the splendor and the glitter of the sight. As with swords and rifles new and in uniforms in blue

When the regiment came back all the guns and swords were black And the uniforms had faded out to gray,

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 weary lagging feet out of step with drums that heat As the regiment comes marching from the fight,

Oh, the music of the feet keeping time to drums that beat;

Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet.

The regiment went marching to the fight.

And the faces of the men who marched through that street again

Oh, the sorrow and the pity of the sight;