

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

By WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER
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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 Analies, 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 Analies. 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 limbs save a slender golden chain. Crosby wearing 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 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 and goes on to the Analies, where he again encounters Miss Tabor, who has told her boys 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 arrests 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 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 proposes 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 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 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. The 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 hunt leads them through a lot of low saloons, frequented by Italians, where Crosby finds two suspicious looking men also searching for Carucci. MacLean informs him the police are also watching Carucci and his companion. Crosby consults with Lady Tabor, when they are disturbed by screams in a room upstairs. He finds Mrs. Tabor badly frightened. Evidence that someone has just jumped from a window is apparent; at the door he meets two men who had followed him and MacLean on their manhunt. While talking to them he is called to the telephone.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XIV.
A Disappearance and an Encounter.
(Continued.)
"This is Mr. Tabor's house," said I, sharply. "Do you want some in particular, or will you leave a message?" It may have been partly the voice which annoyed me, a thick, soft voice un-naturally sweet in its inflection, a voice like the caress of a fat hand. I thought there was a trace of foreign accent, but that might be imagination.
"Oh-might I speak with Mrs. Tabor, please?"
"Hold the line a moment," said I; and as I turned, there was Mrs. Tabor herself in the doorway.
"Is it for me?" she asked. "You know, I'm sure it's the very same person I was going to call telephone calls cross that way all the time, just like letters."
I left her, and went back to my book. A few minutes later Sheila came in.
"Mrs. Tabor," she began. Then with an astonished look about the room. "Why, where is she?"
"She was in Mr. Tabor's study, telephoning a moment ago," I said. "Is anything the matter?"
"She never came upstairs again at all. Will she be out around the garden anywhere, I wonder? Would you mind looking, sir, while I'll be seeing if she's in the house?"
I searched not only the garden, but the entire grounds; and I did it with hurried thoroughness, and a growing anxiety. Sheila's alarm when I returned put an edge upon my own.
"Ah, the saints preserve us, what'll we do now, with Mr. Tabor away in the city and that black villain of mine running around the country after us? If it's him has anything to do with her—"
"Nonsense!" I said uneasily. "She's probably only gone over to one of the neighbors. You'd better telephone Dr. Reid, while I go and see."
But Sheila refused absolutely to use the telephone. "I never did like them things," she said, "a little ugly voice in your ear out of nowhere, like a ghost. Ah, I know they're all right, but I wouldn't touch it."
So I called up Reid myself. He plunged in and took immediate command of the situation with his usual busy efficiency; but I could see that he was alarmed.
"Probably just gone to one of the neighbors. Certainly. No occasion for any uneasiness. None at all. I'll just call up the people she might be with, and see. Glad you told me. Quite right. Glad you told me."
"You don't think there's any chance that Carucci—"
"Not the least. No chance at all. Still, you might scout around the neighborhood a bit, and see if you see anything of him. And tell Sheila to go to Stam-

ford and go through all the stores. Might have gone shopping. I'll come right up and stay at the house myself."
"How about Mr. Tabor?" I asked.
"All right. No need to alarm him. Not a bit. I'll call him up later, if necessary. But, of course, we'll find her at once. Hurry up and get started. Always best to act at once. Sure to be all right. Don't wait for me."
It occurred to me as I started out that Dr. Reid did not have a very high opinion of my ability. He was one of those cocksure men who confine their surmises mostly to their own mental processes. Well, we should see, and if I found myself right, I promised Carucci, hearing that would dampen his black hand imaginations for some time to come.
My first move on leaving the house was to call up New York from the telephone booth at the inn. I was lucky enough to find MacLean at the office of his paper.
"Say, Mac," I asked him, "what did you make of that dago story?"
"Nothing," Mac sniffed. "Nothing at all. The sun-shoes think he croaked his old woman, and they're waitin' for him to give himself or somebody else away, you see? Then they'll grab him. Course, I could have told 'em she was alive; but then that might have brought you people in, an' besides, those fellows wouldn't come across for me. Reciprocity's my cry, an' always has been."
"Well, do you know where I can find our friend? I want to talk to him?"
"Sure. I found him myself, but he wouldn't scare for a darn. Said Tabor had his wife all right, and that one of you dared touch him. You'll find Mr. Giuseppe workin' on the railroad, all the live-long day—that new trolley embankment we passed on the line. They have a guinea camp back in the woods a piece. Say, Laurie, course your friends are all right, an' it's none o' my business; but they smell fishy to me a mile off. If I was you, I'd duck out right now. There's some nigger in this wood pile that we don't know anythin' about, you see?"
"Thanks, Mac," I said. "I know better than that, though. There's no trouble."
"Well, I'm only tellin' you what I think. That guinea put up a long howl to me about the old man that I wouldn't use and didn't more'n half believe; but I want to see you about it when you come in town, all the same. Say, you ain't sore, are you?"
"All right, old man," said I, and I hung up the receiver.
MacLean's warning came too patently from his point of view on the steeper surface of the situation to give me the slightest additional uneasiness; but it made me all the more determined to talk with Carucci and at least learn whatever he thought he knew, even though he should prove innocent of Mrs. Tabor's disappearance. I took the trolley to the nearest switch, and waited a couple of hundred yards between it and the embankment. Construction was in full blast, and about seventy-five Italians swarmed over the work under the direction of lordly Irish foremen. I sauntered about the place with as much idle curiosity as I could assume, stopping to watch little groups, going from place to place, even making a second round; but no Carucci was to be seen. One or two of the men glanced at me with what I imagined was a certain sullen suspicion, but that may have been purely imaginary. From the embankment I cast about for the construction camp. The nearest wooded spot that I could see was half a mile or so across country, and I made toward this, skirting a little swamp or so, and climbing an occasional fence. As I went along, I made more and more sure that I was right; for a trodden path developed, and fence rails were broken or left carelessly out of place.
With the ugly huddle of tin-roofed huts in sight, I came upon Carucci; or perhaps I should say that he came upon me. He came running to meet me down the pathway, with a sort of rolling, dancing gait that would have been very funny had I not known him.
"What's you want?" he shouted. "Go-a da way!"
"That is what I am asking you," I said in Italian. "You know well enough that your wife can come to you whenever she pleases. What do you want of Mr. Tabor?"
He had stopped a little way from me, pulling off his jacket, and throwing it over his left arm. Now he showed his teeth in a mechanical grin.
"Come-a here," he grunted. "I show you."
He must have been drunk to imagine that I had seen the knife. I took half a dozen quick steps, my hands open and shutting, and as soon as I was within reach, I dived. I had him by the knees with a shock that reminded me that I was growing older; and as he sprawled on his back, I sprang away from him, and with a kick that must have nearly broken his fingers, sent the knife spinning a little ways behind him. He was upon his feet in a second, and I looked for him at my throat. Instead, he threw his jacket full in my face, and leaped after it. I could feel his teeth gripping at the muscles of my upper arm. It was fighting of a new kind for me, and I knew him joyfully in the stomach, tearing with my free arm at that jacket which blinded me. For a moment he fell away, and I hurled the coat from me, and struck him in the mouth; then again, my shoulder behind it; and he went down with a grunt. I flung myself promptly on top of him, clutching him by the throat. Then an arm was thrown about my neck from behind, while a strong hand gripped at my hair.
"Ye murderin' bast, ye black son, lave him alone, ye linb av hell, come out av it!"
I shook myself roughly free, and whirled about to face the unexpected.
"Why Sheila?" I cried, "how in the world did you get here?"
"Oh had me reasons, an' 'twas high time," she was very angry, and her brogue was faint no longer. "Tis a swate barguard ye are, an' had come to ye, strikin' a bit av a lad half the size av yerself."
I glanced at the burly Carucci and laughed. The murder had died out of his eyes, and he scrambled to his feet, looking sheepish.
"This seems to be rather a family meeting," I said, and pointed behind me to the shanties. "Perhaps we had better go going."
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Two of the Latest from Paris

Fully Described by
—OLIVETTE—



One of the French masters of design in feminine wear is responsible for this charming cape on the left. Made of red duvetyl, it fastens in front by means of two moira ribbons, which cross over the chest, again at the back of the waistline and loop in front before they end in a finish of two long silk tassels in scarlet and ecru. The cape proper is made of two pelerines that gather into a plain yoke collared in black moire. Each pelerine, or flounce, is trimmed in white bands of embroidery in ecru tones. This model is particularly charming for wear with a mid-summer frock of white and pastel shades, but it will prove a useful adjunct to the wardrobe for both spring and fall. Openings for the arms give it an added touch of comfort.

Period gowns may be in high favor for the street and the afternoon tea, but when it comes to evening gowns the dressmaker of talent permits her artistic fancy to sway her designs regardless of dates and periods. It may be that classic drapery will soon rule; it is possible that the hour of the darted and fitted bodice is near, but the evening dress follows no rule but the artistic fancy of its designer. For example, this little frock of coral crepe de sole on the right. The tunic is accordion-plaited; it hangs on the neck in a straight band, fastened at the waist by two gold tassels and a cord of dull gold. The small sleeve is unplaited and has a cuff of the material. Gold fringe borders the tunic, and below this falls a second tunic cut circular and also bordered by the fringe. This falls in deep points front and back over a foot flounce of accordion plaiting.

OLIVETTE.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

The Hand—Their Possibilities.
Think of the women you have known with beautiful hands—they are not many, is it not so? And yet what is more appealing and what signifies of feminine beauty remains longer in memory? American women are astonishingly careless of the possibilities of a beautiful hand, and yet, as a rule, their hands are small and well-shaped. This indifference may come from the fact that we are a race of workers, and whether the necessity for manual labor is apparent or not, we think of the hand primarily as a utilitarian part of the body. Yet, this is no valid reason why a hand should not be beautiful—as well say that the face should not be beautiful because it must reflect difficult mental processes. In European countries the custom is for young men to kiss the hand of an older woman to whom they are under social obligations. Perhaps that is why the women of the haut monde in these countries take great pains to preserve the beauty of their hands, regarding them as the last surviving symbol of feminine attractiveness. They realize that the charm of a beautiful hand is beyond and outliving the allure of youth, just as with these ladies of the old school the instinct to please cultivates wrinkles and gray hair. Recently an actress who had been a most popular soubrette in her younger days made a revival of one of her popular roles for a charity performance. She was far too old for the part, no skill of acting could make her admirers deny that, but her tiny hands were still lovely, and how beautifully she used them! That this was all left of her youthful beauty did not seem sad, for many years had passed since she was young, and this one charm stood out so clearly. Note—Lesson VIII is divided into five parts and should be read throughout to obtain full information on the subject. (Lesson VIII to be continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
You Are Too Young.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a girl much smaller than I, and the gang always kid me about it whenever I take her out, but I don't care. I'm going to marry her. Do you think it is wise to marry her and take her with me? We are not on good terms with her parents, object because she is Irish and I am Dutch. C. R. H.
Her size makes no difference. You are too young, and if you were older I would beg that you do not marry until you have, by devotion to the girl and to work, overcome her parents' objection. Prove yourself a man first.
Decidedly So.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 23 and am in love with a girl two years my junior. She has proposed to me, and she said she loved me and if I could get the consent of her father she would marry me. I am not on good terms with her parents. Do you advise me to stoop, as she is willing? M.
The thing for you to do is to get on good terms with her father. Prove your worthiness to him, and an elopement will not be necessary.
Puppy Love.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 years old and have kept company with many young men. One of these (13 years old) has asked me to marry him as soon as he is able to support a wife. I like him better than any of the rest. Do you think this is the right man, or am I too young to know? Or is it the sort of affection commonly called "puppy love"? It is puppy love, nothing more or less. The chances are you will think a dozen are "the right man" before he really comes.

Men Pay Homage to Mother's Friend

"I am not surprised to observe the number of men who come into the store to purchase Mother's Friend," remarked a leading druggist. "The expectant mother if she hasn't heard of this splendid embrocation is probably never reading the papers to much extent. And if she does it is a happy thought to send hubby to the drug store. 'Mother's Friend' is applied externally over the abdominal muscles. It is a gentle, soothing lubricant, penetrates to the fine network of nerves beneath the skin and is thus permitted to stretch without the corresponding surface strain so often involved during the period of expectation. And particularly to young mothers is this remedial application of inestimable value since in thus keeping the muscles firm but pliant it enables them to go through the ordeal without laceration of the epidermis often the case when this gentle attention is neglected. 'Mother's Friend' is highly recommended by a host of women. Write Bradford Regulator Co., 408 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and we will send you a valuable little book to expectant mothers."

Mental Homeopathy

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
Once upon a time I put an idea as old as God, and as large as the universe, into simple and compact form for the benefit of the ordinary mind, just as a homeopathic put strong medicines into small pills for the benefit of those who cannot, or will not, assimilate big doses of drugs. Here is my poetical pill:
Out from the tomb
I came with
hidious leer,
"I am Hereditary,"
he cried, "when
all men fear!"
I sleep, but do
not. When fate
calls I come.
And generations at
my touch succumb.
A lofty shape rose
sudden in his path,
It cried, "You lie!"
and struck at him
in wrath.
Hereditary, the braggart, stark and still,
Fell prostrate at the feet of Mighty Will.
Now comes a protest from a physician. He says:
"I write you because I believe your faith to be wrong, in direct antagonism to the grand idea of an omniscient and omnipotent Creator, and, moreover, because I believe that its universal acceptance would lead to untold suffering, disease and death. This much science teaches me."
In order to prove his "grand" idea of an omniscient and omnipotent Creator, I am sorry to say, the good doctor sent me a whole page of his protest in verse, of which one stanza will suffice to show his creed:
Hood this Will: Though seeming dead at
your bold stroke,
Hereditary's no braggart and shall rise
again.
To harrow the world with sin and pain,
Or bless it with noble minds and hearts
like oak.

I have known scores of human beings who were yoked like cattle to their load of belief in the hopelessness of their inheritance, and who "died as the fool dieth," either physically or morally, because they expected to.
I know a woman today who believes she "inherited" consumption through two generations of ancestors, and who is faithfully inviting it to make her the third victim.
But there are others, whom it is a greater inspiration to know.
One is a robust woman of 60, the only survivor of a family of consumptives. At sixteen she was declared to be in the grasp of the disease. One day she fell to thinking, and God "illuminated" her mind with a great truth.
She said to herself:
"If I inherited a bodily disease from my

parents, do I not inherit divine health from God? He made my soul, and He must wish me to be well. I will be."
She began to breathe. Until this time she had used only a few cells of her lungs—afraid of the fresh air because she "inherited" weak lungs.
Then she practiced gentle calisthenics and increased the exercises gradually, she took no medicine, because she had all her life taken them to no avail. She believed in her divine right to health, and she obtained robust health.
No matter what we do not know of God and the beginning, this we do know—that some Intelligence greater than the mind of man conceived and executed this tremendous and glorious scheme of worlds.
Every part of the universe is a part of that cause.

Every star has a purpose, every human life has a purpose.
The star knows and obeys; man ignores and rebels.
But once let him know and obey and realize his higher heredity and live up to it, and he becomes a part of omnipotence.
He is a crown prince thereafter and helps direct his own destiny.
In spite of the protest of my correspondent, I do not think this belief is pessimistic, or that its acceptance can lead to "disease and death." Quite the contrary. I know that it overcomes disease, poverty and misery when it is persisted in.
As for death, that is only a part of eternal life, and we do not want to overcome it.
Therefore doctors and medicines have their place in the world. Men will need physicians until they learn their true relation to nature. Then they will know how to heal themselves.
It is a beautiful thing to die, but it is a terrible thing to be sick, poor and miserable while you live.
Let man learn that he is heir to health, happiness and plenty.
They are his. They belong to every one of us. Let every soul whose eyes scans these lines believe he is to be well, happy and prosperous, because it is his right. Expect it and work for it. It will be done through you, not for you.
The woman who cured consumption breathed and exercised while she declared health was her divine inheritance.
There is no noble height thou canst not climb.
All triumphs may be thine in time's ephemerality.
If, when'er they fault, thou dost not faint or halt,
But lean upon the staff of God's security.
Earth has no claim the soul cannot consent;
Know thyself part of that eternal source,
And naught can stand before thy spirit's force.
The soul's divine inheritance is best.

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.
scope would heat be developed at the eye-piece?
A—Yes, but the great solar physicist, S. F. Lankley, upon turning the large telescope in Allegheny, Pa., observatory, to which was attached the most sensitive bolometer ever made, able to detect one-millionth of a degree of heat, was just able to detect a trace of heat from the colossal suns Arcturus, Vega and Sirius, he could detect by the sensitive platinum nerve, thinner than hair, the presence of heat, but the intensity was too small to measure with accuracy.
Of course, take the same telebolometer to these suns, turn around and look at our sun, and no trace of its heat energy could be detected, our sun being so much smaller, and it is cooler than the great suns mentioned. It would look like the point of a needle.

Q—A starts from San Francisco, going west. B says when A crosses the international date line he will be going east. Who is right?
A—Mr. B is wrong; the only way to stop going west and go east is to turn entirely around through 180 degrees. When I was a diminutive being I heard that the sun sets in the west. Start from San Francisco, going due west, walk forever, and you will face sunset—west forever.
Q—Upon putting a brick on a pair of scales, which then indicate the weight of ten pounds here on earth; then if scales and brick in such state, being carried to a remote place in infinite space, where gravity does not exist, how much would the scales indicate there?
A—Ten pounds—no change.
Q—If an observer in remote space could view the sun through a great tele-