

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

Fred Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him to the Ainslies, 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 Ainslies. 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 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 Ainslies, 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 Field, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and bears her away. Crosby returns to the inn and demands to see Miss Tabor. He is refused, 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 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 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. Field 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, 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 hunt leads them through a lot of low saloons, frequented by Italians, where Crosby finds two suspicious looking men are 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 and their manhunt. While talking to them he is called to the telephone. Warned that Carucci is employed in a nearby grading camp, Crosby goes to seek him, and gets into a row, which is interrupted by Sheila, who calms Carucci and sends Crosby back to the house, where he meets Mrs. Tabor, who starts to give him an explanation of the situation.

Mr. Tabor—at least, he had given every evidence of affection. "How would you like it, Mr. Crosby," she added, "if you could never go out for even a walk all alone? And Mr. Tabor has been acting so strangely all this while—as if he and Lady shared some secret that they were anxious to keep from me of all people." "I was by now frankly embarrassed, and I must have shown it. "I don't quite see why—" I began. "Are you in the secret, too?" she asked suddenly. My hair prickled. "No, of course not," I stammered. "And I don't really think that there can be any secret, Mrs. Tabor, or anything they would keep from you." Yet I began to wonder whether she were acting cleverly in ignorance of how much I really did know, or were actually guarded from all knowledge of the admitted mystery. While I scrambled after a safe word, I heard the crunch of wheels upon the gravel. "There they are now," I said. Lady and her father came hurrying into the room with all the air of having come home merely to touch base, as the children say; as if they but wished to inform themselves of developments before starting out upon another quest. Lady saw her mother first. "Why, mother dear!" she cried. "We—the" she stopped. Mr. Tabor coughed. "Where is Walter?" he asked. "Indeed, I don't know," Mrs. Tabor answered rather sharply. "What on earth do you want of him?" Mr. Tabor smiled slowly and expansively. "I don't want him at all, my dear; but I do very much want my dinner. Do you think it is nearly ready?" Lady, suppose you poke things up in the kitchen a little, if you can. I am nearly famished."

"Well," said I, "I had nearly forgotten about supper, and I believe we are to have waffles at the inn tonight," and I got to my feet. "Mr. Crosby, waffles or no waffles, you are not to go," said Mrs. Tabor. "Here we are just started upon a nice little visit, and these ravenous people of mine bursting in from goodness knows where or what, and begin clamoring for food. Since we must eat, you are to eat with us." I said something conventional, with an apologetic glance at Mr. Tabor. He was frowning at the ceiling as if he had not heard. It was hardly a comfortable meal. I felt that I should not be there, and that the others, though for no personal fault of mine, were wishing me out of the way; while Mrs. Tabor confined her conversation almost entirely to me in a way that made me obviously a bulwark against them. She was bright and chatty enough, but I could plainly feel the uneasiness under it; and as the meal progressed she became more uneasy still, now and then suddenly turning in her chair or laying down her fork with little abrupt decisions that came to nothing, as if she were hesitating on the brink of a plunge. Twice she stretched out a hand for silence, listening over her shoulder a moment, and then hurrying back into the meaningless and disrupted conversation. As we were eating dessert, Dr. Reid came in for a moment. That is, he came as far as the door, and I thought Mr. Tabor made some sort of gesture to him below the table top. At any rate, he turned on his heel and left, after a nervous word or two. I looked around to see Mrs. Tabor's face set and stern, every little prettiness of expression fled. I must have stared, for she smiled after a moment, and nodded at me mysteriously as if I alone shared the secret of the dislike she had voiced in the afternoon.

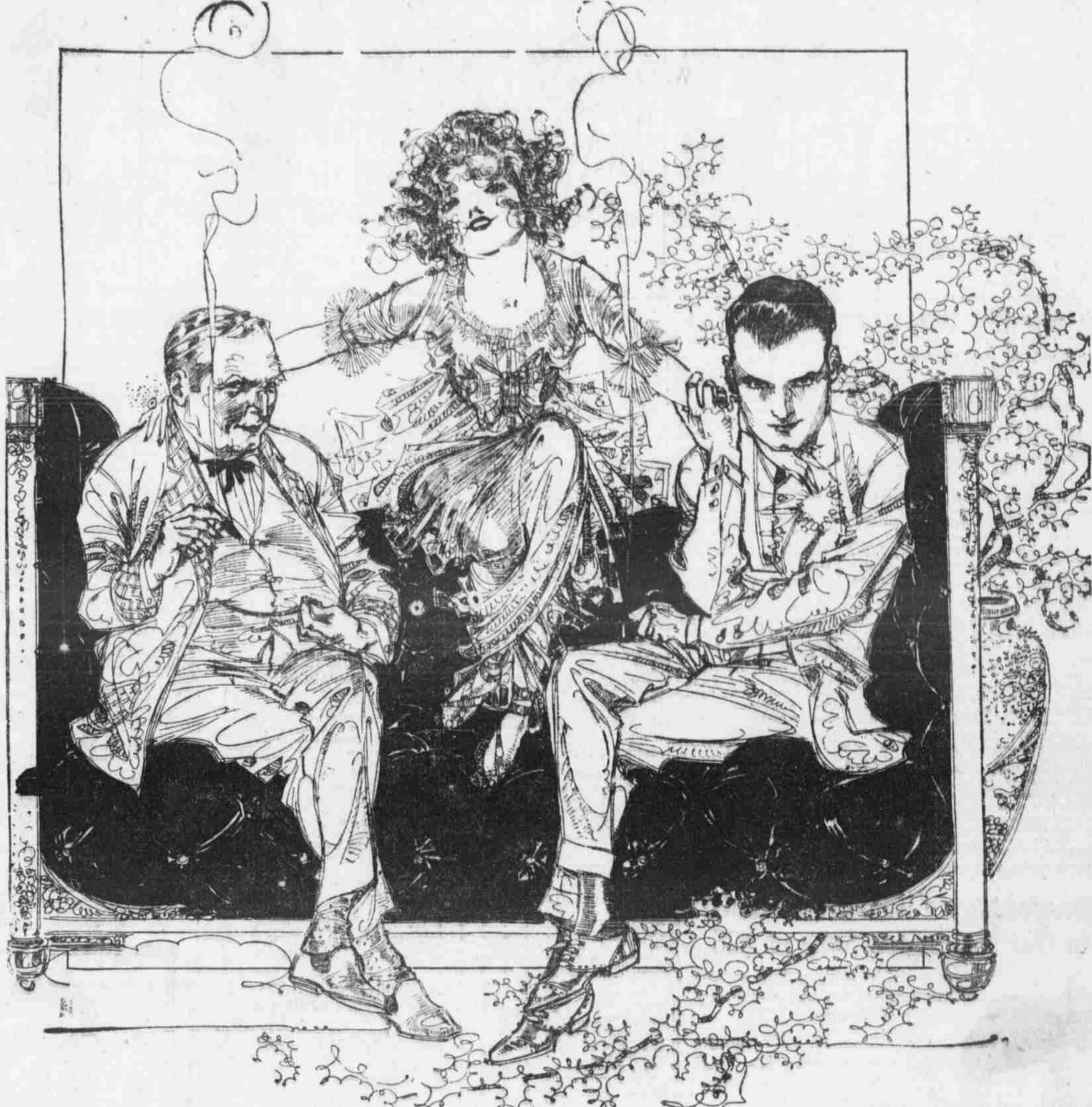
"Come, mother, dear," Lady said softly. "Here are the rest of us nearly through, and you've hardly touched your ice." Mrs. Tabor looked up, vaguely apologetic. "Why, Miriam, I'm sure I beg your pardon," she said, and very meekly she took up her spoon. Of course it was the most natural slip in the world, and meant absolutely nothing; but I could not put out of my mind the feeling that some unrecognized bomb had been exploded in our midst. I could not be merely imagining Lady's deepening color, nor the nervous hurry with which she forced the conversation; Mr. Tabor and I helping as best we might, and at best but for a moment. That is, he came as far as the door, and I thought Mr. Tabor made some sort of gesture to him below the table top. At any rate, he turned on his heel and left, after a nervous word or two. I looked around to see Mrs. Tabor's face set and stern, every little prettiness of expression fled. I must have stared, for she smiled after a moment, and nodded at me mysteriously as if I alone shared the secret of the dislike she had voiced in the afternoon.

"I have," quoth Betty to me, "two everlasting sweethearts! And I cannot tell you which I love the best, for I love one with the 'wherever you am clear across the world I shall adore you,' and the other with 'wherever you go clear across the world I must go with you.' One's big hand I have gripped and held since I first staggered along on rolling little feet with the wind in my skinny, feathery hair. The hand of the other is a new thrill that closes on mine and draws me into new country—into new lands, where the sky burns bluer than all blue; where the larks rise into its stunning azure, threading golden notes as they go; where the grass is deep and sweet and starred thick with love-blossoms; where the golden mist o' dreams lies low and blinding. One is wearing bare on the top of his frosty head; there are spider-web wrinkles at his eyes, and a maze of smilly, whimsical lines around his kind, tight mouth. The other is—how can I explain this person to you?—maybe my eyes are swimming with dream and so I can't see right. But straight and tall he stands, ruddy-brown and smooth, bold and daring and keen-eyed, with youth's quick hand on his shoulder, with agile feet that can dance on icy floors with me or climb ambition's twisting stony trail. With one I have chummed and laughed for twenty years, asking a squillion questions, leav-

My Sweethearts

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By Nell Brinkley



ing and listening, holding the board that he drove the nail into, reading his book over his shoulder, trampling with him through the breezy country silences. With one my comradery has just begun, our hands have only just met and our feet fallen into step on the road that winds and turns and sings away—whither? And sometimes, when we turn our heads and lock our winded hands still closer and look deep into one another's stranger-lover eyes with sober lips (and we stumble doing this), why, I forget my long, long chumming with my older Love! With one I have known home and lived in a guarded garden. With the other I will know the bitter-sweet of loving—a wild, free land—and perhaps a dove nest in the end that I shall help to build. With one I have always taken; with the other I must also give, I am the 'Baby' of the one, and the other—he is mine (for all men are little boys, and the woman who loves them mothers them). In one's eyes I look, and find there strong, deep, splendid loving-love for me—unthinking, unselfish, unending, tender. And then—and then—I turn my face about and search my other lover's eyes. And there I find love, too—passion and caressing—glimpses of my House of Life and all the worldless thoughts that lie under the arch of Love's hurrying ray feet.

"Two sweethearts have I—and they like each other." NELL BRINKLEY.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XV.
Mental Renovations.
(Continued.)
I tried to play up to the situation. It's just the exaggeration of their care for you, I suppose. You haven't been quite well, and they worry needlessly because it matters so much. Didn't you use to feel the same way about Lady when she was little and getting over the measles?"
The next instant I realized that I should hardly have used the nickname; but Mrs. Tabor did not seem to have noticed my slip. She was looking fixedly out through the parted curtains as though there was some one in the hall, and I instinctively glanced the same direction. When I looked back again, she was still distant, and I went on: "And anyway, it's splendid to see you so well at last."
She smiled. "I haven't really been much laid up at all. I've only been a little overtired. People worry about me too much, Mr. Crosby. I have a poor heart, but I'm always pretty careful of myself; yet neither Mr. Tabor nor Lady can seem to let me out of their sight. I don't like it."
She brushed the hair from her forehead with a weary little gesture of impatience. She looked very much as a pretty spoiled child might have. Yet I felt rather disloyal to the rest of them in listening. Of course, Mrs. Tabor meant nothing; she was merely tired and fretful; but still, I did not like being made the confidant of these family pettances. "Lady? I know, I loved her mother devotedly, and so did

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The Give-Away Ave.—Fifty is the Time When Life Audits Its Accounts With a Woman and Strikes a Balance

By DOROTHY DIX.
Fifty is the give-away age with women. It is the psychological moment when life calls a woman's bluff, and when she has to put all of her cards down on the table, face up, so that all the world may see what she has and is.
All of her little pretences suddenly fall to pieces; all her little subtleties suddenly become transparent. Everything that she has thought and done and been all her life rises up and claims her as its own.
Youth, of itself, is an impenetrable disguise that nobody can fathom. The greatest connoisseur of living pictures cannot tell whether a young girl is going to make a beautiful woman or not, for practically all young creatures are pretty. Every girl of 18 has the dewy eyes, the fresh complexion, the lustrous hair, that makes what the French call the beauty of the devil.
But when a woman is 50 these evanescent charms are all gone, and if she is still beautiful she must have been endowed by nature on an classical and enduring lines as a Greek statue. Fifty is the give-away age for looks when the merely pretty woman's prettiness dis-

solves into thin air, and she turns into a rag and a bone and a bank of hair, or else into the living semblance of a perambulating feather bed.
Fifty is the give-away age about a woman's intelligence. The high spirits of youth and its childish curiosity often pass current for cleverness. We see a young girl with her face lit up with animation, chattering and laughing, and we judge her to be bright.
We see her vividly interested in going about and taking part in every new thing that comes along, and we jump at the conclusion that she is one of the women who grasp life at every point.
This may be true or it may not be true. She may have intelligence, or her sprightliness may be just the sprightliness of a kitten that wears off when she reaches maturity. There's no way of telling whether the sparkle in a young girl's eyes is the light of intelligence or the freshness of just being it, but when a woman is 50 she gives away her mental status to the last fraction of a hair.
She's got fifty years of living behind her, and it has either broadened her sympathies so that they take in the universe or else they have narrowed down to what the neighbors wear and her grandchildren's teething. Oh, there's no hiding from the public, whether you've got scrambled brains or good gray matter in your headpiece when you are 50.
Fifty is the give-away age for women about character. You can't tell anything about a girl's disposition from her face, because there are 50 hues to go by, just by the time a woman is 50 her every emotion has etched its story on her face. Look at the little fine lines around a

woman's eyes. One glance will tell you whether they have been made there by fifty years of smiling and good nature or by fifty years of fretting and worrying. Look at the curves around her mouth. It's no trick at all to tell whether they are lines of tenderness and affection or the bitter lines of nagging and jealousy and ill nature. The very mouth that has kissed and comforted takes on a different turn from the one that has quarreled.
At 50 a woman can no longer hide what she is, mentally. It comes out in her face under the heaviest rouge. It proclaims itself in spite of the most carefully cultivated manner. It's her thoughts and her attitude toward life that make a woman beautiful at 50, and if she's thought evil thoughts and her attitude toward the world is hard and selfish and all the measure and complexion special-lets in the world can help her.
Above all, 50 is the give-away age for women as regards the affection of those about them. At 50 a woman's physical fascinations are gone. She can no longer attract men with her beauty but chain acquaintances with the lure of her youth. If she holds her family and friends it is because she has bound them to her by a thousand unbreakable ties of goodness and helpfulness and tenderness.
We hear a lot about middle-aged women losing their husband's love, and we attribute it to the woman's waning good-will, but no man ever forsakes the wife of 50 who has kept step with him and who has always been his most faithful comrade and accessible companion. No middle-aged woman who has been a good friend to the world ever lacks friends when she is 50.

ing and listening, holding the board that he drove the nail into, reading his book over his shoulder, trampling with him through the breezy country silences. With one my comradery has just begun, our hands have only just met and our feet fallen into step on the road that winds and turns and sings away—whither? And sometimes, when we turn our heads and lock our winded hands still closer and look deep into one another's stranger-lover eyes with sober lips (and we stumble doing this), why, I forget my long, long chumming with my older Love! With one I have known home and lived in a guarded garden. With the other I will know the bitter-sweet of loving—a wild, free land—and perhaps a dove nest in the end that I shall help to build. With one I have always taken; with the other I must also give, I am the 'Baby' of the one, and the other—he is mine (for all men are little boys, and the woman who loves them mothers them). In one's eyes I look, and find there strong, deep, splendid loving-love for me—unthinking, unselfish, unending, tender. And then—and then—I turn my face about and search my other lover's eyes. And there I find love, too—passion and caressing—glimpses of my House of Life and all the worldless thoughts that lie under the arch of Love's hurrying ray feet.

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Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
There is No Such Law.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Is there a law in the United States that can compel a wife to stay in the house from morning till night unless her husband takes her out? A HEART PESTERED WIFE.
Thank heaven, there is no such law but there are laws providing punishment for all men who treat their wives with cruelty, indifference and neglect. Tell him of these laws and don't be afraid.
Note.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am twenty and keeping company with a very pretty girl who is the only child of a widow. Upon remarking the uncommon whiteness of her hands the other day, she said that she attributed it to the fact that her mother never lets her do housework—never cleaning her shoes for her, and taking them off for her on muddy days. Do you think a girl who would ask her mother to do these things for her is naturally selfish, or does it in this case prove a spoiled child? ENRAGED.
She is spoiled, which means that she

is selfish. The happiness of the man who marries such a girl is most uncertain.
"Miss" by All Means.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I work in a shop with a number of older ladies, and we had an argument over what "Miss" should call them. By their first name or "Miss," as I am a good deal younger than they. C. A. T.
It would be disrespectful under the circumstances to call them anything but "Miss" Smith or "Miss" Jones.
If friendship warrants a more intimate mode of address it is pleasing style to call an older woman "Miss Jane" or "Miss" Mary.
Give Her an Engagement Ring.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping company with a young lady. Is it proper for me to give her a diamond ring, or will any other kind of ring do? MARY E.
Do you mean to marry her? Then by all means give her an engagement ring—a diamond, if you can afford it. If she loves you any ring you give her will seem beautiful.

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