

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Professor's Mystery

BY WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

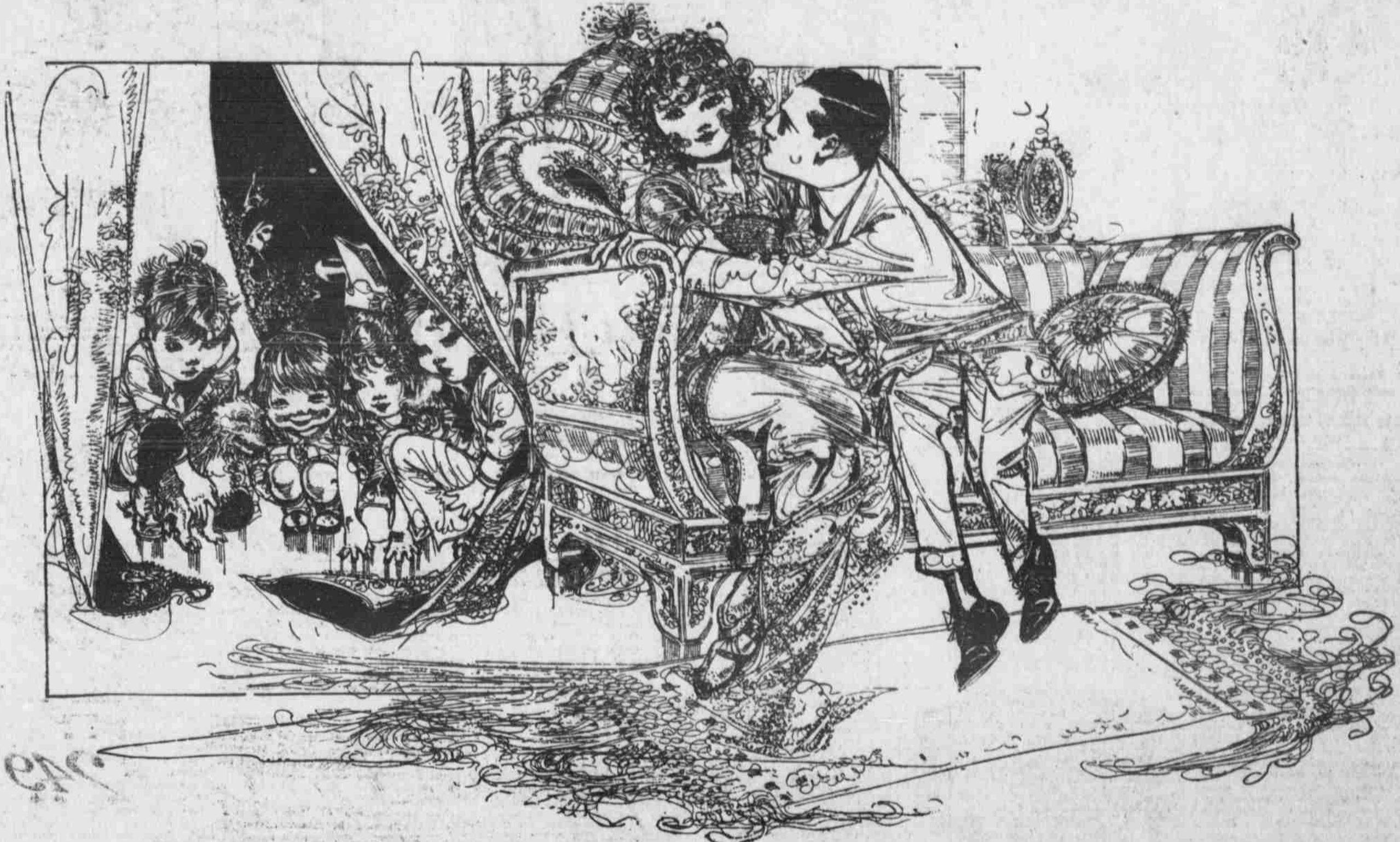
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You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Prof. Crosby casually encounters at a suburban trolley station, Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party, both being bound for the Ainsleys. On the way they trolley is wrecked, near the Tabor home, and there Crosby goes to spend the night. After retiring he is summoned and turned out, to find accommodations at a nearby inn, no explanation being given him. He encounters Mr. Tabor in a heated debate with a rough looking Italian the next day, and learns the Italian is one Carucci. Later at the Ainsleys he meets Miss Tabor again, and they are getting on famously, when Dr. Walter says, Miss Tabor's stepbrother turns up, and carries her off home. Crosby is warned he must not try to see Miss Tabor again. He persists, and is invited to accompany her on a midnight trip to the city, where they rescue Sheila, Miss Tabor's old nurse, from the effects of an assault committed on her by Carucci, who turns out to be Sheila's husband. In escaping from the city with Sheila, they have a brush with the police, but avoid being detained or identified. This gets the newspapers into the game, and one of the reporters, who comes closest to the trail, turns out to be Maclean, an old pal of Crosby, who is persuaded to suppress the Tabor name, and to assist in cleaning up the mystery. In the meantime Crosby has gotten into the good graces of the Tabor family, and learned that it is Margaret who wedded Dr. Reid, while he is in love with Miriam, who answers to the family pet name of Lady. He and Maclean locate Carucci working with a gang of graders near the Tabor home, and manage to stir up quite a row with him, when Sheila interposes. Crosby returns to the Tabor, where he gets into an intimate conversation with Mrs. Tabor, one to be interrupted by Lady and her father. As a result of the conversation that followed, Lady is left with her mother, who seems unduly excited, while Crosby, who seems to have a smoke and talk over the situation, Tabor explains that his wife's health has been shattered since the death of a daughter several years ago, and that conditions are becoming unbearable. Carucci is the storm-center, and they agree that he must be gotten rid of. Sheila is to help.

The Audience Was Thrilled :: And Appreciative, Too :: By Nell Brinkley

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Clipping from a criticism: "The stage box was occupied by the elite of the town. The play itself was a decided success. It held the audience spellbound from start to finish—from the lifting of the curtain on the first act to the strong, well-acted climax. Its dialogue delightful—its story old, but clothed in new and charming language—its stars a marvelous couple of young people, whose names will be the toast of the town from this night forth! At the great scene the audience held its breath—thrilled and appreciative!"

The elite is there a right—and you can "hear a pin drop" or the rustle of a crumpled fat leg in a starched romper. The elite is there—and the ingredients of the elite are—one ragged blue pup with a

continual smile and a great affection for everybody in his family—a lanky small chap with his hair up-ended, his shoes scuffed, a peeled nose and one talent (and that is delivering "Horatius at the Bridge" on the last day of school with an unbelievable ferocity), chapped little fists, and a vast appreciation of the play—one atom of a kid who squats on his heels with his plump fists clutched around his tummy, who has to be dug and nudged and gritted at because his deeply smiling face and scratched shoulders show an alarming likelihood of a terrible giggle "let bustin' out—one delightful small girl who has just read "The Crushed Lily" behind her geography, who tosses her tuffy curls back over her shoulders and switches her

skirts when she passes the "new Boy," whose small heart dimly understands some minutes and scoffs at others—one other bit-liddle with eyes like his big sister, one first tooth gone (and he can whistle though 'til it tears the sky apart and his sister demands his life-blood), and his eyes are very wide with wonder at the ways of grown-up maids and men, and he's forgotten to even whisper a whistle through the treasured place of his vanished tooth. This is the audience—thrilled and appreciative! And the players—the twin bright stars—are a big sister and her very best beau, who just words a halting, breathless, ardent, "I—I love you—do you love me?"

NELL BRINKLEY.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XVI.

Messengers Revelations.

(Continued.)
"That's the pity of those people," Mr. Tabor said to me, as he closed the door after her. "Let the man do or be what he will, the woman he has possessed will hold by him to the end of her days; he can't quite let her go. And—since you can't quite let her go, you can't kick away her tenderness. I suppose it's beautiful in its way, but it gives a foothold to a lot of misery—well, now, Crosby, the rest is your part. I believe Sheila will keep her word; but it's against her husband, after all, and I want to make sure. Will you go to New York, too, and keep an eye on them until Carucci has gone? It's an unpleasant service to ask, but I can't do it for myself. And—since your vacation trip would naturally start from New York, it won't be far out of your way." I looked full at him to be sure that I understood, but I knew already that he had weighed his words.
"I see," I said slowly. "Is that all, or do you really want me to watch the Carucci?"
"Certainly I do, if you will. I'm going to be very frank with you, Crosby, because you've deserved it. I did feel at one time that your former trip was managed with a little too much gallantry—that you had with the best intentions involved us in a melodrama, been the means of bringing these people down on us. But that wasn't just. No body could have done better in your place; and if any one was to blame, it was Reid, for allowing you to go at that time of night. Of course, I was away from home when you started. Well, you've helped us and been loyal to us, though we had no claim upon you. It all comes down to this: Mrs. Tabor's health is a cause of great concern to me, and has been for a long time. I feel that she must be guarded

from every possible shock. As I told you, there is a condition here which we are keeping to ourselves, which is dangerous to her, and which you must take my word for it—may be aggravated by your continual presence. I'm eliminating, so far as I can, every disturbing element, and you are such an element, through no fault of yours. I'm not banishing you, I only ask that your visits to me be no more than occasional. Once in a while, a little later, we shall be very glad to see you. I hope; but not just now. Is that clear?"
"All but the reason for it," I said. "And I won't ask that."
"I won't make any protestations or apologies," he added very deliberately. "I think you trust us. And I prove that I trust you more than you know, in telling you as much as I have."
I suppose that a more sensible man in my place would have done very differently. On his own confession, Mr. Tabor was telling me only a part of the truth; accident and warning had combined to make me suspicious of him; and I knew by my own experience how plausibly he could lie. But whether it was his age, or his deference, or the fact that he was Lady's father, all the Don Quixote in me came suddenly to the surface.
"I'll do as you say, sir," I said. "Let me know when I can do anything more," and I held out my hand.
His own were moist and hot; and I noticed under the stronger light of the hall, that the veins in his temple were swollen and throbbing and that he moved listlessly, as though he had been under a great strain. Before I could think about it, Lady parted the curtains of the living room.
"What is it?" she asked quickly. "Has anything happened?"
"Only that I am going to New York to see Carucci sail away," I answered, "and I don't know just when I shall be back." It was plain that Mr. Tabor had not meant me to say so much; but that was my own affair.
She followed me outside the front door. That means that you are going away—I knew it must come to that." She was twisting nervously at her chain.
"One word from you, and I won't go," she shook her head. "No, I want you to—good-bye."
"Promise me one thing," I said. "That you'll send me word if you want me."
"I promise," she answered quietly. "But I shall never have to keep that promise."
As I went out of the gate, Dr. Reid was coming in, and stopped to speak to me. His companion stood meanwhile some distance away; but it was not too dark for me to recognize the big man with the shrill precision of speech whom I had seen him bring secretly to the house before.
I set out the next morning in a humor of suspicious distillation, all my quixotism turned sour under the dry sun. Put it how I would, I was playing the part of a spy; if Carucci himself was no better, the honest Irish eyes of his wife made me vainly ashamed of my task. Having nevertheless undertaken it, I must put it through as well as might be. To follow the pair about would be futile, since

I must presently be seen and recognized; but I considered that merely by making sure of them at intervals during the next forty-eight hours I should be fulfilling my mission. I saw them safely on the train, and established myself in another car; and when we reached the Grand Central, I made straight for the scene of my midnight adventure. It was no less ugly by day than by night, and if possible even more hideous. Push-carts vendod unimaginable sweetmeats along the curb to a floating population of bearded and creaking children; bearded slatterns, flabbily overflowing their bulging garments, jabbered in window and doorway; and the squat and dingy little saloon on the corner reared beery at all. I waited half an hour before the Caruccis appeared. Then I made for a telephone in a state of disgusted relief, and called up Maclean.
"So you're in town now for a while," he said, in answer to my expurgated account of myself. "Well, I tell you how it is, Laurie. I'm pretty busy today. Let's have your number, an' I'll call you up later when I'm loose. You'll hang out at the club, won't you?"
"I thought you wanted to see me about something."
"Oh, that. That wasn't anything—Why, yes, I'll lunch with you if you're in such a hurry, but I'll have to beat it right afterwards, 'cause I've got an assignment this afternoon."
At the club, he plunged immediately into the irrelevant subject.
"Say, I've spt to slide out after grub, an' go on a spook-hunt. There's this gang of psychics or spiritualists or whatever they are, up the line here, or what? And I'm coverrin' one of their seances. Hamlet's old grandfather comes in an' rough-houses the furniture, an' little Eva says a lot more than her prayers, an' you sit in a circle holdin' hands to get a line on the higher life. Don't you want to come along? You'll get some thrillin' moments."
"Is it a fake, then?" I asked.
"Oh, they're all fakes, I guess. All I ever ran across, anyway. But this death-fancier's the real squess—only raises the graveyard in private an' don't take any money; an' a whole lot of big doctors an' psychology profs are nutty about her, you see? It's the big show, the original New York company. You better come."
"All right," I said, "bring on your mysteries. I always thought there was something in that business, really; and here's a good chance. But look here, Mac, I want you to tell me what you heard from Carucci."
"Tell you the truth," said Maclean, "I'm a little bit afraid there may be something in spookery, myself. That's why I'd just as soon have you along."
"It won't do, old fellow," said I; "let's have the dago story."
Maclean fidgeted and glowered at the table. "It's like this, Laurie, you see? Those folks are friends of yours, an' this yarn of the guinea's is just a dirty bit of scandal, that's all over an' done with. An' I told you I didn't believe it anyhow. I s'ndn't ought to have said anything about it now unless you want. 'Tain't anything!"

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Constructive Power of Faith

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There are many faiths, many creeds, many religions in the world. All meet at one great center—the belief in an overruling Power, whether that Power be called God, or Allah, or Om, or The Nameless One does not matter. Whether the devotees of these religions pray after one manner or another, whether they worship in churches or temples or in shrines, or in the open, does not matter, so long as they are devout and earnest in their faith. And so long as they strive with uplifted thoughts to live worthy of the Unseen Presence.
But the greatest possible disaster which can befall a human being is to possess no faith of any kind; to live on this little earth, to gaze upon the millions of stars, to see the wonders of nature and to believe we came into existence as the mushroom comes and goes as it passes.
A great surprise awaits such minds after they are freed from the body. They will find there is no such thing as death, and in other realms and through other lives they will be made to learn the lessons of eternally.
Imagine a man who has near relatives and dear friends, yet, through some optical disease, is unable to see and recognize them. He sees the animals and the trees, and the ocean and the fields, and some strange individuals; but he cannot see or recognize anyone who is near to him; anyone who desires to win his affections and to bestow favors upon him.
How sad would seem his lot. And sadder still would be his fate if he refused to believe that such things existed.
Such is the condition of the man who has no faith in the existence of any world or any beings outside of this earth. He is limiting his opportunities for happiness and for helpfulness. No matter how great a humanitarian he may be, how earnestly he may be working to benefit his kind, he is missing the best and surest road to the highest achievement.
The constructive power of faith is greater than that which genius and industry combined can produce. No human brain, however colossal, can open up such roadways of endeavor as a sublime and unswerving faith can blaze through seemingly impenetrable forests.
Faith in one's self is admirable and effective; but when that faith is based on knowledge of one's divine inheritance and the consequent assistance of the in-

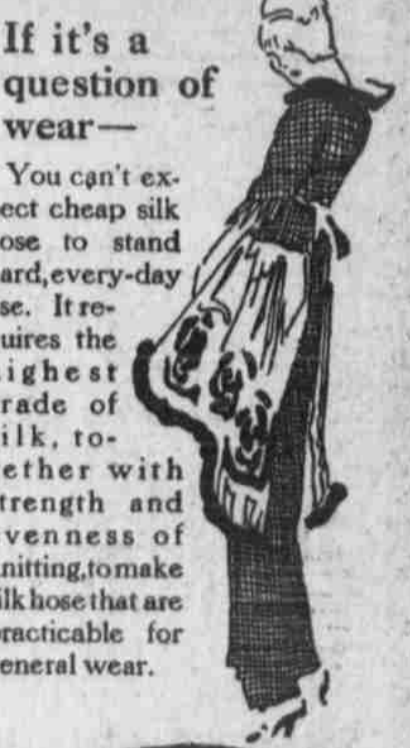
visible kin, it is well-nigh omnipotent in its force.
The man who is without faith of any kind is a tragic figure. The woman without faith is little short of a monstrosity. For, even as woman seems to be only wholly woman when enveloped in her feminine draperies, so the mantle of faith seems to belong to her by divine right; and without it she seems stripped of her sex charms, you sure she is not a woman.
If by unfortunate education or environment a woman finds herself with no faith, let her seek until she finds.
An hour alone every day making the mind passive after a silent plea for light (relaxing wholly and emptying the vessel of the heart of all human conceit and prejudice) will eventually bring results. From sources unexpected and by paths undreamed of understanding will come.
For all about us dwell the invisible helpers, ready to give comfort to those who are in sorrow, knowledge to those who seek light and relief to those who are in despair.
The one great, mighty creative power

we call God sends forth those helpers to its force.
Strength, vital force, constructive power, insight, all may be obtained from these helpers by minds which are open to their influence.
And while the earthly pathway may be brightened and cheered by their assistance, gates are being opened and mansions prepared in realms just beyond for the soul that believes and understands.
Into those realms will the unbeliever also pass, but he will find himself with no home prepared, for the architect of those homes is faith. And he will wander about homeless until he sees and understands and calls the architect to his assistance.
The man without faith in anything but his own abilities is invariably unduly conceited. He gives to himself the devotion and admiration which the reverent soul gives God; and, from lack of a conception of anything greater than himself, he fails to draw from the highest sources the magnetic forces which pour upon the mind that reaches out to the Infinite.
Would you develop to the utmost your best and strongest qualities; would you make the most of life's opportunities for usefulness; would you equip yourself for the largest sphere you can occupy here on earth; would you build mansions in the world to come, and would you obtain the most satisfying happiness possible?
Then set your mind and soul the task of cultivating a faith in unseen powers and divine influences.
Seek in reverence and you shall find. Think of yourself as part of these gorgeous and potential systems of universe which fill space. Know that our sun is only one of billions of suns; our world but one of billions of worlds, and all these worlds within worlds are governed and guided by order and precision. That consciousness alone should create reverence in the heart of a stone.
Unthinkable thought has produced these universes. Some power so great we cannot even imagine it thought of these universes before they were. You are an expression of this power. Your thoughts are either creative or destructive. They are tearing down or building something continually.
We build our future, thought by thought, by good, or bad, and know it not; yet so the universe was wrought.
Thought is another name for fate. Choose thou thy destiny and wait; For love brings love and hate brings hate.
Thought like an arrow flies where sent. Aim well; be sure of thy intent; did not keep. Should he make another will I accept? CONSTANT READER.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Chaperon is Unnecessary.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am seventeen, and frequently attend the theatre with a young man one year older than I. People lately have been passing remarks about my going without a chaperon, although no one else has one. A. K. W.
In this country a chaperon on such an occasion is unnecessary. Perhaps their criticism originates in his undesirability as an escort. Are you sure he is a decent, manly man? Otherwise, even a chaperon would not make it proper to go with him.
Try to Be Less Silly.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of nineteen, but very young for my age, and I am deeply in love with a boy of fourteen, but he is old for his age, seems much older than I. His mother has sent him away to school and I miss him very much. What shall I do? HEART-BROKEN.
If you a girl of nineteen, want some one to love, don't look to the cradle for that object. A boy of fourteen is entirely too young, and I am surprised at you.
A Fickle Man.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a fellow about a year ago and was out with him a few times and he stopped calling, but we met a short time ago and kept a few more dates, and the last one made he did not keep. Should he make another will I accept? CONSTANT READER.
He is evidently changeable and fickle and not a friend upon whom you can rely. Do not make any more engagements until he has explained why he failed to keep the last.



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