THE BEE: OMAHA, MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1914.

CHAPTER 1.

Things Are Turned Up-In Which side Down.

by

two-forty-five for Boston 'Has the gone yet?" The train announcer looked at me a

long time: then he shifted his plug of tobacco to the other cheek and drawled: "Naouw. Reported forty minutes late."

At this point I believe I swore. At least I have no recollection of not doing so, and I should hardly have forgotten eminent an act of virtus under such difficult circumstances. It was not only that I had worked myself into a heat for nothing. But the train could hardly fail of losing yet more time on its way to Roston, and my chances of making the steamer ware about one in three. My trunk would go to Liverpool without me. a prey to the inquisitive allen; and as for me I was at the mercy of the steamship company. For a moment I wondered low I could possibly have doubted my desire to go abroad that summer and to go on that boat though the heavens I though insanely of automobiles and special trains. Then came the reaction and I settled back comfortably hopeless into the hands of fate. After all 1 did not care an improper fraction whether stayed or went: let the gods decide. only I wished something would happen. The shining rails reached away to lose themselves in a hafe of heat. Somewhere a switching engine was puffing like a tired dog. Knots of listless humanity stood about under the dingy roof of the platform; and the wind across the harbor brought a refreshing aroma of tidal mud and dead clams. It occurred to me that my collar was rather sticky from the inside

I walked the platform fanning myself with my hat. I bought eightettes, magasince and a shine. I explored the station. scrutinizing faces and searching vainly for matters of interest. I exhausted my ces in filling up fifteen inlautes and the hand of the electric clock seemed as tremulous with indecision as it had before been jerky with haste. Nothing happened. Nothing would happen or ould happen anywhere. Romance was dead

Feet scraped; a bell chattered; then breathing flame and smoke, and with a shrick that would put St. George to utter rout, the down express rumbled between and the sky, and ground heavily to a standstill. And there, framed in the wide Pullman window, was a face that altered all the colors of the day, and sent me back among aleigh bells and holly. Not that I had known her well; but the wook of intimate galety at a Christmas house party had show her so sweetly merry, so well fashioned in heart and brain and

body that the sight of her renewed pleas-



HE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER

NO GOOD EVER COMES OF HALF UNDERSTANDINGS.



pening of a authors that everybody ought to know | kind of a person you'll catch hold of it | be Liymees; and you've reminded me of familiar book. She was amiling now; not about and nobody reads." at me, but with the same humorously

pensive little smile that I remembered, that seemed to come wholly from within and to summarize her outlook upon the a character of the daughter of Gotham. world. Her dark brows were lifted in Wasn't there an ancestor of yours who cool and friendly interest as she glanced went to sea in a bowi?" over the comfortless crowd: and although J was now somewhat more at peace with the world, and no longer hot nor hurried. rather wearily, "We've only been in Stamshe seemed to me to sit there in the win- ford a few months. We had always dow of her sweitering car a thing alpot lived in town before. and apart, the embodiment of all unruffled daintipess.

Her eyes found me and she nodded, lated a hasty hypothesis of financial reamiling. I went forward eagerly. Here, verses which had driven the family from at least, in a stuffy and uninteresting their city home, and registered a resoworld was somebody cool, somebody lution to avoid the uncomfortable subsmusing, somebody I knew. I ploked up ject. Still, I reflected, the lower shore my bag and ran up the steps of her car. of the sound is not precisely the resort As I came down the aisis she half ross of impoverished pride. Had I touched stretched out a welcoming silm upon some personal sorrow of her own? was late and I should have missed my hand. I dropped into the chair beside her.

"Well, this is luck," I said. "But what leas in her lap, the other twisting at the | make the most of the situation. Now I are you doing here in the world in July? fou belong to Christmas in a setting of and lost itself in the bosom of her gown. frosty white and green. You're out of the fringe of her cyclid clear against the season now."

She laughed. "Surely I have as much in her something of the enchanted prin- thing " right in July as you have, Mr. Crosby, cess bound by svil spells in some dark You are only a sort of yuletide phantom yourself.

"Wasn't it a jolly week?" I asked. Miss Tabor's smile answered me. Then bridge to blow the brazen horn and do were only made to fill up the want of turning away with a face grown suddenly battle with the enchanter. The next mo- anything more worth while, and have and strangely bleak: "I think it was the ment she routed my imagination by rebest Christmas of my life," she said urning lightly to the subject. mechanically. And then with a sudden "It's a lovely place. I'm out of doors

deturn to sunshine: "I suppose I see the professor starting on his learned pilitively bored trying to work off energy. about doing." grimage. Is it Europe this summer, or can't get tired enough to sit still and the great libraries of America?" She had twitted me before upon my

of scholarly bearing which, as I whom do you know there?" had always explained, was but a mask to I was on the defensive again. "Why-insuspected profundity. I don't know anybody exactly there-but

Well." I began, deliberately groping there are some friends of mine down at for a decision among the tangled fates of one of those beach places in the neighthe afternoon, my doubtfut steamer and borhood-the Ainsties. Hob was in my my grudging plans, "to tell you the truth, Miss Tabor-" class."

She resumed the air of the connoisseur She touched my arm and pointed out. Why, I know them. I'm going to visit of the window. "Look." she said, "you Mrs. Ainslie myself over the week-end. ven't nearly time shough for that now. Do they know you're coming?" Do hurry-you musn't take chances. "I'm not going to them," I said des-

The platform was alipping by faster perately. and faster, and with it sobriety and comnear by, but I haven't any definite plane. on sense and the wisdom of the beaten ; For once in my life I'm not going to On the other hand lay the commath. edy of the present and that flouting of out and see what happens to me. For six one's own arrangements which is the months I've been telling things I care last word of freedom. I glanced down about to a lot of kids that aren't old at her ticket, where it iny face upward enough to care about anything; and now on the window sill.

I want adventures. I went down to the "To tell you the truth. Miss Tabor," 1 station to take the first train that came Onlinhed, "I am on my way to Stamalong, go wherever it took me and let ford," and I settled back comfortably in things happen." my seat. "You might have gone to some roman-

Miss Tabor regarded me tolerantly, with the place," she suggested. "Three months the air of a collector examining a doubt- would hardly be time enough for the far ful specimen: one sysbrow a trifle raised. east, but you might have tried Russia or and an adorable twist at the corners of the Mediterranean." her mouth. As for me, I tried to look "That's just the point." I returned. innocently unconcerned. It may be pos- "Romance and adventure don't depend sible to do this; but no one is ever con- on time; they only depend on people. If setious of success at the time. you're the kind of person things happen

"I'm going there myself," she said to, you can have adventures on Fifth studenly. "Ian't this a coincidence?" "Easily that Let me amend the word through all the "Arabian Nights" and and call it a dispensation. But appear- only feel bored and uncomfortable. ances are against you. You ought to be all depende upon turning out of your solar to a lawn party-in a dog-cart."

oing to a fawn party-in a dog-cart." way to pick up surprises. You're walking "I wunder where you ought to be in the wood and you see something that suring." she mused. "Prohably to the looks like a root peeping out from be-Byllish museum to dig up a lot of dead tween the rocks. Well, if you're the right

This was altogether too near the truth. may be the tail of a dragon. And in forget it in your presence. But I have "I didn't know you lived in Stamford," I that case you ought to thank heaven for had a few exciting moments, and I want said. "You appeared last Christmas in excitement, even if you're scared to more. I don't care whether they are death."

own explanation. But Miss Tabor did Her smile faded as it a light had gone not seem particularly impressed. out in her. After a pause she answered She put on the voice and manner of a child of 10. "You must be awfully brave to like being afraid of things," she lisped; then, with a sudden change of tone, "Mr.

We looked out of the window for a Croaby, suppose-only for the sake of arfew moments in silence, while I formu- gument- that you're making this up as you go along and that you did know perfectly well where you were going, where do you think you would have gone ?" Then I gave up and explained, "I was going to Europe to study," I said. "for no

better reason than that I had nothing more interesting to do. Then my train She was not in mourning. Yet as she steamer anyway and-and then you came lay back in the green chair, one hand list- along and I thought I might just as well

slender chain that ran about her neck can go dowd and tell the Ainslies they want to see me and all will be well." After some meditating she said, "Are soft shadows of her profile, I imagined you as irresponsible as that about every-

"I don't see where all the irresponsibilcastle of despair. And immediately, with ity comes in," I protested. "It isn't a a surge of absurd valor, I saw myself sacred and solemn duty to follow out striding, sword in hand, across the draw- one's own plans, especially when they fallen already. I didn't care about going

to Europe in the first place; then uldn't-at least not at once; then 1 "Men," said Miss Tabor, "usually find

mprove my uneducated mind. Ever so a logical reason for what they do on imnany nice people, too. By the way, pulse, without any reason at all." "And the proof that women always

act reasonably." I retorted, "is that they ever give you the reason.' Instead of taking that for the flippancy

was, she thought about it for some inutes; or else it reminded her of something

"Besides." I went on, "this is an adcenture, as far as it goes; a little one, if you like, but still with all the carmarks of romance. It was unexpected, and it fits into itself perfectly-all the "That is, 1 may while I'm parts of the scene match like a picture puzzle-and it happened through a mixhave any definite plans, but just start It's just that anatching at casual excitement that makes things happen to peo-

ple." "Don't things happen to people withut their seeking them out?" she asked.

"Not to most people; and not nowadays, if they ever did. Do you remem-Humpty Dumpty's objection to Alice's face, that it was just like other faces-two eyes abbve, nose in the mid-

die, mouth under? Well, that's the only objection I have to life; days and doings schedule. Why is a train less romantic than a stage coach? Because it runs on time and on a track; it can't do anything but be late. But the stage coach dallies along through the countryside,

with ions and highwaymen, and pretty avenue. If you're not, you might walk girls driving grease to market, and all the chances of the open road. The horse of the knight errant was better still, and for the same reason '

"I don't think anything very much-has ever, happened to you," and said slowly. "Well," said 1. "I'm not pretending to

and pull. It may be only a root; or it my tender age so often that I can hardly pleasant or not, 'so long as I come safe

By this time I almost believed in my out of them somehow. They'll pay for themselves with the gold of memory." "That's just what I mean," she returned. "You talk about things as if the only question of importance were whether they are exciting. . One looks at books

that way, and pictures, and things that are not real. A moment ago, you put cation," the author says, "The first rehighwaymen in the same class with inna quisite is to be a good animal and goosegiris. Do you suppose any one Ironical people have called attention to that was actually held up and robbed of the fact that Her-

his fortune would think of the robber bert Spencer as merely a pleasant thrill?" wasn't. But this "I'd rather be robbed by a highway. does not weigh man than by a railroad, anyway. At in the scale the worst, I'd have had a run for my against the truth money." of his dictum.

She went on without smiling. "And Any system of even trains run off the track sometimes. education that Do you think you would enjoy the mem- does not tend to ory of a railroad accident-even if you make the child a weren't hurt yourself?" good animal is "Perhaps not. But there's another dis- is faulty in the" advantage of the train. It's so regular extreme.

and mechanical that if anything does go The world is comwrong there is an ugly smash. It's the ing to the belief same way with modern people. Most of that the object of us live such an ordinary habitual life education ' is that if we get thrown off the track we're make the indilikely to break up altogether." vidual acquainted I had struck the wrong note again. The with this planet light went out in her face, as a cloud upon which

shudow darkens a sunny field, and she lives, that feeds and sustains him, in mates than anything else in this love-lit looked away without answering. Not to order that he may better adapt himself old world. the whole time, and I'm so well I get pos- found something else that I did care make my mistake worse by taking no- to life, here and now. tire of it. I said, "After all, what should The more accurate knowledge he has

we do if things always went smoothly about the world, its history, the men and loving love and wanting it, he thinks he and there wasn't any adventures?" women who now live and those who have She said quietly, "We might be nor- lived, the better educated the individual.

The other day I says a hundred colored to her some man will bring the message, mal and wholesome and comfortable." and continued looking out of the window and toying with her chain, while I cursed college campus. And I congratulated a on the road for her prince, often, in the i dicament. myself for a tactless clodhopper without professor of political economy on the the sense to avoid a danger sign. Then number of colored students at the college. found myself wondering what this He looked at me in pity and replied,

trouble could be that by the mere touch "Why, those fellows are not students of an accidental allusion could strike the here. We have entered into a pact to object, tragedy threatens, but when a love both, and it will be as hard to part joy out of a creature so naturally the effect that at this university no useradiant. Whatever it was, it had come ful thing shall be done.' upon her within the last six months, or

been singularly free from reminders of it. able to acquire the habit afterward. Could there be possibly any connection between it and that chain with its hid-

den pendant? Or was it only by accident that her hand went to it in her motown to pleasant dreams. ments of brooding? I seemed to have no-

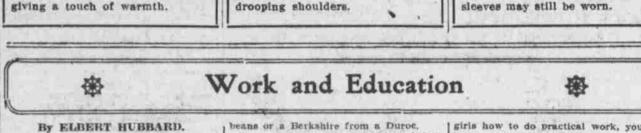
ticed the chain before, and her habit of playing with it in idleness, but I could not be sure.

She roused herself presently, and the talk went on, though with an undercurrent of discomfort. For my part, I was still repenting my clumatine she, I suppose, felt annoyed at having shown so palpably an emotion which she had not intended for my eyes. So that, are too regular; too much according to in spite of regreat for the approaching end of the adventure. I was hardly sorry when our arrival at Stamford supplemented speech with action.

"Are you expecting any one to meet you?" I asked, as the platform emptied and left up standing alone.

"No, they didn't know what train I was coming on. But there's the trolley now. And it's your car, too, that is, if you're still going to the Ainslies'.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



waisted coat is cut with wide

In Herbert Spencer's "Essay on Eduhe mentally uncouth.

ders it very becoming as well as

Educated people simply take food for For 500 years teachers have been trained granted. stine, Greece and Rome, but nothing 15.43.2m

about North Dakota. and useful knowledge as practical farm-

ing and teachers are not hard to find. But when it comes to showing boys and sign of the time.

ing for love to two men at once.

| girls how to do practical work, you will The production of food has been left to look long before you find your man, and the ignorant, the illiterate, the repressed, when you locate him you'll find he has a good job already.

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makes it evident that short

to have a sort of contempt for anything They may know all about ancient Pal- in the line of useful, physical endeavor. Good school teachers are plentiful, and can be secured all the way from \$80 to

And yet there is no study that brings \$100 a month. But teachers who not only quick and as sure a reward in way of can meet the book requirements, but who red cheeks, shining eyes, strong muscles know enough about practical agriculture to make a study of farming attractive, today command \$300 or more a month.

College graduates with teachers' certif- And the fact that the world is willing icates are plentiful. Combined coachers to pay good wages to men who can teach us how to work is the most hopeful

The Longing for Love

at once. Those who have known this di-By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. vine passion know that she doesn't know The universal longing for love is responsible for more misfit matrimonial what love means. Love is never divisible.

Rose writes: "I am a young girl of 17 man loves love. A woman is the em- and deeply in love with two young men. bodiment of that sentiment to him, and, One is a sallor and the other lives in Brooklyn. I think a great deal of the loves the first woman who attracts him. Brooklyn man, but I love the sailor, too, A woman knows that when love comes Both care for me. What shall I do?" Mac, a grown man, and who should

men shoveling and carting snow off a and she mistakes every advance courier have learned better, is in the same pre-"I am in love with two girls," he writes, exuberance of her longing and the natural exaggeration of youth, giving that long-

"and they love me dearly. They do not know each other, and I don't know what to do. I can't keep it up any longer. I When the confusion is confined to ene man or woman 'loves' two at the same from one as from the other. What am time, it is Cupid's comedy. No one can I to do? They love me so wildly it would hurt them for me to leave them."

And that is the unfortunate feature. love for love and love for indivdual are Wherever there is a Rose or a Mac "lov-

ing a whole heart and receiving a half If one were to tell the writer of the heart in exchange. It is the suggestion following latter that she is playing the of tragedy necessary to make the comedy. There is one test when one is not sure Brown gives if to all uncertain lovers:

Unless you can think, when the song is done. No other is soft in the rhythm; Unless you can feel, when left by one, That all men else go with him; Unless you can know, when upraised by his breath.

his breath, That your beauty itself wants proving: Unless you can swear, "For life, for death,' Oh, fear to call it loving."

That is loving-a love for the individual that will survive sorrow, and suffering, and penury, and abuse. and indifference. and pain, and even time. It is not a love for love, a sentiment that is satisfied with every new object upon which it can fasten. It is not a feeling that knows a moment's hesitation or doubt. One never loves two. It is too engrossing too painful, too joyous, too all-satisfying and too complete, to love more than one. There never was, there never is there never will be a love for two.

If a youth is not brought up to work marry two persons at once, but one may the chances of our Christmas week had before he is 12, he probably will never be marry one, and find out too late that He justifies himself in his own inabil- as far apart as the east and west coasts ing" two at once there is some one givity, prides himself on his inefficiency, of the sea. wraps his ignorance around him and lies

> You can graduate at Harvard, Yale, star part in Cupid's comedy, she would Princeton, Columbia, Oxford or Cam- grow indignant. She has given that of one's own heart. Elizabeth Barrett bridge and, literally, not know peas from which she mistakes for love to two men

Shakespeare Up-to-Date :: The College Girl to the

Watchman

By CONSTANCE CLARKE. How far that little candle throws its beam; Ah, yes, too far: for as I sit and dream And ponder on the letter I must write Before I go to bed and say good-night.

I fully realize my errant light. Quite unprotected by a light cut, might Be seen outside, and that would soon indict Poor me, but then that letter I must write. Then there's my hair, I did not put it up last night. I'll be reported, but it must be curled. So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

