

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Symptoms of Spring

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By Nell Brinkley



**No. 1.**  
The spring-dreaming little kid sprawls behind his "jogger" and hears in fancy the twitter of birds—the remarks of his chums on the fence—the clatter of the beaten-out tin can of the batter's base—and sighs, "Oh-h-h Gee!"

**No. 2.**  
The butterfly girl snuggles in her silk cushions, shuts her eyes on the grimy winter streets outside

and dreams on the delectable and frothy subject of bonnets—and bonnets!!

**No. 3.**  
The feminine member of the spring-infected kids leans her tired little noggin with its straight gold locks on her slim little arms, and sees in vision—the Last Day of School—and her hair is curled to extinction (the knobs most kept her wake all night)—and her toes and her eyes are

turned in with a delightful terror—and her frock is new and stiff—and she's sayin' her piece—and her mother is down in front with eyes as big as saucers.

**No. 4.**  
The hustling man lifts his eyes from the daze of work and glimpses in the blue smoke of his cigar a bit of a garden plot with the earth chocolate-colored and ridged with little ditches—and down

on his heels, in the soft wine of a spring twilight, he's dropping the seeds, with his head bare and his fingers grubby.

**No. 5.**  
The weary little "business" girl—caught suddenly in the sweet, heavy languor of spring, stands motionless with fixed eyes and her mouth acurve and all her tired, small body lost in a surge of yearning—and hears the call of the country—the

wide places—the waving grass—the bluebirds in the shell of the sky, and the cylinders of ribbon fade and summer's voice comes close.

**No. 6.**  
And Bill—the poor old chap—up to his neck in a snowdrift this many a month, rests on his snow shovel on his own sidewalk that he won't believe ever had flowers along it—and sees Love in the air!

NELL BRINKLEY.

## THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS by HANSON BOOTH  
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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 into Boston, where he has a social engagement, encounters Miss Tabor, whom he has met the previous winter at a social party. They compare notes, and find they are bound for the same place, and waiting for the same car. While waiting they talk to themselves in a casual way, and Crosby imagines he has touched on something closely personal to Miss Tabor. They start on the trolley journey, and the car is overturned. When Crosby recovers consciousness, he finds himself unhurt, but with a fair, strange girl in his arms. The motorman and the conductor leave Crosby and Miss Tabor in charge, and they set about to restore the girl to consciousness. When she recovers she seemed rather annoyed at the conditions. Crosby finds his pockets have been emptied, but recovers everything. Miss Tabor finds all her articles but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this, but on it hangs a wedding ring. The girl suggests they leave her, but they insist on seeing her safely to her home. Arrived at the Tabor home, Crosby is given a handsome welcome by Mrs. Tabor, and a somewhat mixed reception by Mr. Tabor. They insist on his remaining over night, and

he retires. Before he falls to sleep he hears voices in the hall near his door, and rising hurriedly finds he is locked in the room. Before he could learn the reason, he was asked by Miss Tabor to dress and come downstairs. Then he was asked to leave the house and not to come back. No explanation is given him. He spends the night at the inn, and the next day Mr. Tabor visits him and tells him no man of his past has any right to know a girl like Miss Tabor. Crosby hotly demands to be told what Tabor is talking about, but he gets no satisfaction. Tabor forbids him ever to come near his home and leaves. Crosby follows and again sees the stocky Italian who had run after the trolley car, this time in animated debate with Tabor. Crosby talks to the man in Italian and learns he is a sailor, who fancied Tabor, a former employer who had defrauded him. Crosby goes on to meet the Annelise. Here he meets Miss Tabor again, she also having come for her visit. In the morning they take a swim together, their hosts being under the impression they had met only at the house party on the previous Christmas.

### Now Read On

Beside the Summer Sea—An Interlude.

We stretched out lazily in the hot sand, leaning back against a battered and up-turned dory. Lady had shaken down her hair, which her bathing cap had failed to keep altogether dry, and spread it lustroously dark upon the clean, sun-bleached planking.

"I think I understand you now a little better, Mr. Crosby," she said.  
"Why?" I asked.  
"I suppose because of the solemn rite of the first plunge. It somehow makes you clearer. If that is what you mean by romance, why I can agree with you."  
I had to be honest. "No, that's not all I mean—only part. I want things to happen to me, not merely sensations. I'm always foolishly expecting some tilt with fortune at the next turn of the road. I suppose you were right that nothing much has happened to me, or I shouldn't hunt so for the physical uplift of the unexpected. I don't want to be merely selfish—I want to help in the world, not to harm. I know that sounds cruelly sentimental, but it's hard to say, I mean, for instance, that I don't want distress to prove against myself, but I do want the shock of battle where distress exists."  
"Then people must seem to you merely means to an end."  
"I suppose it must look that way to



"I suppose it must look that way to you."

you," I said uncomfortably. "I'm getting tangled, but I want you to understand—" I hesitated. "When I asked questions in the hurry of the other night, it wasn't any desire to force my way into things that didn't concern me, to make an adventure of what distressed you—you mustn't think that. But it seemed to me that you were in trouble, and I wanted—"

I stopped, for her face had clouded as I spoke until now I dared speak no more, blaming myself that the perplexities that possessed me had again blundered across her path. Her eyes were upon the ground where her fingers burrowed absently in the sand. When she raised them to mine there were tears in them; but they were tears unshed, and eyes that looked at me kindly.

"Please don't," she said. "I do understand. I wouldn't like to let you help,

but there is something you can help about, nothing that I can ask or tell!"  
"Forgive me," I said, and looked away from her.  
I think that from that morning we were better friends. Neither of us again made any allusion to the night of alarm; but it was as if both now felt a share in it, a kind of blindfold sympathy not altogether comfortable. Once when we were making a long tour of woods and beaches, she said suddenly: "You don't talk much about yourself, Mr. Crosby."  
"Don't?" I answered. "Well, I don't suppose that what I am or have done in the world would be particularly interesting. You were right the other day, after all; nothing much has happened to me, or I shouldn't be so hungry for adventures."  
"Oh, but you must have had some adventure, everybody has."

I launched into a tale of a green parrot confiscated from an itinerant vendor and sold at auction in a candy store. I stopped suddenly. Was this her way of verifying her father's opinion of me? She read my half-formed suspicion like a flash.

"Listen," she said with quick seriousness. "If I had, or could have, the faintest belief in anything really bad about you, don't you see that I shouldn't be here? I want you to remember that."

"I ought to have known," I replied. "I'm very sorry."  
With that she swung back into gaiety, demanding the conclusion of the tale; but I was for the moment too deeply touched to follow. We were on our way home, and before us where the path took a little turn about a tree larger than its neighbors, a man stepped into our sight. He was walking fast, covering the ground in long nervous strides. He carried a bit of stick with which he switched smartly at the bushes along the path. For a moment he were both silent, then Lady caught her breath in a long sigh. It was the man we had met at the gate. He saw us then, and took off his hat.

"Why, Walter," Lady cried, "when did you come?"  
"Just now," he said, "just now. Annelise told me where to look for you."

"Good fellow, Annelise. Said you and Mr. Walter's name—big pardon, I never can remember names—said you had gone for a walk."

She flushed a little. "Mr. Crosby, let me introduce Dr. Reid. His memory never can catch up with him, but you mustn't mind that. Walter, Mr. Crosby was a classmate of Bob Annelise's, you know."

"So he said; so he said," Dr. Reid jerked out the words, frowning and biting his forefinger. "Excuse me, Lady, but hold on a second. Got to go back next car, 12:35 o'clock." He looked at his watch. It was 12:30 o'clock now. Beg your pardon, Mr.—Mr. Crosby. Beg your pardon!"

They spoke together for a moment, and we continued our walk uncomfortably. Miss Tabor seemed uneasy, and I thought that Dr. Reid restrained himself to our slower pace as if he resented having to wait and thought ill of men for my very existence. I caught him frowning sidelong at me once or twice, and shooting little anxious glances at Lady that angered me unreasonably.

I left them at the Annelise's and went on to a hurried luncheon made tasteless by irritation. Who in heaven's name was the man? A family physician would hardly go running about the country in his daughter's wake—for I could not doubt that it was she that had brought him here. Why on earth should he be rude to me? I had never met the man. What business had he to behave as if he resented my being with her—or for that matter, to resent anything she did? We had planned a game of tennis for the afternoon, and Dr. Reid, I reflected, with savage satisfaction, could hardly be expected to make a third.

Bob met me at the door. "Hello, old man," he said, "we have had a little loss; Dr. Reid has carried Lady off with him to his distant lair!"  
"Oh, but you must have had some adventure, everybody has."

## How Much Should a Woman Tell?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I have just received a proposal of marriage from a very nice young man," writes a troubled young woman, "and I accepted. A few evenings later he put a question to me that embarrassed me very much. He asked me regarding my past affairs of the heart. Now, what I wish to know is this: Has he any right to ask me such a question when he himself refuses to divulge to me any details of his past life?"

He hasn't the right, but man, who is spoiled every hour of his matrimonially-eligible days, and the climax of this fulminating process, reached when he guesses, confuses "impudence" with "privilege" and demands as his right to know that which in no way concerns him.

He hasn't the right, but he takes it and the only way for a woman to meet such an arbitrary command is to refuse to obey. There should be no compromise; no, "I'll tell you if you tell me," for the reason that a man never tells. More experienced, more wary, he always keeps the story of his past loves that is worth hearing in reserve, and tells his sweet-heart some silly little fairy tale of never in his life before having known what love is.

She, in pure gratitude for being the selection of fate for such honor, pours out the complete story of her past, and if she has done nothing worse all her life than croquet on Sunday, she enlarges and embellishes that crime, making of herself a double-dyed villain, and truly unworthy of the pure spotless love that has just been offered her.

She tells of every innocent little love affair in her past; of Jim, who went

back on her and broke her heart; of Bill, who was her first ideal, and of Tom, who was stolen away by a rival, and in the simplicity of her heart believes that her confession is the clearing away for a more stable and firmer foundation for this new love to build on.

Theoretically, she is right, but theoretically man is a big, tender-hearted, whole-hearted creature, dominated solely by the desire to cherish and protect. In fact, he is the embodiment of jealous tyranny. He gives to himself the right to love easily and the right to love often. He goes through an orchard trying his teeth or fingers on every apple he can reach and demands, when it pleases him to make a selection to have for his own forever, that the apple be one that was never touched before.

He demands to be first. He gives a woman his today only, and demands of her yesterday, today and tomorrow. Though she did not know him yesterday, he is convinced that if she loved some other man yesterday she was false to him.

One must fight fire with fire. For every half confidence, give less than a half. The girl who loved another man a year ago puts a club in the hands of her husband when she confesses it. The love was pure and innocent and maybe never very deep, but the club is as heavy and welded as often as though that love had been everything that is the reverse.

"How much should a woman tell?" For the sake of her future peace of mind she should tell nothing. It argues ill for the future when a courtship and honeymoon are spent by either the man or the woman in digging for skeletons.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Try Good Behavior.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young girl who lives across the street from me and I know she likes me, but her mother does not want her to see boys.

So will you please tell me the best way to get her mother to let her see me? I. Conduct yourself well; show a deference for her wishes, and prove yourself to be a manly man. In that way you will win her consent, and the self-improvement you have made will repay you if you don't.

The Second Engagement.

Dear Miss Fairfax: If an affair, of which you have promised to be present, is postponed so as to conflict with another engagement, which had been made after the first one, which should be given preference, and what should guide your decision?  
A READER.  
You made the first engagement, and if it was postponed, that relieves you from obligation to keep it.  
There is no reason why you should break the second engagement. It is independent of the first, and an obligation.

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