

# One 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, 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 the girl, who has been 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 the work 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. Arrive at the Tabor home, Crosby is given a fulsome 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 was given him. He spends the night at the inn, and the next day Mr. Tabor visits him and tells him no man of his rank 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 Crosby. Crosby talks to the man in Italian and learns he is a sailor, who fancies Tabor's former employer who had defrauded him. Crosby goes on to meet the Anallie. Here he meets Miss Tabor again, she 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. Crosby and Miss Tabor rapidly become better acquainted, and just on the verge of explanation when Dr. Reid, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and carries her off. Anallie tries to comfort Crosby, who tells the whole story of his adventure. When he is done Anallie assures him whatever mystery may be connected with the Tabor family, it is not to the discredit of Miss Tabor.

## "Good-By, Winter. Hello, Spring!"

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By Nell Brinkley



Winter in her yellow fox furs—and her velvet coat—is wringin' out her handchafis and holdin' up one cold foot,

cause mankind is kissin' her goodby and turning to the soft, bare arms of Spring—Spring in her trouser-skirt and her ribboned ankles—her side-light curl, and her

little bit-liddie stuck high on her head, and her bouffant draperies! It's goodby Winter!—Hello, Spring!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

### Now Read On

#### CHAPTER VI. A Return to the Original Theme.

(Continued.)  
I waited where I was for the rest of the week; partly because I was resolved not to put myself in the wrong again, by following Miss Tabor's mysterious, too immediately, and partly to give time for Hob's promised vindication of my character to take effect. I could not, however, believe that it would, in itself, make any great difference: for the more I considered, the more it seemed to me that I had been right in my suspicion, and that the whole empty charge had been merely an excuse for driving me from the house and a device for terminating the acquaintance. I discovered during those few days the truth of the saying that to think is the hardest thing in the world; for my attempts to reason out the situation persistently resolved themselves into adventurous dreams and emotional reminiscences until I suspended judgment in despair and put the whole matter from my mind. And it was with an eager relief at last that I bade goodby to the Anallie and retraced my journey. Bob had received in the meantime no answer to his letter; but by that time I was not to be surprised.  
I took my old room at the inn, got myself into white flannels with leisurely determination, and set forth to call upon Miss Tabor. It was not hot, and all the air was clear with that sparkling zest common enough in autumn, but rare in

the heat of midsummer, and as I hurried along, the beauty of the world flowed over me in a great, joyous wave of hope and resolution. The little distance between the inn and the Tabor's I covered before I realized it.  
"Is Miss Tabor at home?" I asked the maid at the door.  
She took my card and hesitated. "I'll go and see, sir," she said finally, and ushered me into the big living room.  
I was all alone; voices came dimly from other parts of the house, and the room where I sat was cool and pleasant. I found my heart beating a little faster, and wondered at myself. Presently the maid returned.  
"Miss Tabor is not at home," she said. "Somehow, I had not expected it, and for a moment I stood looking at her foolishly as she held open the door. 'She is in town, is she not?' I asked clumsily.  
"I am not sure, sir; she is not at home, sir," the woman repeated woodenly.  
I trudged back through the glare of the impossibly brilliant day sick with my disappointment, and wondering if she had really been away. Could there be any reason why my card had not been taken to her? Had some general order gone out against me? Then I brought my imagination to a sudden halt. I was getting to be a fool. The probability was that the maid had simply spoken the truth; and in any case, the whole matter was easy of determination. At the inn I wrote a short note to Miss Tabor, saying that I was in town for a few days, regretting that I had missed her and asking when I should find a convenient hour to call. This dispatched, I found myself in a state of empty hurry with nothing to do; and after supper and a game or so of erratic pool, I set out to walk off an incipient and unresisting attack of blues.  
By the time I had tramped through a couple of townships and turned towards home I was fairly cheerful again. Landmarks had begun to look unfamiliar in the gathering gloom, and I took my turnings a little uncertainly; so that it was with a thrill of surprise that I found myself on a cross-road that ran alongside the Tabor place. The great house was largely dark and peaceful. Windows below gleamed dimly through the dusk; and above, a single square shone brightly. Two men were coming up slowly up the long driveway in front, which paralleled the road on which I stood; and as they approached the house, it seemed to me that they were walking not upon the gravel of the drive, but upon the grass beside it. When they reached the steps they turned aside, and stirring the house with a more evident avoidance of paths, crossed a stretch of lawn to what appeared to be a stable or garage some distance behind it. There was a furtiveness about the whole proceeding that I did not like, and I stood still a moment watching. Presently a match was struck in a room above the garage, and the gas flared on. Then, after a little, one of the men came out, pushing quietly across the lawn until he came to a step beside the house and directly in front of me. The light from the upper window fell

upon him and he stepped aside into the shade, but not before I had plainly seen his face. It was Lady's half-brother, Dr. Reid.  
He seemed excited; or perhaps anxious, for his movements were more jerky than ever, and he moved restlessly and continually as he waited in the shadow. Once or twice he glanced nervously over his shoulder, and I instinctively drew back under the bulk of a big maple beside the road. Then he would move out beyond the edge of the shrubbery where he could see the lighted room above the garage, then return to his watching under the window. Once or twice he whistled softly. There was no answer, and at last I saw his hand go back and a tiny pebble tinkled against the glass. Then I held my breath, my heart hammering in my ears, for Lady Tabor had come to the window.  
She softly raised it and leaned out, her face very white in the darkness.  
"Is that you, Walter?" she called under her breath.  
"Yes," he answered, "I have him in the garage. All clear in there? He mustn't be seen, you know, mustn't be seen at all."  
She laid her finger on her lips and nodded. Then the window closed silently and she was gone. Reid turned and ran back to the garage. When he came out they crept past me among the shrubs, talking softly. The older man was tall, with a breadth of shoulder and thickness of chest that would have done credit to a professional strong man; yet his voice came in an absurd treble squeak, with an odd precision of articulation and phrasing.  
"It is very important that we shall go quietly," he was saying.  
"Of course, of course," Reid whispered. Then they passed beyond hearing under the shadow of the house. Presently I saw them again, silhouetted against the gray wall. They were standing close together upon the narrow terrace that ran between the driveway and the side of the house, and Reid was fumbling at a pair of French windows. They opened with a faint click; and motioning the other man before him, he stepped in, closing the windows after them.  
I walked on, full of an impatient wonder at this new mystery, which, like its predecessors, would neither fit into any reasonable explanation nor suffer itself to be put aside as unmeaning. In front of the house I passed a big limousine drawn up by the roadside, its engine purring softly and its lamps boring bright tunnels through the gloom. I knew it for the Tabor's by the monogram on the panels; and as I went by, I noticed the chauffeur lying stealthily back in his seat puffing at a cigar. Of course it had brought the stranger, and was waiting to take him back; but on what errand a man could be brought to the house like a guest and sneak in at a window like a thief was a question beyond me to fathom.

## Conversation

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Guard yourself from unprofitable conversation; conversation which wastes time, energy, thought and speech, and brings no good result to speaker or listener.  
One does not want to talk always on serious or profound subjects. To hear serious or profound conversation continually would make life so ponderous that it would become insupportable to most of us.  
With humor, repartee have their profitable part in life. The man, or book, or play, or recreation, which makes us laugh in pure glee gives us a tonic for mind and body.  
There is no system of callisthenics so beneficial to health as the habit of hearty, rib-shaking laughter.  
The laughing cure has been advocated for all ills of mind and body. The patient is told to stand before the mirror and force laughter to ten minutes at a time. It is declared that this process will drive away melancholy, cure depression and put to rest all nervous maladies arising from over-sensitiveness and lack of self-confidence, and that hope, courage and ambition will soon reorganize the disordered realm of the mind and bring a happy train of helpers in their rear, including health and success.  
Therefore, any conversation or occupation of time which causes us to laugh at least once in the day is to be commended.  
It is even well to be frivolous at times; to think and talk of light and superficial matters, such as dress and fashions, and dancing and sports. Just as nature does not give all her energies to producing nourishment for her creatures, but takes earth space to send forth flowers and plants which have no practical use save their beauty, so may our minds be occupied at times with light themes.  
But there are few of us who do not waste precious moments and still more precious mindstuff in what we know, if we pause to think of it, is unprofitable conversation or worse than unprofitable. Have you not heard a whole family of intelligent beings use fifteen golden moments in a heated discussion regarding

the precise date on which some unimportant event occurred?  
One said it was the tenth, another was certain it must have been the ninth, or the eleventh—certainly not the tenth; a third was sure it happened an entire week earlier or later; and so on and so forth. And when the matter was settled or not settled, no one was a whit benefited. It is only when one is on the witness stand or some vital issue is at stake that such a use of memory and words is of the least importance.  
Again, so much valuable time is lost in discussing the weather. The weather is a topic one naturally finds in the foreground in lands where the thermometer prides itself upon rapid climbs and sudden descents. But even in the tropics, where the temperature does not vary over 10 degrees in the entire twelve months, people find the weather a time-killing topic.  
In our ever varying and never duplicated seasons, I have heard sensible human beings was almost violent, discussing whether last year of the year before was not warmer or colder than this year; or whether such unseasonable weather had ever before been known; or trying to prove that the first snow fell earlier or later some other year than this.  
Surely all this is unprofitable conversation.  
It is not instructive, interesting or amusing.  
It does not develop the reasoning powers or give food to the mind.  
And it entertains no one.  
Gossip is not only unprofitable, but it is a malignant substance, dangerous to the mind.  
If our callers introduce gossip, like a poison needle, we can readily change the subject and refuse the inoculation.  
And we can go alone after the caller departs and use a mental antidote in the way of affirmations of love and good will and peace to all created things; and more light for the goaler.  
To read what is painful, vicious or terrible, unless we are prepared to go forth and endeavor to relieve the conditions of which we read, is unprofitable. The same time devoted to music or a language would soon bring an accomplishment.  
To sit and listen to the stories of terrible surgical operations, or to relate them, is a popular method of indulging in unprofitable conversation with many women.  
And it is a sure method of inviting sickness, and maladies which may lead to similar operations.  
Every thought and every word has its effect upon our physical structures. In Proverbs, all is read "The tongue

of the wise is health;" in the same book, "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refrains his lips is wise."  
And yet again, "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life."  
Cultivate wholesomeness in your conversation. Invite it from others. Talk of good things; of happy things; of great things, and of clean things. There are so many interesting topics which come under this category.  
When you are obliged to speak of the bad, the sad, the petty and the unclean things, get it over as soon as possible

and cease to think of them afterward. Just as you might be forced to take something nauseating in your mouth, and as you would go and rinse your mouth with an antiseptic afterward, so hasten to talk of good and sweet things and to make your affirmations after your unpleasant talk has ended. Your thoughts and your conversation are building your character and shaping your future.  
Do not indulge in unprofitable conversation!  
And do not be afraid to remain silent when you have nothing of interest or value to say!

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)