

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What the Woman Will Wear

Four Stunning Paris Styles Exclusively Posed for This Paper

By Olivette

The Professor's Mystery

BY WELLS HAWTHORNE 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, and the car is overtaken. When Crosby covers consciousness, he finds himself unshorn, but with a fair, strange girl in his arms. The motorman and Miss Tabor charge, and they set about to restore the girl to consciousness. When she recovers she seemed rather annoyed, and the conditions Crosby finds his pockets have been searched, and he recovers everything Miss Tabor finds in his pockets but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this, but on it hangs a wedding ring. The girl protests they leave her, but they insist on seeing her safely to home. Arrived 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 shut out, Miss Tabor comes and comes downstairs. She 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 rank has any right to know a girl like Miss Tabor. Crosby's wife 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's former employer who had defrauded him. Crosby goes on to meet the Alitalia. Here he meets Miss Tabor, who tells him she has 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. Almost immediately Crosby, who tells the whole story of his adventures. When he is done Ainslie assures him that the mystery may be connected with the Tabor family, and the next day Lady Tabor and an elderly man took him to the Tabor's, just in time to watch a mysterious proceeding. Crosby is confined to his room, and Crosby has written to Miss Tabor, and the next day he overhauled Dr. Reid, who tells him that he has been in the house. Crosby refuses to do this, until told by Miss Tabor herself. A rather strained interview follows, in which Tabor dismisses Crosby, telling him he must never see her again.



The scalloped flounces of our grand-mother's day have returned and are most effectively used in the charming model of white taffeta, marked No. 1.

The bodice is simply and girlishly fashioned. It has two wide, square revers that fall in a deep berth from the V-shaped neck. The kimono sleeves are finished by a band of scalloped taffeta. At the elbow they are caught up by a little bracelet of white taffeta with a small pointed bow.

A plain band of taffeta forms the girde.

The skirt is of white net drawn up at the center and crossed by two scalloped bands of white taffeta that fall in a tunic movement. This is softly veiled by a point of embroidered net that falls over the front of the scalloped flounces.

Model No. 2 does not look particularly startling, and yet it shows the far-famed "jupe culotte"—the skirt of the harem—in other words, the bloomer skirt!

It is an afternoon frock of violet charmeuse. The draped skirt puffs beneath the hips and opens in a V over the feet. A bayadere girdle of violet foulard, embellished with saffron roses, encircles the hips.

The bodice, deeply décolleté in V shape back and front, is of yellow tulle over a foundation of the material. The décolletage is edged by a flounce of tulle. The sleeves are slightly puffed with an encircling band of the net at the elbow, where a brass buckle holds the fullness. Below this falls a double flounce of the tulle.

A dress, springlike in appearance and decidedly novel as to materials, is illustrated by No. 3. It is developed in vivid green faille, striped in white.

The bodice is kimono, widely opened over a waist of gathered white net finished by a flaring collar of white embroidered net. Two small straps of white faille, embroidered in gold, flare up over the vest at its lowest point. The three-quarter sleeves have wee cuffs of the white faille finished by puffs of the white net, gathered up in their inner seam.

White faille is draped across the front of the bodice in girde wise, with a pair of long, pointed sash ends falling at the side.

Below this the skirt is arranged in tiers. The upper tunic is caught through its center to make two puffs, is slightly gathered at the waist and has a short box plait in front. In this, as in the blouse, the stripes run vertically. The second tunic shows the stripes running horizontally about the figure. In the last section of the skirt is a plain, round model with the stripes running up and down in length-wise, longitudinal lines.

Taffeta is the favorite material of the spring. Fads in silk may come and go, but taffeta goes on forever, for no material of its chic, usefulness and general serviceability has been found.

This suit of black taffeta, shown in No. 4, may be copied in midnight blue or any dark street shade.

It is made with one of the new short coats, cut on kimono lines. There are the three-quarter sleeves that are so becoming to slim figures and that are so suitable for spring and summer wear. A puff of ecru net finishes the sleeve and is caught at the wrist by a band and bow of taffeta from which falls a double frill of the net.

From under the side seams pass wide stitched bands of the taffeta which cross and lift in front. A ruche of the ecru net finishes the neck and ties in front under a ribbon of the taffeta.

The skirt is laid in shallow plaits at the front and sides and is buffed over the hips to give the new bouasse shape. At the foot it gathers slightly into a band of the material.—Olivette.

Now Read On

CHAPTER VII. Sentence of Banishment Confirmed with Costs.

(Continued.)

"You know I can't do that," I said. "You must do what is suggested very gravely. 'Be kind to me—' she paused, 'because it's hard for me to send you away.'"

"You must tell me one thing more than that," said I; "is there— is there any one else?"

Her eyes fell. "That is it," she said at last, "except somebody else."

"That is all, then," I said quietly. "I shall stay away until you send for me," and I left her.

I have no remembrance of the walk back to the inn; but I closed my door behind me softly, as if I were shutting a door upon my dreams. Now I know that the dull round of daily life, of little happenings and usual days, stretched before me, weary and indistinct. It made little difference to think that I might some day be sent for. Evidently it was to Europe this summer after all. My only desire was to make my going a thing immediate and complete; to rupture so absolute the threads of the web that we had woven that I could feel myself separated from all, enough aloof from love to think of life. I did not stop to ask myself questions or to wonder precisely what was the nature of the impossibility that was driving me away. There would be time enough for that.

I began to pack feverishly, gathering my belongings from their disposition about the room. I felt tired, as a man feels tired who has lost a battle; so that after I had packed a little I sank wearily into the chair before my bureau. Then after what may have been a minute or so of dull unconscious thought, I fell again to my task, pulling open the drawers from where I sat, and searching their depths for little odds and ends which I piled upon the bureau top. The bottom of the second drawer was covered with an old newspaper; and I smiled as I noticed that its fabric was already turning brittle and yellowish, and read the obsolete violence of the head lines. Then a name half-way down the page caught me with a shock, and I slowly read and reread the lines of tiny print, forming the empty phrases in my mind with no clear sense of their meaning. They were like the streams of silly words that run through one's head in a fever, or half-way along the road to sleep; and it was an eternity before they meant anything.

"REID-TABOR. On May 24, at the home of the bride's parents, Miriam, daughter of George and Charlotte Bennett Tabor, to Dr. Walter Reid."

CHAPTER VIII. How We Made an Unconventional Journey to Town.

Very carefully, and wondering the while as a listless fashion why I should do so

I was coming along the street the other night, and I passed this guinea standing under a street lamp, talking to that Reid fellow that lives up to Tabor's. Doc Reid, you know whom I mean? Well, I was going past and I heard Reid say: 'Now, you understand what you got to do,' he says, 'keep quiet and keep away.' The minute you show up here or give any trouble,' he says, 'the money stops. You understand that?' he says. And you can call me a liar if you like, but I swear I saw him slip the guinea a roll. Now, what do you know about that?"

I put him off as well as I could. Here was another point in the labyrinth, but I had no energy to think about it. I got away from the gossip at last only by taking refuge in my room. And the rest of the evening was a dreary nightmare of unreality which only expanded without changing when I tried to sleep. I tossed about endlessly, thinking thoughts that were not thoughts, dreaming vivid dreams even while I watched the swollen shadows about the room and listened to the unmeaning voices and footsteps in the hallways. It seemed so much a part of this when some one pounded on my door and told me that I was wanted on the telephone, that it was a troublesome task to make me understand.

I pulled on a sweater and ran downstairs, wondering who could have called me up at 11 in the morning. I was not long in doubt.

"Hello! This Mr. Crosby? Hello! Hello there! Mr. Crosby? Hello!"

"Yes," I said savagely. "What is it?"

"Dr. Reid talking. Can you—what? All right—hold the line a second." Then Lady's voice: "Mr. Crosby? Listen: I have to go to New York in the machine now, right away. Can you come up with me?"

"Can I—? Why, of course; but why doesn't—why don't you take some one else?"

"No one else can go. If you're not willing—"

"Of course I'm willing," I said. "If I can be of use."

"I knew you would. The car will be there for you in five minutes, or—wait! there's no need of waking up the whole inn. Walk up to the first street corner this way, and the car will meet you there."

Five minutes later I was standing on the corner, shivering with interrupted sleep, while four flaming yellow eyes swung toward me down the hill. It was the same big limousine I had noticed the night before. I climbed in beside the chauffeur. With a crash and a grinding lurch the car swung around and panted up the hill again, toward the Tabor's. There was power and to spare, but I noticed that one cylinder was missing now and again.

"Your ignition isn't very steady," I said to the chauffeur. "What is it—valves?"

He turned and looked at me with supercilious respect. "Poor petrol, sir. I fancy she'll run well enough, sir."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

May dashed forward in column of four, at the head of his squadron.

"Storming right up to the breast-works in front of the guns, May leaped his horse over them, knocked the gunners from their pieces, and, riding up to the commanding officer, who was in the act of reloading a gun with his own hands, summoned him to surrender. Le Vega yielded his sword and was sent into the American lines. Captain May's charge is still reckoned among the most daring and brilliant deeds of the war."

The American strength at Resaca de la Palma (actually engaged) was 1,700; that of the Mexicans exceeded 4,000. The American loss in the battle was thirty-nine killed and eighty-two wounded. The Mexicans lost in killed 262, wounded 353, missing 185, total 802—between six and seven times the American loss.

The Mexican retreat soon turned into a panic. The infantry threw away their cloaks, muskets and cartridge boxes to speed their flight. The horsemen urged on their jaded steeds regardless of the fallen, till they fell themselves, exhausted, on the road.

Hundreds hid themselves in the dense woods, hoping to escape under the cover of night. General Taylor's cavalry were too few to cut off the enemy's retreat, and, having no boats with which to cross the river, his troops returned to partake of the captured viands in the Mexican camp.

The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma staggered Mexico. The vanity with which the Mexican leaders had gone into the conflict was rudely pricked and if their intelligence had been equal to their self-confidence they would right then and there have quit the game, since it had been most plainly demonstrated to them that no matter how brave and willing their soldiers might be, they could not successfully stand up against Americans in battle.

Simultaneously with the march of events in the territory that had been assigned to General Taylor, congress, the president and his cabinet, and everybody else that could be prevailed upon to help, were busy formulating a general "Plan of Campaign."

Taylor's force, known at first as the "Army of Observation," and later as the "Army of Occupation," was now to be assisted by what was called the "Army of the West." They were to operate far apart, but were to work to the one common result.

In the Army of the West the shining names are Kearny and Doniphan, the men who dared attempt what looked like the impossible, and succeeded in making the history which causes the most florid pages of romance to seem dull and uninteresting as a "twice-told tale vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

According to the "Plan of Campaign" it was to be the task of the Army of the West to conquer New Mexico and California, and in the next chapter it will be shown how the task was performed.

Our Last War With Mexico

How It Started; How It Was Fought; What It Cost in Lives and Money and What We Gained by It.

By Rev. THOMAS H. GREGORY

This concise history will be completed in six installments, published consecutively.

Chapter III.

On the 24th day of April, 1846, the Mexican General Torrejon, with a considerable body of infantry and cavalry, crossed the Rio Grande and on the following day came upon a scouting party of twenty-six American dragoons under Captain Thornton, who, after a short skirmish, were surrounded and captured. The American casualties were sixteen killed and wounded.

The first blood of the Mexican War was shed, and it was up to the United States to do the rest.

Our country was in a state of utter unpreparedness—no more ready to begin war than it was to begin a trip to the moon. The regular army was hopelessly inadequate in numbers, the whole force on paper being but \$34, the total number "present for duty" being only 68 commissioned officers and 812 non-commissioned officers, musicians, artificers and privates—an aggregate of a little over 9,000. The younger officers were mostly graduates of West Point, and so far as theoretical training in the art of war could make them good soldiers they were excellent, but they had never seen a civilized enemy.

There was no plan of campaign. Congress voted \$10,000,000 and 50,000 men, but nobody in the cabinet or in the field seemed to have the least idea of how the money and the men were to be used.

Neither army nor navy had an intelligence department. Nobody knew anything of the topography of Mexico, the width and depth of its rivers, its climatic conditions or the character of its roads. In the midst of their embarrassment they called on a Rhode Island man to "draw a rough diagram," and upon the strength of that extempore outline they must begin their operations.

General Taylor, in command of the "Army of Occupation," with headquarters at Point Isabel, did not have much time to study the "rough diagram." The Mexicans, flushed by Torrejon's victory over the little squad of scouts, pressed ahead, and on the 5th of May attacked the American garrison at Fort Brown.

The cannonade of the fort was almost incessant for 100 hours, but the Americans stood by their guns and refused every summons to surrender. Suddenly, about noon of the 5th, they heard the sound of cannon in the direction of Point Isabel. General Taylor was marching to their succor. He had met the enemy and the battle of Palo Alto was in full swing.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Get the Money First.

Dear Miss Fairfax: While away from home last September I became acquainted with a young gentleman whom I learned to love very much. After a short acquaintance I found he had got into a little trouble, and, in order to help him out, I offered him some money. At first he refused, but finally took some. I have seen him only a few times since, but several times I have written him regarding the loan. About three months ago I received an answer saying as yet he was sorry he could not return the same. Now, what would you advise me to do in order to win his friendship back again, as I love him very dearly, and I believe he liked me until the trouble arose.

HEARTBROKEN.

You are an extremely foolish young woman to continue to love or even respect a man under such conditions. You seek to get his "friendship" back, regardless of the money. My dear, you will find good use for the money; you will never find good use for such a friendship. It is sentimental silliness like this that encourages a certain class of male parasites.

Planning for the Stork's Arrival

Among those things which all women should know of, and many of them do, is a splendid external application said in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." It is a penetrating liquid and many a mother tells how it so wonderfully aided them through the period of expectancy. Its chief purpose is to render the tendons, ligaments and muscles so pliant that nature's expansion may be accomplished without the intense strain so often characteristic of the period of expectancy.

"Mother's Friend" may therefore be considered as indirectly having a splendid influence upon the early disposition of the future generation.

Whatever induces to the same and comfort of the mother should leave its impress upon the nervous system of the baby. At any rate it is reasonable to believe that since "Mother's Friend" has been a companion to motherhood for more than half a century it must be a remedy that women have learned the great value of.

Ask at any drug store for "Mother's Friend," a penetrating, external liquid of great health and value. And write to Bradfield Regulator Co., 403 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for this book of useful and timely information.