

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Professor's Mystery

BY WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER

Illustrations by Haason 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 the 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 Field, 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 truth, turns out to be Maclean, an old friend of Crosby's, who is persuaded to suppress the Tabor name, and to assist in clearing up the mystery. In the meantime Crosby has gotten into the good graces of the Tabor family, has 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 intervenes. Crosby returns to the Tabor home, where he gets into an intimate conversation with Mrs. Tabor, only 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 and Mr. Tabor go to have a smoke and talk over the situation.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XV.

Mental Reservations.

(Continued.)

As soon as we left the table, Mr. Tabor suggested that his wife was very tired, and that she should be off to bed. She agreed reluctantly enough only when Lady joined her father in his importunity and said that she would go up with her. At last she rose and bade us all good night; but when she and Lady were at the very door, she turned and looked back at us. Then, of a sudden she ran lightly across the room and stooped to my ear. "I have a little secret of my own," she laughed across at her husband. Then very swiftly, and with a catch in her voice, she whispered, "They are trying to take Miriam away from me!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Meager Revelations.

I glanced instinctively across at Mr. Tabor, to see if he had overheard; but he gave no sign of having done so. He stood with one broad hand slowly tightening and relaxing over the back of his chair, his eyes following unwaveringly the slight figure as it passed beyond the curtains and Lady let them fall into place, then he sat wearily down again, with a smile that did not smooth the white wrinkles of his brows.

"That shows how tired Mrs. Tabor is."

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1915 Wellesley Crew in Record Form



The speedy 1915 Wellesley college crew out for a trial spin on Longfellow lake, at Wellesley, Mass. This boat has been victorious in a majority of brushes with the other class crews at Wellesley. The crew is made up as follows: Caroline Blackstone, captain; H. P. Fields, Elma Jaffron, H. Hunter, Dorothy Richardson, Gladys Merrill, G. Busey and Alice Place.

The Value of a Cat Nap

What "Forty Winks" Will Do for Health and Beauty

Our Vast Resources in Nature

By ELBERT HUBBARD.



Miss Murdoch in two charming poses.

By MAUD MILLER.

If anyone should ask for a personal opinion of Miss Anne Murdoch, who is playing Florence the irresistible, on "A Pair of Sixes," I should call here a deaf. There is nothing in the world that seemed to fit her charming personality so well as dimpling and, pushing a cloud of red gold hair out of her eyes, she wrinkled up her forehead thoughtfully as though on an inward hunt for some of her ideas on beauty.

"Why I know just what I have to thank for my gay spirits," she declared, after a moment's hesitation, "I have preached it to loads of my girl friends, and after they have tried it they all vote it a huge success. Perhaps you will smile when I tell you, because I don't remember ever having heard of it before, but I put all of my faith on a series of cat naps taken at intervals through the day, whenever I have a chance to close my eyes and lie back undisturbed. Of course, to be well and overflowing with good spirits all the time, a girl must live a regular life. There must be no gaps between things, she must have time for everything and live exactly as she would

play a game. For that reason I always divide my day into periods and I never allow any two periods to overlap. The things that I do are of course interesting. How could I be happy doing things that were dull and monotonous? But I perform them religiously, so that to a certain extent my days are lived in periods of routine exactness.

"And now for my cat naps. After I have finished, say my period of studying, I allow my thoughts to wander off away from the duties of the day, for about five or ten minutes. In short, I take forty winks, relaxing every muscle and keeping my eyes tightly closed so as not to see my surroundings. Sometimes I can almost drop off for a few minutes, sometimes I am not a bit sleepy, and just rest, but I always get a great deal of comfort for my mind isn't accustomed to routine work, and when it is scrambling around in the short breathing spaces that I allow at different times during the day, it is searching for some material in which to take an interest.

"Of course, my cat naps never interfere the least bit with my regular sleep at night. My routine work during the day always makes for a long restful night. Regularity is the greatest beauty specialist. But my cat naps help to keep me happy; they keep my eyes bright and they keep me from getting cross. They say that people with red hair are

often very fiery tempered and I'm sure I'm not an exception to the rule, but being cross doesn't pay and it's so hard to get into a temper at a regular time each day that it doesn't seem to fit in with my routine schedule. And so I'm not cross very often. Try taking forty winks once in a while; it's an antidote for almost anything."

The world's supply of coal will be exhausted, at the present rate of consumption in 300 years. The supply of iron will be gone in 100 years.

Three-fourths of the oil wells in Pennsylvania that once produced are now dry. A hundred years ago whale oil was the one illuminant.

In 1853 Colonel Drake in digging deep for salt "struck fire."

In 1876 Edison sent a current of electricity through a vacuum, and thereby confounded the sevens who declared there could be no light without combustion, and no combustion without oxygen.

Edison got his light without either, and thereby proved that light was a form of energy and that energy was transmutable into different forms.

Petroleum is a deposit. It is stored-up fish oil, distilled and preserved in nature's laboratory. You empty the pocket and you exhaust the supply.

But electricity is elemental and industrial. We use it over and over, and, like water, it traverses earth, trees, animals, clouds and comes back again to our bidding.

Water is the natural mate of electricity. They go together. Franklin with his kite and key, coaxing from the skies the secret of electricity, could only work in a thunderstorm.

Electricity has only one love, and that is water. And this love is reciprocated.

The children of this mating are the arts, industries, the homes, factories, parks, the ships that sail on the sea, sending out their searchlights, and receiving and sending wireless messages—all are born of negative and positive attractions—wool, if you please, rubbed on amber.

Aye, man himself is an amphibian that has learned to breathe air. The beginning of every life is an unseen aqueous germ, vitalized by a saline solution carrying an electric current, liberated by contact.

So there you have it. The supply of iron is all in sight, and the building of the future will have to be of materials that are at hand. The wood is gone, but rock is plentiful. The rocks of the Grand Canyon could rebuild the cities of the world, and then the quarry would not be really opened.

The building material of the future will be concrete. The Egyptians knew the secret of concrete, and it died with them. They built their pyramids and columns of mixed cement. We are now re-discovering this exhaustible building material. Take courage.

The mountains, rock-ribbed and lazing as the sun, are nothing but concrete—flood's concrete—melted and smelted by heat, pressure and time.

Man can supply the heat and pressure, and he can eliminate the question of time and make granite in a day. Gneiss, felspar, marble, quartz, granite are the accidents of energy.

Mind—human mind—has now evolved so that man, in degree, controls nature. And the way he controls nature is by loving her, working with her, never opposing her.

Man can make pyramids and he can remove mountains. He can crumble the hills to dust, transport them to distant points and there reconstruct them.

But in the making of concrete water is an absolute necessity. Heat applied to water liberates energy, and this was the secret that fashioned the hills and gave form to the mountains.

The mighty mixing and explosive power of heat and water is creative. Creation comes from the currents of electricity exploded by contacts—attraction and repulsion, positive and negative, but always and forever the germ of the unseen becomes visible only when bathed into life by water, and vitalized by a shock.

Well do we speak of "the waters of life." There can be no concrete without water.

And you cannot get electricity without water.

Electricity is in its infancy. It is a young science. While other things are costing more than formerly, electricity and electric appliances are getting cheaper all the time.

It is the march of progress.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON VIII—PART II.

The Hands—Their Possibilities.

The beauty of the hand is much a matter of training and care. The hand is far less sensitive than the face. It should far outlive it, but often through cruel abuse and neglect the hands become wrinkled and unlovely long before the median of life is reached. My pupils sometimes say to me: "There is nothing I can do for my hands now beyond having my nails manicured." They are quite wrong. I have often seen a few months' intelligent care transform discolored, wrinkled hands to smoothness and attractive whiteness. Is it not worth trying?

Most hands are harmed by the too frequent and indiscriminate use of soap. Dirt becomes grimed into the skin and the quickest and most thorough way of getting rid of it is to use strong soap. Both the dirt and the soap are bad for the hands. The sort of soap that removes dirt quickly, the kind you would use to clean any soiled fabric, soon dries the natural moisture from the skin and wrinkles result.

The escape from this dilemma, my dear friends, is to protect your hands; do not ever allow them to become stained or very much soiled. I am going to ignore the fact that many of you do housework, work in your gardens, or perform other hand routine tasks, but it is possible to do all these things and still care for the hands.

Mrs. F. G. writes me regarding an excessive dryness of the scalp. The best remedy for this is regular massage of the scalp, which will excite the natural flow of the oil glands. In the future lesson I shall give directions for complete scalp massage. I also recommend that Mrs. F. G. rub yellow vaseline into the scalp every other night, using only a little at a time and taking care not to get it on the hair.

Note—Lesson VIII is divided into five parts and should be read throughout to obtain full information on the subject. (Lesson VIII to be continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Strictly Speaking, No.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please tell me if it is proper for a gentleman to smoke either pipe, cigarette or cigar while walking with a lady?

Of course, if she grants him permission to smoke it is his understanding it would be right for him doing so, but just what is proper and strictly in accordance with etiquette is the information I ask.

E. A. W.

Smoking in the presence of ladies is one of the ungalant things custom has made polite.

Permission should always be asked of the lady, and no matter what her private wishes may be she stamps herself a grade (in the modern application of the word) if she refuses.

Often Enough.

Dear Miss Fairfax: How many nights a week should an engaged couple meet? We see each other three nights a week and sometimes Sunday. Is that too often or not enough? Why doesn't true love run smoothly?

Three nights a week is often enough, and one night mid-week and Sunday night would be better. The love lives longest that is not kept on a continual strain. True love sometimes runs smoothly, disputes proving nothing for or against. It often happens that lovers quarrel because each is trying to prove the mastery. One of the two learns after marriage that it is wisest to give in, and the courtship is disturbed by finding which is to be the one.

Why Not?

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a married woman who is an intimate friend of a bride to attend a bridal shower, and is it proper for a single girl who is an intimate friend of a married woman to attend a stork shower?

Such parties are given to one's friends, and the fact that a woman is married or single has no bearing on her eligibility as a guest.

It is Quite Proper.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Recently I received a letter from a girl I think a great deal of—in fact, I love this girl! She has a great habit of putting mysterious initials on the end of the writing paper. Do you think this is proper and would you kindly let me know what the initials "R. S. V. P." signifies?

R. S. V. P. stand for the French, "Respondes si you please," which means "Please answer."

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get one ounce of ointment—double strength—from the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., or any druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Of course your husband can be sent to prison for blackmail, if I can't otherwise be rid of him, but for your sake I should rather have him simply go away. If you are not willing to help Sheila, you need only say so.

For a moment I thought she was going to refuse, but after a vain appeal or two, she gave way rather suddenly, and agreed to leave early in the morning.

Mr. Tabor glanced quickly at me. "We can do that very well, as we have done."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)