

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

By WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER.
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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 Analeve. 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. Crosby 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 Analeve he meets Miss Tabor again, and they are getting on famously, when Dr. Walter Reid, 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 trail, turns out to be Maclean, an old pal 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 gamblers 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. Tabor explains that his wife's health has been shattered since the death of a daughter several years prior, and that conditions are becoming unbearable. Carucci is the storm-center, and they agree that he must be gotten rid of. Sheila is to help Crosby get back to town and encounter Maclean, who has dug up some information as to Carucci. Maclean explains the situation, that is leading up to the solution of the mystery. It involves a visit to a spiritualistic seance, which Crosby makes under Maclean's guidance. It develops the medium pretends to produce the spirit of Mrs. Tabor's dead daughter, the wife of Dr. Reid. Leaving the scene of the seance, Crosby sees Carucci on the street and follows him to a drinking place, where the Italian meets Dr. Reid and a giant, and drinks are served for three. It becomes apparent that Reid has an scheme on foot, for Crosby notes that Carucci's drink is drugged, while neither of the others is drinking. A large roll of bills is handed Carucci just before he collapses and is carried out. The giant comes back with the money and gives it to Reid. Crosby accuses Reid, and they quarrel.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XIX.

In Which I Cannot Believe Half I Hear.

"There's plenty of time for that," I said, lowering my voice instinctively, as I felt my own temper slipping. "I'll ask you just one more question. On your word, is Miriam Tabor alive, or not?" "I never saw a man so broken by a word, he turned from red to greenish white, the perspiration shining on his forehead; for a moment it seemed that he could not speak. Then he dragged the words out hoarsely and ungrammatically: "You've taken a damned, cowardly advantage—Miriam Tabor was my wife, and she's dead. Now are you satisfied? Because I'm not."

There was nothing to add. I rose in silence, and we made our way to the door. On the sidewalk, he waited for me to choose my direction; then without a word, turned pointedly in the opposite one, and walked quickly away. I set out for the Carucci tenement in a state of no great comfort. By forcing a scene I had gained nothing, and I had made an overt enemy of Dr. Reid. Not that I was particularly concerned over that development; I had never liked the man from the first, and I was impressed not so much by what he had said as by his open and ungrammatical confusion. Think what I might of my own side of the affair, Reid had confessed to a personal concern with Carucci; he had flown into a rage upon my asking for an explanation; and the name of Miriam had stricken him like a blow. He had told me nothing, after all, and had made me the more anxious of what he refused to tell. If he had been absolutely in the right, I had nothing worse than to touch upon a grief brutally, and he would have said precisely what he did say if I had been justified and he had been lying. Well, Carucci was out of reach, and Reid worse than silenced. What chance remained to me of an answer to my problem depended upon Sheila.

Try Skin Absorption Instead of Cosmetics

The constant use of rouge and powder invites a coarse, roughened condition of the skin, eruptions, enlarged pores and wrinkles. If you've learned this from experience, suppose you quit cosmetics and try the following: Ask your druggist for an ounce of ordinary mercurized wax and begin using tonight. Apply like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Keep this up for a week or two. The wax will literally scrub the coarse, colorless or discolored skin, but so gradually as not to discommode you at all. Just as gradually the clear, velvety, naturally tinted under-skin comes to the surface. And mercurized wax becomes your everlasting friend. For these wrinkles and large pores, make a face bath by dissolving an ounce of powdered salicylic in a pint of water. This has remarkable astringent and tonic properties, and beneficial results come quickly.—Advertisement.

Two of the Latest Styles from the Paris Shops

Described by Olivette



No afternoon costume could be found that would be more charming than this combination of green and white taffeta frock and cape of plain green charmeuse shown on the left. The dress has a bodice made with bill arrangement laid in broad tucks and fastened by a row of tiny white bows. The underarm and sleeves are of white chiffon. Frills of the chiffon finish the sleeves in the turned-up fashion of cuffs. The rolling collar of chiffon has a double frill and fastens with a tie of the striped material. The skirt gathers under a belt of plain green charmeuse and buttons in a line to continue the bodice fastening. Stitched pockets trimmed in the buttons cross the side. Under this tunic upper skirt is an underskirt that buttons over the right ankle. The graceful cape of the green charmeuse hangs straight from the

shoulders and is topped by a "Coquille" collar and fastened by a cord and tassels of white silk. The afternoon frock on the right combines linen and tulle in a fashion that is at once cool, charming and smart. The bodice is a simple blouse of fine linen, turned up at the fronts in two scalloped revers, hand-embroidered. The neck is finished by a double collar of black and white tulle. The short sleeves are finished by a band of the embroidery. The draped girdle fastens at the middle front under a huge bow of black tulle. The skirt is gathered at the waist and has three flaring flounces of the hand-embroidered, scalloped linen outlined in bands of the black tulle. The skirt is gathered into a puffing at the bottom and above this is set a wee puffing of the black tulle. OLIVETTE.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON VIII—PART IV.

The Hands—Their Possibilities. Provide yourself with a loose, perfectly clean pair of white kid gloves, several sizes too large for you, and sleep in these at night. Before putting them on wash the hands thoroughly with pure soap and warm water, dry them well and rub in cold cream, or if wrinkles are forming, a good massage cream. Take each finger separately and work the cream well into it, twisting the finger slightly and working from the base to the finger tip. Then cover the back of the hand with the cream and treat it to a series of little patting movements, beginning at the wrists and running up over the knuckles, setting all the cream into the skin that it will hold. This will fill out hollows and take away wrinkles, and sleeping in the kid gloves at night will induce perspiration which will whiten the hands. If there are discolorations on the hands, apply peroxide of hydrogen once or twice a week, no oftener, as it is drying to the skin. In large cities the regular weekly visit to the professional manicurist has become to be a habit, and with one thorough treatment a week it is a simple matter to keep the nails in good condition. However, it is quite possible for a woman to manœuvre her nails herself, if she has the implements that a professional uses and practices the manner of properly using them. The proper tools are not expensive, but it is best to purchase them separately and avoid those that come in sets. Ask for the best quality and the style used by professionals. They consist of a pair of scissors with curved, narrow blades, a long flexible file, a thin cuticle knife and a buffer of good size with a chamola cover that can be easily removed. In addition to these are some inexpensive articles such as orange wood sticks, a wide-mouthed bottle of peroxide of hydrogen, emery boards, a polishing cream or powder, a nail brush and a bowl of warm, soapy water. Note—The subject of "Manicuring" is to be continued in the next article. 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.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 15 and have been receiving attentions from a young man, but am not as yet engaged to him. Another young man of my acquaintance sent me a present of some wearing apparel. The first young man asked me to send this other young man a present back to him, telling me he didn't want me to receive any gifts from any other fellow than himself. What I want to know is, shall I keep the present or send it back? I do not want to hurt the young man's feelings who sent me the present, but I don't want to receive anything from a young man who has not asked me to send it to him. What do you advise me to do? T. H. D.

You must never accept gifts of wearing apparel from men. If the first young man is seriously interested in you he would naturally resent your receiving such a gift. Return it with a grateful little note, saying that you appreciate his kindness, but feel that you ought not to take advantage of it. You Can Do Nothing. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 20 years old and have a great many friends of both sexes, but there is one young man of whom I think a great deal. He very seldom has a position and he has one he is always grumbling about it. He also is inclined to alcoholics and gambles. What can I do to cure him? DISTRESSED. You can't save him, but you can wreck your own life if you choose by marrying him and making the effort. Suppose you show him you have some good common sense by cutting such a man off your list of acquaintances. Your love for him does you no credit.

Resinol

stops itching instantly

THE moment Resinol Ointment touches any itching skin, the itching stops and healing begins. With the aid of Resinol Soap, it quickly removes all traces of eczema, rash, tetter, ringworm, pimples or other tormenting, unsightly eruptions, leaving the skin clear and healthy. It is equally effective for sores, boils, burns, and rough hands, dandruff and piles. Resinol Ointment is so nearly Red-colored that it can be used on exposed surfaces without attracting undue attention. Resinol has been prescribed by doctors for 19 years. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment (50c) and Resinol Soap (25c). For trial see free write to Dept. 40-S, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Beware of useless "substitutes."

Changing Heavens

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

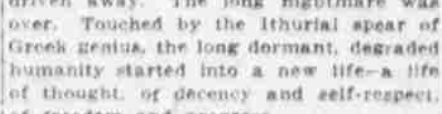
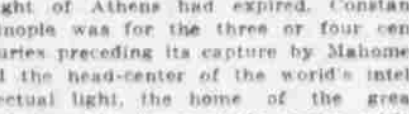
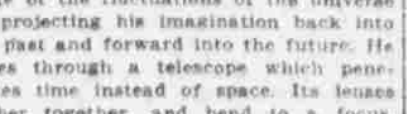
"That spectacle," said a friend of mine, one night, pointing up to the starry sky, "always overwhelms me with a sense of unchangeableness." "Yet," I replied, "it is the grandest type of continual and stupendous change that the imagination could possibly conceive. Its apparent unchangeableness is that of a distant landscape seen by a flash of lightning the wheel of a racing auto seems to be motionless. Your whole lifetime is but a lightning flash against the spinning wheels of the universe! The entire history of the world since the traditional time of Adam is but a lightning flash in the existence of the sidereal systems. They are all in motion, and they are all changing within themselves. Look yonder at that rich part of the Milky Way, there the millions of apparently crowded stars resemble luminous clouds. If you could stand watching those star-clouds for a million years, instead of a few moments, they would shift and roll before your eyes like the whirling vapors of an advancing thunderstorm. What Athens was in the case of Pericles, what Alexandria was after the light of Athens had expired, Constantinople was for the three or four centuries preceding its capture by Mahomet. It is the head-center of the world's intellectual light, the home of the great scholars, the haven of the choice spirits who treasured up in their devoted minds and precious folios the wisdom of the ancient times. The fall of the city forced these men to scatter themselves over Europe. The greater part of them went to Italy, though some of them sought refuge in Germany, France, the British Isles and elsewhere about the continent; and everywhere they were of immense value to a movement that had already set in here and there about Europe, especially in Italy. That movement was the renaissance of letters, or, as we call it in English, the revival of learning. Thanks to the immortal Petrarch and a few other Italians the revival had made a fair

Our Great Debt to the Turks

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The piece of work for which the world will ever be in debt to the Turk was begun on April 6, 1453, and ended, fifty-three years later, with the fall of the City of Constantinople. When Constantinople fell before the mad rushes of the Mussulmans, the barriers of darkness fell with it all over the earth, and the dawn of a new day was at hand for the long-blighted humanity. What Athens was in the case of Pericles, what Alexandria was after the light of Athens had expired, Constantinople was for the three or four centuries preceding its capture by Mahomet. It is the head-center of the world's intellectual light, the home of the great scholars, the haven of the choice spirits who treasured up in their devoted minds and precious folios the wisdom of the ancient times. The fall of the city forced these men to scatter themselves over Europe. The greater part of them went to Italy, though some of them sought refuge in Germany, France, the British Isles and elsewhere about the continent; and everywhere they were of immense value to a movement that had already set in here and there about Europe, especially in Italy. That movement was the renaissance of letters, or, as we call it in English, the revival of learning. Thanks to the immortal Petrarch and a few other Italians the revival had made a fair

vision, as restless and as swiftly variable as a winter storm-sky filled with eddying flakes. "Great Major the Great Wizard, Leo the Lion, Taurus the Charging Bull, Orion the mighty Hunter, the Southern Cross, the Northern Crown, the Lyre, the whole sky that mankind has admired and made legends about, are frisking up, circling, drifting, and now preparing to assemble in other formations, like the new heaven that is to shine upon the new earth of the Apocalypse. "But it is not only changes brought about by the astronomer's eye can perceive. Equally astonishing changes are taking place in the distances between our star, the sun, and his brethren. "Look up at Aldebaran, the red first-magnitude star in the eye of Taurus. It is going away from you at a speed of thirty-five miles per second, seventy times as fast as the swiftest cannon ball. Every successive night it is 2,900 miles farther than it was twenty-four hours before, and yet its distance is so great that it has not appreciably diminished in brightness in 1,000 years. Then fix your eyes on a little star under the foot of Orion, which astronomers call Delta Leporis. It is flying away from us at the rate of sixty-two miles per second. That means a retreat of more than 5,200 miles—between one night and the next—and yet Delta Leporis does not sensibly fade. It is like a distant steamer's light—so far away to begin with that no alteration of its distance can produce a change in its apparent magnitude until the time elapsed begins to bear some appreciable proportion to the space that intervenes. "If you will regard another little star in the Whale, called Eta Cephei, you will be looking at a projectile as big as a sun, which is shooting toward us more than fifty miles per second. The great Dog star, Sirius, which crossed the Milky Way hundreds of centuries before history began, is speeding in our direction at the rate of fifteen miles a second, and the little Dog star, Procyon, is chasing after him with the losing stride of ten miles per second. "The magnificent Arcturus is retiring into the depths of space with identified step—three miles a second—while Alpha Centauris, a twin star, each of whose components equals our sun, is drawing a million miles nearer every twenty-four hours. The vast Orion Nebula is retreating seven miles a second, but that whirling wonder called the Andromeda Nebula is rushing hitherward 185 miles a second, or more than 15,000,000 miles per day. "Luckily for us, it has plenty of sky room. "In view of all this, do the heavens still seem to you so placid and unchangeable?"



Get the Fish's Viewpoint.

Griggs—The last time we went fishing together I remember you caught the hook in your jaw and I had the dickens of a time getting it out. "Yes, I was from that little accident I haven't been fishing since"—Boston Transcript.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)