

# The 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 casually encounters at a suburban trolley station, Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party, both being bound for the Annapolis. 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 at a heated debate with a rough looking Italian the next day, and learns the Italian is one Carucci, leader of the Annapolis he meets Miss Tabor again, and they are sitting on a bench, 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 sets 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 cleaning up the mystery. 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. Reid and MacLean locate Carucci working with a gang of grangers near the Tabor home, and manage to stir up a ruckus with him, when Sheila intervenes. Crosby returns to the Tabor, 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 drink. Crosby 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. Some back to town and encounters 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 meets 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 girl, and drinks are served for three. It becomes apparent that Reid has a scheme on foot, for Crosby notes that Carucci's drink is drugged, while neither of the others is drinking. A large bill is handed Carucci just before he collapses and is carried out. The giant comes back with money and goes to Reid. Crosby accuses Reid, and they quarrel. Reid has planned to have Carucci shakedown, and Crosby meets Sheila and tells her what has happened to her husband. She tells him of the death of her daughter, and Reid, with a suggestion that Mrs. Tabor needs a priest more than a doctor. While Crosby is puzzling over the mystery, he calls on the telephone by Tabor, who tells him Mrs. Tabor has started for town alone, and asks Crosby to keep track of her. Crosby encounters Mrs. Tabor, and goes with her while she keeps an appointment with the man Reid had twice taken secretly to the Tabor home. After the interview Crosby takes Mrs. Tabor to the depot, where he encounters Sheila, and to her he gives his charge. On calling the Tabor home by phone, he gets hold of Dr. Reid, who seems puzzled by what Crosby learns. Crosby encounters the mysterious stranger about to enter a train to go to the Tabor, and follows him, finding out that he is Dr. Paulus, a noted alienist.

Now Read On  
CHAPTER XXII.  
I Learn What I Have to Do.  
I did not sleep much that night; but it was no longer the frustrate misery of indecision. I was done with all that, with beating myself aimlessly against blind bars and running weary circles in the wheel, with toasting helplessly in a

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 sold 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 ease 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 help and value. And write to Bradfield Regulator Co., 402 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book of useful and timely information.

## The First Breakfast

By Nell Brinkley



Here is the end of a dream and a beginning! Past the awning of the little breakfast porch the Spring birds sing and fall-birds—a-mating and a-nesting, too—and maybe "out for breakfast," (thinks Love, as he licks his atilly fingers. They started, you see, when they found that hands could touch and clasp across it. The bride poured the thick, clear coffee from her gleaming pot that

meah of irresolvable circumstances. I saw now what I had to do, and the problem was not what the trouble might be, not even what I must accomplish, but only how I should accomplish it. The Carucci story might be true wholly, or in part, or practically not at all; it did not matter. That was reason enough, granting their determination to keep it secret, for all that I had seen, from the midnight alarm, which had driven me out of the house, to Mrs. Tabor's terror of the alienist; and her absurd suggestion that he himself was insane clenched the matter. What supported it still more was that if these were so, then all these honest people had from point to point spoken the truth: Mr. Tabor had, as he said, trusted me to the edge of caution; Lady had told the truth in fear, and Reid under pressure; Sheila had told the truth, only inflated and colored by superstition. And as I thought over the substance of what she had told me, I wondered whether by some chance her tale had not been truer than I thought, nearer than even the others knew to the heart of reality. I would not take her ghosts too literally; but Mrs. Tabor might have some illusion of her dead daughter's presence, and I remembered the voice-called Miriam that had spoken in the circle of spirit seekers. Was there not surely some connection here?

Yet, however that might be, it all closed round a single need. I cared nothing after all, what the shadow might be, except that that concerned my taking Lady away from it. It would be like her loyalty to feel the family trouble a bond that she must not selfishly break, but like her girlhood to dream her mother's delusion a faith that must forbid her marrying. But she was wrong in both, and tomorrow I should tell her so and take her away with me. Even if she

wing—his face pink with the shock of icy water—the little bride, her curls knotted high, in a sweet-smelling little breakfast gown of the heaven-blue of her eyes—queening it across and around the table, thin glass with its one fair, white bride-rose. The table was three feet across, I reckon—that's a long way, but they found that hands could touch and clasp across it. The bride poured the thick, clear coffee from her gleaming pot that

were right. I should do the same; I had grown to care for the others, and I was not wholly careless of humanity; but in the face of this greater matter, family and race and right itself, if need were, might go to the devil. I was fighting for her and for myself, and for that wherein we two were one desire.

I fell asleep at last thinking of that, and imagining what I should need to say and do; and the next morning I went out to Stamford in a curious mood of de liberation; feeling, on the threshold of crisis, unaturally calm and sure; as if I were somehow going with the stream, a small embodiment of predetermined force, a mouthpiece of the thing which was to be.

As she had done once before, Sheila opened the door for me. It was very plain that she was glad of my coming.

"Sure, it's Mr. Crosby," she exclaimed softly. "What's the matter, air? You look white and tired like. 'Tis all the world seems upset lately."

"I want to see Miss Tabor, Sheila. Will you tell her that I am here?"

"That's the very thing I'm not to tell her, sir. She said most particular that she was not to see any one today; but—" Sheila frowned at me forbiddingly, "you sit down an' wait a minute, sir, an' I'll do me best. I'm a servant girl no longer—'ordres is nothing to me."

"But, Sheila—" I began nervously.

"But nothin', Mr. Crosby. You sit down an' wait," and she was gone before I could say another word. I sat in the great room, as if at the portals of judgment day, every fiber of me keenly alive, and yet my mind knowing no particular focus of thought. The future gaped before me like sterility, something too vaguely large for definition or comprehension. I remember that I kept whispering dryly to myself that man was master of his fate, and feeling infinitesimally comforted by the sophistry.

The curtains of the room parted, and Lady stood looking in my eyes. I saw before she spoke that she knew why I had come.

"I was sure that it was you," she said at last. "Sheila told me that a young man was downstairs, and that she could not get him to go away."

"She told me," I said, "that you did not wish to see me. Was that true?"

Lady sank wearily into a chair. "Sheila should not have let you in," she said. "I was afraid that you might come here, and you know that it was wrong of you to come. You know that as well as I do." She spoke monotonously, with pauses

her best chum gave her. Love folded his fat legs under the table, sitting between, and eyed the marmalade! And one of the bride's monogrammed napkins snuffed his fat neck and stuck out like extra wings below his ears.

One of the groom's hands crept out and edged the tall, thin vase on its side with a laugh. "Can't you see your golden face, sweetheart?" quoth he. And the clear, brown coffee cooled and cooled!

between the words, leaning back along the deep chair. The last few days must have been hard ones for her. She was very pale, the little blue veins in her temples distinct and clear lined. It tore me to see her so; and for a moment I wondered if I had done well to come, and felt a wave of that uncomfortable reaction which meets one on the threshold of a test; for a moment only, then I knew that even though I tired her the more, it was a price that we must pay for her sake as well as mine. No good ever comes of half understandings.

"No, I don't know that," I said slowly. "You don't believe that I'm altogether selfish, or that I would come now, when I know that many things have distressed you, to give you any further reason for distress?"

She leaned forward, one white hand raised. "Please," she said, "I am not sure—not really sure—why you have come. But I am certain of this, that you have made a mistake in coming. There's nothing on earth that you can do to help us just now—there's nothing anybody can do—there's nothing anybody can do."

"Oh, things aren't so bad as that," I knew that I was only temporizing, and raged inwardly at myself.

Lady's eyes dropped, and one hand played nervously with a loop of the chain that hung about her neck.

"I don't believe you can understand just how bad they are. The worst of it is that I can't tell you—oh, it wasn't fair of you to come today—her voice broke ever so little, and her eyes brimmed with unshed tears—"I'm tired and disheartened, and I want advice and comfort—no, don't come near me—I can't tell you anything—there's nothing I can tell to anybody in the world."

I was standing before her. "No, I can't comfort you now," I said. "I'm here to ask you things, and perhaps to hurt you very much. But you mustn't think I've come carelessly. I came because I had to—because there are things I have to understand to go on living."

Her eyes were widened, but she settled herself back as if to meet whatever blow my questioning might give. "I don't think that you are very generous today," she said; and her voice grew harder than I had ever heard it. "Neither shall I answer anything that I may not, But—perhaps you are right—perhaps there are some things that you have to say and have it done."

"You told me once," I began gently, "that your name was Margaret. Was that true?"

Love dropped his eyes, sighed in Jesu, sweet luxury and "waded in!" And the groom's eyes called and the little bride's two blue eyes answered back—and first thing, what with him a-courting and she a slipping pussy-footed round the cloth on her two little satin shoes—first thing—the two of 'em were on one side of the table!

Her chair yawned empty—the roast hardened and the coffee grew cold as sea-water fathoms down.

But Love—he ATE his breakfast—with his heart at peace—for "I have earned a rest," quoth he. "Long, sleepless, moonlight nights—love songs and walks, poetry and fasting—and strenuous days I've had—now I can EAT! I wasn't hungry then—but now my birds are under one roof-tree—and—where's the marmalade?"

—NELL BRINKLEY.



## Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON VIII—PART V.

The Hands—Their Possibilities.

Nails properly kept are filed a little every day and cutting is not necessary. But in the average case the operation is commenced by cutting the nails the proper length and filing them into shape. Use the file swiftly, taking one side of the nail at a time; round them nicely, following the shape of the fingers.

After the nails are the proper length and shape, soak them for from three to five minutes in the bowl of soapy water to soften the skin about them so it may be easily manipulated. Now wipe the fingers gently and with the blunt end of the orange wood stick push down the skin at the base of the nails until the white half moon is visible, taking care not to break the skin. Rub away any hard callous spots with the emery and trim closely away with the scissors any ragged bits of flesh. With the cuticle knife scrape away any skin adhering to the nail, but do this gently, so as not to injure or scratch the surface of the nail. If the ends of the nails seem rough, smooth them with the emery-board. After this is done the finger tips should be put back into the soapy water and cleaned with the nail brush. If they are not perfectly clean, put a bit of cotton wool on the pointed end of the orange wood stick, dip it in the peroxide of hydrogen and rub under and about the nail. The final step is to cover the nails with nail paste or powder and polish with the buffer, taking one nail at a time. Wash the nails again to remove traces of powder or paste; they should now be rosy, polished, perfect in shape and free from discolorations. If this is done once a week a few minutes' daily care of the nails is all that is necessary.

In the daily care of the nails avoid the scissors, but file them a little every day. Never clean them with a metal instrument; use an orange wood stick and be careful not to press this too far under the nail so as to increase the loose or white part. To avoid this have always on your dressing table a bottle of strong soap and water; put a bit of cotton on the end of your stick, dip it in this and clean the nails with it. It will not work so quickly as peroxide, but the constant use of peroxide will dry the nails and render them brittle.

Note—The subject of "Manicuring" was partly covered in the last article, Lesson VIII is divided into five parts and should be read throughout to obtain full information on the subject.

Madame Isbell's next lesson will be entitled "The Present Fashions—Are They Becoming to the Average Woman?" Madame Isbell will discuss the present freak fashions, the spineless figure, low-necked gown, the split skirt, etc., telling how they were originated in Paris, and why.

## Mistakes Husbands Make

By ADA PATTERSON.

They make many of them. None who have observed them will deny this. The husbands themselves will make no denials so long as the charge is not special, but general.

Nor will any truthful person contradict the statement that some of the mistakes are very grave. But it is one of the lesser mistakes that called forth advice from a brilliant New York woman:

"Men have progressed more than women because they have always mingled with their kind, in public meeting places, clubs and drink rendezvous, where they could play their games and discuss current events." "Until now women have for the most part stayed at home and accepted their men folk's views."

There is a valuable suggestion in that remark. It might well be embodied in a circular and sent to every married man in America. By discouraging the women of their families from association with other women men are making one of their many mistakes. Like most mistakes they are boomerangs that react upon the persons who make them.

Some men like beauty. A few are indifferent to it. All men become so used to it when it is under their own roof and they have a daily vision of it that they cease to prize it. But all men like women they classify as "bright," by which they mean "entertaining." A "bright" woman, as men regard her, is one who is mentally responsive without being argumentative. They like her to score them in repartee, but to do so with a smile. No creature in trousers ever liked a sarcastic woman, but every one of them likes a "lively" woman. On one point there has never been a dissenting masculine voice. No man likes a low spirited woman. The female pessimist is a mis-

take of nature, or, better, of her own, for it is in the power of every pessimist to become an optimist. Men like women to be quick witted, to be fairly well informed, to know a little about every subject save those too profound. A man wants the woman of his permanent interest to be merry, chatty, sparkling, but reaching no tiresome depths. The profound woman is to him as great a mistake as the female pessimist.

The emblem of the woman of his admiration, the woman he finds companionable, the woman he marries if he can, is the mountain stream, not the deep and quiet lake. He chooses vivacity and shines profusely.

A husband's mistake is to expect his wife to be "bright" without furnishing her with the means of brightening. He subscribes for the daily newspapers? Let me remind him that Bacon has said: "Reading maketh a full man." Books, newspapers, magazines, add somewhat to the fund of knowledge, especially if the faculty of selection be employed. Perusal of them will make a woman well informed, but they do not make her "bright." The husband who wants his wife to be illuminating may set her at the school girl task of reducing her experiences—to writing even in a diary, and of asking her to write synopses of the chapters of novels she has that day read. I know a college professor who is "bringing up" a young wife in this way. But again Bacon: "Writing maketh an exact man" and woman. Presently I suspect the college professor will find his wife pulling his breakfast table remarks to pieces and picking flaws in his class lectures.

The man who has told us that reading and writing do for a man and woman has given us the best recipe for making an entertaining conversationalist. "Confidence maketh a ready man." Allow your wife to hold conferences with other women, oh, husbands. The danger of her wasting her time at bridge whist? There is that danger, I grant you. The peril of her meeting silly women at hotels, teas and dances and of there learning the vulgar art of flirtation. There is some peril in this direction, I grant you, and if you have married a feather headed woman, you are indeed an object of pity for all mankind. But given an average woman with an average head full of common sense and she will be better instead of worse for talking life and its problems over with other women, of her own or a superior kind. Wherever two or three women are gathered together something sensible is said and that something may be a torch in one of the dark places of life in which your wife is groping.

Even the art of light conversation is one that must be learned. A woman never learns it by sitting frowingly at home alone. Solitude makes for silliness. If you want a "bright" wife let her sendpaper her wits against those of other women. If you find your life partner sulky and moody when you come home from work, her mood is probably not her own fault. It is yours. By insisting upon her having no women friends you have turned low the light of her intelligence. For yours is not wholly a brightening influence, my lord man. If you fancy so you are adding another to the mistakes husbands make.

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