

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Professor's Mystery

BY WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

Copyright, 1911, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Prof. Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for the train to take him to the Ainslies, where he had a social engagement, encountered Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. She, too, invited by the Ainslies, when the belated trolley comes, they start off together, to meet with a wreck. Miss Tabor is stunned and Crosby, assisted by a strange woman passenger, restores her, finding all her things save a slender golden chain. Crosby searches for this and finds it holds a wedding ring. Together they go to the Tabor's, where father and mother welcome the daughter, calling her "Lady," and give Crosby a rather strained greeting. Circumstances suggest he stay over night, and he awakens to find himself locked in his room. Before he can determine the cause he is called to leave the house, Miss Tabor letting him out and telling him she cannot see him again. At the inn where he puts up he notices Tabor in an argument with a strange Italian sailor. Crosby protects the sailor from the crowd at the inn and goes on to the Ainslies, where he again encounters Miss Tabor, who has told her hosts nothing of her former meeting with the professor. The two are getting along very well, when Dr. Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and bears her away. Crosby returns to the inn and demands to see Miss Tabor. Reid refuses, but Crosby declines to go until she tells him herself. Miss Tabor explains to him in a strained way and tells him it is her wish he leave and never try to see her again. He says he will not unless she sends for him. That night she calls him to join in a hurried trip by auto to New York. The chauffeur does not appear to relish the journey, but Crosby fixes the machine and they are driven into a crowded tenement district of the city. Here they ascended several flights of stairs, and found the door at the top blocked. Pounding it open, they discovered the body of Sheila, Miss Tabor's nurse. Bleeding from many wounds, but with signs of life, she pointed to the strange Italian, who is also Sheila's husband, in a drunken stupor in the next room. The chauffeur drives it himself, but Crosby carries the injured woman down to the car, and Reid appears to drive it himself. Crosby succeeds in eluding the police, but the timid chauffeur escapes. With no further ado, the party reaches the Tabor home. Here Crosby learns that Dr. Reid is married to Lady Tabor's sister. The details of the adventure are discussed, and the prospect of its getting into the papers. Crosby is informed that his former excitement from the Tabor home had been a bluff. Tabor explains how Sheila came to be the wife of Carucci, and the friends the Italian had made for the family. The newspapers come with sensational accounts of the affair of the night before, but no names of the persons who carried off Mrs. Carucci. Crosby and Mr. Tabor talk over the situation, and Lady Tabor, a friend of Crosby, where she meets a prying and inquisitive young man named Maclean, who turns out to be a reporter, and a friend of Crosby. Together they set about to locate Carucci and solve the meaning of a threatening note received by Tabor. The man hunt leads them through a lot of low saloons, frequented by Italians, where Crosby finds two suspicious looking men also searching for Carucci. Maclean informs him the police are also watching Carucci and his companion. Crosby consults with Lady Tabor, when they are disturbed by screams in a room upstairs. He finds Mrs. Tabor badly frightened.

"To Shoot or Not to Shoot" : A Puzzle for Danny : By Nell Brinkly

Copyright, 1914, International News Service



Young Dan behind a gray rock on the slope of the fashionable world in spring: "Heavens—is that my game or not? Is it a girl or a bird? I wish I knew what to do—I'd hate to let a girl get

by me—it's against my principles. But, by the beautiful blue eyes of Irish girls—if that doesn't look like a bird. And I don't shoot birds. I've got to look up on fashions—got to read about 'em—got to know what the Nineteen-Fourteen Lady

is going to look like. For it's quite likely that this going by on the path of spring is girl—I wish I knew—if this is the same Mother Eve that I got and have been bringing down ever since! To shot or not, that's my question."

Now Read On

CHAPTER XIII.

The Presence in the Room.

(Continued.)

In the doorway I stood looking about me. This was Lady's room, after all. A deep bed stood in the corner against the outer wall to my left, and close by, a little table with a book face-down upon it. A dress of some flimsy blue stuff lay across the foot of the bed, and from beneath peeped a pair of little slippers. My face burned at my intrusion, but I held my ground. The sunlight fell heavily through the two closed windows, across the wide rug, and almost at my feet. In the outer right-hand corner was a small desk. A low table, piled with dainty feminine miscellany, stood in the center of the room. A riding crop lay carelessly across it; and I remembered absently that the Tabor's had no horses. I stepped within, and cautiously closed the door behind me. Then I knew. There was some one in the room. It was unmistakable, this feeling of a presence. I listened closely, but there was not a sound. The skin crawled at my temples, and I could feel the stir of hair upon my scalp, the strange primal bristling that has stirred man conscious of the unseen, since the beginning of time. For a heartbeat, I stood there with much of the clutching terror of a child, a child willing enough to face a fight, but hesitating before the sudden mystery of a place that he must pass. Then I got hold of myself, and crossed over to the bed. I knew that he was not under it; but I looked to see. Behind me something tinkled sweetly, and I sprang to my feet with every muscle tense. Across the room and above the little desk, hung a circle of bronze and tiny bronze pendants shaped like birds and fish and leaves swinging from it on silken threads—such a thing as the Japanese hang above the bed of a child to ward off evil and to chime with every breath of air. I glanced uneasily at closed door and windows as I started across the room. Upon the big central table before me lay a thin film of dust, invisible save for the contrast of a streak across its edge where something had brushed along. Tiptoeing around it, I glanced down at the little desk and the half-written sheet upon it. "Lady, dearest," it began; and I gripped my hands at my sides. This was not Lady's room, but—One of the long outer curtains of the window shivered—shivered humanly with a trembling behind it; and I reached out my hand to grip through the fold the solid shoulder of a man.

In a sudden warm rush of relief, I struck at him savagely through the curtain, shouting as I struck. Then I gripped the curtain about, throwing all my weight against him and crushing him back against the side of the embrasure. He grunted, and an arm tore itself free from the folds above my head. Then there was a splash of light and a curious sharp smell that seemed to come from inside my own brain. And then nothing.

I knew that I had not lain there long, when I opened my eyes. Lady was kneeling on the floor beside me, very white and pitifully lovely. As my mind grew clearer, the color seemed to come back into her face.

"Mr. Crosby," she said, "I asked you not to come upstairs at all. I want to be able to trust you. What has happened?"

"Happened?" I repeated dully. "Why, I had to come up. I chased the man up here, and then I saw this door open and came in, and felt as if there was some one in here—and there was some one, there behind that curtain. I tackled him

and he hit me." I raised my head sharply. "Listen—the fellow is here yet." Lady pointed to the window behind me. "I think not," she said. "But I tell you he's still in the room." She smiled a little. "You are dizzy, see. Come here and look, and you will see what I mean." The window was flung wide, and beneath at the foot of the wall a spring bush lay broken.

"It looks as if you were right," I said, as she carefully closed the window. "I think I'll scout around a little outside, he may not have gone clear away." I noticed that she locked the door behind us.

My ideas were rather indefinite as I examined the spring bush after the most approved fashion, and discovered no more than that somebody had broken it by dropping from above, and had gone away. So I started vaguely across the lawn toward the road. At the gate, I ran into the men who followed us on our man hunt.

"He did not come this way," said the fat one, catching me by the arm.

"How do you know?" I asked.

The thin Italian smiled. "Then you are after Antonio Carucci?"

I had been almost trapped. "Carucci?" said I. "No, I was looking for Dr. Reid. Some one wants him on the phone."

"Why did you search the side of the house, then?"

"Look here," said I, "I haven't the slightest idea what you people are getting at, and I doubt if you have, either. But if you've seen Dr. Reid—a stocky man with a jerky walk—I wish you'd say so. They won't hold that line forever."

"We might take a look about the place for him," the fat one smiled, "while you go back to the telephone."

"I won't trouble you," I retorted. "If you have any errand inside, go straight to the door. Mr. Tabor doesn't like his lawns trampled. Good morning."

I stood at the gate while they moved unwillingly away, and then went back to the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Disappearance and an Encounter.

The next few days passed by without event, and the absence of excitement was a welcome enough relief, even to me. Adventures in themselves are all very well, but I prefer mine uncomplicated with nervous anxiety; and although my excitement in the family garrison had relieved me in some measure from that torment of personal worry which had hounded me before, yet the trouble had

only taken another form, the more heavy for being less selfish. I was inside the mystery now, in action if not in knowledge. What the root of the matter might be, I knew no better than before, but somehow, I had not been quite sincere in saying that I did not really care. It was as if the nerve of curiosity had been blunted in me through overstrain. And I knew now that come what might, Lady had begun to care for me, and that left little in the world which for myself I could fear. Only for her I feared everything; and the necessity of her remaining here at the mercy of dangers which I could neither dispel nor understand was too heavy a burden for my frivolous enjoyment of adventure. I could not say so, nor try again to persuade her away from the fight. As her way was, she had dropped my interrupted protest into nothingness, as though it had never been. And my only comfort was the hope that, knowing how wholly my blindfold loyalty to them all was for her sake, might be a secret help to her.

Beyond taking care that one of us three men should be always in the house, we did nothing, so far as I knew, except to await events passively. Dr. Reid, of course, went daily to his office, where he remained often until late in the afternoon, and Mr. Tabor, though I understood that he was retired from active business, made two or three all-day visits to the city. What they might be doing to safeguard us from Carucci or in affairs more intimate to the situation, I could not guess. At any rate, my periods of guardianship were generally lonely; for Mrs. Tabor was still too shaken by our recent alarm to be much out of her room, and Lady made occasion of shopping to accompany her father. Perhaps I was touchy; but it seemed that she avoided the strain of being alone with me, skating on thin ice above emotion.

Mrs. Tabor had gone to lie down after luncheon, and I was trying to forget in a book the prospect of a long uninteresting afternoon within doors, when the telephone in the den across the hall began to ring. I hurried across, with an irritable impulse to shout, "Yes, I'm coming," and picked it up.

"Hello!" drawled the little voice. "Who is this?"

I gave the number, with a mental reservation concerning some unknown person's telephone manners.

"Yes, I know; but who's there? Who is this speaking?"

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Give Her Time.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and dearly love a young lady two years my junior. I have told her that I love her, and she says she does not know what love means, but she cares for me a whole lot. What I would like to know is should I try to gain her love or wait till she is older and knows what love means.

She does not know what love means now, but is on the way to acquiring the information, and if you remain her true friend, and are always considerate of her, I am sure you will be the fortunate one to impart the knowledge.

Its Vulgar.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly advise me if it is proper for a girl, when speaking to a young man, to touch his stick pin, telling him it is pretty, and to slap him gently on the face in public. B. C. E.

Any familiarity like this is extreme vulgarity; there is no excuse for it, and only harm comes from it.

Good News: Girls Becoming Minute Men

By ADA PATTERSON.

In an obscure corner of a newspaper were a few lines telling of the adventure of a street car load of Vassar college girls. It shouldn't have been tucked away to that obscure corner to be overlooked by those who read only the middle of their newspapers. It should have been on the first page. It should not have been a short story, but a long one and it should have been dignified by comment on the editorial page.

The street car had struck and overturned a sleigh in which a laborer was going to work. The girl jumped off the car and before the motorman and

conductor could get to the spot they had quieted the horse, righted the sleigh, pulled the workman out of the snow-drift and set him on his feet.

What is the significance of all this? It is deeply significant that the girls had done their work of rescue before the motorman and conductor could get to the spot. That is the crux of the situation, the nub of the argument. The girls had proved themselves "minute women." They were equal to an emergency. They knew what to do in time of danger. They had exercised the invaluable trait of decision.

But the story crowded into the insignificant of a corner had other weight. It exploded the silly old fallacy that women are timid. A few women lack courage; a considerable number of men lack honesty. But most women are brave soldiers under fire. These girls' brains registered the danger of the frightened, plunging horse, of the heavy steel shod runners of the old-fashioned sleigh, of the peril to the man imprisoned beneath the sleigh.

Quickly as a general commanding his troops their reason took command of the situation. Three of the girls ran to the horse's head, captured his loosely hung reins, patted his foam-flecked nose, said pleasant things to him, in pleasant voices and brought to a halt his dangerous plunging and bounding.

The other boys watching for a moment's pause in the plundering, lifted the sleigh out of the drift. Two laughingly seized the dazed workman by his arms and with all the strength of their basket ball-hardened muscles drew him out of his burial place and set him up-

right once more. Afraid? Those weren't the acts of cowards.

Would these girls have fled screaming from a mouse? I doubt it. I know a woman who catches mice with her own hands, caresses them and makes pets of them. I admit most women would not do this, but their horror of the diminutive rodents I believe is due to feminine fastidiousness. Women hate to handle the unclean. Every well informed woman knows that mice are as filthy as flies and are notorious carriers of disease.

Another reason why that story should have been in the middle of the front page of a newspaper to challenge every scanner of the printed sheet, is that it overturned one of the oldest mental images of woman. It slashed out of recognition the old picture of woman waiting for man to do and watching him while he does the world's work. Ingrained in these college girls was a sense of responsibility. A life was in danger. They would save it and they did. Had they waited for the arrival of masculine help the workman's life might have been dashed out beneath the horse's iron hoofs. There was no time for parleying, for conferences on what to do and how to do it. They were women soldiers in the warfare of life and they rushed unwaveringly into battle.

When you hear that girls waste their time at colleges, summon the vision of the plunging horse, the overturned sleigh of bright faces shining and resolute beneath mortar boards. These girls at least had trained their powers within college walls and had learned there the greatest art in the world, the art of quick, correct thinking.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and dearly love a young lady two years my junior. I have told her that I love her, and she says she does not know what love means, but she cares for me a whole lot. What I would like to know is should I try to gain her love or wait till she is older and knows what love means.

She does not know what love means now, but is on the way to acquiring the information, and if you remain her true friend, and are always considerate of her, I am sure you will be the fortunate one to impart the knowledge.

Its Vulgar.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly advise me if it is proper for a girl, when speaking to a young man, to touch his stick pin, telling him it is pretty, and to slap him gently on the face in public. B. C. E.

Any familiarity like this is extreme vulgarity; there is no excuse for it, and only harm comes from it.

The Charm of Youth
A youthful appearance counts for just as much in a man as it does in a woman. In business it is often essential. Youth means energy and strength.

Hay's Hair Health
keeps you looking young. It restores natural color to gray or faded hair—keeps the scalp clean. It is not a dye.

50c and \$1 at druggists. Sample bottle sent for 10c and dealer's name. F. H. Hay, Inc., Newark, N. J.

FOR SALE AND RECOMMENDED BY
SICKLES & COMPANY, 2300 CO. 16th and Dodge, 16th and Marney, 24th and Farnam, 207-220 W. 19th.

The VANDERBILT Hotel
Thirty Fourth Street EAST at Park Avenue, New York
WALTON H. MARSHALL, Manager.

An Ideal Hotel with an Ideal Situation
Summer Rates