

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 a trolley car to take him to the Almshouse, where he had a social engagement, encountered Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. She, too, is invited by the Almshouse. 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 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, and he awakens to find himself locked in his room. Before he can determine the cause he is called and required 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 Almshouse, 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 greets 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 send 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 ascend several flights of stairs, and found the door at the top blocked. Forcing it open, they discovered the body of Sheila, Miss Tabor's nurse, bleeding from many wounds, but with signs of life. Carucci, the strange Italian, who is also Sheila's husband, is in a drunken stupor in the next room. The chauffeur weakens, but Crosby carries the injured woman down to the car, and prepares to drive it himself. Crosby succeeds in eluding the police, but the timid chauffeur escapes. With no further adventure, 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 Crosby is informed that his former apartment from the Tabor home has been shifted. Tabor explains how Sheila came to be the wife of Carucci, and the trouble the Italian had made for the family. The newspapers came with sensational accounts of the affair of the night before, but no names of the persons who carried out Mrs. Carucci, Crosby and Mr. Tabor talk over the situation, and Lady is called to the door, 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 his wife. Crosby is threatening tone received by Tabor. The man hunt leads them through a lot of low saloons, frequented by Italian loafers. Crosby finds two suspicious looking men are also searching for Carucci. MacLean informs him of a room upstairs. Crosby and his companion, Crosby consults with Lady Tabor, when they are disturbed by screams in a room upstairs. He finds Mrs. Tabor badly frightened. Evidence that someone has just jumped from a window is apparent, and the door he meets two men who had followed him and MacLean on their manhunt. While talking to them he is called to the telephone. Warned that Carucci is employed in a nearby grading camp, Crosby goes to seek him, and gets into a row, which is interrupted by Sheila.

"In the Teacup Time of Hood and Hoop, and When the Patch Was Worn"

Reproduced by Permission from Harper's Bazar for May. Copyright, 1914, by Harper's Bazar.



Step on the magic carpet fashion this summer and be transplanted to a garden party.

WRAPS! The very word has a magical meaning to the French couturier this spring, for wraps, so immaterial that they are mere fantasies, and wraps as imposing as evening cloaks, are worn by the chic Parisienne morning, noon and night. Maupas has made one in peach-cream tulle, with a capuchin attached to a low yoke and is worn in the nonchalant manner so difficult for the uninitiated to imitate because the wrap is perilously near to falling off the shoulders. There are no sleeves worthy of the name—merely drapings of the material, fastened by buttons, and a wired lace collar.

A new fancy in the realm of millinery is the crown of foliage and flowers. It is the feature of this Watteau hat which is finished around the edge with a plaiting of the blue moire ribbon.

A VARIATION of the Varden frock is found at Schneider-Anderson Co. Instead of fashioning the entire frock of the printed crepe, this is used sparingly on the skirt, but more generously on the blouse. The effect of an undershirt is simulated by the narrow band of the crepe at the bottom of the flesh-pink jafeta skirt, and folds of the pretty flowered material fall in pannier fashion over the baggier drapings of the skirt at the side. The plaited tunic of the taffeta, in typical style, adds the finishing touches to a thoroughly modern skirt. The taffeta vest is a happy inspiration for the blouse, its effect being emphasized by gold buttons, and a wired lace collar.

The designer of this old-timey hat must have gleaned the idea from the old-fashioned formal bouquets, for there is no same stiff little cluster of roses and the sheer lace trim—only the frill edges of the hat, not the bouquet.

THE frilly maiden of 1830 has returned with her crinoline and her pantaloons. Premet has reproduced her frock in white organdie, favored fabric of that earlier day. The skirt is shirred over hoops—yes, real hoops—and stands forth in an impossible flare, and, as if to accentuate the bouffant tendencies, a ruching of blue moire heads the very full circular flounce and a still fluffier one finishes the bottom of the flounce. The skirt is raised to show pastels of creamy lace which veil the ankles in the most coquettish manner. The blouse is draped simply in the surplus lines and has tiny ruffles of the organdie as trimming.

The Louis XVI hat is of white chip, raised in the back to display a cascade of roses and loops of blue ribbon, the typical Fragonard coloring. Great pink roses are also massed on the crown and a stray one or two fall over the drooping brim.

THE lingerie frock belies the name for the exquisitely embroidered nets lavishly encrusted with lace will never withstand the ministrations of the laundress. The fetching frock though more elaborate than many models, is typical. The skirt consists of flounces of embroidered net and shadow lace mounted on the sheerest of net foundations, the upper flounce extending in a rounded point in the back. Over it falls the wide sash, the one dash of color on the frock. This sash is veiled by the sleeveless coat, also of the net and richly embroidered. The vague outline as given by these whimsical accessories is very chic and lends the cachet to the otherwise simple blouse.

There is very little trace of the old-time sailor shape in the hat of ab-sinthe-colored Italian rice straw massed with red and pink roses, the brilliant tones accentuated by ruching of black pique ribbon.

Trotting Your Way to Beauty

Not Turkey-Trotting, But Using the Saddle as a Quick and Wonderful Way to Bounding Health



MISS JANE FULLER.

By MAUD MILLER.

I wonder where we could find any better ideas about horseback riding than we could from a regular, genuine cowgirl, who lives in the saddle from morning till night, and declares that it is the only thing in the world that a girl can depend on for absolute beauty.

"Because, you see, you get such positive results," said our ideal cowgirl, shaking her golden hair out of her eyes and smiling at me just as though she never did anything more exciting in the world than just plain embroidery. While in reality she is Miss Jane Fuller of the 101 Ranch show, up at Madison Square

Garden, who lives for hours at a time on the back of her perky little horse, and who wouldn't change her mode of living for anything in the world, "not even to live in New York and parade up and down Fifth Avenue in the latest style."

"Of course, what horseback riding accomplishes faster than anything else ever could is development. That's what I meant when I said positive results. You can just look at yourself from day to day and watch the wonders grow, and there's so much satisfaction in a thing like that."

There are three distinct ways of development which I have noticed about horseback riding for an exercise. The

first is the development of the chest muscles and is gained first and foremost by what we call the pickup movement. That is, the swinging down from the saddle to pick up something from the ground. This may seem very much like a trick movement to those unused to riding and who see it done for the first time, but anyone who is at all accustomed to riding will find it a very easy thing to accomplish. If you have never ridden before of course it would be foolish to try anything like this until you have mastered the rudiments of the game. Any good sportsman will realize this fact without being told.

The next two forms of development come right in the early stages of learning and depend entirely upon the way a person learns to ride. If you want a pretty foot with a beautifully arched instep, learn to ride from the stirrups. Use your reins merely as an adjunct and make the balance of the exercise rest upon the feet. You have no idea how wonderfully this exercise develops the feet.

Then there is the balance riding, the feet resting lightly in the stirrups, the knees tightly clinched against the horse and the strictest attention paid to the reins. Oftentimes the rider pays so little attention to the stirrups that he does not use them at all, and in this case the muscles of the arms are brought into

play and the arms are beautifully developed through rein riding.

"Of course, I am taking for granted the fact that all girls who wish to benefit greatly by riding will ride astride. Side-saddle riding does really very little toward development of any kind, and often brings harm in its wake. The all-around movement that comes from horseback riding brings almost every muscle in the body into play at some time. And, of course, the wonderful advantage of being in the open air where deep breathing will have just the best effect possible is a very potent factor in bringing about the results that horseback riding is always sure to accomplish."

we had at least only acted under his direction; and the whole foolish flurry, with its risk of attracting public attention, had emanated from the jerky mind of Reid.

"I must plead guilty," I said, "of giving the first alarm. Sheila seemed worried, and I called up Dr. Reid on the telephone."

Mrs. Tabor's face clouded, and it seemed to me that something like anger gathered in her eyes. "It was very like him," she said, "he is the most selfish man in the world." She paused. "If you don't mind, Mr. Crosby, we will not talk about him. I am tired."

I got to my feet, feeling as if I had heard something to which I had no right.

"Mrs. Tabor," said I, "you must forgive me for having troubled you with the matter at all. I am stupid sometimes, and forgot that we had been officious and that you might be tired."

She flashed forth an appealing little hand. "No, you are not to go; I didn't mean that. I'm not so truly tired that I want to be alone. In fact, I shall rest much better if you stay and keep me company."

"I shall be very glad to," I answered. "I've regretted all along that I haven't been able to see you more often. Besides, I'm the only man in the house for the moment, and I suppose I oughtn't to leave my post until the others come home."

She raised her brows. "Why, what do you mean? That sounds as if we were in a state of siege. You're a guest, Mr. Crosby, not a sentry on duty."

I had said too much, evidently, and I felt angrily that if Mrs. Tabor knew nothing of the affairs I should have been warned of the fact. "I didn't mean that," I said, as easily as I could manage.

"Only that the others are still looking for you, and I ought to let them know as soon as may be that I've been more fortunate. I'd telephone if I knew where they were."

"But it's all so ridiculous. I'm not a child, you know." Her petulance was rising again. "Because a tramp came into the house the other day is no reason for hedging me about as if we were all back in the dark ages. It's never likely to happen again, and besides, there was no danger at the time of anything worse than losing some of the silver. I can't see the least excuse for all this mysterious caution. And it's been going on so for months—long before there was even that shadow of a reason."

Mexico's Peg-Legged President

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was eighty-one years ago, April 17, 1833, that Santa Anna, the man with the wooden leg and the heart of stone, was, by some sort of wry destiny lifted to the presidency of the Republic of Mexico.

Mexico, as well as most other nations, has many things to be proud of, but few facts in its history which were better unwritten; but perhaps the most humiliating thing to it is the fact that Santa Anna was once, many times, its president.

Santa Anna not only crippled his country by his incompetent, but disgraced it by his cold-blooded cruelty and inhumanity, and left behind him a name as malodorous as it is contemptible.

As long as men read history they will shudder at the story of the "Alamo"—the modern Thermopylae where the handful of Texans carved out for themselves a fame as heroic as that belonging to the Spartans. There were just 13 of them, and against them were 2,500 Mexicans under Santa Anna, completely surrounding them, shutting them off from all outside succor.

We know how the 172 fought, we know how, inspired by Crockett, Bowie and Travis, they made the record for courage that will shine as long as the stars. And we know how, upon seeing the downright uselessness of further struggle, the remnant agreed to surrender upon assurance that their lives would be spared, and how they were despite this assurance, massacred to the last man by order of Santa Anna.

But the monitor rolled by, and the tables were fairly turned at San Jacinto. With their cry "Remember the Alamo!" San Houston's Texans rushed upon Santa Anna's Mexicans, and though outnumbered two to one, made short work of them.

Eight hundred were killed, and the remainder of the 1,500 captured, including

Santa Anna. The old coward was caught up a tree, hidden among the thick leaves. Released by the Texans, Santa Anna went back to Mexico. Heartily ashamed of him the Mexicans deposed him, but he managed to get re-elected in 1846. In the Mexican war he played general until he was scored nearly to death at Cerro Gordo, where he came very near being captured, escaping in such haste that he left behind him his wooden leg.

He kept his stony heart to the last, dying in Mexico in 1876 at the age of 75. He would not have lived so long had he possessed a conscience. Poor old Santa Anna.



"Tiz" Fixed My Sore, Tired Feet

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-cruffed, aching, burning, corn-pestered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a "TIZ" bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that "TIZ" bath.

When you're feet feel all tired out—just try "TIZ." It's grand—Your feet will dance with joy; no more pain in corns, callouses and bunions. There's nothing like "TIZ." It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" at any drug or department store—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel; how your shoes a size smaller if you desire.

THE OMAHA BEE—THE HOME PAPER.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XIV. A Disappearance and an Encounter.

Carucci turned to see the fat central office man trotting down the path, for all the world as if he were taking a little cross-country scamper to reduce his weight. He came on with such an insect-like matter-of-factness that it all seemed suddenly funny, like the conclusion of a farce; and when I looked around to see the other Italian coming up from behind, it was quite what I expected. The fat one in front of us stooped a second in the long grass, and picked up the knife that I had kicked away. He turned it over thoughtfully, and dropped it into his pocket.

"Antonio Carucci," he said calmly, "I arrest you for this assault with intent to kill, and for the murder of Sheila Carucci, your wife. And I arrest you, Laurence Crosby, as accessory after the fact."

"What?" I cried.

"Anything that either of you say," put in the thin Italian, "will be used against you."

Sheila broke into a peal of laughter.

"The fine bloodhounds they make, to be sure! Ye poor, ignorant little men, open your mouths an' shut your eyes."

Aunt Sally's Advice To Beauty Seekers

Ledia says: "I've tried most everything for my freckles, but can't lose them. What do you suggest?" See answer to "Stella."

The treatment suggested: "I've never known to fall in any case of freckles or other cutaneous blemish."

P. J. K. asks: "Is there anything better than inunction to remove wrinkles?" Too much massaging may aggravate a wrinkled condition, tending to soften and loosen the tissue. I advise bathing the face in an astringent lotion made by dissolving an ounce of powdered sallivite in a half pint of water. This is remarkably effective.

Stella writes: "My complexion is horribly muddy. What shall I do for it? Get an ounce of mercurized wax at your druggist's. Apply this nightly like you'd use cold cream, washing it off morning. This will cause the offensive cuticle gradually to make way, by a process of gentle absorption, for the clear, velvety, healthy, pink skin underneath—Woman's Resolvent—Advertisement."

"Is a miracle I'll be showin' ye. Look here—Sheila Macnamara, for her sins called Carucci, stands before ye—an' ye say I'm murdered! Ye little black, beady-eyed divil, tis the likes ay ye that goes makin' trouble for my man. Take off your dirty little fat paws; I'll have none ay it. Take them off, ye thief, ye zany loon! Do ye think I look like a dead woman?"



"Do ye think I look like a dead woman?"

The fat Italian dangled his handcuffs as if they had been eye-glasses.

"It is true," he said, "she is like the description; but then, how did she come here?"

"Whisper!" said Sheila. "I do not love me husband," Antonio glared. "So while he was asleep I eloped with this other handsome young gentleman here."

The two little men grew very red.

"Look here," I said, "you can't see there has been a mistake. Mrs. Carucci is as well as ever, and she isn't going to make any charge against her husband. The only thing you've got on me is breaking the speed law. Five dollars apiece would about cover my fine, wouldn't it?"

Two gravely beautiful Italian smiles answered me. We watched them well out of sight, then Sheila turned to her crestfallen lord and master.

"Out with it, ye drunken beast," she said, "where is she?"

So that was why Sheila had come here.

"Who?" Carucci asked blankly.

"Who? You look innocent, don't ye, standin' there askin' me who? What have ye done with her, you an' your silly revenges? I'll teach ye to keep out ay things that're none ay your business, ye leather-headed, garlic-eatin' haboon, ye!" She grasped him solidly by both ears, and shook him till his greasy hair flapped.

All the fight seemed to have gone out of Carucci, and he squirmed away, appealing and protesting in a torrent of Italian too fast and mutilated for my ear. Sheila answered inconspicuously in the same language.

"He says he don't know anything about it," she told me finally, "and for once I believe him, sir. He can lie well enough to some folks, but he can't lie to me."

"Well," said I, "if you believe him, you ought to know. But I wish you'd get him away from here, Sheila. He's been sending black hand letters to Mr. Tabor."

"He has, has he, the spalpeen?" and again came the dual and ludicrous torrent of Neapolitan.

"'Twas just the lovin' heart of him, sir. He's that insipiduous. But I'll learn him manners. You go back to the house, an' you'll hear no more from Antonio. It's a beast he is sometimes when he is drunk, but he's sober enough now, sir, and when sober he has the sense to be afraid of me. Have no fear, I'll send him packin'. Leave him to me."

I laughed. "All right, Sheila," I said, "if you use the same persuasion with him that you've been using, I think you can teach him almost anything."

I reached the Tabor's out of breath, and stumbled panting up the steps; and at the door I stood a moment to gather my breath and thoughts, wondering if Lady and Mr. Tabor had returned. Mr. Tabor's hat was still missing from the rack; and I lit a cigarette as I strolled into the living room to wait. Mrs. Tabor was sitting over a piece of embroidery by the window.

"You look hot," she said, glancing up. "What is the matter? Have you been running?"

"I've been looking for you," I stammered. "Sheila thought you were lost or something." The words were out before I could stop them.

"Lost?" Mrs. Tabor repeated, raising her brows. "Lost? What should make you think I was lost?"

"Why, Sheila said you hadn't told her you were going, and she couldn't find you anywhere, and—"

"You are all the strangest people," said Mrs. Tabor. "I have been out of town all afternoon tea with some friends at Greenwich. It was the shortest little trip imaginable. The Lady got back yet?"

CHAPTER XV. Mental Reservations.

I sat down rather uncomfortably. We had all of us been made to look foolish, and I was here to bear the brunt of it alone. What had become of Reid, I did not know; but I was much mistaken in him if he had not come off upon some highly efficient search of his own, after alarming Lady and her father. So the whole family had been upset because a rather thoughtless little woman had gone out without thinking to give notice of her intended absence, and because an officious young son-in-law had jumped at the chance to exploit his executive ability. If Sheila and I had been disturbed,

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)