

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

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

PHILIP ANSON is a boy of fifteen, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor.
The story opens with the death of his mother, killed virtually by sorrow over the death of her husband two years before, and subsequent want and suffering.
Rich relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need, and when his mother's death comes Philip in despair cries out that there is no God. The doctor, who is a philanthropist in a small way among his poverty-stricken patients in the east end of London, sees that the boy is on the verge of hysteria and resolves to turn Philip's thoughts away from his misery if he can.

Now Read On

(Copyright, 1914, by Edward J. Clode.)

"Have you a tumbler or a cup?" he said, sharply.
Phil handed him a tumbler. The doctor poured out some wine taken from the nurse's basket, soaked a piece of bread in the liquor and gave it to the boy with an imperative command to eat it instantly.

Somewhat to his surprise, he was obeyed. While Phil was devouring the food, of which he stood so greedily in need, the doctor reviewed the circumstances of this poverty-stricken household so far as they were known to him. Mr. and Mrs. Anson had occupied a fairly good position in Dieppe, where Philip's father was the agent of an old-established London firm of coal shippers. About two years earlier both husband and wife were seriously injured in a motor car accident. Mr. Anson sustained concussion of the brain and practically never regained his senses, though he lingered for some weeks and was subjected to two operations. Mrs. Anson's spine was damaged, with the result that she changed from a bright and vigorous woman into a decrepit invalid doomed to death from slow paralysis.

When the great expenses attendant on these mishaps were paid she found herself not only absolutely poor, but rendered incapable of the slightest effort to turn her many and varied talents to account in order to earn a livelihood. She came to London, where her late husband's employers generously gave her the free possession of the tenement in which she was lying dead, helped her with funds to furnish it modestly and found a clerkship for Philip, with a promise of early promotion.
But the cup of sorrow is seldom left half filled. Barely had the widow settled down to a hopeful struggle on behalf of her beloved son than a quarrel between partners led to the sale of the firm's business to a limited liability company. Economies were effected to make way for scattered directors. Philip was dismissed, with several other junior employes, and the stable yard was marked out as a suitable site for the storage of coal required by the local factories.

This development took place early in the new year, and the new company allowed Mrs. Anson to occupy her tiny abode until the next day of March. It was now March 15, and how the widow and her son had lived during the last two months the doctor could only guess from the gradual depletion of their little store of furniture.
It was odd that such an intelligent and well-bred woman should be so completely shut off from the rest of the world, and his first question to Phil sought to determine this mystery.

"Surely," he said, "there is some one to whom you can appeal for help. Your father and mother must have had some relatives—even distant cousins—and, if

Girls, Don't Wash Hair With Soap

Soap dries your scalp, causing dandruff, then hair falls out—Try this next time.

After washing your hair with soap always apply a little Danderine to the scalp to invigorate the hair and prevent dryness. Better still, use soap as sparingly as possible, and instead have a "Danderine Hair Cleanse," just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one strand at a time. This will remove dust, dirt and excessive oil. In a few moments you will be amazed, your hair will not only be clean, but it will be wavy, fluffy and abundant, and possess an incomparable softness and lustre.
Besides cleaning and beautifying the hair, the application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; stimulates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.
Miss Larkin: "I can surely have lots of charming hair. Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it.—Advertisement."
Jack Rose is a remarkable man. And



HIS HOUR OF GREAT SORROW.

(The pathetic incident where the boy's mother dies, leaving him a penniless orphan, with no one but the kind-hearted physician to befriend him. Future installments tell how he suddenly became possessed of great riches. Begin this story to-day and see what he did with a fabulous fortune.)

They are written to, a friendly hand may be forthcoming."
Philip shook his head. The mere taste of food had provoked a ravenous appetite. He could not eat fast enough. The doctor stayed him.
"Better wait a couple of hours, Phil, and then you can tackle a hearty meal. That's the thing. I like to see such prompt obedience, but you certainly have wonderful self-control for one so young. I may tell you, to relieve present anxieties, that a few employes of your father's firm have guaranteed the expenses of your mother's funeral, and they also gave me a sovereign to tide you over the next few days."
Funeral! The word struck with sledge-hammer force. Phil had not thought of that. He remembered the dismal pomp of such events in this squalid locality, the loud sobbing of women, the hard-faced agony of men, the frightened curiosity of children. His mother, so dear, so tender, so soft-cheeked—the bright, beautiful, laughing woman of their life in Dieppe—to be taken away from him forever, and permitted to fade slowly into nothingness in some dreadful place, hidden from the sunshine and the flowers she loved? For the first time he understood death. When his father was killed his mother was left. Anxious tending

Jack Rose's Message to the World

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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God sent us here to make mistakes—To strive, to fail, to begin; To taste the tempting fruit of sin And find what bitter food it makes.
To miss the path, to go astray, To wander blindly in the night, To search, and pray for the light Until at last we find the way.
And looking back upon the past, We know we needed all the strain Of fear and doubt and strife and pain To make us value peace at last.
Who falls, finds later triumph sweet, Who stumbles once, walks then with care, And knows the place to cry "Beware!" To other unaccustomed feet.
Through strife the slumbering soul awakes, We learn on error's troubled route The truths we could not prize without The sorrow of our sad mistakes.
I have heard a great many ministers of the gospel, preachers, priests, reformers and philanthropists talk about the causes of evil in the world and the need of reforms; heard them describe what reforms were needed and just how good folks could best help bad people to be better. I have heard sermons and lectures given to the young and to the parents of the young, and invariably one and all of these addresses contained ideas worthy of serious thought and respectful consideration.
But the most compelling, far-reaching and absorbing conversation I ever heard on these subjects, and the talk which left most lasting impressions, and which most clearly defined the needs of "good society," to reform, was given by a man who barely escaped the electric chair, Jack Rose by name.
Jack Rose is a remarkable man. And in her dispelled the horror of the greater tragedy. Now all was lost. The fears that he hated were welling forth again, and he savagely bit his lip.
"You have been—very good—to us, doctor," he forced himself to say. "If ever—I can repay you."
"There, there, not a word! Bless my soul, yours is a difficult case."
Again the doctor touched his glove. He glanced at his watch.
"Four o'clock! I am an hour late on my rounds. No, Phil. Don't go upstairs. There are some women coming. Wait until they have tended your mother. And—oh last word. It will do you no good to keep vigil by her side. Best think of her as living, not dead. You will be grateful for my advice in after life."
The women arrived, coarse, but kindly-hearted creatures. One of them gave the boy a packet of letters.
"I found 'em under the dear lady's pillow," she said. "Neither poverty nor death robbed Mrs. Anson of the respect

is the fourth time I have been desired by him to write in these terms, so please note that your letters will in future remain unanswered. Yours truly,
"LOUISA MORELAND."
The curt civility of the note brought an angry flush to the boy's face. Who was Sir Philip Morland that he should dare to offer this insult to a lady? Evidently a relative, and a near one, for Morland was his mother's name, and his own Christian name suggested a family connection. Yet she had never spoken of any such person.
Three other letters, of preceding dates, showed that "Louisa Morland" kept accurate reckoning. There were half a dozen more, from a firm of solicitors. Some of these were merely formal acknowledgements of letters received and forwarded, but one stated that they were instructed by Lady Morland to inform Mrs. Anson that Sir Philip Morland declined either to see or hear from her.
That was all Philip sawing up with face aflame. He was alone in the house now, alone with his dead mother.

He went upstairs, and the letters crushed in his right hand as though he would choke a reptile which had stung the only being he loved. He bent over the stricken form, so placid, so resigned, so angelic in the peace of death, and his hot tears fell unchecked.
"You poor darling," he murmured, "I believe you humbled yourself even to beg from these people for my sake. What can I do to show my love for you?"
On the Edge of the Precipice.
On Friday evening, March 15, a thunderstorm of unusual violence broke over London. It was notably peculiar in certain of its aspects. The weather was cold and showery, a typical day of the March equinox. Under such conditions barometric pressure remains fixed rather than variable, yet many whose business or hobby it is to record such facts observed a rapid shrinkage of the mercury column between the hours of 6 and 7. A deluge of rain fell for many minutes, and was followed, about 7:30 p. m., by a mad turmoil of thunder and an astounding electrical display not often witnessed beyond the confines of the giant mountain ranges of the world.
To Be Continued Tomorrow.

A Fashionable Gown

Described by Olivette



There are very few long dresses made nowadays. They have been given up almost entirely, except by the older women. All clothes for young and middle aged alike are made short as illustrated by this little model straight from the boulevard.
It is a simple afternoon frock of prune colored velvet. The tunic is of chiffon taffeta of the same tone and is opened in front by a shawl collar of velvet finished by two buttoned tabs over a waistcoat of white net and taffeta.
Two buttons of the same material trim the hand of the waistcoat. The blouse: The sleeves are long semi-fitted affairs without armholes. The taffeta sash is draped and the tunic is finished by a deep band of the prune velvet. Under this tunic is a skirt of the velvet which is draped up on the left side in a lifted line to match the tunic.
—OLIVETTE.

Can't Help But Admire Babies

Every Woman Casts Loving Glance at the Nestling Cuddled in its Bonnet.

Power of Violet Rays

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.
Q—"If the violet rays of light of the sun can penetrate and tint glass vessels, can they penetrate our clothing and also our flesh? If so, are they healthful? Can these rays penetrate the soil and metal substances?"
A—Violet rays, and, more powerful, short, rapid ultra-violet, are the standing mystery of all spectroscopists, men who devote their lives to the study of that most wonderful thing, the solar spectrum, in comparison with all of the thousands of spectra of all the chemical elements known or discovered by the process.
Violet rays do not penetrate clothing to any depth comparable with long heat waves, but the ultra-violet rays act upon all substances upon which they impinge. They are usually healthful; they help to keep us alive, but they slay also, as in the case of sunstroke.
Go bare your back, stand for an hour or two in brilliant sunlight, then the outer layer of the skin will be burned like the X-ray burns, and come off in a day or two. Health, life, danger, death, all lie in extra-ultra-violet-energy waves direct from the sun, especially in desert air, and worse on mountain peaks.
Energy waves act on the surface of the soil in a beneficial way, extra-violet killing mold and bad germs in soil adjacent to roots of plants. But when ultra-violet waves fall on the polished surfaces of metals an effect has been detected that leads into nature's very depths; for the molecules and atoms of the metals emit electrons. This startling discovery may lead to the discovery of new and now unknown laws.
The process in the chemicals of the glass due to violet and ultra-violet rays is obscure, but the molecular changes in the metallic oxides are such that violet light is transmitted, a selection out of the combination of all colors from the sun, which appears to the eye as white—that is, only violet rays are transmitted out of many quadrillions.
Q—"What is the theological interpretation of electrical displays?"
A—I do not know what the theological explanation is. The scientific is: Where there is a sufficient difference of potential in adjacent states of electricity there is a sudden flash of light and a sharp sound, caused by the struggle to attain equilibrium. The flash is lightning, the noise thunder, whether the lengths of alternating discharges are one-thousandth of an inch or three miles, as in streak lightning.