

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## "THE KING OF DIAMONDS"

### A Thrilling Story of a Modern Monte Cristo

BY LOUIS TRACY.

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

Philip Anson is a boy of 15, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor.

The story opens with the death of his mother. Rich relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need, and when his mother's death comes Philip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that he is related to Sir Philip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunder-storm brews over London. At the height of the storm a flash of lightning scares a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a newsboy, rescues a girl from the carriage just before it turns over. A man with the girl trips over Philip in his excitement. He cuffs the boy and calls a policeman. The girl pleads for Philip and he is allowed to go, after learning that the man was Lord Vanotop. Philip then determines to "commence" his "fortune" in a piece of rope from O'Brien, a ship chandler, and goes to his miserable dwelling in Johnson's Mews.

Just as he is about to hang himself a meteor flashes by the window and crashes into the flagstones in the yard. The boy takes this as a sign from heaven not to kill himself. He then goes to the yard to look at the meteor. Philip picks up several curious looking bits of the meteor and shows them to O'Brien. The latter advises him to take them to a jeweler's. He visits Mr. Wilson, who tells him that the pieces are meteoric diamonds worth an immense fortune. Wilson sends him to a diamond dealer named Isaacstein. He goes into restaurant and asks the proprietor to trust him for a meal. The man refuses, but Mr. Judd, a grocer, offers to pay the bill. Philip eats his fill and promises to reward the grocer later. He tells Isaacstein Mr. Wilson sent him. At the police station he gives his name as Philip Morland. Isaacstein admits the diamonds could not have been stolen, as no such collection of stones ever existed. He is then taken into court.

## Now Read On

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A police inspector, whom Philip had not seen before, made a short statement, and was followed by the constable who effected the arrest. His story was brief and correct, and then the inspector stated that Mr. Wilson of Grant & Sons, Ludgate Circus, would be called at the next hearing, as he—the inspector—would ask for a remand to enable inquiries to be made. Meanwhile Mr. Isaacstein of Hatton Garden, had made it convenient to attend that day, and would be pleased to give evidence if his worship desired to hear him.

"Certainly," said Mr. Abington, the magistrate. "This seems to be a somewhat peculiar case, and I will be glad if Mr. Isaacstein can throw any light upon it."

But Mr. Isaacstein could not do any such thing. He wound up a succinct account of Philip's visit and utterances by declaring that there was no collection of meteoric diamonds known to him from which such a remarkable set of stones could be stolen.

This emphatic statement impressed the magistrate.

"Let me see them," he said.

The parcel was handed to him and he examined its contents with obvious interest.

"Are you quite sure of their meteoric origin, Mr. Isaacstein?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you form any estimate of their probable value?"

"About £20,000."

The reply startled the magistrate and it sent a thrill through the court.

"Really! So much?" Mr. Abington was almost scared.

"If, after cutting, they turn out as well as I expect, that is a moderate estimate of their worth."

"I take it, from what you say, that meteoric diamonds are rare?"

Isaacstein closed his throat with a promontory cough and hunched his shoulders. A slight wobble was steadied by his stumpy hands on the rail of the witness box. He was really the greatest living authority on the subject, and he knew it.

"It is a common delusion among diamond miners that diamonds fall from the skies in meteoric showers," he said.

"There is some sort of foundation for this mistaken view, as the stones are found in volcanic pipes or columns of diamondiferous material, and the crude idea is that gigantic meteors fell and plowed these deep holes, distributing diamonds in all directions as they passed. But the so-called pipes are really the vents of extinct volcanoes. Ignorant people do not realize that the chemical composition of the earth does not differ greatly from that of the bodies which surround it in space, so that the same process of manufacture under high temperature and at great pressure which create a diamond in a meteor has equal powers here. In a word, what has happened at Kimberley, Iron acts as the solvent during the period of creation, so to speak. Then, in the lapse of ages, it oxidizes by the action of air or water, and the diamonds remain."

The magistrate nodded.

"There are particles of a mineral that look like iron among these stones?" he said.

The question gave Isaacstein time to draw a fresh supply of breath. Sure of his audience now, he proceeded more slowly.

"That is a certain proof of a meteoric source. A striking confirmation of the fact is supplied by a district in Arizona. Here, on a plain five miles in diameter, are scattered thousands of masses of metallic iron, varying in weight from half a ton to a fraction of one ounce. An enormous meteoric shower fell there, at some period, and near the center is a crater-like hole, which suggests the impact of some very large body which buried itself in the earth. All mineralogists know the place as the Canyon Diablo, or Devil's Gulch, and specimens of its ore are in every collection. Ordinary tools were melted, and even emery wheels worn by some hard ingredient in the iron, and analysis has revealed the presence therein of three distinct forms of diamond—the ordinary stone, like these before you; both transparent and black graphite and amorphous carbon, that is, carbon without crystallization."

"I gather that the diamondiferous material was present in the form of tiny particles and not in stones at all approaching these in size?" said Mr. Abington.

"Exactly. I have never either seen or heard of specimens like these. In 1856 a meteor fell in Russia, and contained 1 per cent. of diamond in a slightly metamorphosed state. In 1846 the Ava meteorite fell in Hungary, and it held crystalline graphite in the bright as well as the dark form. But, again, the distribution was well diffused, and of slight commercial value. Sir William Crookes, or any eminent chemist, will bear me out in the assumption that the diamonds now before your eyes are absolutely matchless by the product of any recorded meteoric source."

Isaacstein, having delivered his little lecture, looked and felt important. The magistrate bent forward with a pleased smile.

"I am very much obliged to you for the highly interesting information you have given," he said. "One more question—the inevitable corollary of your evidence is that the boy now in the dock has either found a meteor or a meteoric deposit. Can you say if it is a matter of recent occurrence?"

"Judging by the appearance of the accompanying scraps of iron ore, I should say that they have been quite recently in a state of flux from heat. The silicates seem to be almost eliminated."

The magistrate was unquestionably puzzled. Queen incidents happen in police courts daily, and the most unexpected scientific and technical points are elucidated in the effort to secure an accurate comprehension of matters in dispute. But never, during his long tenancy of the court, had he been called on to deal with a case of this nature. He smiled in his perplexity.

"We all remember the copy-book maxim, 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall,'" he said, "but here it is clearly shown that the ideal is not easily reached."

Of course, every one laughed, and the reporters piled pen and pencil with renewed activity. Here was a sensation with a vengeance—worth all the display it demanded in the evening papers. Headlines would whoop through a quarter of a column, and Philip's meteor again run through space.

## Science

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Now that man has learned to fly, he takes a new interest in other flying animals, the number of which turns out to be surprisingly large when one's attention is called to them. The birds are simply the most advanced type of fliers, for the power of flight is by no means confined to the avian family. The bird is believed to be a descendant of reptiles or dragons, which acquired wings and learned to fly ages ago. Some of the family of reptiles still retain the ability to fly, and since they represent the ancestral line of the birds it is natural to begin with them in looking over the list of flying animals now in existence.

The chlamydosaurus of Australia, a kind of lizard, has a huge Elizabethan ruff about the neck which serves as a parachute, enabling the animal to jump out into the air from a height and descend safely to the ground. When not in use the ruff is folded along the fore-shoulders. According to some authors, the huge ruff on the chlamydosaurus is also intended, or at least used, as a means of frightening off enemies, and its aspect seems well calculated for that purpose.

The flying frog has a kind of wings, covered with horny scales, which it folds along its body when it is not launching itself in a flying jump.

The flying fish has its wings attached to its feet in the form of broad, thin membranes stretched between the toes.

Of course, none of these reptiles is a true flier, and yet they do manage with the aid of their singular locomotive organs to pass considerable distances through the air. Their achievements in aerial navigation are about comparable with those of the earliest experimenters with aeroplanes.

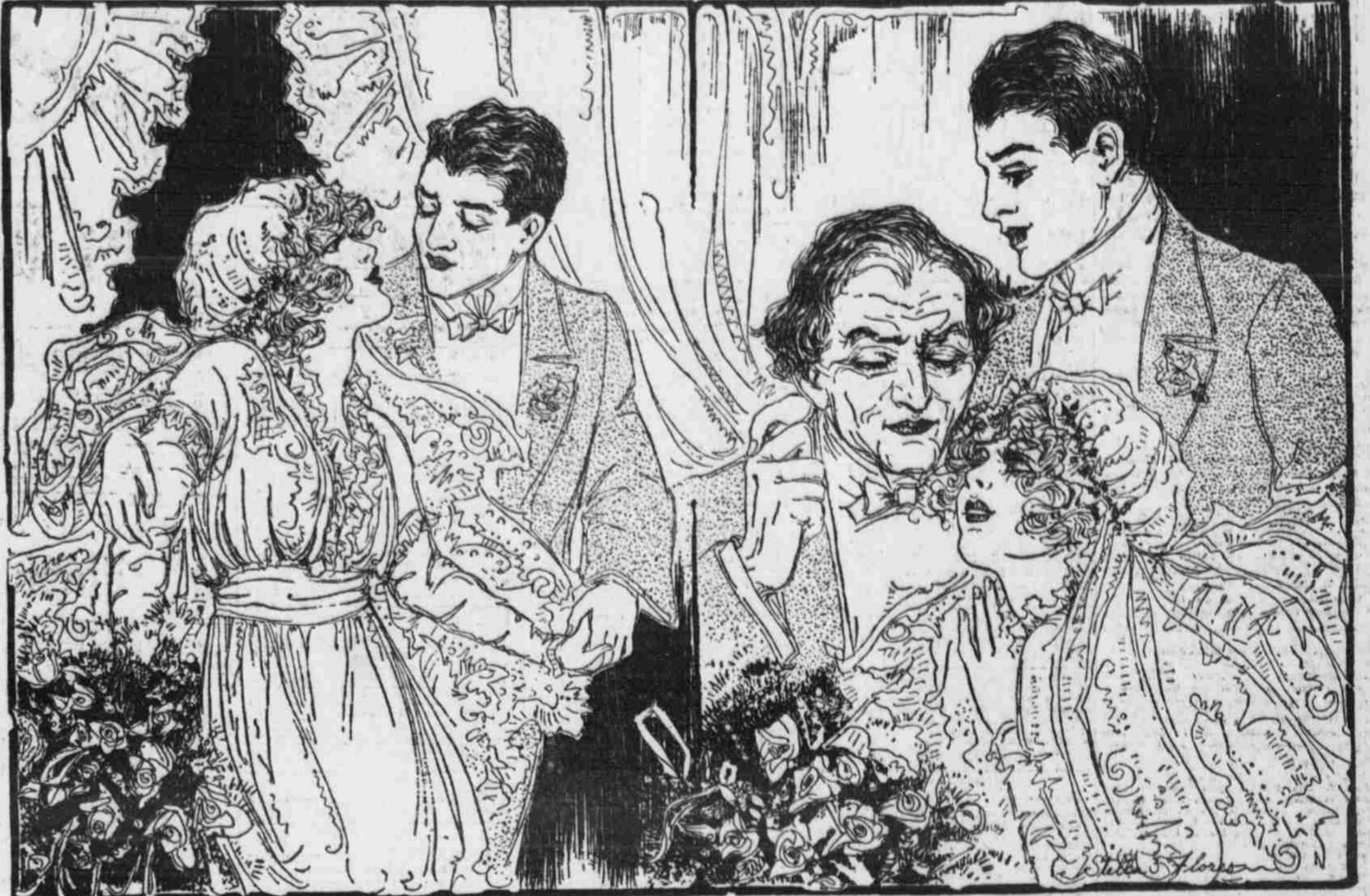
The struggle for existence which leads animals of many species to prey upon one another probably led to the development of a certain power of flight in several species of fish. Furnished with fins, small fish are able to leap from the water when pursued, and launch themselves for long distances through the air. Many sea porpoises have been flying

## The Gold Witch

Being the Adventures of a Golden-Haired Heiress

By Stella Flores

No. 12—Blessings, Like Sorrows, Never Come Singly



Even in the whirl of happiness that followed her meeting Tom again, the tender heart of the little Gold Witch could not forget her old guardian, Tom's father, old and alone in his great house with sad memories.

And when at last Tom brought her, a bride, to a tiny new apartment as dainty as a jewel box, she crept into his arms and confessed she had written to his father. "I told him we could just keep on being disinherited, dear, but that you long for your father, and I just must have my dearest 'Guardy' again. You aren't angry, are you?"

"Angry at you?" chided Tom. "But it's no use. He won't come."

As he spoke there was a knock, and in the doorway stood—Tom's father. With a delighted little cry the Gold Witch flew to him, and Tom silently gripped his hand. The old man looked down tenderly at the lovely flushed face, with its cobwebby gold hair wreathed in orange blossoms and lace.

"My children," he said in a voice that would tremble in spite of him. "Years ago the Gold Witch's father and I learned that wealth was only a trust. So we decided to keep it from you till you learned its value. But I do not know anyone who could use it more wisely than my two children, who have proved they can make their own way so well."

(END OF THIS SERIES.)

## Play Censors

By REV. C. F. AKED, D. D., LL.D.

We have all heard of the folly of consistency. It is time to speak of the consistency of folly.

Spurgeon, the English preacher, declared that a man who was consistent with himself was consistent with his fool, following, at a sea's distance, Emerson, who said that "a foolish consistency is the hobnob of little minds, adored by little statesmen, and philosophers and divines."

Wanted—An epigram to describe the consistent folly of persons who hold that it is right to do and wrong to know. Applications to be addressed to the censors of public amusements, official or unofficial, in any city of the United States. In every city in the civilized world the stage offers to the public impropriety, immodesty, obscenity, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree many years ago, before he received a knighthood from the British crown in recognition of his lofty services to the drama, said to the present writer:

"In the world of the theater today there are actors and managers determined to keep the theater as clean as your church, and there are actors and managers set upon reducing the theater to the level of a London music hall. If the clergy do not recognize this and support the men who are trying to add to the best tradition of the drama their own integrity and aspiration, the clergy will lose the right to criticize the theater for more than one generation."

Clergymen, in constantly increasing numbers, go to the theater in their own cities, from time to time call attention to good plays, and glory in the work being done by the stage.

But the cleavage which Beerbohm Tree saw coming in England is visibly present with us in America. There were never so many good plays as there are now, and never so many good men and women on the stage. One is bound to pay this tribute of admiration and gratitude to some careless reader should suppose that the entirely proper growth of the Puritan of the seventeenth century is improperly repeated in the twentieth. It is not so. This is a plain statement of fact. In addition to all the good work there is vice work being done, corrupting, shameful work. And we tolerate it without compunction.

The difficulty in writing about it is that no person who respects himself cares to give instances in support of his contention. Instances abound. It is going on every day in every city. While men and women, splendid in their intellectual vigor, are adding fresh distinction to the American stage, innumerable shady characters make themselves merely purveyors of dirt. These things we never censor.

And now for the consistency of it. The things that are seized upon by censors, whether in New York or San Francisco, in Chicago or Seattle, are plays in one form or another calculated to expose the evil, to show it for what it is, evil and nothing but evil, a scandal and a menace. They do not make vice attractive. They throw no glamour over lives lived in

shame. If they did they would stand condemned. They reveal facts as they are. They show them as repulsive facts. They fire in the breasts of decent men and women a hatred of the evil, calling for private and public action that looks toward a diminution of its volume and power, that looks toward a day when law no longer permits one human being on earth to make money out of the degradation and sin of another.

Naturally, therefore, all the men and women everywhere who profit out of these things are as one in objecting to the plays and performances which expose them. This we can understand.

What is also clear is that men and women who have no profit in such evil, but, while themselves entirely honest persons, have persuaded themselves that the toleration of vice is necessary in our cities—or, more probably, have accepted without thought this doctrine from a past generation, and can sit through the average vaudeville suggestiveness without discomfort—join in opposition to the policy of letting in the light. They are consistent with themselves.

## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Me and sister Mayme was to a moving picture show the other night," said the Manicure Lady, "and you ought to have saw us put the crusher on a flirtation that might have turned out sad for two little girls. I haven't got done thanking my stars yet that we happened to be on the spot and on the job."

"Was some one trying to flirt with you and Mayme?" asked the Head Barber.

"Not those nice, sleek looking young boys," said the Manicure Lady. "We was a little too old and too wise for them to waste their precious time on. You know the kind of boys I mean, George, about 22 years old, dressed to kill, dark haired and full of flash talk, dotted up with a little jewelry and with plenty of spending money. I spotted both of them in a minute, and so did Mayme. They was talking to two girls that couldn't have been over 15 years old, and we could see that the girls were innocent by the way they kept starting for home. But finally one of the smooth young cosses coaxed them to go to a ice cream parlor—and this is where I enter. I looks over the two lads in my most regal manner, and I says, kind of steely, 'You want to be good little boys and let these 15-year-old girls go home now, don't you?' Right away, of course, they had me and Mayme figured for lady spotters, so they mumbled something and beats it around the corner. Then me and Mayme walked home with the girls, and we told them enough motherly stuff before we got to their house to scare them out of any more flirtations like that."

"It might have been all right," said the Head Barber.

"It couldn't possibly have turned out all right," declared the Manicure Lady. "You would have known better yourself, if you had seen the two slick little foreign rats the girls was talking to. Don't try to tell me nothing about it. It was the same old pitiful story that has been acted too often in New York, especially around them movie theaters. If I was a police commissioner I would have a good plain clothes man in front of every one of those 5-cent show houses, and he would make more than one arrest an afternoon, too."

"You don't take as much stock as that in the white slave talk, do you?" asked the Head Barber.

It is perfectly consistent for an honest police official to tolerate a segregated district and censor a play which attacks it. No dishonor is involved. Such an official only stands for the consistency of folly.

Some few men, and fewer women, whose lives have been devoted to this warfare against wrong, unite with the others in an attempt to censor a performance which would bring to the light the evils they are fighting. Some of these censors have grown old. Some, like Anthony Comstock, have grown extremely tiresome.

"And some have not yet caught the inspiration of the new age which is upon us. They need time. There is plenty of time. And in time the men and women who were brought up to believe that 'you cannot touch pitch without being defiled' will learn that innocence is the gift of God which enables His children to touch pitch, without being defiled, when it is encountered in the path of duty. The consistency of goodness will triumph over the consistency of folly."

"It would take me a long time to tell you how much stock I take in it," replied the Manicure Lady. "My goodness, George, it is going on all over the city, right under the noses of good people and the cops themselves. If I was a mother and had young girls, I would have them so schooled up about talking to strangers that they would turn their backs on even an old man with gray whiskers if he spoke to them. And I would come pretty near knowing where my young daughters went afternoons and evenings, too."

"It is pretty hard for a lot of mothers that live in a big city to keep track of their daughters," said the Head Barber.

"I know it is, George," agreed the Manicure Lady, "and that is the pity of it all. We didn't use to hear of this awful stuff before New York City let down the bars to everybody from everywhere, and got so big it couldn't keep out of its own way. I was out in the country the other day and heard a farmer's wife say she worried about her daughters. It made me laugh to myself. She didn't know how lucky she was to have them with her in the country. I wish I always lived out there somewhere, so I would never have learned and seen so much of George. There comes a customer, make. I guess I've gabbed enough, anyway."