

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE 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 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 thunderstorm 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, reaches 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 Vanstone. Philip then determines to command justice.

"YOU ARE A STRANGE BOY," HE SAID. "I THINK YOU ARE ACTING WISELY. BUT—ER—YOU HAVE NO MONEY—THAT IS, IN A SENSE. HATTON GARDEN IS

SOME DISTANCE FROM HERE. LET ME—ER—LEND YOU CAB FARE."

FOR THE INTEREST HE FELT IN THE BOY, QUITE APART FROM HIS INEXPLICABLE STORY, GAVE HIM FIVE SHILLINGS AND SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM.

to say, but at that moment a French maid entered the room and gazed inquiringly around the various small tables with which it was filled. At last she found the lady, who was breakfasting alone, and sped swiftly toward her. "I am so glad, milady," she said, speaking in French. "The bag has found itself at the police station. The cabman brought it there, and, if you please, milady, as the value was given as £5, he claimed a reward of it."

at Johannesburg. At last they turned away. The clerk gave the policeman a cigar with the remark: "I will just ask the undertaker to give me a letter, stating the facts about Mrs. Anson's death. I suppose the boy is in the workhouse."

Philip glanced at the man, who seemed to be in a good humor. "I will not come back," he said quietly. "I wish you would tell me who supplied me with food while I have been here."

"Which you will pay yourself. You lost the bag," was the curt reply. "Where is it?"

Thus did Philip, bravely sustaining his heart in the solitude of a prison, escape the greatest danger that threatened the preservation of his secret, and all because a scheming woman was too clever to tell her solicitors the exact reason for her anxiety concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Anson and her son.

Philip obtained no further news. He passed through an office, a voucher was signed for him, and he emerged into the prison yard, where the prison warden awaited him. He was the only occupant, just as on the first memorable ride in that conveyance. When he came to the prison from the police court he had several companions in misery. But they were "stretched." His case was the only "remand."

Her ladyship rose and gilded gracefully toward the door, followed by the maid, who whispered to a French waiter—howling most deferentially to the guest as he held the door—that her mistress was reminded for a week. Lady Morland, dining in a restaurant, reads about "Philip Morland" and is puzzled.

The boy passed a dolorous Saturday night and Sunday. Nevertheless, the order, the cleanliness, the comparative comfort of a prison were not wholly ungrateful to him. His meals, though crude, were wholesome, luxurious, even, compared with the privations he had endured during the previous fortnight. The enforced rest, too, did him good, and, being under remand he had nothing to do but eat, take exercise, read a few books provided for him, and sleep.

During the long drive Philip endeavored to guess the cause of this unexpected demand for his presence. Naturally, he assumed that Johnson's Mews no longer held the secret of his misadventure. Such few sensational romances as he had read credited detectives with superhuman sagacity. In his mind, Johnson's Mews was the center of the world. It enshrined the marvellous—how could it escape the thousands of prying eyes that passed daily through the great thoroughfare of the East End, but a few yards away? Judging from the remark dropped by the warden, all London was talking about him. A puzzling feature was the abundant supply of good food sent him in the prison. Who was his unknown friend—and what explanation was attached to the incident?

Lady Morland hastily tore open the recovered dressing case and consulted an address book. "Oh! here it is," she cried, triumphantly. "No. 3, Johnson's Mews, Mile End Road, E. What a horrid-smelling place. However, Messrs. Sharpe & Smith will now be able to obtain some definite intelligence for me. Julie! My carriage in ten minutes."

With Monday came a remarkable change in his fare. A pint of first-rate cocoa and some excellent bread and butter for breakfast evoked no comment on his part, but a dinner of roast beef, potatoes, cabbage and rice pudding was so extremely unlike prison diet that he questioned the turnkey.

Philip's emotions were no more capable of analysis than a display of rockets. Immured in this cage, rattling over the pavements, he seemed to be advancing through a tunnel into an unknown world. At last the van stopped, and he was led forth into the yard of the police court. He followed the same route as on the previous Saturday, but when he ascended into the court itself he discovered a change. The magistrate, a couple of clerks and some policemen were present. The general public and the representatives of the press were not visible.

"This it happened that during the afternoon a dapper little clerk descended from an omnibus in the neighborhood of Johnson's Mews, and began his inquiries, as all Londoners do, by consulting a policeman. Certain facts were forthcoming. "A Mrs. Anson, a widow, who lived in Johnson's Mews? Yes, I think a woman at that name died a few weeks ago. I remember seeing a funeral leave the mews. I don't know anything about the boy. Sometimes, when I pass through there at night, I have seen a light in the house. However, here it is. Let's have a look at it."

"It's all right, kid," came the brief answer. "It's paid for. Eat while you can, and ask no questions."

"You are set at liberty. The police withdraw the charge against you." Philip's eyes sparkled and his breast heaved tumultuously. For the life of him he could utter no word, but Mr. Abington helped him by quietly directing the usher to permit the lad to leave the dock and take a seat at the solicitors' table.

The pair entered the mews and approached the deserted house. The solicitor's clerk knocked and then tried the door; it was locked. They both went to the window and looked in. Had Philip hazarded himself, as he intended, they would have been somewhat surprised by the spectacle that would have met their eyes. As it was, they only saw a small room of utmost wretchedness, with a mattress lying on the floor in front of the fireplace. An empty tin and a bundle of old letters rested on a rickety chair, and a piece of sacking was thrust through two broken panes in the small window opposite.

"Come along, Morland. You're wanted at the court."

"You are set at liberty. The police withdraw the charge against you." Philip's eyes sparkled and his breast heaved tumultuously. For the life of him he could utter no word, but Mr. Abington helped him by quietly directing the usher to permit the lad to leave the dock and take a seat at the solicitors' table.

"Not much, indeed. The floor is all covered with dirt, and if it were not for bed, one would imagine that the house was entirely deserted. Are you sure Mrs. Anson is dead?"

"At the court!" he could not help saying. "This is only Thursday."

"You are set at liberty. The police withdraw the charge against you." Philip's eyes sparkled and his breast heaved tumultuously. For the life of him he could utter no word, but Mr. Abington helped him by quietly directing the usher to permit the lad to leave the dock and take a seat at the solicitors' table.

Now Read On

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"A vulgar swindle," she murmured to herself. "How is it possible for a policeman to be taken in in such a manner. I suppose the Jew person knows more about it than appears on the surface. But how came the boy to give that name? It is sufficiently uncommon to be remarkable. How stupid it was of Julie to mislay my dressings! It would be really interesting to know what has become of those people, and now I may have to leave town before I can find out."
How much further her disjointed comments might have gone it is impossible to say.

Girls! Thicken and Beautify Your Hair

Brings back its gloss, lustre, charm and get rid of dandruff—Try the moist cloth.
To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Dandierine. It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandierine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yet—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Dandierine, we believe, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.
If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Dandierine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this—Advertisement.

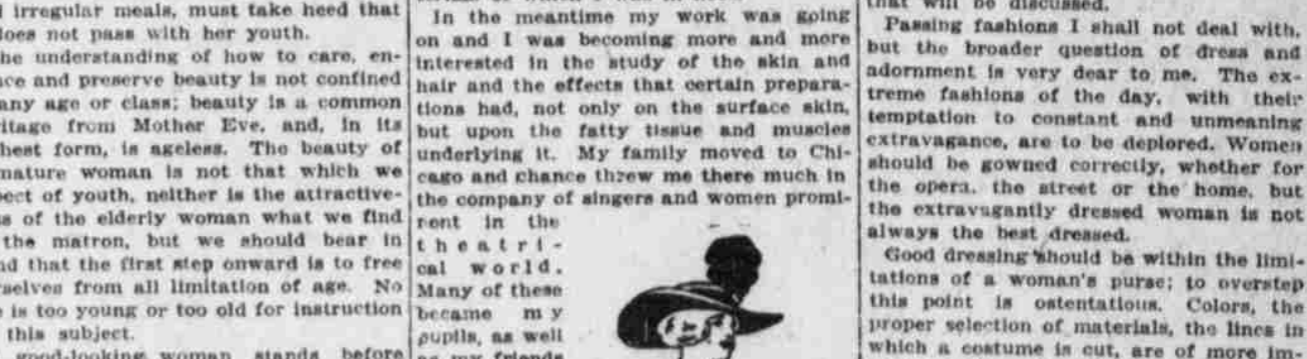


The Great Authority on Beauty Culture

My Dear Readers: Before beginning my articles on "Beauty Culture," the study of which I have devoted by mature life, I feel some explanation is perhaps due some of my prospective readers, or pupils, as I hope to regard you, as to why I have been chosen to write upon this very important subject, and what I am going to write about.
Some of you may not have heard me for this is my debut as a writer, and it is with some reluctance that I am laying aside my profession as a private teacher and lecturer on these lines to take up the pen. My work has been largely among prominent society and professional women, who have made such demands upon my time that there has been none left for the broader and, I am sure, more useful field that is reached today through the press.
I am not sorry, however, that I have waited until now for this important undertaking. I have gained valuable experience from contact with the brightest women of the world, travel of recent years has enlarged my point of view, and, best of all, I feel that the moment is now ripe in America for a serious discussion of this subject. Beauty culture now stands as a profession, as legitimate in its place as the work of the physician or the dentist. It is meant for all women, the old and the young, the woman lavishly endowed by nature and the humblest sister in the vineyard.
The working girl behind the counter has need of information on this subject; the up-to-date woman on the farm, in the country towns, has no reason to allow her city sisters to outdo her in charm and attractiveness. The professional and business woman, who must appear to advantage, but who has little time to spend at her toilet, needs knowledge as to how to spend this time wisely, and the society butterfly who subjects her beauty to the cruel test of late hours and irregular meals, must take heed that it does not pass with her youth.
The understanding of how to care, enhance and preserve beauty is not confined to any age or class; beauty is a common heritage from Mother Eve, and, in its highest form, is ageless. The beauty of a mature woman is not that which we expect of youth, neither is the attractiveness of the elderly woman what we find in the matron, but we should bear in mind that the first step toward it is to free ourselves from all limitation of age. No one too young or too old for instruction on this subject.
A good-looking woman stands before the world as the best argument for women's rights. A woman has the right to look young and attractive just so long as she can, and this, to my mind, means as long as she lives. I honestly believe that women like myself, who have instructed other women to honestly and sanely preserve and improve their physical charms have played an important part with the general emancipation and advancement of American women, an advancement that has gone along with intellectual progress.
Many a year ago when I commenced my work, the literary or advanced woman, the "blue stocking," as she was called, was generally regarded as lacking in any physical charms. If she possessed them to any degree, they were absolutely concealed by dowdy clothes and an absolute lack of knowledge as to how to care for her complexion, her hair or her figure. In fact, to have used powder or to have softened the dryness of a wrinkling skin by an intelligent use of creams would have been regarded as the grossest vanity and have exposed to ridicule and ridicule and ridicule.
Today, on the contrary, the leading women of America, in society, on the stage, in business, in professions, the women prominent in club work, in public service are, almost without exception, women approaching the meridian of life, and yet they are the most beautiful women in our land—the flower of our democracy. Women who have cultivated their brains have learned that it is no less a part of their duty to cultivate their bodies. To do this in the best, the most scientific, the simplest manner possible, is what I am teaching and this will be the subject of the articles I am to write.
When I began my work there was no accurate, proven knowledge on this subject. Women believed in the efficacy of washing their faces with early morning dew and cutting their hair at a certain turn of the moon, and, unfortunately, in other superstitions not so harmless as these. It was also the custom to compound creams and lotions at home from old-fashioned recipes and ascribe great virtues for these, for no reason save that their grandmothers used them.
Many of the creams and lotions compounded at that time were not useless, and I am still a great believer in a pure home-made product in preference to a proprietary one of doubtful value, but the difficulties of preparing these prevented their doing much general good. In many southern families, especially those of French descent, as was my mother's family, a part of the heritage from mother to daughter was some carefully written recipe for hand-whitening lotions, creams and powders. Some of these fell into my possession and were really the reason for my becoming interested in this work.
As a girl I was always fond of what today would be termed chemistry, but what was then regarded as rather an feminine "puttering about" with bottles and the mild chemicals that my father permitted me to use. He was a physician of the old school, and, like many of that day, had a little laboratory back of his office, where he compounded many of his prescriptions. It was in this tiny office with an old-fashioned mortar and pestle that I made my first face powder and put up my first creams for my individual use and personal amusement, and it was my interest in those things that at



time that led me to make beauty culture my life study.
The recipes were good, that much I can say of them, but the difficulties of obtaining at home the ingredients with which to make them were considerable. At that time almost everything reliable came from France. This is not true today, for I know of absolute laboratory experiments that there are better creams and powders made in America than in Europe. Fortunately, I had a cousin studying chemistry in Germany. He was interested in my work and made several analyses for me, and eventually he procured in France and Germany the materials of which I was in need.
In the meantime my work was going on and I was becoming more and more interested in the study of the skin and hair and the effects that certain preparations had, not only on the surface skin, but upon the fatty tissue and muscles underlying it. My family moved to Chicago and chance threw me there much in the company of singers and women prominent in the theatrical world.
Many of these became my pupils, as well as my friends and the list comprises some of the most well-known stars of a quarter of a century ago.
I often think fondly of these early pupils, who meant so much to me in the beginning of my work. Many of them are still my pupils; women now in the height of their fame and still famous as beauties. Their autographed photographs line the walls of my study and intimate correspondence I have from them testifies to their regard and friendship. I have had my moment of discouragement—what sincere worker has not?—but I can honestly feel that all my labor has not been in vain.
But I am impatient for results, for bigger results, and from a larger class. I want all women to care for themselves and do it in the right way. Care for the complexion is not enough; it must be intelligent care. Cleanliness may be akin to godliness, but misdirected cleanliness is often a bad beauty treatment. Under this category we must include washing with hard or impure water, improper soaps or the improper use of soap, has ruined more faces than it has cleaned, and a rancid or poorly made cold cream will breed pimples as fast as a mosquito will lay eggs.
Just why these things are so and the reasons for them I shall take up in detail in my various articles. I shall explain the



why and the wherefore, for you are intelligent women and I do not expect you to follow me blindly. What I wish to do in these lessons is to teach every reader of them to express the ideal of beauty that lies in her own soul. I do not wish or purpose to make you vain or self-conscious; on the contrary I am going to hold the mirror up to nature and we will talk over the troubles and send them away. We will not work miracles; we will simply effect improvements and our work together will have behind it correct scientific principles and my long years of experience.
You must help me. Write to me if you like. You will find that your special difficulties will be taken up in a future lesson, or, if it is necessary, I will reply to you personally.
If I have succeeded in my work, it is because I have loved it and because I want to help women. Beautiful faces have always appealed to me, but there is a still stronger appeal to my sympathy and that is the natural desire or instinct that lies in every woman's heart to be beautiful for those she loves—attractive to her husband and children, to the friends that love her. When the children begin to think that mother is "old," and it doesn't matter how she looks or what she wears, when the husband's eyes no longer light up with admiration—then the wife and mother is apt to feel that her empire is slipping away from her and to give up the struggle to remain.
This feeling is wrong, unnatural and beauty-destroying. Beauty is never at an end, attractiveness can always be regained even if, for the moment, it seems to be lost. The marks of time can be wisely handled, the ravages of illness overcome, and, what is perhaps the most difficult of all, the effects of ill temper, discouragement and wrong beliefs overcome. It is all in the knowing how.
I am going to tell you about your skin, its delicate structure, how easily it may be harmed and how neglect and improper treatment may be corrected. I shall take up the care of the scalp and explain what is necessary in order to have healthy, luxuriant hair. I do not believe in the necessity of wrinkled or discolored necks. My own throat, not especially pretty as a girl, is smooth and unlined in my colorless gowns, and I am—but I remember we are to forget age. The arms, the care of the hands and feet, the figure, how to keep it young and supple and the proper weight, are among the subjects that will be discussed.
Passing fashions I shall not deal with, but the broader question of dress and adornment is very dear to me. The extreme fashions of the day, with their temptation to constant and unmeaning extravagance, are to be deplored. Women should be gowned correctly, whether for the opera, the street or the home, but the extra things a dressed woman is not always the best dressed.
Good dressing should be within the limitations of a woman's purse; to overstep this point is ostentatious. Colors, the proper selection of materials, the lines in which a costume is cut, are of more importance than changing fashions or the money spent on a toilet.
This is often spoken of as the "woman's age." If by that is meant a period in which much is expected of women, it is expression stands. In all ages women have been wives and mothers, housekeepers and cooks; they have cared for their homes, brought up their children, fed the poor and nursed the sick. The woman of today is expected to be trained in philanthropy, to be able to bring up children on correct pedagogic principles, to understand hygiene and scientific housekeeping, if her career is within the home.
"Outside of the home women have gone into art and literature, into business and professions, hitherto undreamed of for women. In eleven states they are voters and eligible for public offices, and in all parts of the country women are active in civic and social reforms. But they still care for the home and bring up the children; in taking on new duties they have thrown off none of the old.
The only outcome of this multiplying of duties is specializing. "Every woman to his last." Women must go to specialists for the instruction they need in the duties that confront them, for there is no woman that does not need help; no woman can handle the task alone in one short lifetime. We have some things to learn from men and one is the correct disposal of time and energy.
My "last," dear reader, is "Beauty Culture." Will you let me help you?
Mrs. Isbell



Idols

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.
Ah, yes, we have them, small feet set in clay
Where we like devotees day after day
Do worship—for a swift caress, a smile,
A word breathed lightly, we have yet a while
Our Heaven upon earth, and well we may,
For soon, out of Life's joy, there comes a day
When, shattered in abjection most complete,
Our idol falls in ruins at our feet.
And we learn our lessons with the rest,
Losing each time a little of the best.
Learning to smile at what the world calls just,
Mocking, dry-eyed, that weaker thing called trust.
But when each day fresh lives spring up anew,
What matters, after all, a soul or two?