

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Beauty and the Beast

By Nell Brinkley

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For the Beast Was a Prince in Disguise.

You who love a dog will find this title wrong—as I do myself somehow. It should be, perhaps you think, Beauty V. Beauty. For the face of a dog, with honest, loyal, straightly gazing eyes, sometimes browner, deeper, more velvety than the prettiest woman's eyes that ever were, his rich, fine

coat, his body eager and alert—just a dog—is a hot close rival to the beauty of any Eve who steps the green earth—“under the arch of her hurrying feet, trampling a world of bitter-sweet.” But this is why it is Beauty and the Beast; in the funny old fairy story that begins under that

title with “once upon a time,” the beast was a prince in disguise. So there it is. Any man who has tramped with a dog, and talked to him, had his soft, quiet head under his smoothing hand through contented hours by a fire; had his snuggling body next him cold nights in the hunting cabin, found

understanding, absolute response, possessed his unending faithfulness, known his friendship, his loyalty, his gay, high-hearted perfect capacity for comradeship, all the joy of knowing and loving and being loved by a dog, will tell you he's a prince in disguise. That he surely is. So will the girl with

the collicle and the small boy with his “Sport” pass on that bit of praise. So the caption stands, “Beauty and the Beast,” for the beast was a prince in disguise—and the girls tried hard to answer “presents” to the first word! NELL BRINKLEY.

## THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

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

Now Read On

Philip Anson is a boy of 15 years, 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 seizes a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a news-boy, 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 Vanstone. Philip then determines to commit suicide. 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 takes them to a diamond merchant named Isaacstein, who causes his arrest. At the police station he gives his name as Philip Morland. Isaacstein tells the judge that the diamonds are worth £50,000 (\$250,000). Philip refuses to answer questions and is remanded for a week. Lady Morland, dining in a restaurant, reads about “Philip Morland” and is puzzled. In the police court he succeeds in convincing the magistrate, Mr. Abington, that he came into possession of the jewels honestly, and in winning the friendship of the magistrate, who sends him back to make an arrangement with Isaacstein. The broker agrees to dispose of diamonds to the amount of £20,000 pounds a year for a term of years, for a commission of 10 per cent, and to place at once £500 pounds in Philip's credit in a bank. Fifty pounds is paid in cash. With this money Philip provides himself with a take care of the jewels, and returns to Johnson's mews; on the way he meets with an adventure, which brings him in contact with a poor woman. At the old home he gathers up the diamonds, and has just succeeded in placing the diamonds to the amount of £20,000 pounds when the fellow only to discover another pair of eyes peering at him. This time it is a policeman. Philip assists the policeman in overpowering “Jockey” Mason, a desperate criminal, and saves the policeman's life. The man curses Philip and the policeman starts with him to the station house. While the policeman is absent delivering his prisoner, Philip succeeds in transferring his bags filled with diamonds to the junk store of his good friend, O'Brien, where all is safe. He has barely made his last trip when the policeman returns to the house with the

inspector. Philip is questioned closely, and returns frank answers to all the inspector's queries. He shows letters from his father to his mother, pawn tickets, and other evidences of the occupancy of the house, and tells the inspector he has found friends since the death of his mother. The inspector leaves Philip satisfied that Jockey Mason has been dreaming about the diamonds. He promises to look up the boy in the morning. When morning came Philip had left Isaacstein's had loaded his bags filled with diamonds on a cab, and was away on his new life.

of some sort. There was no need to hurry over it, he thought. At 11 o'clock Isaacstein would either keep his word about the five thousand pounds or endeavor to wriggle out of the compact. In either event, Philip had already determined to consult Mr. Abington. He had now in his pocket about £3. Half an hour later he was wearing a new tweed suit, new hat and new boots; he had acquired a stock of linen and underclothing, an umbrella and an overcoat. Some of these articles, together with his discarded clothes, were packed in two new leather portmanteaux, on which his initials could be painted by noon, when he would call for them. He paid £26 for the lot, and the man who waited on him tried in vain to tempt him to spend more. Philip knew exactly what he wanted. He adhered to his program. He possessed sufficient genuine luggage and clothing to be presentable anywhere. He had money enough to maintain himself for weeks if necessary. For the rest, another couple of hours would place it beyond doubt whether he was a millionaire or not; for, if Isaacstein failed him, London was big enough and wealthy enough to quickly decide that point. He entered the Hatton Garden office as the clocks struck the hour. Some boys of his age might have experienced a malicious delight when the youth on guard bounced up with a smirk and a ready: “Yes!” Not so Philip. He simply asked for Mr. Isaacstein, but he certainly could not help smiling at the expression of utter amazement when his identity dawned on his hearer. The office boy ushered him upstairs as one in a dream, for he had been warned to expect Philip, a Philip in rags, not a smart young gentleman like a bank clerk. Isaacstein on this occasion looked and acted the sound man of business he really was. He awaited Philip in his private office. He seemed to be pleased by the change effected in the boy's outward appearance. There was less of burlesque, less of outrage to his feelings, in discussing big sums of money with a person properly attired than with one who wore the garments of a tramp. “Good morning,” he said pleasantly. “You are punctual, I am glad to see. Have you been to Somerset House?” “No,” said Philip. “Why not? If you are going to control a big capital, you must learn business habits or you will lose it, no matter how large it may be.” “Would Somerset House compel you to pay me, Mr. Isaacstein?” “Not exactly, but the stamping of important documents is a means toward an end, I assure you.”

“I will see to it, but I wanted primarily to be certain of one of two things: First, will you pay the £5,000 as promised? Second, will you give me a fresh purchase note for my diamonds which will not indicate so definitely that I am the boy concerning whom there has been so much needless publicity during the last few days?” It was of no avail for Isaacstein to bandy words with Philip. A boy of 15 who casually introduced such a word as “primarily” into a sentence, and gave a shrewd thrust about “needless publicity” to the person responsible for it, was not to be browbeaten, even in business affairs. The dealer whipped out a check book. “Am I to make out a check for £5,000 to ‘Philip’?” he asked. “No; to Philip Anson, please.” “Thank you; and now, shall I put any address on the contract note which I will hand you?” “The Pall Mall hotel.” Isaacstein with difficulty choked back a comment. The Pall Mall hotel was the most expensive establishment in London. He tossed the check and another document across the table. “There you are,” he said. “Come with me to my bank. You will excuse the hurry. I have a lot to do before I leave for Amsterdam tonight.” Philip saw that the acknowledgment of his diamonds appeared to be in proper form. “There is no need at this moment to explain to the bank manager that I am the hero of the police court affair,” he said. “None whatever. I am lending you the money, and will be paying you a good deal more very soon. That will be sufficient. He may draw his own conclusions, of course.” Philip was now looking at the check. “Why do you put ‘account payee’ between these two strokes?” he said. “The dealer explained, and even found time to show him how to cross and indorse important slips of paper.” Then they walked to the bank, a few doors away. The elderly manager was obviously surprised by the size of the check and the youth of the “payee.” “Oh, this is nothing—a mere flea bite,” said Isaacstein. “In a few days he will have ten times the amount to his credit.” “Dear me. Are you realizing property in his behalf?” “Yes.” “Well, Mr. Anson,” said the manager, pleasantly, “I hope you will take care of your money.” “I want you to do that,” smiled Philip, who was slightly nonplussed by the prefix to his name, heard by him for the first time. “Oh, if you leave it with me it will be quite safe.” “I cannot leave all, but certainly I will not spend £500 pounds in a week. I mean to buy some property, though, and—can I have 50 now?” “By all means.” Philip wrote his first check and received twenty crisp five-pound notes. Isaacstein stood by, smiling grimly. He had not yet got over the farcical side of this extraordinary occurrence and he

## The New Marriage

By ADA PATTERSON.

Sarah Bernhardt deprecates the marked lessening in the number of marriages. She said recently: “There would be more marriages if life were as it was when I was a girl.” That doubtless is true. Sixty years ago, when the marvel of the stage was a girl, youths and maidens knew nothing of each other, especially in France. A boy was a strange being to a girl. A girl was a creature of moonlight and mystery to a boy. They thought much about each other, but their thoughts went far afield of the truth. Each was a mere idea to the other and a very distorted idea. The girl never measured up to the idea and the boy fell below it. The result was disappointment. Marriage was based upon romance when it wasn't built upon the foundation of a dowry, and romance was based upon illusion. Illusion is the mirage of life and everyone who follows it does so to his disappointment. So it was that while everyone married, nearly everyone was disappointed in marriage. The old marriage was more frequent, but it was more disappointing than the new. I hear going up the cry: “But the divorce courts. One of every eight marriages is a failure.” Yes, but while we have fewer marriages we have better ones. Your daughter will be a happier wife than your grandmother was. Again a chorus: “But my grandmother was happily married.” How do you know? Did she leave behind her any undying testimony that wedded life was one long uninterrupted bliss? Did she leave a will praising the matrimonial estate and threatening to disinherit any of her female descendants who was so foolish as not to enter it? You are taking a great

deal for granted when you say your grandmother was happily married. Probably she is dead and can't go on record at a suffrage meeting. If she were alive and took the platform before a “Come, let us reason together” group of women, she might make truthful remarks that would astonish you. No, you've been jumping at conclusions, always a foolish form of exercise, about grandmother's happiness in wedlock. All you know is that she never complained. Women's woes were not articulated three generations ago. Silence in face of disappointment was a commonplace. The motto of our silent female ancestors was “Suffer and be strong” or its equivalent. The cave age was not so far away by fifty years or more. How about your mother? You are not so sure of that. I thought not. Your memories of that are keener and there are recollections that make you thoughtful and disinclined to pursue the subject. Or if you are sure beyond debate on that point you are uncertain about some of your mother's friends and neighbors.

There were fewer severings of the old marriages, but more silent suffering, because it was regarded like death, as inevitable. Men and women didn't rush into court to get out an injunction against death for they knew it was unavoidable. So they thought was marriages. But the light had dawned and in that light it revealed the new marriage, much better than the old. There are fewer new marriages, but they are happier than the old for the old were based upon ignorance of each other, the new upon understanding. In the marriage that begins with understanding there are liable to be few misunderstandings. The new marriage is based upon comradeship. Lovers are first friends. Boys and girls play together without any shyness or sex consciousness. They go to the same schools. If they don't meet at school they meet at sports. An afternoon at golf is better than sitting out a “Boy” boy; it must weigh 40 carats!” “Enough of business for today; I have a lot of things to attend to. Shall we say Tuesday?” “No. Wednesday at 11 o'clock. One word. Let me put it in my safe.” “Good-bye.” Philip hailed a hansom and drove off to Ludgate Hill, smiling graciously at Isaacstein as he whirled away. The dealer waved gently through the crowd until he reached the office, when he dropped limply into his chair. Then he shouted for his confidential clerk. “Samuel,” he murmured, “take charge, please. I'm going home. I want to rest before I start for Harwich. And, Samuel!” “Yes, sir.” “While I am away you might order another scales. In future we will sell diamonds by the pound, like potatoes.” (To Be Continued Monday.)

