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, a boy of 15, of good birth and breeding, finds himself an orphan and in dire poverty, his mother having just died. A terrific storm sweeps over London, just at this time, and the boy saves the life of a little girl, but is abused and cuffed by a man, who says he is the girl's guardian, and whose name is Lord Vanstone. Philip returns to the place where his mother had died, determined to commit suicide, but just at this time a terrific flash of lightning is followed by the fall of a meteor in the courtyard of Johnson's Mews, the home of the boy, and he takes it as a sign from heaven. He picks up several bits of the meteor and takes them to a diamond dealer, named Isaacstein. The broker recognizes the bits as meteoric diamonds, and has Philip taken in charge by the police. At the prison Philip gives the name of Morland, having gotten that from some letters his mother left. Lady Morland, dining in a restaurant, reads of the boy's arrest in a paper, and sets about to discover his antecedents.

Philip succeeds in establishing his ownership of the diamonds, and makes friends with the magistrate. On his release he enters into an arrangement with Isaacstein to sell the diamonds for him, and then establishes himself at a first-class hotel, from where he arranges for the purchase of the property of Johnson's Mews. He has an adventure there that results in his making friend with a policeman named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes an enemy of a desperate criminal named Jocky Mason. After he has arranged for an interview with Mr. Abingdon, the police magistrate, he goes for a stroll, and encounters Bradley and his wife. A few pleasant words with the policeman left Philip free to call on Mr. Abingdon, where he told the magistrate his story in full, and asked him to take the responsible position of guardian. Mr. Abingdon was interested, and that night Philip received a telegram from Isaacstein that his mission to Amsterdam had been successful. This closes the first epoch of the tale. Now opens the story of the mature Philip Anson.

A tall man, whom a policeman spotted as a ticket-of-leave man, visited the Mary Anson Home for Destitute Boys, which occupied the site of Johnson's Mews and the old junk store. He was shown around the fine building by an aged veteran of the Crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the stranger how the home came to be built, but was disgusted when the man cursed violently at the mention of the boy who had become king of diamonds. Philip Anson in his home that night confessed to Abingdon that he knew himself to be nephew of Sir Philip Morland. He told of his mother's cruel treatment by her brother, and of the rebuffs she had met from Sir Philip's wife, who sought to make her son heir to the estate, and of the part played by Sharpe & Smith, the solicitors in the case. Philip decides to drop negotiations with the lawyers, and starts for his club. A tall man, who has been watching him, questions a servant, and leaves. Philip's driver nearly collides with a passing cab. At his club Philip is induced to buy some stalls for a benefit concert to be given at a music hall. On his walk home he passes the music hall, and is attracted by two men, who watch a young woman get into a cab, and overhears the address she gives. His suspicions are aroused, and he secures a cab to follow when the two men drive after the first cab in a brougham. At an open street the first cab drives into an obstruction. The two men in the brougham endeavor to persuade the girl to drive away with them, but Philip intervenes, and sends them about their business. He then induces the young woman to take his cab home. He learns her name is Ellen Atherly, and gives her his cab. She is to sing at the concert for which he has purchased tickets. After the concert Philip takes the girl and her mother to supper at the Savoy, and there make an important discovery.

"My uncle struck you."

"And you defended me, saved me from being locked up, in fact."

"Oh, this is too marvellous. Mother you must remember—"

"My dear one, I remember the event as if it had taken place yesterday. Your uncle would not have cared were you killed that night. All he wanted was your money. Now he has that, and mine. He was, indeed, a wicked man."

"Mother, dear, he is unhappy. Are we? But, Mr. Anson, what wonderful change in your fortunes has taken place since our first meeting? Is the newspaper trade so thriving that a carriage and pair, a supper at the Savoy, stalls at the Regent's hall and a bouquet from Rosalind's are mere trimmings, so to speak, to a busy day?"

"Evelyn!" protested Mrs. Atcherley.

But the girl was too buoyant, too utterly oblivious to all that this meeting meant to Philip, to cease from chaffing him.

"Please, Mr. Anson, do tell us the secret. I will sell any paper you name. I get 5 guineas for singing two songs, I admit, but I may only sing them once a month. I have loads of time to run about crying, 'Extrey speshul! 'Orrible disawster.' Or does the magic spring from writing those thrilling stories one sees placarded on the hoardings? I believe in a lady's magazine for a set of verses, the genuine and unaided production of a girl aged under 14."

Philip compelled himself to respond to her mood. He promised to reveal his specific for money-making at some future period, when she was sufficiently dazzled to accept his words as those of a prophet.

With the tact of a woman of the world, Mrs. Atherley led the conversation back to less personal channels. The great restaurant was rapidly filling now. The occupants of neighboring tables cast occasional glances at the merry trio which discussed the foibles of the musical world, the ways of agents, the little meannesses and petty spites of the greatest artists, and, incidentally, did ample justice to an excellent meal.

Philip thought he had never before met such a delightful girl. Evelyn was quite certain that some unknown good fairy had given her this pleasant acquaintance, and Mrs. Atherley, after a silent spasm of regret that her daughter should be denied the position in the greater world for which she was so admirably fitted, abandoned herself to the infectious gaiety of the younger people.

Both she and Evelyn confessed to a feeling of renewed surprise when Philip happened to mention his London address.

Whatever the denizens of Park Lane may possess, that of being unknown cannot be reckoned among them, and Mrs. Atherley, in a period not very remote, knew the occupants of every house in that remarkable thoroughfare. She could not, however, recall the name of Anson.

At last a most enjoyable meal came to a end. Philip, supported most ably by a skilled head waiter, spun it out to the utmost possible limit, but the inexorable clock would not be denied.

He thought the two ladies might prefer to drive home alone, so he sent them away in his carriage, and made an excuse that he had an appointment at his club. In truth, he wished to be free to walk far and fast, while his excited brain demanded a solution of the strange congeries of events which had so crowded into his life during forty-eight hours.

About the time that Philip's coachman safely deposited Evelyn and her mother at their residence, Victor Grenier, again attired in evening dress and accompanied by Jockey Mason, whose huge frame was encased in a suit of gray tweed, entered a fashionable West End bar, and found an elegant young person leaning against the marble topped counter, engaged in a war of wits with a barmaid.

The arrival of the two men, however, put a quick stop to the badinage. The youth quitted the counter with a careless discourtesy that annoyed the girl to whom he was talking.

"Well," he demanded of Grenier, "did anything happen?"

"Jimmie," was the cool reply. "I told you that your stupid ruse last night would result in failure. Far worse, it has supplied you with a rival against whom you may as well give up the game at once."

"Rot!" cried the other, fiercely, with an oath. "Don't irritate me. Tell me plainly what has gone wrong now."

"She was there, and sang delightfully. 'Pon my honor, she is a pretty girl. But the man was there, too, and he managed to improve so well on the opportunity you were kind enough to provide for him, Jimmie, that after her show was over she and her mother met him at the main entrance, and they drove off together to the Savoy in a carriage and pair."

"Then who the deuce is he?" demanded the angry youth.

"I tell you, Jimmie, you have no earthly chance. Last night's intruder was none other than Mr. Philip Anson, the millionaire."

"Philip Anson. Great Scott. He—of all men in the world."

The youngest man became very pale, and his eyes rolled in a species of delirious agitation. But Jocky Mason had caught the name, though he did not comprehend the exact subject of their discourse.

"Philip Anson!" he said. "If there's anything on foot where Philip Anson is concerned, count me as his enemy. Curse him! Curse him to all eternity!"

And he struck a table with his great first until other men began to stare, and Grenier was forced earnestly to counsel his associates to control themselves in such a public place.

The Master Fiend.

"Come to my chambers," muttered the youngest of the trio. "We are fools to discuss such things here. It is your fault, Grenier. Why did you drop this bombshell on me so unexpectedly? You confounded actors are always looking out for a curtain. You should not try the experiment on your chums in a crowded bar."

"Now, my dear Langdon, do be reasonable. How could I tell that the mere name of Philip Anson would create a scene? You look as sick as a man who has just been sentenced to be hanged, and my old pal Hunter seems to have suddenly gone mad."

Indeed, his words were justified. Mr. James Crichton Langdon was corpselike in pallor, and Mason, alias Hunter, though his tongue was stilled, bore every indication of a man enraged almost beyond control.

"Come away, then," said Langdon, with a horrible attempt to smile indifferently.

"No, no. There are too many eyes here that we should leave with the air of a set of stage murderers. Sit down. Let us have a nip of brandy. Talk about racing, women, anything, for a little while, and then get out quietly."

Grenier was right. A detective had already nudged an acquaintance and whispered:

"The pigeon seems to be upset. And one of the hawks is in a rare temper, too. I'll keep an eye on that collection."

He watched them through a mirror. He saw Grenier exert himself to put his companion in a better humor. When they went out he followed and ascertained from the commissionaire at the door that they had gone toward Shaftesbury avenue.

By walking rapidly he sighted them again, and saw them turn into a doorway.

"Grenier's chambers," he said. "What a splendid nerve that fellow has. Reports himself coolly at Scotland Yard every month and lives in style not half a mile away. How does he manage it? I must make some inquiry about the others."

Certainly the methods of the superior accundrels of London are peculiar. Grenier knew that he was a marked man in the eyes of the police. He knew that the particular saloon bar he affected was the rendezvous not only of others like himself, but of the smartest detective officers of the metropolitan force. Yet this was his favorite hunting ground. Where the carcass is there are the jackals; he would never dream of honest endeavor in a new land to begin life anew. The feast was spread before his eyes, and he could not resist it.

But Grenier was a careful rogue. After a boyhood of good training and education, he drifted into a bad set at the beginning his adult career. Once, indeed, he endeavored to put his great natural abilities to some reasonable use by going on the stage. The industrious hardship of the early years of an actor's striving were not to his liking, however. No sooner had he attained a position of trust as manager of a touring company than he tampered with monies intrusted to his care.

He was not actually found out, but suspected and dismissed. Then the regular gradations of crime came naturally to him. Gambling, card sharping, company frauds, even successful forgery, succeeded each other in their recognized sequence, until, at last, came detection and a heavy sentence, for the authorities had long waited for him to drop into the net.

Now that he was free, he did not intend to revisit any of his majesty's convict settlements if he caould help it.

His wits were sharpened, his cool intellect developed, by prison life and associations. He personally would keep clear of the law and make others support him.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Now Read On

Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode.

"I once met a little girl named Elf. It was ten years ago, on a March evening, in a West End square. There had been a carriage accident. A pair of horses were frightened by a terrific thunderstorm. The girl was accompanied by a somewhat selfish gentleman. He jumped out and left her to her own devices; indeed, slammed the door in her face. 'A ragged boy—'

"A boy with newspapers—a boy who spoke quite nicely—saved her by running into the road. The carriage overturned in front of Lord Vanstone's house. I was the girl."

Both ladies were amazed at the expression on Philip's face. He betrayed such eagerness, such intense longing, such keen anxiety to establish her identity with the child who figures in an accident of no very remarkable nature that they could not help being vastly surprised.

Their astonishment was not lessened when Philip exclaimed:

"And I was the boy!"

"But I said a 'boy with newspapers.'"

"Yes, a very urchin, a waif of the streets."

Buttermilk Beautifier Makes Skin Lily White

Every woman wants a beautiful complexion, and all admit there's nothing in the world so good for this as buttermilk. But the bother and expense of using the necessary quantity of fresh buttermilk daily has always been a bugbear, preventing many from using it.

Now, it transpires, someone has discovered that presolated buttermilk emulsion, hitherto little employed for the purpose, is of just the right consistency and quality to be used as a face cream, giving all the beautifying effects of liquid buttermilk, with none of the inconveniences. It keeps indefinitely and a small jar goes as far as sixty pints of buttermilk used in the ordinary manner. Sallowness, redness, oiliness, chaps, freckles and all minor complexion blemishes quickly yield to this simple treatment. The delicate lily-white complexion always associated with the application of buttermilk becomes readily accessible to all, because any druggist, even if he does not carry presolated buttermilk emulsion in stock, can easily order a little from his wholesaler if so requested. It is regularly carried in stock in this city by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., 16th and Dodge Sts.; Owl Drug Co., 16th and Harney Sts.; Harvard Pharmacy, 24th and Farnam Sts.; Loyal Pharmacy, 207-9 N. 16th St.

Bashful Bob

The Laughable Adventures of Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Girls

:—: No. 1—Out of the Frying Pan Into the Fire :—:

By Stella Flores

Copyright, 1914, International News Service.

He was called a woman-hater. As a matter of fact, nothing could be further from the truth. Bob thought that girls were wonderful, but he was wretchedly bashful. All the attractions in the world could not recompense him for his misery when a pair of bright eyes mocked him, or a soft voice railed at his blushes. So when Colonel Robson appeared at the door one morning to ask him to drive to the station to meet his daughter, Bob looked apealingly at his mother.

"I'd go myself," said the colonel, "but I've promised to take a party of people skiing."

Looking at the colonel primly, although her eyes twinkled, Bob's mother suggested that he take the party and let the colonel go for his daughter himself. For a moment the old gentleman hesitated. Then a grin spread over his features.

"Very well," he acquiesced, "I guess Bob will fill the bill."

Half an hour later, with a whoop and a flying leap, Bob landed in the camp where the colonel had directed him. Then he stood petrified. The "party" was none other than a party of girls—one—two—three—and still more of them coming out of a tent. Bob decided to see the colonel later.

STELLA FLORES.

Sun Worship

This is Probably the Oldest Form of Religion in the World, and When Properly Understood It is Not Wicked.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.)

"I have a full size picture of Athene, and am just placing in it, instead of the crescent moon, a fine view of the Parthenon, and back of her head in the distance a view of our state capital here; together making a fine scheme for the purpose I have in mind, viz.: to represent Athene having come to Nashville, and she is shown in the picture as admiring the city and the beautiful Parthenon in Central park.

"What I want to impress these modern mortals with is the fact that Athene to the Greeks was all the other goddesses, to all the other nations, and is our own dear Madonna—the mother of Jesus—and that they must not lose sight of the fact and, as it were, return to idolatry. You have heard of the campfire girls—hundreds of them here are forming campfire clubs, and go tramping over the country, building fires—and going through with their rites of fire worship. Now these are young girls and may be led to take wrong views of such things which were only intended for a sort of outing in pursuit of health and pleasure; but they need to be gently reminded of the dangers of forgetting their own dear Lord and their own Christ as the only One to adore now and forever."

"Editor of a Southern Magazine."

Athena to the Greeks was the goddess of all the sciences, arts and knowledge. She represented the clear upper air and clear mentality.

She was the goddess of righteous war against wrong. Her robe was a storm cloud and her spear a shaft of lightning. The Romans identified her with Minerva.

It requires a somewhat strained effort of the imagination to identify her with Mary the mother of Christ.

Sun worship is the earliest idea of religion which can be found in historical research.

In the lost continent of Atlantis sun worship prevailed, and the remnants of the 64,000,000 people who perished in a day by the great cataclysm which swept away this continent found their way to Egypt and to Mexico and other portions of the globe; and wherever they went the worship of the sun was established.

It is not a very wicked worship after all. The woman who is a sun worshiper rises with the sun, saying: "When Thou God, risest, I, too, rise from my bed." Every morning a true Brahmin stands with his hands held out before him, and his face turned to the sun in a few moments of silent worship. How many of our church members give as much time to God upon rising? The American Indians were almost all sun worshipers. They thought of the sun as their father. Fire worship is a sort of outgrowth of sun worship, and both are based on the gratitude of the human heart for light and warmth and sustenance.

An erudite man says holy is a word which is derived from the same root at "hello," and both refer to the sun, and "holy books" are really sun books. All ancient holy days were sun days.

Long and long ago, thousands of years before the Christian era, the week beginning December 22 was set apart for festivals. That was because the ancient people knew that the sun reaches the farthest point in its descent to what is known as the Tropic of Capricorn. There the sun seems to be delayed because it is impossible to obtain measurements of the actual return for three days, on account of the obtuse angle at this turn. The people of early times believed the sun was being dragged into infernal regions at this point.

They prayed and offered up sacrifices to help the sun god overcome his adversaries. On the third day the rebirth of the sun god was celebrated with great rejoicing.

Therefore, it is easy to see that Christmas week has always had its peculiar religious significance.

The symbols of the ancients were very beautiful, and almost all our Christian symbols and ceremonies can be traced back to them.

Sufficiently studied to be understood, it will be found that these symbols and customs of the people who worshiped the starry heavens and the sun and moon and elements of nature were all moral uplifts. Industry, reverence, morality, the adoration of beauty in nature, and worship of the Great Unseen Power back of all this, were among these, and many more admirable elements were included in the religion of the "Idolaters."

If your camp fire girl indulges in sun worshiping or fire worshiping rites and lifts her heart and soul to the same altitude of devout reverence, which marked the ceremonies of the true idolater of those long gone times, she will be serving our God and our Christ as practically as if she attended church in some fashionable enclosure and allowed her mind to be distracted by her neighbor's hats, or went forth to indulge in criticism of her fellow creatures, or to adorn herself with plumage of dead birds and skins of dead animals.

If in order to perform her rites to the sun our camp fire girl rises with that orb, is she not living a more wholesome life than if she remained in a darkened room until just time to drink her coffee in bed, hurry into her fashionable church clothes and proceed to service indoors?

Let us be reasonable, broad and consistent in our devotion to our own creeds.

All religious feeling, when sincere, is caused by man's love and reverence of Unseen Powers which created the universe.

It does not matter in what form it expresses itself, so long as it creates love for the Maker and the Made in the heart which holds it.

Madame Isebell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON II—PART III.

Beauty Hygiene for Hot Days.

Avoid using water on the face before going into the sun; rub a little cream into the skin and powder it well. Never use water on the face after it has been exposed to the sun. Clean it with a good cleansing cream and, if it shows any signs of sunburn or irritation, cover it thickly with a healing cream and let this stay on for twenty minutes. At the end of that time the cream that has not been absorbed by the skin may be wiped off with a soft cloth and the face powdered so it is presentable. But do not touch water to the skin until all signs of sunburn or irritation have disappeared.

Effect of Dust on Complexion.

In summer the skin seems to have a particular attraction for dust. There is apt to be more dust in summer than in winter and the skin, being warm and the pores more open during cold weather, shows the bad effects of it quickly. To prevent blackheads or that condition of skin that appears permanently dirty, keep it thoroughly clean by means of creams and bathe it occasionally. While traveling or after exposure to dust, do not use water on the face.

We can, therefore, sum up the care of the complexion as follows: Prevent excessive perspiration, keep the skin clean, protected and well lubricated.

Keep Your Temper.

Many women, unfortunately, allow themselves to be made irritable by the hot weather. They look upon it as a personal grievance, and seem to consider that anyone who is not complaining of the heat is not "feeling it." Irritability of this sort is sure to be reflected in an unpleasant expression that will soon result in permanent lines. Don't let the hot weather destroy any of your good looks in this way.

Good nature is always a great beautifier, and it is never more attractive than during the trying heat of the summer. A woman with well-poised nerves rediates calm and coolness. Fussy, irritable, complaining people make themselves uncomfortable as well as those about them. The mental condition has a great effect on the temperature of the body.

Madame Isebell

Lesson II to Be Continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

He Is a Time Waster.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and I love a very pretty young man of 19. Every time he comes to see me he tells me all about girls he has been to see, and girls he is going to see and he shows me postals from girls. He gave me his picture and he wants mine. Would you give it to him, and what do you think of him going to see other girls and coming to see me, too? K. N. H.

As a general proposition a "pretty man" is worth no nice girl's attentions or time. He is only flirting with you, and if you give him your picture he will prize it, not as a proof of your friendship, but as evidence of another conquest. Have nothing to do with him.

No.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl 18 years of age, and am in the employ of a very wealthy young man. This man is the ideal of my dreams, and I love him passionately. He seems to care for me, also, as he always smiles when we have occasion to meet.

Do you think he loves me, and should I make advances? I am sure his wealth will not interfere, because he is too noble a young man to consider that, in a matter of love. LOVELORN.

You should make advances to no man, rich or poor. Such action would only disgust him and cheapen you. He may be noble; but, on general principles, it is always best for a girl to beware of the rich young employer.

Don't Try.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am only a boy of 17 years, and I am glad to say I have sense enough to realize I am not in love, as I am sure I don't quite know the value of love, but I write you asking how to try to hold on to a certain dear girl whom in the future I would love to make my wife. ARTHUR.

You don't love her now; what reason have you for thinking you will love her in the future?

Cleanses Your Hair Makes It Beautiful

It becomes thick, wavy, lustrous and all dandruff disappears—Hair stops coming out.

Surely try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance.

Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; invigorates 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, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed.