

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 when the story opens, is of good family and has been well reared. His widowed mother has been discovered by her wealthy relatives and dies in extreme poverty. Following her death the boy is desperate. On his return from the streets in a violent rain, he is able to save the life of a little girl, who was caught in a street accident. He goes back to the house where his mother had died, and is ready to hang himself, when a huge meteor falls in the courtyard. He takes this as a sign from heaven, and abandons his suicide. Investigation proves the meteor to have been an immense diamond. Philip arranges with a broker named Isaacstein to handle his diamonds. In getting away from Johnson's Mews, where the diamond fell, he saves a policeman's life from attack by a criminal named Jockey Mason. He has made friends with Police Magistrate Abingdon, and engages him to look after his affairs as a guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

The second part opens ten years later. Philip has taken a course at the university, and is now a wealthy and athletic young man, much given to roaming. He has learned the modern ways of Sir Philip Morland, who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his stepmother, Johnson's Mews has been turned into the Mary Anson Home for Indigent Boys, one of London's most notable private charities. Jockey Mason, out of prison on ticket-of-leave, seeks for vengeance, and falls in with Victor Grenier, a master crook, and James Langdon, stepson of Sir Philip Morland, a dissipated rascal. Philip saves a girl from insult from this gang, and learns later she is the same girl whose life he had saved on that rainy night. Grenier plots to get possession of Philip's wealth. His plan is to impersonate Philip after he has been kidnapped and turned over to Jockey Mason. Just as this pair has come to an understanding, Langdon returns from the girl's home, where he has attended a reception. The three crooks lay their plans, and in the meantime Philip arranges to Mrs. Atherton, who has recovered some of her money from Lord Vanstone, her cousin, and promises a promise from her to marry him. Anson is lured by false messages to visit a secluded spot. Anson is trapped by a gang at a ruined house.

Now Read On

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The astonished servant took the note. Before he could reply his master turned, crossed a room, fetched a key, unlocked a door and passed through a curtained doorway.

Green was staring perplexedly at the house, the kitchen, his ill-favored companion, carrying Philip's portmanteau within, when he heard his master's voice again, and saw him standing between the partly drawn curtains, with his face quite visible in the dim rays of the lamp.

"Green?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here are my keys. Unlock the bag and take the keys with you. You remember the small portmanteau in my safe at Park Lane?"

"Yes, sir."

"Open the safe, get that bag and send it to me tomorrow night, by train to the Station Hotel, York."

"Tomorrow night, sir?"

"Yes."

The keys were thrown with a rattle onto the broad kitchen table. Evidently Mr. Anson would not brook questions as to his movements, though his few words sounded contradictory. Green got down, unfastened the portmanteau and went back to the dog cart.

"They're queer folk, I'll grant," said the stable boy, as they drove away. "There's a barrow-night and a lady as nobody ever seen as a doctress, an' a man-him-as kem for ye."

"Surely they are well known here?"

"Not a bit of it. Only bin here about a week. T' doctor chap's very chippy, but you other is a rum 'un."

Green was certainly puzzled very greatly by the unexpected developments of the last few minutes, but he was discreet and well trained.

He liked his young master and would do anything to serve his interests. Moreover, the ways of millionaires were not the ways of other men. All he could do was to hear and obey.

He slept none the less soundly because his master chose voluntarily to bury himself, even for a little while, in such a widely tumbledown, old mansion as the Grange House.

"Revenge is Mine, I Will Repay." "Can't I have a light?" said Philip, with head screwed round to ascertain if the doctor were following him.

Some sense, whether of sight or hearing he knew not, warned him of movement near at hand, an impulsive effort, a physical tension as of a man laboring under extreme but repressed excitement. He raised little head to it. All the surroundings in this weird dwelling were so

greatly at variance with his anticipations that he partly expected to find further surprises.

Dr. Williams did not answer. Philip advanced a halting foot, a hesitating hand groping for a door.

Instantly a stout rope fell over his shoulders, a noose was tightly drawn, and he was jerked violently to the stone floor of the passage. He fell prone on his face, hurrying his nose and mouth. The shock jarred him greatly, but his hands, if not his arms, were free, and, with the instinct of self-preservation that replaces all other sensations in moments of extreme peril, he strove valiantly to rise.

But he was grasped by the neck with brutal force, and some one knelt on his back.

Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man

No. 2—There Are More Ways Than One of Breaking the Ice

By Stella Flores

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He was skimming along on his skates one afternoon when a bend in the river revealed a group of girls on the narrow strip of ice he must pass. Without a moment's hesitation he dashed like an arrow towards the danger point. The ice might not break, but if he passed those girls some of them were bound to speak to him. However, the ice did break, and after clawing wildly at crumbling pieces, Bob realized that his strength was gone. He gave one loud cry for help, and then everything went black.

He opened his eyes for the hundredth part of a second. Then he closed them again very tight. In that instant there had flashed in his sight more girls than he could count. And they were all hovering over him with bottles, and steaming cups. "He's fainted again," one soft voice moaned. Only one of them noticed he blushed every time a girl's hand touched him. But it wasn't until his mother arrived that he opened the corner of one eye. "I'm all right now," he said.

"Old Women Who Are in the Way"

By DOROTHY DIX.

A great-hearted woman who has recently died has willed all of her fortune to build a home for poor women whose existence is made wretched by having to live with relatives who do not want them, and who find them "in the way."

It is a beautiful charity, for there are no trades in the world more poignant than the fate of those old women who are forced to eat the bitter bread of dependence, and to live in the homes of others where they are one too many.

Sometimes it is an old mother who has given her best years to staying and toiling for her children, but who finds herself an unwelcome guest in her son's or daughter's home. Sometimes it is an old maid sister who has sacrificed her youth, and her romance, and her own chances in life in order to give younger brothers and sisters better opportunities than she could have, who is farmed out among those for whom she has done so much, and who regard themselves as martyrs for having to "take" Jane for so many months a year. Sometimes it is a forlorn old cousin, or a widowed aunt, childless, penniless, to whom, for very shame sake, an unwilling door has been grudgingly opened.

Always these women who must live in other people's homes know they are not wanted. They see themselves slighted, patronized, put upon. In many cases they realize that they are a perpetual source of discord in the family, and that their presence is fiercely resented by some relative-in-law. There is no anguish of hurt love and wounded pride that they do not suffer, these poor, forlorn old women who are in the way of the young, and happy, and selfish.

God rest the soul of the woman who has remembered their sorrow, and whose money will build a home to which some of them may fly as to a temple of refuge until they creep into that last home that holds out its welcoming arms to us all. The building of this home where specific purpose is to be a shelter for the women who are "in the way," should be more than a mere sanctuary for dependent old women. It should bring home to all women who are approaching middle life a warning of the fate that may be in store for them unless they begin at once to take steps to protect themselves against it.

It is a harsh and cruel thing to say, but it is a truth that we do well to face, and that is that every woman who lives in another woman's house is a woman "in the way." This will seem incredible to mothers. They will say, "My Mary and my Freddie will always want their mother. They will never find me in



Those New Sandals

Here is a picture of another new craze that goes arm in arm with colored wigs and "animal" beauty spots.

It is the fad of going stocking-less and wearing, not the sandals of ancient Greece or Rome, but shoes of the type shown in the picture, which are specially made to go with bare feet.

In this photograph the shoes are being worn by a famous French actress. The fad has "caught on" considerably in Paris and has already been introduced over here.



Putting On the Sandals.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Wait Five Years.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and in love with a girl about six years my senior. Do you think it would be proper to propose to her, or should I wait?

Wait five years. When that time is up I am sure you will decide to wait longer before proposing to a girl six years your senior. You are still a boy, while she, at 23, is a woman grown.

Certainly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been in love with a girl two years my junior, and she says she likes me. I proposed to her some two or three times and she refused without giving any reason. Shall I ask her again?

It is the only way to win her, but if I were you I would not make proposing a habit. Give her a chance to think you don't intend to ever ask her again before you do.

You Were Very Silly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a young man two years my senior at a party not long ago, and we instantly took a liking for each other. He asked me if he could wear my ring, and I said yes, but to surely give it back, because it belonged to a boy friend. It is three weeks since then and I have not heard from him and can't get the ring back.

BOTHERED.

The girl who lets every stray friend borrow her jewelry is always punished, and deserves to be. You must buy your boy friend another ring, and always remember the lesson.

Hooray! Baby To Rule the House

No Longer Do Women Fear The Greatest of All Human Blessings.

It is a joy and comfort to know that those much-talked-of pains and other distresses that are said to precede child-bearing may easily be avoided. No woman need fear the slightest discomfort if she will fortify herself with the well-known and time-honored remedy, "Mother's Friend."

This is a most grateful, penetrating, external application that at once softens and makes pliant the abdominal muscles and ligaments. They naturally expand without the slightest strain, and thus not only banish all tendency to nervous, twitching spells, but there is an entire freedom from nausea, discomfort, sleeplessness and dread that so often leave their impress upon the babe.

The occasion is therefore one of unbounded, joyful anticipation, and too much stress can not be laid upon the remarkable influence which a mother's happy, prenatal disposition has upon the health and fortunes of the generation to come.

Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers, thousands of whom have used and recommended it. You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle. Write to-day to the Bradford Regulator Co., 130 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a most instructive book on this greatest of all subjects, motherhood.

New Buttermilk Product Beautifies Skin Quickly

Every woman knows that buttermilk regularly applied to the face, is the very best beautifier in the world. But to use a sufficient quantity of fresh buttermilk daily is not only expensive at the end of the month, but is a messy, unadvised nuisance. It will be welcome information, therefore, which keeps indefinitely, may be used as a toilet cream with even better results than the liquid, and with far greater convenience. Owing to its consistency and its condensed form, a small jar of it goes as far as sixty pints of fresh buttermilk for complexion purposes. Also, it renders the use of soap unnecessary as it cleans the skin wonderfully and is, of course, perfectly harmless. Any druggist can supply pre-sterilized buttermilk emulsion. It is highly recommended by Sherman & McConnel Drug Co., 16th and Dodge Sts., Owl Drug Co., 16th and Harvey Sts., Harvard Pharmacy, 24th and Franklin Sts., Loyal Pharmacy, 291-2 N. 16th St.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)