

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 when the story opens, is of good family and has been well reared. His widowed mother has been disowned by her wealthy relatives and dies in extreme poverty. Following her death the boy is desperate. On his return from the funeral, in a violent rain, he is able to save the life of a little girl, who was caught in a notable 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 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 Mevs, where the diamond fell, he saves 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 guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

naked form in the chair, but he set his teeth and repressed the tendency to rush after his confederate. The latter, in returning, halted an instant. "Hello," he cried. "Here's his hat." After placing the lamp on the table beside the mirror, he went back to the passage. Grenier was so busy with the making up process that he did not notice what his companion was doing. His bent form shrouded the light, and Mason placed the hat carefully on a chair. He chanced to hold it by an unjured part of the rim and never thought of examining it. At last Grenier declared himself satisfied. "What do you think of the result?" he demanded, facing about so that the other could see both Anson and himself. "First-rate. It would deceive his mother." A terrific rat-tat sounded on the outer door. A direct summons to the infernal regions could not have startled both men more thoroughly. Grenier, with the protecting make-up on forehead and cheeks, only showed his terror in his glowering eyes and palsied frame. Mason, whom nothing could daunt, was, nevertheless, spellbound with surprise. "What intruder was this who knocked so imperatively? They were a mile and a half from the nearest habitation, four miles from a village. What fearful chance had brought to their door one who thus boldly demanded admission? Had their scheme miscarried at this vital moment? Had Anson suspected something and arranged that he should be followed by rescuers-avengers?" The sheer agony of fear restored Grenier's wits. He was not Grenier now, but Philip Anson, it was true, but sufficiently lifelike to choke off doubting inquiries. He clutched Mason's arm and pointed a quivering finger toward Philip. "Out with him! This instant! The tide is high!" "But his face! If he is found!" Mason reached for the life preserver with horrible purpose. "No, no. No more noise. Quick, man. You must go to the door. Only summon me if necessary. Oh, quick!" He rushed to another door and opened it. There was a balcony beyond. It overhung the very lip of the rock. Far beneath the deep-blue sea shore, and naught else. Mason caught up Anson's limp form and ran with him to the balcony. With a mighty swing he threw him outward, clear of the cliff's edge. For a few tremendous seconds, they floated. They thought they heard a splash; then Mason turned scowly to Grenier. "Is there any blood on my coat?" "I can see none. Now, the door! Keep inside!" With quaking heart he listened to Mason's heavy tread along the passage and across the kitchen. He clung to the back of a chair in the effort to calm himself by forcible means. Then he heard the unbarring of the door and the telegraph messenger's prompt announcement: "Philip Anson, Esquire." Mason came to him carrying the telegram. Grenier subsided into the chair he held. This time he was prostrated. He could scarcely open the filmy envelope. "Abingdon consals, caution. Says there is some mistake. Much love." "EVELYN." That was all. But it was a good deal. Grenier looked with lack-luster eyes. He was almost fainting. "Send him away," he murmured. "There is nothing to be done. In the morning." Mason said that his ally was nearly exhausted by the reaction. He grinned and cursed. "Of course the chicken-hearted!" But he went and dismissed the boy. Grenier threw himself at full length on a sofa. "What's up now?" demanded Mason, finding him prone. "Wait—just a little while—until my heart stops galloping. That contorted knock! It jarred my spine." "Take some more brandy." "How can I if it is impossible. I haven't got an ox-head, like you." Mason placed the lamp on a central table. Its rays fell on Philip's hat. Something in its appearance caught the man's eye. He picked up the hat and examined it critically. "Do you know," he said, after a silence broken only by Grenier's deep breathing, "I fancy I didn't kill him after all." "No—kill him? Why—he was dead—dead as a stake for an hour." "Perhaps I hit hard enough, but this hat must have taken some of it. When you were busy, I thought his chest heaved slightly. And just now, when I carried him outside, he seemed to move." "Rot!" "It may be. I struck very hard." Grenier sat up. "Even if you are right," he muttered, "it does not matter. He fell 300 feet. The fall alone would kill him. And, if he is drowned, and the body is picked up, it is better so. Don't you see? Even if he were recognized he would be drowned, not—not—Well, his death would be due to natural causes." He could not bring himself to say "murdered"—an ugly word. "If you were not such a milkop there would be no fear of his being recognized!" But Grenier laughed a hollow and unconvincing laugh; nevertheless, it was a sign of recovery. "What nonsense we are talking. A naked man, floating, dead, in the North sea. Who is he? Not Philip Anson, surely! Philip Anson is gayly gadding about England on his private affairs. Where is Green? Hunter, go and tell Green to bring my traps here instantly. I wish him to return to town on an urgent errand." There was a glint of admiration in Anson's eyes. Here was one with Anson's face, wearing Anson's clothes, and addressing him in Anson's voice. "That's better," he chuckled. "By G-d, you're clever when your head is clear."

Beauty vs. Cosmetics

What a Really Pretty Girl Thinks of Artificial Adornments



Miss White in two charming poses.

By MAUD MILLER.

There is a little dancer in New York who stoutly asserts that the American girl is not pretty. "At least not pretty in the right way, and whatever looks she has are not lasting." And this little maiden who has such very decided views on the American type is Miss Nora White. "Here in America," she said, with her pretty foreign accent, "the old ladies are really more attractive than the young girls. For, at least, we must admit that the artifices they resort to make up to them in some small respect for the youth they have lost and can never have again. But the young girls are horrible in their distorted ideas of beauty. They appear

on Broadway as young as 18 with make-up enough on their little girl faces to start a drug store. I have never seen anything more revolting. Don't they know what they are doing? Can't they realize that nature is the one beautiful thing in the universe, and they cover up their natural looks as though they were something to be ashamed of?" "The great trouble with American women lies in the fact that they are one and all living beyond their incomes. This brings worry. Just like their beauty, everything is external; all kinds of sham with its glitter and tinsel is piled on thick so that the heartache underneath is hidden. And with all this sort of nonsense underneath, gnawing continually at the

foundation of things, how can a woman keep her youth? And without her youth, no wonder she is compelled to cover up the wrinkles with these awful cosmetics. "And then with these women all striving to outdo each other in showiness, how can America hope for the right kind of men? I have heard young girls of today remark that if they wore loud gowns and put on plenty of paint so that they could attract sufficient attention they would never need to look out for an escort. What is youth to the American girl? Absolutely nothing, because it is too farcical to last any appreciable amount of time. "In Europe the girls are always fresh and young. They never have any worries because they never live beyond their incomes. They don't need it, and they are therefore natural. They have happy, healthy, normal good times—good times that are really deserving of the name. Not a few hours of agony to be lived through before the sham can be put aside and the natural resumed until the next engagement. "I really don't know what can be done to better conditions over here. I should think if the American girl knew of the impression she was creating she might decide to take a bold stand for the protection of healthy normal girlhood. Once in a while you may see a normal girl here in New York—it is like passing an oasis in the desert. I never appreciated the beauty of my countrywomen half so much till I came to this country and saw the stars that I then I thanked my lucky stars that I had not been born in America."

Freaks in the Family

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Are you one of the great freak family? It is a family composed of girls who from all outward evidence, are parents, and the mark of kinship is a feather extremely long, put on an angle extremely dangerous; a hat that is extremely hideous, a dress extremely baggy in the waist, extremely low in the neck, extremely tight in the skirt and extremely split at one side. Indeed, all their apparel is so extreme that some call themselves the extremists and forget that to be an extremist is to be a freak, the two words meaning the same. When one of the freak family passes men turn to stare, and so extremely odd is the brain under the extreme hat that the member mistakes the staring for admiration and glories in it, neither heeding nor dreaming of the remarks far from complimentary that are made after she has passed. "It's like going to a circus," I heard a young man say recently, watching a crowd of girls go by, not one of whom was dressed with sense or sanity, "and it will be the side show thrown in when they appear with purple and pink wigs." His companion sighed and made no reply. The week before he had written to a newspaper, asking the way to meet some nice, sensible girl. "My habits are good, I earn \$30 a week, and I want to make the acquaintance of some nice girl with the object of matrimony. I will work hard for the right sort of a girl, the sort of a girl a man can take his earnings to every Saturday night knowing that she can be trusted to keep a nice home for him, buy sensible clothes for herself, and lay by for the future. I want a good, sweet, lovable working partner."

when he caught glimpses among the overly-painted and profusely powdered faces that went by of a face here and there that retained traces of original loveliness. "Gee," he said to himself, "if I could only influence a lot of these girls to be less freakish in their looks I know dozens of nice young men who would ask to marry them. They think they are birds! So they are, parrots and peacocks, and what men are longing for is a return of the nice, modest woman." It is a cry heard often these days, and comes from the big, hungry hearts of men; men who are sensible and sane, and want sane and sensible girls for wives. The carpenter who wants a wife to help him become a big contractor; the bricklayer who wants a working mate on the path he hopes to travel to become an official of his road. Every man who works with his head and hands and plans for bigger, better things, is crying for a sweet, sensible girl who will be content with him and his day of small beginnings, knowing that together they will reach a day of greater achievement. And do you wonder that in the freak family he has small hopes of finding her.

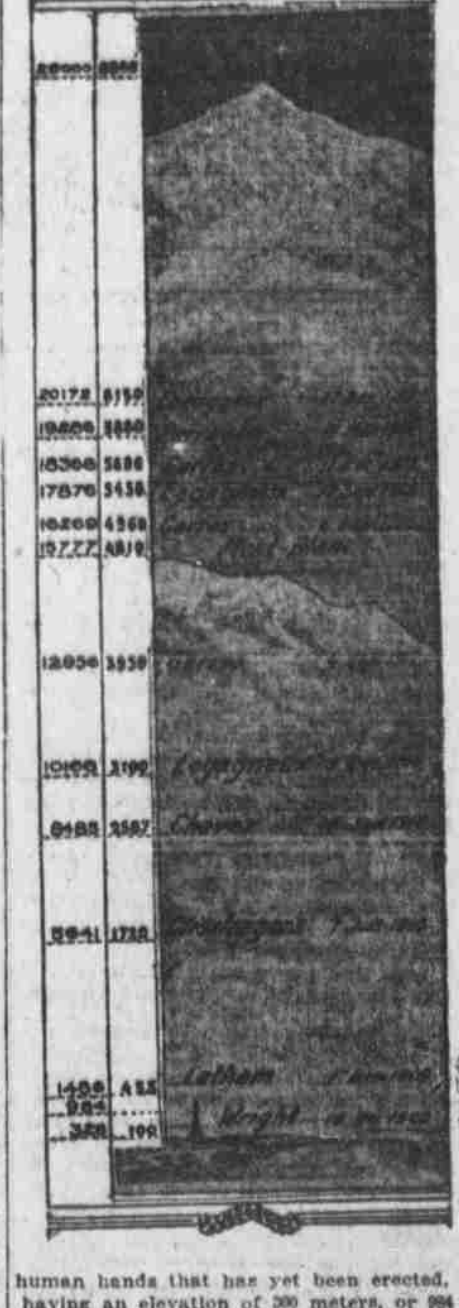
By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Any mail?" asked Farmer Simpkins, shaking snowflakes from his hat. "Nothin' but the weekly paper," the obliging postman said. Farmer Simpkins took the paper and, when all his chores were done, called his wife into the parlor, and the scandal had begun. "Lester Sprague was down to Goshen and returned on Friday night. Wonder who he sees in Goshen—it don't look exactly right. Mrs. Hiram Jankins motored with her sister to New York; Rumor has it she's expecting—something; here about a stork. Old Hank Watson's team got crazy over near the railroad track—Must be Hank is getting careless with his old friend Applejack. Miss Melinda Jones of Harkins spent last Tuesday in our town—Time that gal was through with gaddin' if she hopes to settle down. Old Bill Peters drove to Walton; had a jag of oats to buy. But got back 'long toward the mornin' with a lovely jag of rye. Betsy Woodruff sang a solo in the new church yesterday; Jason Jimson went to Mayville with a ton of clover hay." As I got this information from the farmer's wagging tongue, I could see the world I lived in through the years when I was young. And my heart was filled to aching as I looked back through the haze, With a burning and a yearning for my weekly paper days.

Science

By GARRETT F. SERVISS.

The year 1913 was just going out when the daring aviator, Legagneux, with his monoplane, mounted to a height of 20,172 feet above sea level, which is not very much short of four miles and almost exactly equal to the height of Mount Chimborazo. Only five years had then passed since Wilbur Wright astonished the world by attaining an elevation of 100 metres (328 feet) above the ground, which is about as high as a church steeple and less than half as high as a fifty-story building. Flying over New York City, Wright's aeroplane would have started people in the streets beneath with the shadow of its great wings, and have brought their hearts into their mouths as he steered petionally around the upper walls of giant skyscrapers. But if Legagneux had passed over New York City at the height of his flight he would have been virtually invisible, and his machine like a soaring mosquito lost in the blue. The swift skyward climb of the aeroplane seems less wonderful than it is because the twentieth century has been so lavish with prodigies that our appreciation of the marvelous is becoming dulled. In order to estimate it at its real value we must make comparisons, and above all we must appeal to the eye, which is the great organ as well as the great teacher. To a French artist is due the graphic representation of the successful upward bounds of the aeroplane since 1908, which is herewith presented. It tells the story better than words, and illustrated the relation between these wonderful human flights and the mightiest natural eminences on the earth's surface. This diagrammatic picture is drawn to scale, so that the eye sees at a glance the true relations. At the bottom stands the Eiffel Tower, the tallest structure of



Madame Isobell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON III—PART II.

Proper and frequent bathing is most important. If the complexion is muddy and inclined to eruptions, I advise stimulating baths, such as a cold shower bath, a cold plunge or a salt towel rub. I prefer the shower bath, but of that is not possible, a plunge into a tub of cold water and a rub down with a course towel will answer. Any healthy girl in the better for a cold bath daily, and after a few attempts will enjoy the sensation. It should be omitted, however, during any passing illness, or, if there is a tendency towards a chill, or if the heart is known to be weak. It can be replaced by the salt rub. To do this get common sea salt, purchased at any drugstore, and make a strong brine in the bottom of the tub; let two thick Turkish towels soak in this for fifteen minutes. Then, without wringing, hang them over the tub and let them drip and become thoroughly dry. Use these for a vigorous rub every morning. Two towels will last a week. Remember that a cleansing bath or plunge does not constitute a cleansing bath. The warm bath with soap should be taken at night before going to bed, or if it is not possible to have the bath room twice a day, the body should be thoroughly washed at this time. This bath should take only a few minutes if taken in the tub; there is no advantage in remaining in hot, soapy water; on the contrary, it may have a weakening effect. Be sure that soap is well rinsed from the body. Never wash the face in the tub; it should be bathed in clear, soft water, with soap, if it agrees with the skin; if not, with a cleansing cream. If soap is used, rinse it well from the face and be careful that the wash cloth is perfectly clean, for a dirty cloth or one in which soap has remained will often cause pimples. If blackheads are present a special face treatment is necessary. Before going to bed bathe the face thoroughly with warm, almost hot water and apply a thick coating of blackhead cream. In the morning remove the cream with warm water and with the blackhead extractor press out the blackheads that are the most conspicuous. Remove only a few at a time and do not touch too near together, for I do not wish you to irritate the skin. Then apply a little peroxide of hydrogen and protect the face during the day with a little pure face powder. Repeat this operation every night, while the blackheads last, unless the skin becomes irritated, in which case confine it to alternate nights. If you do not wish to use a blackhead cream, try the salt face rub. I do not advise this when pimples are present, but it will often remove blackheads and will whiten and clear a thick, dull complexion. Take coarse table salt in the two hands, wet it and wash the face with it as if it were a lather of soap and water, and rinse with cold water. Twice a week is sufficient for this treatment.

human hands that has yet been erected, having an elevation of 300 metres, or 984 feet. At the top is the snowy summit of Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, the loftiest natural elevation on the globe, rising to a height of 8,850 metres, or 29,036 feet above the sea level. Balance thirty Eiffel towers on one another, then knock off 100 feet from the top of the pile, and you would have a needle of steel just as high as Mount Everest. When Wright began to climb, in December, 1908, he could only get one-third as high as the Eiffel Tower; when Legagneux closed the record for 1913 he had got so high that four Eiffel Towers, suspended one below another from his monoplane, would have swung clear of the ice-clad summit of Mount Blanc, the monarch of the Alps, with a good 100 feet to spare. But he was still the length of nine Eiffel towers below the elevation of Mount Everest. One thing which seems rather surprising is that neither Legagneux nor any other aviator who has mounted to these immense elevations thinks that the limit of height has been attained. They appear to have noticed no embarrassment on the part of their machines in maintaining themselves in air so rare as that found at a height of three or four miles. The chief difficulties are those affecting the physical state of the aviators. The cold is necessarily very great, and the rarity of the atmosphere, entailing a relatively disproportionate decrease in the supply of oxygen, interferes with the respiratory and circulatory functions of the body. How high will the aeroplane ultimately be driven? Mount Blanc and Chimborazo having successively been surpassed, will some bolder, or luckier Legagneux, or Legagneux himself, mount next on this invisible winding stairway to the proud elevation where Everest, king of mountains, wears his immaculate crown with only his stars above it? For my part, I think it not impossible, theoretically. It would mean adding 8,539 feet to the present record height. It would mean being possessed of ready means of supplying oxygen for breathing (but that is already employed), and it would mean warm clothing, although the temperatures encountered might not be much lower than those that have been met at lower altitudes. Most of all, apparently, it would mean a human machine capable of enduring tremendous physical and mental strains. But what would it amount to as an addition to the science and art of mechanical flight? Would it be simply a foolhardy feat, or of purely sensational interest? I do not think it would be a foolhardy feat, and I think it might be of great use to our knowledge of the atmosphere.

Sage and Sulphur Darkens Gray Hair

Brush this through faded, lifeless locks and they become dark, glossy, youthful.

Hair that loses its color and luster, when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmothers made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe. Nowadays we get this famous mixture by asking at any drug store for a Sage Hair Remedy, which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. Besides, it takes off dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wych's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.—Advertisement

Now Read On

Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Childs.

"Queer thing," he commented. "A rich man might afford a better timekeeper. But there's no accounting for tastes." Mason, saluted and stifled, obeyed his instructions like a ministering ghou. They undressed Philip wholly and Grenier, rapidly donning himself of his boots and outer clothing, donned these portions of the victim's attire. Then the paint-tubes and the other accessories of an actor's make-up were produced. Grenier, facing a mirror placed on a table close to Philip, began to remodel his own plastic features in close similitude to those of the unconscious man. He was greatly assisted by the fact that in general contour they were not strikingly different. Philip's face was of a fine, classical type; Grenier, whose nose, mouth and chin were regular and pleasing, found the greatest difficulty in controlling the slightly, ferret-like expression of his eyes. Again, Philip had no mustache. The only costume he really liked to wear was his yachting uniform, and here he conformed to the standard of the navy. The shaven lip, of course, was helpful to his imitator. All that was needed was an artistic eye for the chief effect, combined with a skilled use of his materials. And herein Grenier was an adept. But the light was growing very uncertain. "A lamp," he said, querulously, for time sped and he had much to do; "bring a lamp quickly!" Mason went toward the front kitchen. Grenier did not care about being left alone, face to face with the pallid and



Resinol

heals baby's itching skin

RESINOL OINTMENT and Resinol Soap are absolutely free from anything of a harsh or injurious nature, and can therefore be used with confidence in the treatment of babies' skin troubles—eczema, teething rash, chafings, etc. They stop itching instantly and speedily heal even severe and stubborn eruptions. Doctors have prescribed Resinol for the past 15 years.

Every druggist sells Resinol

Resinol Soap and Ointment clear away pimples, blackheads and dandruff, and is a most valuable household remedy for eczema, burns, boils, piles, etc. For trial size of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, write to Resinol Dept., P. O. Baltimore, Md.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

WILSON O. K.'S TRUST BILLS

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Any mail?" asked Farmer Simpkins, shaking snowflakes from his hat. "Nothin' but the weekly paper," the obliging postman said. Farmer Simpkins took the paper and, when all his chores were done, called his wife into the parlor, and the scandal had begun. "Lester Sprague was down to Goshen and returned on Friday night. Wonder who he sees in Goshen—it don't look exactly right. Mrs. Hiram Jankins motored with her sister to New York; Rumor has it she's expecting—something; here about a stork. Old Hank Watson's team got crazy over near the railroad track—Must be Hank is getting careless with his old friend Applejack. Miss Melinda Jones of Harkins spent last Tuesday in our town—Time that gal was through with gaddin' if she hopes to settle down. Old Bill Peters drove to Walton; had a jag of oats to buy. But got back 'long toward the mornin' with a lovely jag of rye. Betsy Woodruff sang a solo in the new church yesterday; Jason Jimson went to Mayville with a ton of clover hay." As I got this information from the farmer's wagging tongue, I could see the world I lived in through the years when I was young. And my heart was filled to aching as I looked back through the haze, With a burning and a yearning for my weekly paper days.