

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 dispossessed by her wealthy relatives and dies in extreme poverty. Following her death he is left a penniless orphan. 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 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 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 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 his mother was sister of Sir Philip Morland, who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his stepson. 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 woman, inmate from this gang, and learns later she is the same girl whose life he had saved in that rainy night. Grenier plots to get possession of Philip's wealth. His plan is to impersonate Philip after he has been admitted to the home by Jockey Mason. Just as this pair has come to an understanding, Langdon returns from the girl's home, where he has obtained a reception. The three crooks lay their plans, and in the meantime Philip arranges so Mrs. Abingdon recovers some of her money from Lord Vanstone, her cousin, and secures a promise from the daughter to wed him. Anson is lured by false messages to visit a secluded house, where he is trapped by a gang at a ruined house. He is hit on the head by Jockey Mason, who thinks he has slain the man he hated, and Victor Grenier helps strip the body. They throw the naked body over a cliff into the sea, and make complete preparations to impersonate Anson. A note from Evelyn warning Philip of danger is opened, read, and Grenier tells Mason to call Anson's servant.

Now Read On

Copyright, 1914, by Edward J. Clode.

"Now be off for Green. You know what to say."

"You will be alone. Will you be afraid?"

"The sneer was the last stimulant Grenier needed. "If you were called on to stand in Philip Anson's boots during the next week or ten days, my good friend," he quietly retorted, "you would be afraid sixty times in every hour. Your job has nearly ended; mine has barely commenced. Now leave me."

His eyes sparkled at the sight of a well-filled pocketbook with a hundred pounds in notes stuffed therein; cards, a small collection of letters, and other odds and ends. Among Philip's books was Evelyn's hurried note of that morning, and on it a pencilled memorandum: "Sharpe left for Devonshire yesterday. Lady M. wrote from Yorkshire."

A check book in another pocket added to his joy.

"The last lock out of my path," he cried aloud. "That saves two days. The hat look. By Jove! I'm in luck's way."

There was no need to write to Philip's bank for a fresh book, which was his first daring expedient.

He seated himself at a table and wrote Philip's signature several times to test his hand. At last it was steady. Then he put a match to a fire all ready for

Stork and Cupid Cunning Plotters

Many a New Home will Have a Little Sunbeam to Brighten It.



There is usually a certain degree of dread in every woman's mind as to the probable pain, distress and danger of child-birth. But thanks to a most remarkable remedy known as Mother's Friend, all fear is banished and the period is one of unbounded, joyful anticipation.

Mother's Friend is used externally. It is a most penetrating application, makes the muscles of the stomach and abdomen pliant so they expand easily and naturally without pain, without distress and with ease of that peculiar nausea, nervousness and other symptoms that tend to weaken the prospective mother. Thus Cupid and the stork are held up to veneration; they are rated as cunning plotters to herald the coming of a little sunbeam to gladden the hearts and brighten the homes of a host of happy families.

There are thousands of women who have used Mother's Friend, and thus know from experience that it is one of our greatest contributions to health, happy motherhood. It is sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, and is especially recommended as a preventive of caking breasts and all other such distresses.

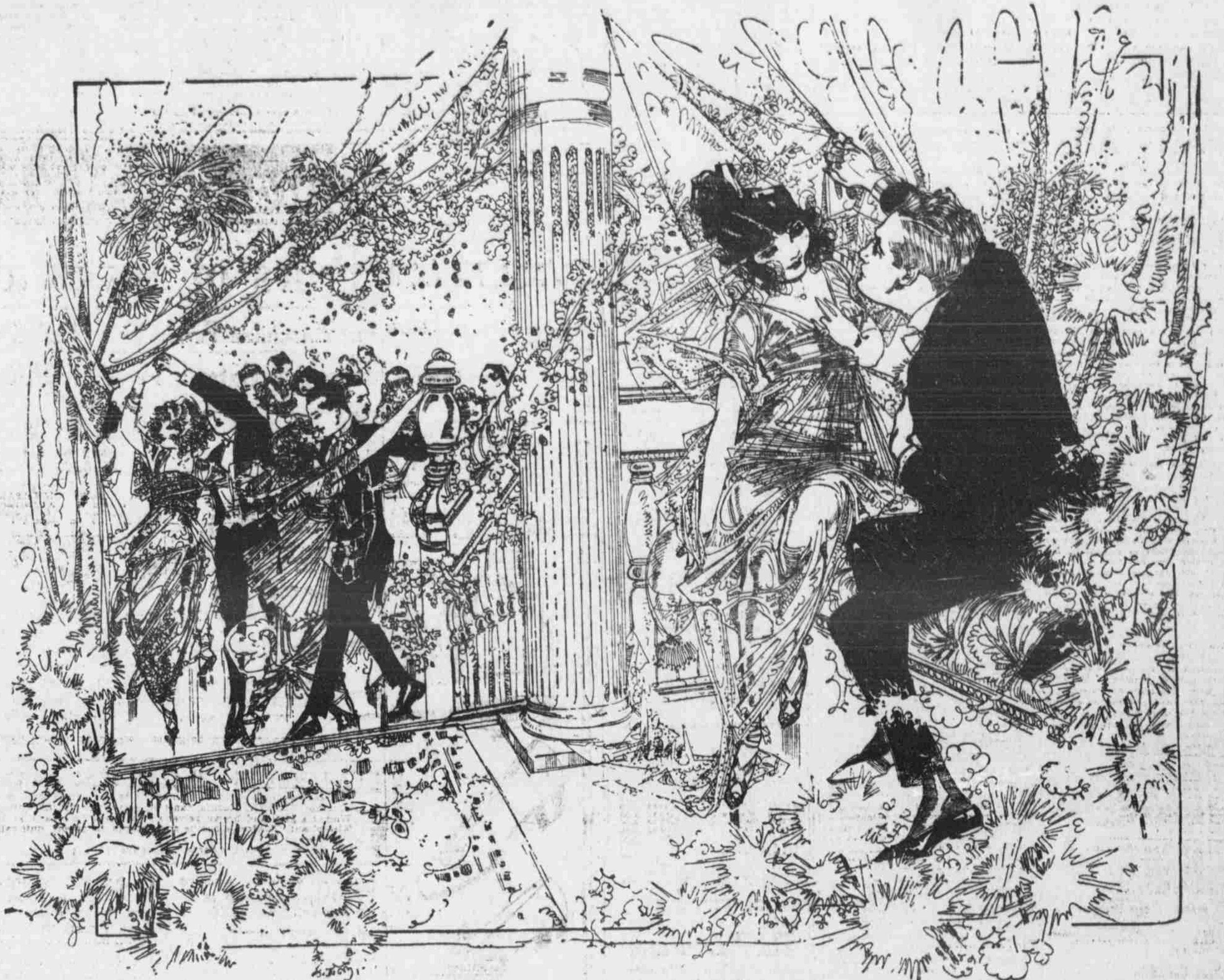
Write to Bradfield Regulator Co., 113 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their very valuable book to expectant mothers. Get a bottle of Mother's Friend today.

"His Proposals"

No. 3—To the Girl Who Tangoed Like an Angel

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1914, International News Service.



Out from under the wing of his alma mater, the boy with the waxen heart and no mother, grown older a little and leaner, hustled all day in the offices of a grim and grizzled friend of his father's, and flew about at night in the cricket-like fashion of young chaps to dinners and dances and all the shows. His world was as vari-peopled now as a rainbow is colored. He didn't think so often of his mother now, and lean babyishly and pathetically toward any woman with the mothering touch and the "little boy" tone in her voice. The world touched him on all sides now—Fifth avenue at one tweed elbow, Broadway rushing his gay side, and the casuals of the crooked, jumbled "poor" streets rubbed sometimes against his very heart; instead of the rows of boards with their rows of fellows, like

lighting, and burned Philip's hat, collar, shirt and underclothing; he also blood-stained towel.

When the mass of clothing was smouldering black and red he threw a fresh supply of coal on top of it. The loss of the hat did not trouble him; he possessed one of the super shape and color. He was quietly smoking a cigar and practicing Philip's voice between puffs, when Mason returned with the valet.

The scene, carefully rehearsed by Grenier in all its details, passed off with gratifying success. Purring with satisfaction, the chief scoundrel of the pair left in the Grange House by the astonished servant, "began to overhaul the contents of Philip's bag."

It held the ordinary outfit of a gentleman who does not expect to pay a protracted visit—an evening dress suit, a light overcoat, a tweed suit and a small supply of boots and linen. A tiny dressing case fitted into a special receptacle, and on top of this reposed a folded document.

Grenier opened it. Mason looked over his shoulder. It was headed:

"Annuity for the benefit of the Mary Anson Home for Destitute Boys."

Mason coarsely cursed both the home and its patron. But Grenier laughed pleasantly.

"The very thing," he cried. "Look here!"

And he pointed to an indorsement by the secretary.

"For signature if approved of."

"I will sign and return it, with a nice typewritten letter, tomorrow, from York, Abingdon is one of the governors. Oh, I shall bamboozle them rarely."

"This blooming charity will help you a bit, then?"

"Nothing better. Let us go out for a little stroll. Now, don't forget. Address me as 'Mr. Anson.' Get used to it, even if we are alone. And it will be so hard should we happen to meet somebody."

They went down the hill and entered the rough county road that wound up from Scarsdale to the cliff. Through the night light, of a summer's night they saw a man approaching.

trenchmen in the hall of a knight's demesne—all with the same cut of hair and trousers—most of them yet unmarked by personality to the gasp who slips a quick eye over them. He dined now sometimes at a table where the necklase of people about it was a chain whereon each was a different stone—an artist, a lawyer perhaps, a woman who made fairy stories that came straight from Gnomeland, a famous surgeon, a politician, a suffragette, a debutante, a woman who sang and a man who dug canals! His blonde head was a little bewildered sometimes and always alert and intent—an so—and so—he did not think so often of his mother now and his busy eye passed lightly over "mother women" and did not falter worshippingly there!

And so he dined and danced when he

It was a policeman.

"Abel! men," said Grenier, softly. "What's that?"

"Latin for a cop. You complained of my want of nerve. Watch me now."

He halted the policeman and questioned him about the locality, the direction of the roads, the villages on the coast. He explained pleasantly that he was a Londoner and an utter stranger in these parts.

"You are staying at the Grange House, sir?" said the man in his turn.

"Yes. Come here today, in fact."

"I saw you, sir. Is the gentleman who drove you from Scarsdale staying there, too? I met you on the road, and he seemed to know me."

Grenier silently anathematized his carelessness. Policemen in rural Yorkshire were not as common as policemen in Oxford street. It was the same man whom he had encountered hours ago.

"Oh, he is a doctor. Yes, he resides in the Grange House."

"You won't find much room for a party there, sir," persisted the constable. "I don't remember the gentleman at all. What is his name?"

"Dr. Williams. He is a genial sort of fellow—nods to anybody. Take a cigar. Sorry I can't ask you to go up and have a drink, but there is illness in the place."

The policeman passed on.

"Illness," he said, glancing at the gloomy outlines of the farm. "How many of 'em are in 't' place? And who's your dark-looking chap, I wonder. My, but his face would stop 'em!"

Philip Anson Redivivus.

Next morning Mason trudged off to Scarsdale at an early hour. He ascertained that Green had quitted the Fox and Hounds Inn in time to catch the first train.

He returned to Grange House with the dog cart and drove Grenier to Scarsdale with his luggage, consisting of Philip's portmanteau and his own, together with a hatbox.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

played. But mostly he danced—oh, danced very hard. He was glad when it was a costume dance and there would be no collar. "Three collars a night will from around me like melting snow," he whispers to his hostess. This to a third—"It's fresh—now will you dance with me?" Out of the woods of ancient Greece the dancing god must have sent a magic piping, for something had gotten into

My Favorite Recipes

Amber Marmalade and Prune Whip

BY BLANCHE RING

Every good housekeeper should have, in addition to one of the many standard cook books, a much more valuable one of her own.

It may be an old copybook or a handsome leather-covered affair, according to the taste or means of the owner.

My own personally edited and privately printed cook book isn't much to look at, but money couldn't buy it.

Its pages are filled with all kinds of recipes obtained from all kinds of sources and in all kinds of ways, from appealing to the sympathy of the chef of some famous hotel to jotting down the

ingredients on the back of an envelope as dictated through the open kitchen window by the "handlady" of a New England tavern who cooks her own meals from rules that have been handed down by word of mouth since the days of Salem witchcraft.

The following recipes were given me in a small Massachusetts town last summer and are well worth the attention of the amateur cook.

Amber Marmalade—Shave one orange, one lemon and one grapefruit very thin, rejecting nothing but seeds and core.

Measure the fruit and add to it three times the quantity of water. Let it stand in an earthen dish over night, and the next morning boil for ten minutes.

Stand another night and second morning add part for part of sugar and fruit. Boil steadily until it jellies. This makes twelve tumblers.

Prune Whip—One-half pound prunes

soaked over night. Cook until tender, then strain through coarse sieve. Add one-half cup of sugar, whites of three eggs. Stir all together. Put in oven five or ten minutes or until a delicate brown. Serve with a custard.

the alert, eager young legs of the "chap with the heart of butter," for he went dance mad. He one-stepped and he tangoed and he lame-ducked and he castle-walked every living minute he wasn't eating and hustling, except the stinky little space he was lost in the "deeps of dreams." And along with the "dance" came a girl who "could!" And he went mad about both together. A girl

with feet like silver thistledown blown on the wind, a body like a reed swaying in the wind, cheeks danced into crimson, tireless, always smiling, silent when he danced as people who love music are soundless while a violin sings, velvet black hair that she danced like an angel," thought his whirling blonde head on his pillow. "She could dance on whipped cream and never leave a trail!" And they danced down the nights together—in perfect rhythm—always together. And one night while the music

flared out in the litting bars of "Menans" and the dancers flowed like rippling water, by the foot of the stairs he proposed: "You're the best dancer—I know—please dance with me always & dear." She was a little frightened and a wifely kind—but she—there was "another" fellow out west "on the coast!" "I've got an awful pain in my chest," he whispered to his pillow that night under the fading stars. "She tangoes like an angel."

NELL BRINKLEY.



Ray of Navarino, where the Turkish fleet lay. Regarding the approach of the allied fleet as prompted by hostile feeling, the Turks commenced firing on them. A general engagement followed, in which the Turkish fleet was annihilated.

The First Gun For Greek Freedom

BY REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Ninety-three years ago, March 6, 1821, Prince Alexander, with a mere handful of devoted followers, crossed the Pruth and the battle for Greek freedom had begun. Only a little while before, Lord Byron had sung the melancholy refrain:

"Tis Greece, but living Greece now more"; but now the descendants of the creators of civilization were alive again and were struggling to free themselves from the rule of the "Unspeaking Turk."

It is not pleasant to remember the response that the Greek revolution evoked from the governments of Europe. It was little less than a groarl. At best it afforded the patriotic Greeks no comfort.

"Were not the Greek revolutionists the precursors of democracy, and could the champions of monarchical rule afford to encourage them in their upstart revolt?" Thus felt the governments. But let it be joyfully remembered that in free England the patriots found much encouragement, and that in our own country many of our greatest men spoke out clearly and bravely for Greek independence.

In fact, all over the world there went up a strong shout for the Greeks, and this powerful sentiment sufficed, at least, to keep the governments in a position of neutrality, so far as armed intervention was concerned. In the meantime the enthusiasm aroused by Lord Byron and others brought the revolutionists volunteers from England, Germany, France and the United States, and the good fight went on. The odds against the Greeks were fearful, but they fought on with splendid courage and unfailing hope.

In June, 1827, the Turks took Athens, and the cause of freedom seemed to be doomed; but at that juncture an accident put an entirely new face upon the situation. The fleets of England, France and Russia, cruising about the coast of Peloponnese to prevent the Turkish vessels from ravaging the islands, put into the



Ray of Navarino, where the Turkish fleet lay. Regarding the approach of the allied fleet as prompted by hostile feeling, the Turks commenced firing on them. A general engagement followed, in which the Turkish fleet was annihilated.

Is He Past the Age Limit?

No one can tell. His eye is still keen—his hand is steady—his hair retains its youthful color and life. He keeps it so by the use of

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