

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 from a good family and has been well reared. His widowed mother has been disowned by her wealthy relatives and lives 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 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 the diamond from Johnson's Meats, 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 roving. He has learned his mother was sister of Sir Philip Morland, who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his nephew, Johnson's Meats 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 impregnate Philip after he has been kidnaped 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 see Mrs. Atherley, who 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 spot. Anson 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 Grenier completes his preparations to impregnate Anson. A note from Evelyn warning Philip of danger is opened and read, and Grenier tells Mason to call Anson's servant. He finds Anson's check book, and with Jockey Mason sets out for the railroad, meeting and chatting with a rural policeman on the way. Grenier goes to York and opens communications with Anson's bankers, with Abingdon and Miss Atherley. Grenier secures possession of Anson's belongings, and Mason gets an unexpected summons to visit police headquarters.

Now Read On

(Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode.)

There was none. Anson's body had not been recovered yet.

Before going to bed he wound Philip's watch. He examined it now with greater interest than he had bestowed on it hitherto.

Although silver, it appeared to be a good one. He opened the case to examine the works. Inside there was an inscription: "Presented to Philip Anson, aged 15 years, by the officers and men of the Whitechapel division of the metropolitan police as a token of their admiration for his bravery in assisting to arrest a notorious burglar."

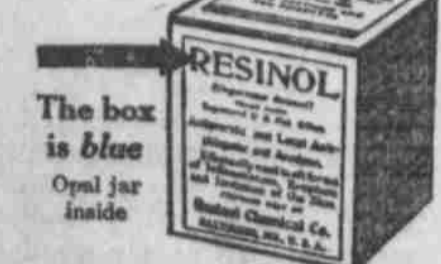
Beneath was the date of Mason's capture.

"Where was I ten years ago?" he mused.

He looked back through the soiled leaves of a record book and found that he was then acting in a melodrama entitled "The Wages of Sin."

And the wages of sin is death! The drama, insisted on the full measure of Biblical accuracy. Altogether, Grenier lay down to rest under unenviable circumstances.

He dreamed that he was falling down precipices, and striking sheets of blue water with appalling splashes. Each time he was awakened by the shock.



Be sure to get real Resinol

If you want to get rid of eczema, pimples, or other distressing skin eruptions, you will accept a "substitute" for Resinol. Preparations similar in name or appearance are not just the same as Resinol. Although a few unscrupulous dealers may offer them as or for Resinol, they are often crudely made, of little healing power, and some may even be dangerous to use. Buy in the original blue package.

Resinol is never sold in bulk. Resinol has been prescribed by doctors for more than 15 years. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment in equal jars (10c and \$1.00), and Resinol Soap (5c). For trial size of each form, write to Dept. 13-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Two Charming Paris Styles

With a Description by Olivette.



Here is a charming little suit on the left that suggests the coming of summer. Over a simple frock of chalk gabardine, made with separate skirt and blouse and fastened in front, is a coat of Veronese green broadened crepe. It is cut on kimono lines, rounded at the bottom and draped in front by a closing of passementerie. Square revers and a round collar trim the neck. The armhole is low and the semi-loose sleeve is cut three-quarter length and finished by a cuff of the same material. Mile. Marion, Parisian favorite, has adopted as heppering suit this model of mustard-colored velour de laine, shown on the right. The coat is in the Louis XV style, with a small shell collar and

broad revers faced in white broadcloth. There are large buttonholes, self-bound, in these revers. The kimono sleeve is fitted more than usual with a very small armhole. There are deep cuffs of white cloth outlined by bands of tete de negre satin. A deep, loose girde falls below the waist and over the hips—this is a band of the cloth stitched and fastened in front by a beaded olive. The fullness of the bodice is confined here, and from this belt falls the peplum without any fullness. This lengthens at the back into a small point. The short, round skirt gathers into a narrow belt and disposes most of its fullness in the front. OLIVETTE.

The Peacock Man

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. "Will you please," writes Perplexed, "tell me what to think of a man who, although he says he loves me, and proves that he does in a great many ways, yet whenever he goes near a pretty salesgirl to purchase anything he always tries to catch her eye and then smiles, laying himself open to the suspicion that he is a male flirt. Do you think a girl ought to take offense when a man does this in her company or should she treat the matter lightly and say nothing?"

Of all the wise sayings thrown into the air since the days of Solomon there is none quite so effective in the handling of affairs of the heart as that which refers to an equable division of the sauce. That which is sauce for one sex is sauce for the other. If it is enjoyable or even permissible for a man to ogle every girl he meets, then the girl to whom he is engaged to be married should get out a spoon and dip it in. Of all detestable creatures, the male flirt is the worst. The desire to flirt indicates weakness, vanity, fickleness and selfishness. It is the mark of the brainless man. The man across whose office door the spiders will some day build a web is the man who flirts with his clerks and his stenographers. The man who reaches a position of honor and trust never stopped to nudge a pretty girl or wink at a pretty woman on the way.

A weakness in the man who is not engaged, it becomes a disgusting offense against good taste in the man who is betrothed, and a sin against good morals in the man who has a wife. The male flirt knows no boundary line. He is not true to himself, and it follows he cannot be true to others. He is worthless to his family and to the community in proportion to the extent with which he indulges himself in this most insane of follies. Like the peacock, he struts around so proud of the plumage that attracts admiration that he is blind to the ugliness of his feet. He becomes concentrated on his powers to attract attention and degenerates little by little into the stammering, brainless male being that occupies the street corner and attempts to vulgarly "make a mash" on every petticoat that goes by. The man to whom "Perplexed" is engaged has started down the path that terminates in the street corner. The man who "tries to catch the eye" of every pretty salesgirl is on his way to becoming the human desecrator that makes vulgar remarks to every woman he meets on the streets. My dear, the cure is extreme. Flirt with the men you meet and he will be cured of his folly, but the remedy is so severe on a girl's reputation, and the man is so little worth the sacrifice, that it would be better to give him up and forget him.

The Mystery of Flying Suns

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—How is the orbital speed of the sun determined, and with what probable degree of accuracy? Answer—Specific speeds of suns in space, flying in every possible direction, are found by means of telescopic observation and measurement of their proper motions. First find their distances from the earth, and then, with precision, measure how many seconds of arc they move per year. Then their velocities can be computed in miles. But suppose that a flying sun is coming on an exact line toward the earth or receding on a true straight line. Then the telescope alone cannot see any motion at all. But one of the chief discoveries of all ages is the spectroscopic. To even think of the power of this delicate instrument makes one wish to write the oft-repeated words: The powers now so nearly latent in the phase of mind called human are illimitable. The spectroscopic actually measures the velocities of approach and recession of giant suns in the line of sight. Thirty years ago, one would have said, "This is beyond the power of man." But it is common now to measure these direct motions. The principle is, that when a body emitting light is coming in a straight line to-

ward the eye, more waves enter the eye than if the body is going away on a straight line. Now the exceedingly refined measuring instrument, the spectroscope, when attached to a huge telescope, is able to measure this excess and diminution of waves of light. The good folks in Ararat times never imagined any fantastic thing comparable with this scientific reality. For waves measured range from lengths in between 23,000 to 24,000 of the inch that are visible; while the photo-telescope, in conjunction with the spectroscope, deals with waves still shorter, so short that no eye can see them, but still visible to molecules of chemicals on very sensitive and rapid films and plates. The degree of accuracy is far greater than that of a carpenter measuring the length of a board. And these suns are all in motion ordinarily in between limits of four to eighty miles per second. But a few suns, in a select class all by themselves, move from 125 to 300 miles during each second of time. The paths of suns when flying singly and alone in interminable space are not called orbits, for the paths of bees in a swarm would not be called orbits. But where binaries and ternaries are in revolution around their common gravitation center, by two and three, then the paths are regular conic sections and are expressed by the word orbit.



Madame Isibell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON III—PART III. Even an occasional pimple should not be neglected, for, while pimples are not contagious in the sense of being carried from one person to another, one pimple may carry infection to another part of the skin and continue the trouble. If a pimple is forming bring it to a head by applications of hot water. When the white spot is plainly indicated, open with a needle that has been sterilized by passing through a gas or candle flame and carefully press out all the pus. Then bathe the spot with peroxide of hydrogen. Hard, sore spots that grow red but show no sign of opening should be painted with white iodine. Apply this with a soft brush and in most cases the irritation and swelling will disappear. Be sure and get the white or colorless iodine; the brown is too strong for the skin of the face and will also leave a stain. Beauty habits and habits that mar beauty are easily cultivated during these years. Among the latter are frowning, distorting the face and biting the lips. Thick or rough lips should be kept well lubricated with a good cream; never oil or moisten them with the tongue, for this will only increase the trouble. Remember that frowning will make permanent lines in the face and that a happy expression will render any face attractive. Blonde hair, so common with the Anglo-Saxon race in childhood, is prone to darken toward maturity. So often my pupils ask for something to prevent this. There is little we can do to change pigmentation; that is decided while the hair is in the bulb and is one of the mysteries of nature's chemistry. Nothing can make the hair grow light after it has started dark; it can be made light by bleaching or dyeing. There are, however, some harmless methods that will brighten the hair. Hair that is kept dry, free from perspiration and an oily condition of the scalp, will remain blonde longer than it would if neglected. An egg shampoo tends to brighten blonde hair, or if the ordinary soap shampoo is given, the juice of half a lemon added to the last rinsing water will have the same effect. Soda and peroxide of hydrogen will render the hair light and fluffy for a time, but the continual use of either will eventually make the hair brittle and lifeless and take all color from it. How much better to accept nature's dictum in this matter and promote the right color by treating the hair rightly. This means a daily brushing, combing and airing of the hair, an occasional scalp massage and a thorough shampoo once a fortnight, or more often if dandruff is present. With proper care the hair will be glossy, soft and beautiful, no matter what the tint, and this is sufficient to make it beautiful. In the next lesson Mme. Isibell will take up the subject of wrinkles and give directions for facial massage.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Certainly Not. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18, and at a party at a friend's home I met a young man about the same age. When I was going home he asked to accompany me. (In the way he asked me to marry him. Should I consent, as this is the first time I met him?) TROUBLED. A proposal on such short acquaintance is not complimentary to you. Tell him you are not to be married offhand like that; that the love of every self-respecting girl is something to be worked for, waited for and won. As "Mr." Dear Miss Fairfax: Which is proper? To address a young man over 21 years of age as "master" or "Mr." in writing a letter to him? G. A. D. The age of 21 entitles a man to all of manhood's privileges and, in these days, when youth demands more than its dues, it is regarded as proper to call a boy "master" as soon as he dons knickerbockers.

Advertisement for 'You Need Not Have Grey Hair' featuring an illustration of a woman and text about hair health and Hays Hair Health.