

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 to the home 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 home 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 setting 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 more to be feared than he was. 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 Greiner, stepson of Sir Philip Morland, a dissipated rascal. Philip saves a girl from assault from this gang, and her sister also is the same girl whose life he had saved on that rainy night. Greiner 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, Lanson returns from the girl's home, where he has attended a reception. The three crowd in their plans, and in the meantime Philip arranges so Mrs. Atherton recovers some of her money from Lord Vanston, 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 been killed. Victor Greiner helps strip the body. They throw the naked body over a cliff into the sea, and Anson is rescued by his preparations to impersonate Anson. A note from Evelyn warning Philip of danger is opened and read, and Greiner 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. Greiner goes to York and opens communications with Anson's bankers, with Abingdon and Miss Atherton. Greiner secures possession of Anson's belongings, and Mason gets an unexpected summons to visit police headquarters. Greiner forges orders on Anson's bank, and determines to swindle Mason out of his share of the plunder.

Now Read On

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If anyone sought an interview, it might be helpful to shun a slight degree of intoxication. The difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober would be accounted for readily.

But rest—that was denied him. It was one thing to hurl himself against surprise; quite another to forget that die-forged corpse swirling about in the North sea.

He wished now that Philip Anson had not been cast forth naked. It was a blunder not to dress him, to provide him with means of identification with some unknown Smith or Jones.

When he closed his eyes he could see a shadowy form wavering helplessly in green depths. Never before were his hands smeared with blood. He had touched every crime save murder.

Physically, he was a coward. In plotting the attack on Philip, he had taxed his ingenuity for weeks to discover some means where he need not become Mason's actual helper. He rejected project after project. The thing might be bungled, so he must attend to each part of the undertaking himself, short of using a bludgeon.

He slept again and dreamed of long flights through space pursued by demons. How he longed for day. How slowly the hours passed after dawn, until the newspapers were obtainable, with their columns of emptiness for him.

A letter came from Evelyn. It was a little reserved, with an impulse to tears concealed in it.

"I asked mother for fifty pounds," she wrote, "so the blue ston incident has ended, but I don't think I will ever understand the mood in which you wrote your last telegram. Perhaps your letter now in the post—half expected it at mid-day—will explain matters somewhat."

He consulted blue atom to a sultry climate, and began to ask himself why Mr. Abingdon had not written. The ex-magistrate's reticence annoyed him. A

Quick Way to Whiten Arms, Hands and Neck

It is a real trial when one's neck and arms are so discolored and covered with freckles, and she is ashamed to go without collar or long sleeves and must taboo evening dress entirely. No woman need worry on this account if she'll treat her skin properly with Buttermilk. There's no better bleach of skin softener known, which is at the same time perfectly harmless. The best method is to cover the skin liberally with prescolated buttermilk emulsion, rubbing it in gently. This also costs less to use than the liquid, which is perhaps ninety per cent water. Allow the paste to remain on as long as convenient, then remove with soap and water. This is a fine thing for freckles, brown, over- or rough skin—for face as well as for neck, arms and hands. It soon makes the skin soft, white and beautiful. It does not make the face greasy and it is regularly carried in stock by Sherman & McClellan Drug Co., 12th and Dodge Sts.; Owl Drug Co., 15th and Harper Sts.; Harvard Pharmacy, 24th and Vermont Sts.; Loyal Pharmacy, 25-27 N. 30th St.

Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man

No. 3—There is More Than One Kind of Courage

By Stella Flores

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Tramping along in the woods, his gun over his shoulder, Bob was musing over the rumors he had heard of a great white bear that had escaped from a circus. Suddenly a scream thrilled out ahead. He was just in time to send a bullet into the heart of a great white monster that reared above the slender figure of a terrified girl. Her companion had taken to a tree, and the story would have had a grim ending if Bob had not arrived in the nick of time. "What cowards some fellows are," he said to himself as he trudged home.

But that evening he remembered that the flush of excitement he had promised to go to the girl's home that night—her sister's birthday party. And he was one of these rare folk who think a promise should be kept. He went, but after the first few moments of agony at meeting so many girls he took advantage of the staircase, and the rest of the evening he spent snugly concealed behind the railings. And the fellow who had climbed the tree was the most popular chap there!

Successful Men ::

By REV. C. H. PARKHURST.

This article is written especially for our boys. It says better to talk to them than to talk to their fathers and mothers. There is the same difference between them and trying to influence their parents that there is between trying to make a ball out of soft snow and trying to make it out of snow that has begun to stiffen into ice. It would be an excellent thing for the boys if in the training they receive at school a little more attention could be given to the lives that have been lived by great and good and successful men and to the means by which they came to positions of influence. It is easy enough to tell a boy by what steps he can climb to a high and large position, but for practical reasons such telling will not compare with the effect that will have upon him to show him a man that has done that thing and how he has done it.



There is a book soon to be published which will give the history of some of the Scotchmen that came to this country when they were boys, and that have, by their genius and moral character, put a very definite stamp on our city and times.

An incident occurred in the early life of one of these which the boys can learn something from that will be of use to them and that may perhaps help to make them as successful as he has been.

I shall not give his name, but young readers that are bright and that have kept up with things will probably be able to guess it.

He was born poor, in a story-and-a-half house. His father was a weaver. He came to this country with the rest of his father's family when he was 19 years old, and commenced on a job that paid him 25 cents a day.

Faithful work as a bobbin boy soon procured him a position that earned him almost \$1 a day. His attentiveness to what was given him to do brought him after a little while to the attention of a railroad man who was a large employer of help.

He had in the meantime been economizing his small earnings, of which it was suggested to him that he should take just a little stock in a car company. He was shrewd enough to realize the opportunity, but knew well enough that he hadn't the money. Although he could offer no security, he resolved to apply to the bank for a loan.

What happened when he went to the bank is what I want the boys particularly to notice, for it really marks the crisis in the young fellow's life and explains what followed on during the years after.

I just said that in asking for a loan he had nothing that he could offer as security; that is, he owned nothing that

Boys Ought to Be Taught to Read Their Lives and Copy the Genius and Moral Character That Have Put New Stamp on Our City and Times

he could make over to the bank in case he failed to return the loan. Security of the ordinary kind he did not have, but he had something that was just as satisfactory to the banker, for he had a character for honesty, faithfulness and perseverance, and the banker said to him: "You shall have the money, Andy, for you are all right."

The boy was sound. When people build they are careful not to put in rotten timber. This boy was not a rotten boy. If he had been, the banker, instead of giving him \$500, would not have given him a cent. That is the trouble with a lot of boys—they are rotten.

A little money might give them a start in life, but they are rotten, and nobody will loan it to them. They might be able to fill some paying position, but they are rotten and nobody will employ them. And then they say they haven't a fair show. Yes, they have a perfectly fair show. They get just what they deserve. People of sense will not put their trust in boys that are not sound.

The head of a large importing house in this city recently said to his manager, who is a Frenchman: "I want that in taking men into our employ you should give the first chance to Frenchmen in preference to Americans."

"The latter take no interest in their work, but are ready to rush out into the street the instant the 12 o'clock and 6 o'clock whistle blows."

That was the turning point in "Andy's" life and was the next step in course of time filled the rest with no many eggs that it would take a string of figures almost two inches long to count them.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Give Her Up. Dear Miss Fairfax: On my arrival in this country four months ago I first met my 17-year-old girl cousin. It was a case of love (true love on my part) at first sight. She led me to believe she returned my love, but lately, both by word and action she has shown me her mind has either changed, or never was made up. I am very unhappy over it.

R. L. A girl of 17 years is too young to know her own mind, and it is unfair to her to ask it.

This is one reason why you should give her up. A second, and better one is that she is your first cousin. First cousins should never marry.

Never, My Dear. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 15 years and deeply in love with my piano teacher, who has been teaching me for the last four years. He does not know that I love him. On account of my love for him I have neglected my music, which has brought about a little quarrel between the two of us. We are on friendly terms again as usual. Please aid me to gain his love. X. Y. Z. I hope never to be guilty of helping any girl of 15 years to seek a man's love. Your music is more important, and if you find your love for your teacher interferes with your progress, change teachers and let your new instructor be a woman.

Have You a Lizard on Your Cheek?

THE LATEST FAD TO TAKE THE PLACE OF BEAUTY SPOTS



Owned by one of the beauty choux in "When Claudia Smiles." Here is the very, very latest—later and more extreme even than the colored wigs that are beginning to pop up everywhere. Instead of the dainty little beauty spot, mildy, to be really up-to-the-minute in fade, must bear a lizard, a tiny frog, or some such object on her cheek. These new "beauty spots" (?) are exquisitely painted in life-like colors on a gummy, transparent substance. These can be stripped off when the wearer gets home and used over again many times. What next? Goodness only knows! OLIVETTE.

Science Questions

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—If an explosion takes place in a room where no one is within hearing, is there really any sound?

Answer—No. Sound is a receptacle of the energy of impulses, and after reception by the aural organs it is translated into a sensation named "sound," which sensation is sensed by the personalities that express or manifest in brains. But the process of translation of energy of impulses into sound and personality are totally unknown to science. Having no clue as to what a person is, of course how it receives sensation cannot be explained.

Question—In going from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean through the Panama canal, in what general direction does one travel?

Answer—The longitude of the Atlantic end of the canal is 79 degrees 36 minutes, and of the Pacific end is 79 degrees 32 minutes west of Greenwich. The general tendency is therefore toward the south and east.

Question—Please state why the moon sometimes appears at points turned upward, and at other times downward?

Answer—There is one cause only—the rotation of the earth. If the moon rises with points turned upward, then, when it sets, the points must turn downward. That is, the western horizon meets the points in its apparent approach—they point toward it—apparently downward, in the western sky.

Can't Help But Admire Babies

Every Woman Casts Loving Glance at the Nestling Cuddled in its Bonnet.

A woman's heart naturally responds to the charm and sweetness of a pretty child, and more so today than ever before since the advent of Mother's Friend.



This is a most wonderful external help to the muscles and tendons. It penetrates the tissues, makes them pliant, readily yields to nature's demand for expansion, so there is no longer a period of pain, discomfort, straining, nausea or other symptoms so often distressing during the anxious weeks of expectancy. Mother's Friend prepares the system for the coming event, and its use brings comfort, rest and repose during its term. This has a most marked influence upon the baby, by having avoided all the suffering and danger that would otherwise accompany such an occasion. Mother's Friend thoroughly lubricates every nerve, tendon and muscle involved and is a sure preventive for cramping of the breasts. You will find this splendid remedy on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle, and is highly recommended for the purpose. Write Bradford Regulator Co., 134 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and they will mail you entirely free a very instructive book for expectant mothers.