

# 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 18 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 deserted. 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 Mevs, 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 Lord Morland, who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his nephew, Johnson's Mevs 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, stopper of Sir Philip Morland, a dispossessed son of 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 visit Atherly, 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 impersonate 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 Atherly. Grenier secures possession of Anson's belongings, and Mason sets an unexpected summons to visit police headquarters. Grenier forges orders on Anson's bank, and determines to swindle Mason out of his share of the plunder. Mason goes to police headquarters and there meets his two grown sons. The boys take their father to their room, and tell him the story of how their mother was cared for in her illness by Philip Anson and how they were reared and trained at the Mary Anson Home.

### Now Read On

Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode.

No dagger of steel could have hurt so dreadfully as this well-meant consolation. But for the sake of his sons the man wrestled with his agony, and conquered it to some outward seeming.

When the cab stopped outside a big building he was steady on his feet when he alighted, and he managed to summon a ghastly smile to his aid as he said to John:

"I am sorry to set you a bad example. But that is nothing new, is it? I must have some spirit, strong spirit, or I can't keep up."

"Certainly, father. Why not? It is all right as medicine. Willie, you go downstairs and get some brandy while I take father upstairs."

Their flat was on the second floor. It was neatly furnished, fitted with electric light, and contained five rooms.

John talked freely, explaining house-keeping arrangements, the puzzle as to their father's size, for the first bed they bought was a short one, their hours of work, the variety of their employment, any and every cheering topic, indeed, until Willie came with a bottle.

Both of them glanced sulkily at the quantity Mason consumed, but they passed no comment. He tried to smoke,

and sat so that the light should not fall on his face. And then he said to them: "Tell me all you know about Philip Anson. It interests me."

"Snap! The hard composition of his pipe was broken in two. "What a pity!" cried Willie. "Shall I run and buy you a new one?" "No, my boy, no. I can manage. Don't mind me. I can't talk, but I will listen. May the Lord have mercy on me, I will listen."

He suffered that night as few men have suffered. Many a murderer has had to endure the torments of a hunted conscience, but few can have been harrowed by hearing their own sons lauding to the sky the victim's benefactions to themselves and to their dead mother.

He was master of his emotions sufficiently to control his voice. He punctuated their recital by occasional comments that showed he appreciated every point. He examined with interest specimens of their work, for they understood both the stitching and stamping of leather, and once he found himself were he given in boyhood the opportunities they rejoiced in.

But throughout there was in his surcharged brain a current of cunning purpose. First, there was Grenier, away in the north, robbing a dead man and plotting desolation to some girl. He must be dealt with.

He would not merely disappear, leaving them dubious and distressed. No, they must know he was dead, not by suicide, but by accident. They would mourn his wretched memory. Better that than alive with the abiding grief of the knowledge that he was Philip Anson's murderer.

He was quite sure now that the dead would arise and call for vengeance if he dared to continue to exist. Yes, that was it—a life for a life—a prayer that his deeds might not bear fruit in his children—and then death, speedy, certain death.

Some reference to the future made by Willie, the younger, who favored his mother more than the outspoken John, gave Mason an opportunity to pave the way for the coming separation.

"I don't want you two lads to make any great changes on my account," he said, slowly. "It is far from my intention to settle down here, and let all your friends become aware that you are supporting a ticket-of-leave father. Yes, I know. You are good boys, and it won't be any more pleasant for me—to live away from you, than it would be for you—under other conditions—to be separated from me. But—I am in earnest in this matter. I will stop here tonight just to feel that I am under the same roof as you. It is your roof, not mine. Long ago I lost the right to provide you with a shelter. Tomorrow I go away. I have some work to do—a lot of work. It must be attended to at once. Of course, you will see me often. We can meet in the evening—go out together—but live here—with you—I can't."

His sons never knew the effort that this speech cost him. He spoke with such manifest hesitation that Willie, who quickly interpreted the less pronounced signs of a man's thoughts, winked a warning to his brother.

He said, with an optic signal: "Not a word now, John. Just leave things as they are."

Under any ordinary conditions he would be right. He could never guess the nature of the chains that encircled his father, delivering him fettered to the torture, bound hand and foot, body and soul.

At last they retired to their rooms, the boys to whisper kindly plans for keeping their father a prisoner again in their hands; Mason to lie, open-eyed, dry-eyed, through the night, mourning for that which might not be.

The rising sun dispelled the dark phantoms that flitted before his vision. He fell into a fitful slumber, disturbed by vivid dreams. Once he was on a storm-swept sea at night, on a sinking ship, a sweep with a crew of dead men and a dead captain at the helm.

Driving onward through the raging waves, he could feel the vessel settling more surely, as she rushed into each yawning caldron. Suddenly, through the wreck of flying spindrift, he saw a smooth harbor, a sheltered basin, in which vessels rode in safety. There were houses beyond, with cheerful lights and men and women were watching the doomed craft from the firm security of the land.

But, strain his eyes as he would, he could see no entrance to that harbor, naught save furious seas breaking over relentless walls of granite.

Even in his dream he was not afraid. He asked the captain with an oath: "Is there no way in?"

And the captain turned corpse-like eyes toward him. It was Philip Anson. The dreamer uttered a wild beast's howl and shrank away.

Then he awoke to find Willie standing by his bedside with soothing words.

"It is all right, father. You were disturbed in your sleep. Don't get up yet. It is only 5 o'clock."

At that hour a policeman left his cottage in a village on the Yorkshire coast, and walked leisurely toward the Grange house.

He traversed four miles of rough country, and the sun was hot, so he did not hurry. About half past six he reached the farm. There were no signs of activity such as may be expected in the country at that hour.

He examined three sides of the building carefully—the sea front was inaccessible—and waited many minutes before he knocked at the door. There was no answer. He knocked again more loudly. The third time his summons would have roused the seven sleepers, but none came. He tried the door, and rattled it; peered in at the windows; stood back of the garden and looked up at the bed rooms.

"A queer business," he muttered, as he turned unwillingly to leave the place. "Ay, a very queer business," he said, again. "I must go on to Newcastle, and make inquiries about this Dr. Williams' stuff I report to 'super.'"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## The Tango Girl

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By Nell Brinkley



Love, these days, is flippity-hopping down the smooth halls of tea rooms, hand on hip, wearing out the soles of his crushed-rose feet, and singing, where once he sang "Pony Boy"—

Tango-girl, Tango-girl,  
Won't you be my tango-girl?  
Don't say no,  
Away we go  
Across the icy floor!  
Tango-girl, my Tango-girl,  
Put your chin in the air and whirl!  
Sneak along, skate along, somersault  
DIP!  
My Tango-girl!

Love is a fat man and an old man—and these have found, woefully, that if they would be where girls be, smile with girls, comrade with girls; even if they would have a fleet, indifferent chat from girls—they must close up the office at 4 o'clock p. m. and hike away to The Dansant. For girls are absent-minded about everything else in the world but the dance! For the first time ever, Love pipes his luring, thrilling, silver Follow-Song to no good! They follow right enough, out of the houses and yards—like the children of Hamelin—

but the minute a tea room sign flaps in the wind they turn off the line of march and drop in—and bye-an-bye Love finds himself sitting on a rock alone with his pipe and his Follow-Song. So now he's pitched his pipe into the grass by the roadside and learned to tango!

NELL BRINKLEY.

### Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Keep Everlastingly at It.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and very much in love with a young lady of the same age. I think she returns my love, although when I proposed to her she remained silent, saying neither yes nor no. At our next meeting I again proposed her for her answer, and she looked at me quite strangely and asked me if I really and truly loved her, which hurt me very much because I am very sincere. Kindly let me know how I can convince her of my love, as well as be convinced of hers.  
JOHN.  
Let your constant devotion dispel her doubts. There is no other way. Having

won her love, I hope you will continue to be as devoted in return to keep it won.

Under the Circumstances, No.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and deeply in love with a gentleman two years my senior. He has proposed to me, but I have not accepted him yet, because he will not be able to furnish a home like the one I have been accustomed to, as he has to work for a living. I wish you would tell me whether or not you think I ought to accept his offer of marriage.  
MISS EARL.  
Your question proves that you are not fitted to be his wife. He should marry a girl who is sensible enough to care all the more for a man who works for a living, and I fear you are not that. You do not love him, or the question of fine furniture would not enter your head.

## Religious Freedom in China

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Appropos of the very recent declaration by the Chinese government that confucianism shall be reinstated as the state religion of the republic, it may be well to remember that today is the thirty-seventh anniversary of the proclamation of religious freedom in the land of the Celestials.



When, in 1877—a year that well deserves to stand as an important one in the mental evolution of humanity—the imperial government issued the decree establishing a free and open field for all religions, the whole world stood, as it were, agape with wonder. The Chinaman as the prince of conservatism. For all peoples the east has more or less attraction, but to the Chinaman it is a religion. He worships the past, and in proportion as its antiquity is increased the worship is intensified. Nowhere outside of the land of the Celestials is it possible to match the Chinaman's reverence for ancient custom.

His dogged perseverance with which the Chinese set themselves against the first missionaries to their country. It was about 1557—a full quarter of a century after the discovery of the new world—that Europeans began to arrive in China, at which time confucianism, the state religion, was twenty-one centuries old. In the face of such fact what hope had the missionaries? "You come to us," said the priests of confucianism, "with a faith that was never heard of until today, and you want us to accept this faith in place of the one that we have known for more than 2,000 years. We say to you—begone!"

Thus may we see how it was that for more than three centuries the feeling of the Chinese against the Christian evangelists was so bitter. Hard, indeed, was the lot of the missionaries, and as for the Chinaman who turned Christian, his existence was the very refinement of wretchedness. He was an outlaw, whose rights none were bound to respect, and whose very life ceased to have any sanctity or protection in the eyes of the law.

Therefore, when the imperial decree of 1877 appeared, giving not only the Chinese the right to preach, but the natives the right to be preached to and converted, the world did well to wonder and to throw up its hands in utter amazement.

And now, after thirty-seven years in China—China, the republic—going to take the "back-track" and undo all that was done by the empire?

## Some Problems in Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"What are the proportions of elements in the human body?"

A.—A human body weighing 137 pounds is composed of chemical elements as here given:

Gas.	Pounds.	Solids.	Pounds.
Oxygen	85.0	Carbon	14.00
Hydrogen	14.0	Calcium	2.05
Nitrogen	3.5	Phosphorus	1.50
Chlorine	1.5	Sulphur	0.29
Fluorine	0.2	Potassium	0.15
		Sodium	0.14
		Magnesium	0.10
		Iron	0.09
Total	137.3	Total	46.73

Q.—"Supposing, to use an overdrawn illustration that a railroad train was going forward at the rate of 100 miles per minute, and a gun, was fired from the rear of the train in the opposite direction. If the velocity of the bullet as it left the gun would also have been 100 miles per minute, had the gun been discharged by a person standing on solid ground, would the bullet leave the gun at all, and if so, at what rate of speed?"

A.—The bullet would leave the muzzle of the gun with a speed of 100 miles per minute; the force of the explosive in the gun is the cause of the motion of the bullet, not that of the train. At the exact end of one minute, the rear of the train and the bullet would be 200 miles apart. Before the gun is fired the bullet is moving with the train; at time of firing, the bullet is at rest during an infinitesimal of time, or a differential of time. The time of the bullet with the train and beginning of motion from the train is mathematically called a consecutive state, and is such an important element of human knowledge that the highest branch of mathematics, the differential calculus, only is able to completely explore its wonderful properties.

## The Joy Of Coming Motherhood

Wonderful Remedy That is a Natural Aid and Relieves the Tension.

Mother's Friend, a famous external remedy, is the only one known that is able to reach all the different parts involved. It



is a penetrating application after the formula of a noted family doctor, and lubricates every muscle, nerve, tissue or tendon affected. It goes directly to the strained, tortuous and aching but surely relieves all tendency to soreness or strain. By its daily use there will be no pain, no distress, no nausea, no danger of lactation, or other accident, and the period will be one of supreme comfort and joyful anticipation. To all young women Mother's Friend is one of the greatest of all helpful influences, for it robs childbirth of all its agonies and dangers, dispels all the doubt and dread, all sense of fear, and thus enables the mind and body to await the greatest event in a woman's life with untrammelled gladness. Mother's Friend is a most cherished remedy in thousands of homes, and is of such peculiar merit and value as to make it essentially one to be recommended by all trained nurses. You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle, or the druggist will gladly get it for you if you insist upon it. Mother's Friend is prepared only by the Bradford Regulator Co., 137 E. Grand St., Atlanta, Ga., who will send you by mail, sealed, a very instructive book to expectant mothers. Write for it today.

### Which is the Older?

You can't tell because the one that is the older retains the natural color and lustre of her hair by using

## Days Hair Health

It restores natural color to gray or faded hair. It eradicates dandruff, cures the scalp. Results are positively guaranteed. Your dealer will refund purchase price, if unsatisfactory. No. 21 at drugstore. Send for sample bottle at Sherman & McCord, 1000 Broadway, New York. FOR SALE AND RECOMMENDED BY SHERMAN & MCCORD, DRUG CO., 1000 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.