

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 12 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 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 Abington, 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 nephew, 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 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 impersonate Philip, who 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 see Mrs. Athery, who has been recovering from Lord Vanstone, her cousin, and secures a promise from the daughter to wed him. Anson receives some of the messages to visit a secluded spot. Anson is trapped by a gang at a redoubt house. He is hit on the head and falls 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. Evelyn Anson checks her book at the girl's home, where she has attended a reception. Jockey Mason sets out for the railroad, meeting and chatting with a rural policeman on the way. Anson's servant, Mr. Athery, opens communications with Anson's bankers, with Abington and Miss Athery. Grenier secures possession of Anson's belongings, and Mason gets an unexpected summons to visit police headquarters. Grenier forges orders on Anson's bank, and determines to evade Mason out of his share of the plunder. Mason goes to police headquarters and there reveals his two grown sons. The boys take their father to their room, and tell him the story of how their mother was carried off in her illness by Philip Anson, and how they were reared and trained at the Mary Anson Home. Mason suffers from remorse, and the Yorkshire policeman inspects the abandoned grange.

Now Read On

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

Wearing their heavy sea boots, none of the fishermen, though each was an expert swimmer, dared to jump into the water. But the carman, being a person of resource, and reasoning rapidly that not the most enthusiastic salmon baitfish in England would pursue him in such manner, grabbed a boat hook and caught Philip with it beneath the arm.

He only used the slight force necessary to support him until another could grasp him.

Then they lifted the half-drowned man on board, turned him on his face to prevent the water to flow out of his lungs, and, instantly reversing him, began to raise his elbows and press them against his sides alternately.

Soon he breathed again, but he remained unconscious, and a restored circulation caused blood to flow freely from the back of his head.

Of course the men were voicing their surprise throughout this unparalleled experience.

"Whoa is he?"

"Where did he come from?"

"Nobbut a loony wad was jumped off 'em."

"He's necked as when he was born."

"At last one of them noticed his broken scalp. He pointed to the wound to his companions.

"That was never dean by fallin' i' t' water," he said.

At last one of them noticed his stature. His delicate skin, the texture of his hands, the cleanliness of his teeth and nails, were quick tokens to the fisherman that something quite beyond the common run of seaside accidents had taken place. The carman, a man of much intelligence, hit on an explanation.

"He was swimmin' doon t' cliff after t' birds," he cried. "Mebbe fotografin' 'em. I've heard o' sike doins'."

"Man alive!" cried one of his mates, "he wouldn't strip to t' skin for that job!"

This was unanswerable. Not one gave a thought to the invisible Grange House. They held a hasty consultation. One man doffed his jersey for Philip's benefit, and then they hastily covered him with oilskin coat and overalls.

It was now nearly dark, so they ran out a marking buoy for their net, shipped oars, and pulled lustily to their remote fishing hamlet, three miles away from the outlet of the river which flowed through Scarsdale.

Arrived there, they carried Philip to the house of one who was the proud owner of a "spare" bed.

What the Spring Maid Will Wear

Exclusive Styles in Hats and Gowns Fully Described by Olivette



By OLIVETTE.

Model No. 1 is a sweet, simple and girlish little hat which sacrifices not a whit of its smartness and chic to its dainty prettiness.

The brim of black Milan, and the crown is of tan satin veiled in tulle. Black moire pump bows surround the crown, and nestling high above them is a wreath of pink roses with glowing red centers.

With this is worn a simple frock of printed pussy-willow cloth, collared and cuffed in rose satin.

MODEL NO. 2.

This little frock of orchid-colored taffeta is oddly trimmed. A design of peaches in conventionalized form is cut from velvet of a deeper tone and corded onto chiffon of pale mauve. This appliqued chiffon forms the upper part of the kimono bodice and the tunic of the skirt. The long sleeves are of the taffeta, as are the rolling revers set under a collar of maline lace.

The tunic is piped in taffeta and is faced by a heavy cord of deep purple, which falls to the bottom of the draped skirt. This girl, who is a cross between a pansy and an orchid, wears a hat of mauve straw trimmed in velvet of deep purple. This is set in a bow beneath the brim and falls over the shoulders.

MODEL NO. 3.

The hat whose brim is a mass of nodding ostrich tips is a new note in millinery. The total absence of harsh lines recommends it to the woman whose face needs a bit of softening.

With it we show you a smart summer trotteur costume of goifine in a shade of sulphur yellow. The stripes on the skirt run up and down and the tunic is so arranged that the striping is horizontal. For other trimming over and beyond the arrangement of the material this charming little frock has a sash of black taffeta and a Gladstone collar of soft, sheer, white organdie.

MODEL NO. 4.

The Watteau shepherdess never wore her tilted chapeau with more grace than the girl of today manages this little plateau hat tilted over her saucy nose. We show you a model of dull green straw tilted high at the back by a mass of black velvet ribbon and trimmed bi-symmetrically with bunches of pale pink daisies.

The gown with which it is worn is a quaint adaptation of our daring styles. It is a white pussy-willow cloth, with long, severe sleeves of black charmeuse. The simple V-cut neck is filled with softening tulle. Blouse and tunic are fitted gracefully, and the only ornamentation is offered by the knee sash of black and by the striking note of the black wooden beads.

MODEL NO. 5.

Wonderfully well tailored is this suit of blue gabardine. Over the simple, mannish coat are arranged revers of Roman striped silk in tones of blue, sulphur and vanilla brown. These button into a little waistcoat from which are pendant two tasselled ends of the silk. The buttons used are of clouded amber.

The skirt is cut circular and is drawn up into the popular bustle line. The long cuffs are of white pique.

With this is worn a tete de negre hat banded in self-color moire and decked with a single dahlia in yellow and brown.

MODEL NO. 6.

This little sport coat of Scotch homespun illustrates the importance of the hip flare in every garment. It is a very practical coat for spring tramps or summer sports. It is cut on kimono lines and flares almost to the width of a cape. With a tailored skirt of black, a roll-brimmed sailor and severely cut linen collar, it makes a very becoming costume for the woman who has a reactionary attitude against the over-elaborate clothes of today.

Cooking

"Aunt Hannah's Peach Tapioca" and "Nut Bread."—BY BLANCHE RING



—This recipe was given me by a dear old lady of Groveland, Mass., a colonial dame and, what is much better, a wonderful cook.

Cover six tablespoonfuls of "minute tapioca" with cold water. Let soak a few minutes, then add 3/4 cups boiling water and cook in double boiler until transparent. Add by teaspoonful salt if canned peaches are to be used. Use the syrup of the peaches as far as possible, and if more liquid is necessary to make up the 3/4 cups add hot water. Add quarter cup of sugar with 1/2 the liquid in which the tapioca is cooked. Arrange peaches in a baking dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar. Pour tapioca over the peaches and set in a cold place. Serve very cold, with whipped cream.

NUT BREAD.—Contributed by Mrs. Annie L. Knox, of Bradford, Mass., a descendant of Hannah Douin, a lady who showed her resentment for being captured by the Indians by walking in her sleep and killing the entire party with their own tomahawks. 1 egg, 2 1/2 cups milk, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder (round), 2 cups entire wheat flour, 1 cup English walnuts cut small. Put in small bread pan and let raise for 30 minutes. Bake one hour.

White Man is Destroyer of Creation

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

An interesting token of the spirit of our times is the recent international conference held at Bern, Switzerland, to consider what should be done in order to preserve the white man.

The civilized white man, not only kills lower animals for the pleasure of seeing them fall and die, but, directly or indirectly, swiftly or slowly, he kills all representatives of his own kind whose ways of life are less artificial than his own. He sacrifices every creature to his two great gods—machinery and luxury.

Fortunately there is a heaven of righteousness in his competition, the working class, which is shown by the Bern conference.

The resolutions of the conference concern the protection of all kinds of wild life, including plants as well as animals, and savage races of men are not excluded from its sympathetic good will.

But a particular effort was made to throw a shield over the birds. How necessary such protection has become is indicated by the terrible slaughter of all winged creatures that goes on every year with increasing recklessness. I am willing to bet that from France, where the "chasse" is the hunting season, has been just closed by law, only to reopen next year.

Now, according to my observations, the "chasse" usually means little else than bird killing. Hoars, deer and wild rabbits still exist in certain large forest tracts and on private estates kept out of cultivation for the sake of furnishing sport to their proprietors and their fashionable friends, but the average "bourgeois" or plain citizen, who in imitation of the "nobles" puts on his shining leather hunting coat, his yellow leather leggings and his glazed hunting cap, and jauntily tucks his double-barreled gun under his arm, to the gaping admiration of his less prosperous, but more usefully occu-

ped neighbors, seldom finds anything to exercise his marksmanship upon other than the birds of the fields and hedges, many of which are either native songsters or passengers from more northern climes trustfully making their way seaward for the winter. Anything that chirps, or has wings and feathers, is "game" for these bold hunters.

Night and morning, during the season of the "chasse," they may be seen in small companies at the country hotels, strutting about in their war paint, attracting a degree of attention from chambermaids and waitresses only second to that commanded by the wearers of army uniforms, and drinking success to their murderous incursions into the fields.

They go out at sunrise with the appearance of men called upon to defend their country from invasions, and they return at noon or night with a pitiful haul of poor, broken-winged birds, whose little heads hanging from their slender necks are not as large as your thumb.

A month ago I visited a country estate where the proprietor left me to wander about at will. I climbed a pyramidal hill encircled by his vineyards, and near the top found myself in a wilderness of stunted beech trees, not averaging more than five feet high, forming a thicket that was penetrated at regular intervals by narrow paths. While I was wondering what this place could be, I noticed that there were many little wire circles suspended in the branches about me, with a tuft of loose and exceedingly fine wire threads partly filling them. I could not imagine what they were for until the proprietor, coming to look me up, seemed amused at my perplexity.

"I'll show you what they are for," he said.

He stepped into one of the narrow paths, stooped down, showed me one of the circles set on the ground across a narrow gap in the thicket, and there, caught in the cruel web of wires as fine as hairs and sharp as needles, was a beautiful thrush, with its head hanging on its bosom, but not yet dead.

He pointed out the victim with a gleaming look of satisfaction that made me sick at heart, and then swung its neck and put it in his pocket. This whole racket, covering perhaps an acre of ground, was constructed solely as a lure for thrushes, and filled with hundreds of those devilish traps. The proprietor thought was great "sport." In that way he slaughtered hundreds of birds. It is no excuse that he eats some of them, for it takes more than his table can consume, and I know by the look I saw in his eye that it is a greater pleasure to him to find a thrush in one of his devil traps than to eat it afterward. There is need for many Bern conferences.

A Nightmare

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Last night I dreamed that I had lived since human life began And had a lasting friendship for old Adam, the first man; I dreamed in swift succession of a million great events Well known by college students and their learned presidents. But in each panoramic view, with each historic throb, The everlasting Tango was serenely on the job.

I dreamed that Cain and Abel, ere the fatal fight began, Had tangoed up and down the lane much on the modern plan; I dreamed that old Mark Antony, with many a Roman yelp, Tangoed with Cleopatra till her corncs cried out for help. I dreamed that dauntless Bonaparte and all his army bold Tangoed back home from Moscow and forgot that it was cold.

Old Noah and his animals, jammed in the crowded ark, Tangoed from morn till twilight, and tangoed in the dark. George Washington cut down his tree, admitted he was bad, And tangoed to the woodshed for a session with his dad. At morn my nightmare ended, but my nerves were so a-jerk, I tangoed down the bedroom stairs and tangoed to my work.

M. BLANCHE RING.