

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 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 Isaacson 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 a 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 the mother was sister of Sir Philip Morland, who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his stepfather, Johnson's Mews, and is 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. Grenier 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 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 as Mrs. 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. 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 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 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. Anson is pulled from the sea by fishermen and taken to a hospital, where he recovers consciousness. The police are notified, and Anson sends word to his betrothed. Word comes from Evelyn and Anson goes to confront Grenier in the hotel at York. Anson attempts to flee, and is captured in the hall by Jockey Mason, who confesses completely, and pleads for Grenier.

Now Read On

(Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode.)
"I put the whole thing into his mind, Mr. Anson," he said. "He would never have thought of robbing you but for me. Let him go, make him leave the country. He will never trouble you again. As for me, when I go from this room I walk to my death. You can't stop me. I will not lay hands on you, I promise, but not all the men in waiting there outside can hold me back. In five minutes, or less, I will be dead. It will be an accident. No one will be the wiser, and my boys will be spared the knowledge that their father tried to kill the man to whom they owe everything."
This amazing stipulation, backed up by a fearless threat, he noticed, drew

The New Baby is World's Wonder



Every tiny infant makes life's perspective wider and brighter. And whatever there is to enhance its arrival and to ease and comfort the expectant mother should be given promptly. Among the real helpful things is an external abdominal application known as "Mother's Friend." There is scarcely a community that has not heard of it. It is so well thought of by women who know that State drug stores throughout the United States carry "Mother's Friend" as one of their staple and reliable remedies. It is applied to the abdominal muscles to relieve the strain on ligaments and tendons.
Those who have used it refer to the ease and comfort experienced during the period of expectancy; they particularly refer to the absence of nausea, often so prevalent as a result of the natural expansion. In a little book are described more fully the many reasons why "Mother's Friend" has been a friend indeed to women with time-honored suggestions and helps for ready reference. It should be in all homes. "Mother's Friend" can be had of almost any druggist, but if you fail to find it write us direct and also write for book to Bradford's Regulator Co., 202 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

an indignant protest from Mr. Abingdon. Philip said nothing.
"Oh, very well," growled Mason. "There is another way."
His right hand dived into a pocket and Dr. Scarth again fingered his revolver. But Philip cried imperiously:
"Sit still, Mason. I have heard all that you have to say. Be quiet, I tell you. Wait until I refuse your request."
"My dear boy," interrupted Mr. Abingdon, who knew Philip's generous impulses, "you will never think of condoning—"
"Forgive me! Let me carry matters a stage further. Now you, Grenier. What have you to say?"
"Very little," was the cool response. "My excellent friend has made a clean breast of everything. You didn't die, and so spoiled the finest case that ever man dreamed of. I had no difficulty in connecting the requisite epistles from Sir Philip and Lady Morland. Your London bank accepted by signatures with touching confidence. I have opened two accounts in your name, one in York and one in Leeds, £5,000 each. This morning I heard from London that £50,000 pounds of your consols had been realized, and placed to your current account. Just to be feeling the pulse of the local money market, I drew out £2,000 today. It is there, in notes, on the table. You will also find the check books and passbooks in perfect order. Oh, by the way, I told your man Green to open your safe and send me your mysterious portmanteau. It is in my bedroom. That is all, I think. I am sorry if I worried the young lady!"
"You numerable scamp," cried Philip. "Well, I had to keep her quiet, you know. As it was, she suspected me. I suppose my messages hadn't the proper ring in them. And what the deuce is a blue atom?"
Dr. Scarth was even more interested than ever, if possible.
"Blue atom! Blue atom is a nobler specimen of a dog than yourself. He is a prize toy Pomeranian; you are a mongrel!"
Grenier, for an instant, grew confused again. He sighed deeply.
"A dog," he murmured. "A blue Pomeranian. Who would have guessed it?" Philip turned to Mason.
"If I leave you alone with this man, Grenier, will you keep him out of mischief?"
Jockey gave his associate a glance which caused that worthy to sit down suddenly.
"And yourself? Promise that you will remain as you are until I return?"
"I promise."
Anson led his friends from the room. He thanked the manager for the assistance he had given, and told him the affair might be arranged without police interference.
Long and earnestly did he confer with Mr. Abingdon. It was a serious thing to let the men off scot-free. Grenier's case was worse, in a sense, than that of Mason.
There were three banks involved, and forgery, to a bank, is a crime not to be forgiven. There was a dubious way out, and Philip might accept responsibility for Grenier's signature for his, surely the local institutions would accept his for Grenier's.
Mr. Abingdon was wroth at the bare suggestion.
"You will be forging your own name," he protested, vehemently.
"Very well, then. He shall write checks payable to self or order, indorse them, and I will pay them into my account."
"I dare not approve of any such procedure."
So Philip, though sorely tried, again went over his arguments that the trial of Grenier would be a cause celebre in which his (Anson's) name would be unpleasantly prominent. Evelyn would be drawn into it, and Abingdon himself. There would be columns of sensation in the newspapers.
Moreover, it was quite certain that Jockey Mason would commit suicide unless they captured him by a subterfuge, and then the whole story would leak out. It ended by Philip gaining the day, for at the bottom of his heart Abingdon was touched by Mason's story, thoroughbred ruffian though he was.
They re-entered No. 41. The pair were sitting as they were left. Grenier was not even smoking. The affair of the Blue Atom had deeply wounded his vanity.
Philip walked straight to Mason and took him by the shoulder.
"Now, listen to me," he said. "I gave you one crack on the head, and you have given me one. Shall we say that accounts are squared?"
"Do you mean it, sir?"
"Yes, absolutely."
"Then, all I can say is this, sir. During the rest of my life I'll make a good use of the chance you have given me. God bless you, for my boys' sake, more than for my own."
"And you," went on Philip, turning to the disconsolate Grenier. "Will you leave England and make a fresh start in a new land? You are young enough, and clever enough, in some respects, to earn an honest living."
"I will, sir. I swear it."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
Let it End.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young lady for the last eight months and in the last four weeks we have been quarreling. I know she is true to me, for when I do not meet her she is always home. When I first became acquainted she was loving and now has changed. We had many quarrels, but I gave in and now I would like to be advised what to do, as I thought it was right for me not to give in any more nor make a change.
DANKLE.
"Make a change," and do it in the realization that if her disposition has changed since knowing you better, the fault may lie with yourself.
A stormy courtship doesn't preclude a peaceful marriage.

Two Charming Paris Styles

FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE



Fashions and fabrics have a close relationship and a great influence on each other. To the revival of taffeta ruchings owe their present popularity. This pretty negligee on the two tiny cords, below which flashes a flounce under which is a ruffle of maline lace. The decollete is a V, outlined by a ruching of the taffeta. Above this is a medic collar of the lace. A draped belt of the taffeta

left is developed in the early eighteenth century style—and since it is so old-time, it is quite new and the pinked edged ruchings seem very suitable. The foundation for this concoction of Aurora taffeta—which is as pretty and soft as its own name of dawn-flushed pink—is a plain, round skirt of white pongee. The little coat is an exaggerated kimono. The loose sleeves finish at the elbow, where they are gathered on

is raised up in front to make a bow—and under this is Brandenburg silk embroidery. The little basque is curved in front to run up on each side of the waist line, and is edged by a ruching of the taffeta. Mona Delza, the famous Parisian beauty, affects great simplicity in her evening gowns, and most effective it is. The little frock we show you on the right is of white crepe satin. The bodice has an unusually long-fitted sleeve. The neck is cut V-shape and is veiled by a tulle.

This tunic is built according to Paris' latest fancy of white crepe. It extends into a pepul outlined by a row of tubular crystal beads. On the right side this veilage extends over the skirt in a basque—on the other side the skirt is left unveiled. The bead trimming outlines the armhole of the veilage and extends to the decollette. There is a girle of king's blue moire plaited and knotted in two short ends on the left side. In the back the skirt drapes into a bustle movement.

OLIVETTE.

How to Test Radium Bearing Ore :-:

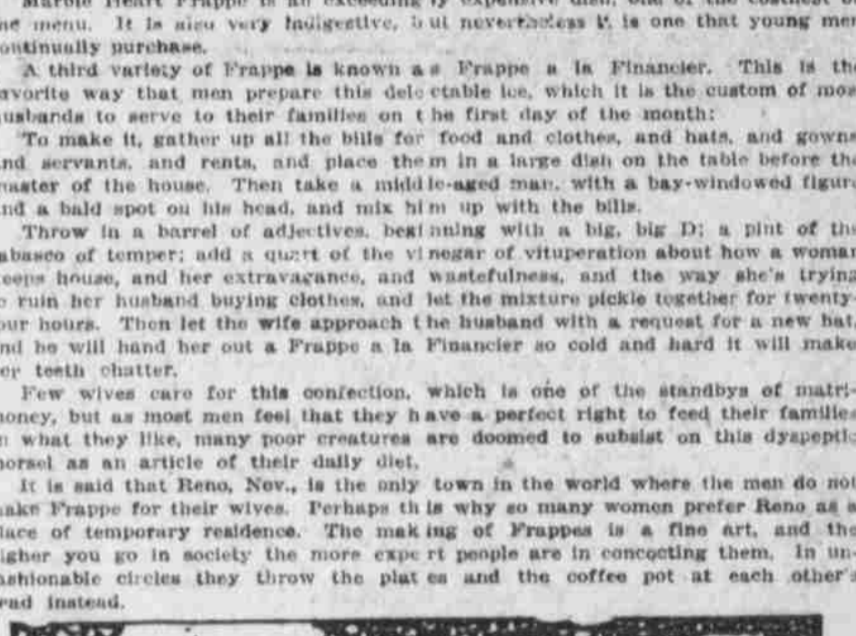
By GARRETT P. SERVISS.
An Arizona man writes that he has found some rock which puzzles everybody around there (where rocks are commonly regarded with an interrogative eye that would surprise a New Hampshire farmer), and he wants to know how he can test the correctness of his suspicion that it contains radium.
There is no better way than to call in the aid of a photographer, unless you happen yourself to be an amateur in photography, in which case you have the whole secret in your own hands and need no confident. Here is the process that the United States bureau of mines advises:
Take a photograph plate and wrap it in two thicknesses of black paper. This, of course, is to be done in a dark room. On top of the wrapped-up plate lay a key, or a coin, or any metallic object possessing a characteristic outline—the key is usually employed. Then suspend directly over the key a specimen of the suspected rock, or ore, weighing at least two or three ounces. Do not let it press upon the key or the plate.
Finally put the entire apparatus inside a light-tight box. Of course, the whole proceeding must take place in the dark room, with no more illumination than that furnished by a photographer's red light, and as little as possible of that. Leave the box untouched for three or four days; then unwrap the plate and develop it in the ordinary way. If your rock contains any appreciable amount of radium you will find on the plate an outline picture, or profile, of the key, or whatever metallic object you may have used. It will be more or less sharply impressed according to the quantity of radium present.
If no metallic object were used the effect of suspending the ore above the plate, or letting it lie upon it, would be to produce a general darkening of the plate when it was developed. Such a darkening might be produced by an accidental exposure to light. The reason for using the key is that the rays from the radium are mostly intercepted by the metal, so that underneath it the plate is unaffected, and when developed shows the form of the key printed light upon a dark background. If you get such a picture after performing the experiment just described with proper precaution, you may be sure that there is radium in your ore.
But to extract the radium—that is quite another question! Until recently all the radium ore found in the United States has been sent to Europe to be treated. Now a method of extraction has been invented here, and we may henceforth extract our radium at home. At best the processes are long, complicated, tedious and costly.
If you should discover an ore containing less than one-tenth-millionth part of gold you would hardly expect to make a fortune of it! You would let it alone, and look for something more profitable. But that is about the percentage of radium found in pitchblende, one of the most productive radium ores known. A ton of pitchblende contains about one milligram (say, one thirty-thousandth of an ounce) of radium. It has been estimated by sober reasoners that the total quantity of radium in all the known radium ore deposits in this country does not exceed six ounces! On the other hand, certain enthusiastic calculators have asserted that Colorado alone contains far more than that. But what do you think that their top estimate for the Colorado total is? Ten ounces!
You would have to tear down, grind up, dissolve, precipitate, crystallize, recrystallize, "fractionate," and refractionate a mountain as big as Pike's Peak, composed all of the radium-making rock, in order to get enough of the precious mystery to fill your hat!

EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK



The custom of serving Frappes to unexpected company has become quite general, especially since the high cost of living became the chief topic of conversation. In former times guests were regaled on a warm dessert, but now any one happening in about midwinter is headed off a large, icy chunk of Frappe. This dessert is usually concocted by the fair hands of the lady of the house, who takes particular pains to see that it is of the proper temperature to give the visitor cold feet. There are also men, however, who are master hands at making Frappe, but these usually devote their skill to preparing the dish strictly for family consumption. There are always as many different kinds of Frappes as there are various ways of cooking eggs, and each housewife has some particular recipe of her own that she has tried out successfully so many times that she pins her faith to it. One of the most common forms of Frappe is a sort of congealed cottage pudding, and is called Frappe a la New Rich. To make this select a nice, large, fat woman, the kind with three chins and a puffed and apoplectic complexion is best. Remove her suddenly from plain and humble surroundings and put her into a fine house on a fashionable street. Surround her from her servants, and her range, and sewing machine, and cut off her heart-to-heart talks with the butcher, and the green grocer, and the woman with whom she used to quarrel across the elevator shaft. Then stuff her with a force main made of jewels and fine clothes, and servants, and automobiles, and money. Stew the whole in a sauce made of pure pride, and vanity, and snobbishness, and social climbing, and set into the mould of worldliness to harden. This mixture will freeze harder than any other known substance, and is the dish you excelence to serve when any old friend or old neighbor drops in to chat a bit about the days when you were poor and did your own housework. Another Frappe that is a particular favorite with girls, and that they are almost as fond of serving as they are of fiddling, is known as the Marble Heart Frappe. The basis of this is a tender little peach, with an expression of angelic innocence on her countenance, and large, soulful eyes. You will find the most perfect variety of peaches for making this dish at a summer resort, where they seem to thrive better than elsewhere. Having selected your peach, make a rich sauce as follows: Take a barrel of sugared peaches, four bushels of saccharine vows of eternal devotion, eight pecks of honored compliments, then throw in automobile rides, moving picture shows, summer theaters, motor boats, souvenirs, stockpiles, hat-bands, canes for umbrella handles, sentimental photographs taken together, moonlight strolls and spooning under the stars, to taste. Let the peach simmer along in this mixture, occasionally raising the temperature to the boiling point, as long as your vacation lasts and your money holds out. Then throw in, for seasoning, a few tears and vows of eternal constancy at parting. Then in the fall, when you meet again, serve up this sweet morsel, garnished by icy stares and cold nods of recognition and a few remarks cut into the shape of forget-me-nots. These look well when arranged around the platter so as to read, "Oh-were-you-at-the-seaside-last-summer-it-seems-to-me-that-I-do-remember-meeting-a-man-by-the-name-of-Smith."

Marble Heart Frappe is an exceedingly expensive dish, one of the costliest on the menu. It is also very indigestive, but nevertheless it is one that young men continually purchase. A third variety of Frappe is known as Frappe a la Financier. This is the favorite way that men prepare this delectable ice, which it is the custom of most husbands to serve to their families on the first day of the month. To make it, gather up all the bills for food and clothes, and hats, and gowns, and servants, and rents, and place them in a large dish on the table before the master of the house. Then take a middle-aged man, with a bay-windowed figure and a bald spot on his head, and mix him up with the bills. Throw in a barrel of adjectives, beginning with a big, big D; a pint of the tabasco of temper; add a quart of the vinegar of vituperation about how a woman keeps house, and her extravagance, and wastefulness, and the way she's trying to ruin her husband buying clothes, and let the mixture pickle together for twenty-four hours. Then let the wife approach the husband with a request for a new hat, and he will hand her out a Frappe a la Financier so cold and hard it will make her teeth chatter. Few wives care for this concoction, which is one of the standbys of matrimony, but as most men feel that they have a perfect right to feed their families on what they like, many poor creatures are doomed to subsist on this dyspeptic morsel as an article of their daily diet. It is said that Reno, Nev., is the only town in the world where the men do not make Frappe for their wives. Perhaps this is why so many women prefer Reno as a place of temporary residence. The making of Frappes is a fine art, and the higher you go in society the more expert people are in concocting them. In fashionable circles they throw the plates and the coffee pot at each other's head instead.



The Universal State

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
"It seems impossible for me to make friends," a girl writes me. "I can never think of anything witty to say, and when I meet young men I never know what to talk about."
"I am not quite 19 and am considered pretty," writes another girl. "I have gentlemen friends, but none seem to take a liking to me, and I think it is because I am not sociable. When I go out I make up my mind I will be sociable, and when I get there, I find I have nothing to say."
"I am 26," writes Beasie, "and very quiet. I wish you would tell me how to become more jolly."
"I am a teagrapner," writes a fourth girl, "and want some hints on how to attain popularity. I work all day, and often study at night. The girls jeer at me because I do not seek the company of the male sex."
Not many years ago a woman wrote a little story called "The Secret in Her Heart," which left a pleasing and helpful impression. A girl discovered no one like her; she was self-conscious, self-absorbed, and failed to see wherein she lacked qualities that attract friends. Realizing that something was wrong, she told her troubles to a very wise woman, and that woman gave her a secret. She must carry it forever in her heart, and never forget that it was there. The girl obeyed, and in time became very popular with woman and men, and the delighted reader saw her secure in the love of the right man when the story came to an end. That secret was told in just two words: "Everybody's lonesome." Everybody is longing for something he doesn't have, and that something is usually a sympathetic friend. Not one who parades

Physician Gives Recipe For Gray Hair

A Well-Known Physician and Author Gives Simple Home Recipe That Will Darken Gray Hair.
Dr. Stanton Burroughs, the well-known physician and author, recently made the following statement: "Gray hair can be easily darkened by the following simple recipe which you can mix at home: To 8 oz. of water add a small box of Barbo Compound, 1 oz. bay rum and 4 oz. glycerine. Apply it to the hair every day until the desired shade is obtained. It not only is an excellent hair darkener, but at the same time removes dandruff and other ill of the scalp. I use it myself and have no hesitancy in recommending it to my patients. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost.—Advertisement."