

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Philip Anson is a boy of 15, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor.

The story opens with the death of his mother. Rich relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need, and when his mother's death comes Philip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that he is related to Sir Phillip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunderstorm brews over London. At the height of the storm a flash of lightning scares a team attached to a coach in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a newsboy, rescues a girl from the carriage, just before it turns over. A man with the girl trips over Philip in his excitement. He cuffs the boy and calls a policeman. The girl pleads for Philip and he is allowed to go, after learning that the man was Lord Vanstone. Philip then determines to commit suicide. He borrows a piece of rope from O'Brien, a ship chandler, and goes to his miserable dwelling in Johnson's Mews.

Just as he is about to hang himself a meteor flashes by the window and crashes into the flagstones in the yard. The boy takes this as a sign from heaven not to kill himself. He then goes to the yard to look at the meteor. Philip picks up several curious-looking bits of meteor and shows them to O'Brien. The latter advises him to take them to a jeweller's. He visits a Mr. Wilson, who tells him that the pieces are meteoric diamonds worth an immense fortune. Wilson sends him to a diamond dealer named Isaacstein. Philip is hungry, but has no money, and on his way to the dealer's thinks how hard it is that he, with all these diamonds in his pocket, cannot even buy a meal. He goes into a restaurant and asks the proprietor to trust him for a meal. The man refuses, but Mr. Judd, a grocer, offers to pay the bill. Philip eats his fill and promises to reward the grocer later. At Isaacstein's office he is forced to assault the office boy in order to gain entrance. He tells the dealer that Mr. Wilson sent him there. Isaacstein secretly sends for a policeman after he has seen the diamonds, and Philip is arrested. He resolves to fight it out.



AT LAST PHILIP'S VIA DOLOROSA ENDED IN THE BRIDEWELL POLICE STATION. HE WAS PARADED BEFORE THE INSPECTOR IN CHARGE, A FUNCTIONARY WHO WOULD NOT HAVE EXHIBITED ANY SURPRISE HAD THE GERMAN EMPEROR BEEN BROUGHT

BEFORE HIM CHARGED WITH SHOPLIFTING. HE OPENED A HUGE LEDGER, TRIED IF HIS PEN WOULD MAKE A HAIR STROKE ON A PIECE OF PAPER, AND LACONICALLY "NAME?"

NO ANSWER FROM THE PRISONER, FOLLOWED BY EMPHATIC DEMANDS FROM INSPECTOR AND CONSTABLE. THE FORMER VOLUNTEERING THE INFORMATION THAT TO REFUSE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WAS IN ITSELF AN OFFENSE AGAINST THE LAW.

his forehead, and he wobbled so fearfully that he clutched the desk for support. A scrawling of a boy wandering about London with thousands of pounds worth of diamonds in his pocket, wrapped up in a piece of newspaper like so many sweets. There were not any meteoric diamonds of such value in all the museums and private collections in the world. He began to perspire. Even the policeman was astounded, quite as much as being called "constable" by Philip as by the mean appearance of articles presumably of great value.

"This is a rum go. What do you make of it, Mr. Isaacstein?" he said. The query restored the Jew's wits. After all, here was the law speaking. It would have been the wildest folly for a man of his position to dabble in this mysterious transaction.

With a great effort he forced himself to speak in a hoarse voice. "Lock him up instantly. This matter must be fully inquired into. And do be careful of that parcel, constable. Where do you take him? To the Bridewell station? I will follow you in a cab in five minutes."

So Philip, handcuffed, was marched down the stairs past the gratified office boy and out into the street. As for Isaacstein, he required brandy, and not a little, before he felt able to follow.

PERPLEXING A MAGISTRATE. In after years Philip never forgot the shame of that march through the starling streets. The everlasting idlers of London's busiest thoroughfares gathered around the policeman and his prisoner with grinning catfacedness.

"What's he bin-a-doin' of?" "Nicked a lady's purse, eh?" "Naw! Bin ticklin' the till, more like."

"Bil-me, don't 'e look slick!" "He ran and buzzed around him like wasp, stingin' most bitterly with coarse words and coarser laughter. An omnibus slowed its pace to let them cross the road, and Philip knew that the people on top craned their necks to have a good look at him. When nearing the viaduct steps the policeman growled something at the pursuing crowd. Another constable strode rapidly to the entrance and cut off the loafers, sternly advising them to find some other destination. But the respite was a brief one. The pair reached Farrington street and had barely attracted attention before they passed the restaurant where Philip had lunched. The hour was yet early for mid-day customers, and the bald-headed proprietor saw them coming. He rushed out. The green grocer too, turned from his wares and joined in the exclamations of his friend at this speedy denouement of the trivial incident of twenty minutes earlier.

The restaurant keeper was made jubilant by this dramatic vindication of the accuracy of his judgment.

"The thief's young scamp!" he ejaculated. "That's right, Mr. Policeman. Lock 'im up. 'E's a regular wrong 'un."

"The constable stopped. 'Hello!' he said. 'Do you know him?'" "I should think I did. 'E' kem 'ere just now an' obtained a good blowout on false pretenses, an'—"

"'Old 'ard,' put in the green grocer, 'that's not quite the ticket. 'E asked you to trust 'im, but you wouldn't.'"

"The stout man gurgled. 'Not me. I know his sort. But 'e 'ad you a fair treat, Billy.'"

"'Mebbe, an' mebbe not. Ennyhow, two bob won't break me, an' I'm sorry for the kid. 'Wot's 'e done, Mr. Policeman?'" Mr. Judd was nettled, yet unwilling to acknowledge he was wholly wrong.

"'Stole a heap of diamonds. Do either of you know him?'" "Never saw him afore this mornin'."

"'Never bin in my 'ouse before.'"

"What are you thanking him for?" said the constable. "For believing in me," was the curt answer.

The policeman tried to extract some meaning from the words, but failed. He privately admitted that it was an extraordinary affair. How came a boy who spoke like a gentleman and was dressed like a street Arab to be wandering about London with a pocketful of diamonds and admitted to the private office of the chief diamond merchant in Hatton Garden? He gave it up, but silently thanked the stars which connected him with an important case.

At last Philip's via Dolorosa ended in the Bridewell police station. He was paraded before the inspector in charge, a functionary who would not have exhibited any surprise had the German emperor been brought before him charged with shoplifting.

He opened a huge ledger, tried if his pen would make a hair stroke on a piece of paper, and said, laconically: "Name?"

No answer from the prisoner, followed by emphatic demands from inspector and constable, the former volunteering the information that to refuse your name and address was in itself an offense against the law.

Philip's manifold was coming to his aid. The horror of his passage through the gaping mob had cauterized all other sentiments, and he now said that if he would preserve his incognito he must adopt a ruse.

"Philip Morland," he said, doggedly, when the inspector asked him his name for the last time before recording a definite refusal.

"Philip Morland!" It sounded curiously familiar to his ears. His mother was a Miss Morland prior to her marriage, but he had not noticed the odd coincidence that he should have been christened after the "Sir Philip" of the packet of letters so fortunately left behind that morning.

"Address?"

"Park Lane."

The inspector began to write before the absurdity of the reply dawned on him. He stopped.

"Is your mother a caretaker there, or your father employed in the mews?" "My father and mother are dead."

"Then will you kindly inform us what number in Park Lane you live at?" "I have not determined that as yet. I intend to buy a house there."

"Some constables lounging about the office laughed, and the inspector, incensed out of his routine habits, shouted, angrily:

"This is no place for joking, boy. Answer me properly, or it will be worse for you."

"I have answered you quite properly. The constable who brought me here has in his possession diamonds worth many thousands of pounds belonging to me. I own a hundred times as many. Surely I can buy a house in Park Lane if I like."

The inspector was staggered by this well-bred insolence. He was searching for some crushing legal threat that would frighten the boy into a state of due humility when Mr. Isaacstein entered.

The Hatton Garden magnate again related the circumstances attending Philip's arrest, and the inspector promptly asked: "What charge shall I enter? You gave him into custody. Do you think he has stolen the diamonds?"

Isaacstein had been thinking hard during a short cab drive. His reply was unexpectedly frank.

"He could not have stolen what never existed. There is no such known collection of meteoric diamonds in the world."

"But there must be, because they are here."

By this time the parcel of dirty-white stones was lying open on the counter, and both Jew and policeman were gazing at them intently. There was a netting logic in the inspector's retort.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Styles in Black for Evening Wear



(1) A Black Velvet Gown. (2) Another Graceful Toilette in Black. (3) Serviceable as Well as Chic. (4) Over a gracefully draped skirt of black velours hangs a long double tunic of Chantilly bound with velvet. The corsage is of the same lace over white with a touch of silver embroidery; the very slight décolleté is bordered with a bold band of the velvet, very becoming to a fair complexion. (5) The very newest thing in tunics is seen in the gown here illustrated, the deep chiffon volant being gathered on with a large beading from six inches to twelve inches below the waist. Beneath the chiffon overdress is seen some beautiful spangled trimming over white. Tows of jet beads caught into a band form the sleeves. (6) Black chapeau is used for this dress, the skirt being cleverly arranged to form a full tunic. Beaded lapels hanging from the waist and trimmed with three large cabochons give a delightful pointed gilet effect. The uniform black of the gown is relieved by touches of transparency in the bodice.

Let Wives Earn Money as Well as Husbands

Only a Silly Idiotic Custom Forbids a Woman to Help Her Husband in That Way, If She Wished—The Next Generation Will Abolish Such Antiquated Ideas

By DOROTHY DIX.

A nice man of my acquaintance is engaged to be married to a nice young woman. The only rift in the lute is caused by the lack of money. The young man is earning at the present time \$1,000 a year. Obviously they can't marry on that without taking undue chances at having the wolf at the door for a watchdog.



The young woman, however, is a business girl, and she also gets \$1,000 a year for salary, and she and the young man, being practical, modern young people, see no reason on earth why they shouldn't get married, and she keep on with her job, thus doubling the family income, and enabling them to live in comfort until such time as the man is able to make enough for the two of them.

The obstacle in carrying out this plan is the girl's father, who is horrified at the thought of his daughter following a gainful occupation after she is married, and who says that a man should have sufficient love for his young wife and sufficient pride to keep her in her own home.

So the little heart tragedy goes on. The young people, who dearly love each other, can't get married because the young man can't command a big enough salary to feed and clothe two people.

The girl goes on working, but she is not permitted to buy her happiness with her money, and all because of a silly old convention that binds us and fetters our freedom, and from which we ought to have enough courage to break away.

The father, in this case, says that the young man should have enough affection for his wife and pride in her to keep her in his own little home, but what a man can do for his wife isn't always a matter of affection and pride. Doubtless this young man, and every other man in love, would like to be able to give his bride a palace to live in, and jewels to adorn herself, and automobiles to ride about in.

These things are no test of love. The poor man can love, and generally does live a thousand times more usefully than the millionaire.

Are you going to say to him that he mustn't love a woman, or think about marrying her until he can give his wife the things that rich people have?

Among people in moderate circumstances a condition of affairs has arisen

that we have got to face, and that is that the average young man does not make enough money to support a wife. If he waits to marry until he is able to comfortably provide for a family he has gotten to be an old-bachelor who is too selfish to marry at all, or who is so full of whims and caprices, and cranks that no woman wants him.

This is hard on the girls, and it is hard for posterity and society in general, for the time that people ought to marry is in the spring time of life, when they are full of hope, and enthusiasm, and romance, and adaptability.

To say to any young couple that they must wait through dreary years while the bloom of their affection is rubbed off, and the glory and the circling wings fade away from their romance, because convention decrees that a woman shall be shut up in her house when she works after marriage, is not only idiotic, it is a crime.

For the only way in this day and under present economic conditions that the poor young man and his sweetheart can venture into matrimony is by pooling their pay envelopes and both continuing to earn money.

And why shouldn't they, pray? The father, who is so shocked at the idea of his daughter earning money to help her husband outside of the home, would think that she was doing no more than her duty by working to help him within the home. If she married a poor man he would expect her to do her part by doing the cooking and washing and ironing and scrubbing and sewing. He would think it all right for her husband to accept this strenuous labor from the girl.

It happens that this girl has been trained to a profession that she delights in, whereas she loathes domestic labor.

Her profession only occupies her from 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the afternoon, with an hour off for lunch, whereas if she did the cooking and washing for a family, she would be hard at it

from 5 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

Moreover, her work calls for no great physical exertion and is carried on in a handsomely furnished office amid congenial surroundings and brings her in contact with pleasant and intelligent people that keep her mind agreeably stimulated.

If she did her own housework she would be at hard labor, bending over a washboard or a gas range. Her hands would be sodden and rough and she would spend her time doing over and over a dreary round of monotonous duties, with no companionship, nobody with whom to exchange thoughts and ideas, and keep her keyed up to her highest intelligence.

Which way of helping her husband is the easier, the more agreeable, the one that the girl would choose herself? Yet custom has demanded that the woman take the harder end, and held that it is the only way.

Flected on her and the man if she went on with the work that she had fitted herself to do and turned the money she made into the family exchequer instead of turning in the labor of her hands.

It's an antiquated idea that doesn't fit into our scheme of modern life, and the sooner we realize it the better.

There's no reason why a woman who has got a good job should give it up when she marries any more than there is why a man should.

Not is there any sensible argument against a wife, who must help her husband, helping him in the way that is most agreeable to her.

There's been a great falling off in matrimony in this generation because so many people still hold to the idea that a wife should be a parasite and that a man should not marry until he is able to support such an ornamental luxury.

But there will be plenty of marrying in the next generation, because every girl will be self-supporting, and when a man marries, instead of acquiring a burden to support, he will get a business partner who will be a real helpmate.

Girls! Have Beautiful, Charming Hair and No Dandruff—25 Cent Danderine

Try this! Doubles beauty of hair in few moments, and stops it falling out—Grows Hair.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments

you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair, at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be actually a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any druggist or toilet counter, and just try it—Advertisement.

Now Read On

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Well, it mattered not. The courage of despair which nerved him the previous night came to his aid again. He would defy them all, careless of consequence.

The policeman was saying: "It's a queer affair, sir. Did he really say he had lots more of 'em?'" "Yes, yes. Do you think I am romancing? Perhaps they are in his possession now."

"Have you any more of these stones, boy?" Philip, with lips tensely set, was desperately cool again. He moved his arm, and the constable's grasp tightened.

"You are hurting me," said the boy. "I merely wish to put my hand in my pocket. Are you afraid of me, that you hold me so fast?"

The policeman, like the rest, did not fail to notice Philip's diction. The scornful superiority of his words, the challenge of the final question, took him aback. He relaxed his grip and grinned confusively.

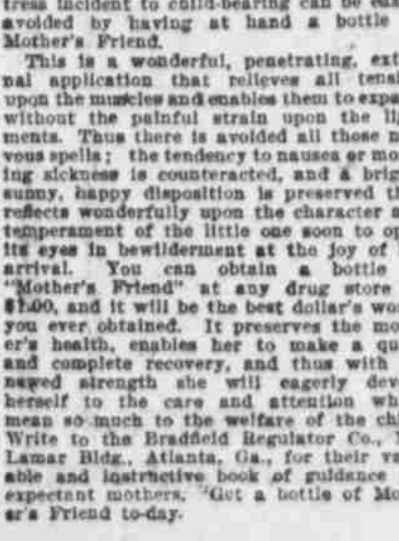
Philip instantly produced his paper of diamonds and opened it widely, so that all the stones could be seen. He handed the parcel to the policeman.

"Take good care of them, constable," he said. "Judging from results, they would not be safe in that man's hands."

But Isaacstein did not hear the insult. When he saw the collection he nearly lost his senses. What had he done? Was he or the boy mad? Veins stood out on

Men Welcome Mother's Friend

A Duty that Every Man Ows to Those who Perpetuate the Race.



It is just as important that men should know of progressive methods in advance of motherhood. The suffering, pain and distress incident to child-bearing can be easily avoided by having at hand a bottle of Mother's Friend. This is a wonderful, penetrating, external application that relieves all tension upon the muscles and enables them to expand without the painful strain upon the ligaments. Thus there is avoided all those nervous spells, the tendency to nausea or morning sickness is counteracted, and a bright, sunny, happy disposition is preserved that reflects wonderfully upon the character and temperament of the little one soon to open its eyes in bewilderment at the joy of his arrival. You can obtain a bottle of Mother's Friend at any drug store at \$1.00, and it will be the best dollar's worth you ever obtained. It preserves the mother's health, enables her to make a quick and complete recovery, and thus with renewed strength she will eagerly devote herself to the care and attention which mean so much to the welfare of the child. Write to the Bradford Regulator Co., 129 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their valuable and instructive book of guidance for expectant mothers. Get a bottle of Mother's Friend to-day.

A Bay State Secessionist

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 100 years ago, January 15, 1811, that Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, made the speech in congress which anticipated Jefferson Davis and Robert Toombs by nearly a couple of generations.

The question before the congress was that of the admission of Louisiana, and Mr. Quincy spoke as follows: Mr. Speaker, I address you with an anxiety and distress of mind with me wholly unprecedented. To me it appears that this measure would justify a revolution in this country. I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that, if this bill passes, the bonds of the union are virtually dissolved; that the states which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must."

Here we have every idea that was advanced by Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs and their conditors in 1861—William L. Yancey, the most rabid of the secessionists, never, in any of his speeches, went beyond what was said by Josiah Quincy in 1811. He could not have done so had he tried, for the Massachusetts man had already gone to the limit,

had spoken the last word that it was possible to say upon the subject.

The bold, open threat of secession, the constitutional right of secession, the solemn duty of secession upon the part of the states feeling themselves aggrieved, and, finally, the armed resistance to any attempt that might be made by the government in a coercive way to hold the would-be seceding states in the Union.

Mr. Quincy's speech concluded as follows: "Sir, I confess it, the first public love of my heart is the commonwealth of Massachusetts. There is my fireside, there are the tombs of my ancestors. My love of the Union grows out of this attachment to my native soil, and is rooted in it. I cherish it (the Union), because it affords the best external of hope of its (Massachusetts) peace, prosperity and independence."

In other words, Josiah Quincy, as was the case later with Robert E. Lee, loved his native state best, and in the event of his being obliged to make a choice, was prepared to "go with his state," much as he loved the Union.

Strange is history, and very strange are many of its dispensations. Its logic is wonderfully like the chameleon, and its judgments, like those of the Almighty, are "past finding out." Fitting from Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, to Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, Robert Toombs of Georgia, William L. Yancey of Alabama, et al., we are reminded of the words of the Scripture: "Think ye that the eighteen upon whom the lower in Heaven fell, and killed, were offenders above all the men that dwell in Jerusalem?"

