

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

DIAMONDS BY LOUISTRACY MONTE A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN 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 Philip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunder-storm brews over London. At the height of the storm a flash of lightning scares a team attached to a coach standing 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 see 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 the meteor and shows them to O'Brien. The latter advises him to take them to a jeweler. He visits Mr. Wilson, who tells him that the pieces are meteoric diamonds worth an immense fortune. Wilson sends him to a diamond dealer named Isaacstein. 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 cuts his bill and promises to reward the grocer later. He tells Isaacstein Mr. Wilson sent him. At the police station he gives his name as Philip Morland. Isaacstein admits the diamonds could not have been stolen as no such collection of stones ever existed.

AFTER A RAMBLING JOURNEY THROUGH UNSEEN STREETS HE EMERGED INTO ANOTHER WALLED-IN COURTYARD. HE WAS LED THROUGH MORE CORRIDORS AND TOLD TO "SKIP LIVELY" UP A WINDING STAIRCASE. AT THE TOP HE CAME OUT INTO A BIG ROOM, WITH A WELL-LIKE SPACE IN FRONT

OF HIM, FILLED WITH A HUGE TABLE, AROUND WHICH SAT SEVERAL GENTLEMEN, AMONG THEM MR. ISAACSTEIN, WHILE ON AN ELEVATED PLATFORM BEYOND WAS AN ELDERLY MAN, WHO WORE EYEGLASSES AND WHO WROTE SOMETHING IN A BOOK WITHOUT LOOKING UP WHEN PHILIP'S NAME WAS CALLED OUT.

A POLICE INSPECTOR, WHOM PHILIP HAD NOT SEEN BEFORE, MADE A SHORT STATEMENT, AND WAS FOLLOWED BY THE CONSTABLE WHO EFFECTED THE ARREST. HIS STORY WAS BRIEF AND CORRECT, AND THEN THE INSPECTOR STATED THAT MR. WILSON, OF GRANT & SONS, LUDGATE CIRCUS, WOULD BE CALLED

AT THE NEXT HEARING, AS HE, THE INSPECTOR, WOULD ASK FOR A REMAND TO ENABLE INQUIRIES TO BE MADE. MEANWHILE, MR. ISAACSTEIN, OF HATTON GARDEN, HAD MADE IT CONVENIENT TO ATTEND THAT DAY, AND WOULD BE PLEASED TO GIVE EVIDENCE IF HIS WORSHIP DESIRED TO HEAR HIM.

Now Read On

Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode. "I cannot answer riddles," said Isaacstein, shortly. "I can only state the facts. If any other man in the city of London is a higher authority on diamonds than I, go to him and ask his opinion." "Mr. Isaacstein is right," interposed Philip. "No one else owns diamonds like mine. No one else can obtain them. I have robbed no man. Give me my diamonds and let me go." The inspector laughed officially. He gazed intently at Philip, and then sought illumination from the Jew's perturbed countenance, but Isaacstein was moodily examining the contents of the paper and turning over both the stones and the scraps of iron with an air of profound mystification.

ful break in his voice. "Why do you let them do this thing? You are a rich man, and well known. Tell them they are wrong." But Isaacstein was wobbling now in a renewed state of excitement. "What can I do, boy?" he vociferated, almost hysterically. "You must say where you got these stones, and then, perhaps, you can clear up everything." Philip's lips met in a thin seam. "I will never tell you," he answered, and not another word would he utter. They searched him and found nothing in his pockets save a key, a broken knife, some bits of string neatly coiled and a couple of buttons. He spent the next hour miserably in a whitewashed cell. He refused some coffee and bread brought to him at 12 o'clock, and this was the only present break in a wild jungle of conflicting thoughts. The idea came to him that he must be dreaming—that soon he

would awaken amidst the familiar surroundings of Johnson's Mews. To convince himself that this was not so, he reviewed the history of the preceding twenty-four hours. At that time yesterday he was going to Fleet street with a capital of innocence to buy a quire of newspapers. He remembered where he had sold each of the five copies, where he bought a penny bun, and how he came to lose his stock and get cuffed into the bargain for rescuing a girl from an overturning carriage. Then his mind reverted to his fixed resolve to hang himself, and his stolid preparations for the last act in his young life's tragedy. Was that where the dream started, or was the whole thing a definite reality, needing only a stout heart and unflinching purpose to carry him through triumphantly? Yes, that was it. "Be strong and brave and all will be well with you." Surely his mother had looked

beyond the grave when she uttered her parting words. Perhaps, if he lay down and closed his eyes, he would see her. He always hoped to see her in his dreams, but never was the vision vouchsafed to him. Poor lad, he did not understand that his sleep was the sound sleep of health and innocence, when dreams, if they come at all, are but grotesque distortions of the simple facts of everyday existence. Only once had he dimly imagined her presence, and that was at a moment which his sane mind now refused to resurrect. Nevertheless, he was tired. Yielding to the conceit, he stretched himself on the wooden couch that ran along one side of his narrow cell. Some one called to him, not unkindly: "Now, youngster, jump up. The van is here." He was led through gloomy corridors

and placed in a receptacle just large enough to hold him uncomfortably in a huge lumbering vehicle. He thought he was the only occupant, which was true enough, the prisoners' van having made a special call for his benefit. After a rambling journey through unseen streets, he emerged into another walled-in courtyard. He was led through more corridors, and told to "skip lively" up a winding staircase. At the top he came out into a big room, with a well-like space in front of him, filled with a huge table, around which sat several gentlemen, among them Mr. Isaacstein, while on an elevated platform beyond was an elderly man, who wore eyeglasses and who wrote something in a book without looking up when Philip's name was called out.

Amusement

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Copyright, 1914, by Star Company. "Will you be kind enough to tell me how a young girl is to get acquainted in the city? I go to business every day and always try to conduct myself as a lady should. I dress neatly, but not flashily. I see the girls around me who are not always choice in their language having beaux galore, while I sit at home. Why is it? At one Episcopal church I even asked if there was a society for young people, and was told it was only for the poorer classes and street girls, to lead them to better things. Where is a decent, respectable business girl to get acquainted?" This question ought to make all our excellent Christian people and our philanthropists pause and ponder. The land is filled with working girls and women who are trying to live respectable lives and who are craving human companionship. In our large cities there are innumerable opportunities for both men and women who are not anxious to walk the path of discretion to find amusement. Dance halls and cabarets and cheap shows are holding out inducements continually for new recruits to their already crowded ranks. The Salvation Army and the people interested in rescue work are doing all in their power to entertain and amuse and instruct the reformed men and women who have been reclaimed from evil ways. But there seems to be a dearth of benevolent and kindly hearted citizens who are making any efforts to give wholesome pleasures and social recreations to the large class of worthy men and women represented by the writer of the letter quoted above. There should be a committee in every church in America, composed of good women, for the purpose of looking after the needs of respectable and self-respecting working girls and young men. This committee should employ a pub-

licity man, or woman, to exploit its purposes and its methods. In every shop or factory or other place of employment where there are many toilers a notice should be posted, giving the place and hour where such committees in every church can be addressed or found. Then, no matter what the religious denomination of a working man or woman, a door will be open to social life if the applicant proves to be honest and respectable. It should be the work of these committees to investigate to a reasonable extent the statements of the applicant for social privileges. Naturally in these days of corrupt political and social conditions, so great care cannot be exercised before strange men or women are introduced into the society of their fellows. This very necessity to be worthy of passing before the searchlight of an investigating committee would make such a social organization desirable. All this would necessitate the expenditure of time, money and effort. But why not be willing to expend all these things in preventing evil and in giving pleasure to the worthy and the clean-minded and the industrious, instead of bestowing all our labors upon reclaiming the fallen? Why not be as willing to work for the pleasure and happiness and encouragement of our own earnest-minded young women who are obliged to toil for a livelihood as to devote so much effort to raise money for the conversion of heathens in foreign lands? It is less incumbent upon us to convince the South Sea Islander that his nudity is indecent and to provide him with clothing than it is to provide our good young women with right companionship. We need a more practical religion in our own country more than other countries need our religion. The religion of kindness and sympathy and fellowship, the religion which makes us consider the rights, the needs, and the best interests, social, financial and spiritual, of every human being in our midst, whether Gentile, Jew, orthodox or unorthodox, old school or new school, old thought or new thought, that is the religion which makes for progress and a higher humanity. So many gods, so many creeds. So many ways that wind and wind. While just the art of being kind is all the sad world needs.

War on the Winter Fly

By GARRETT P. SERVISS. Sitting by a winter fire you sometimes hear a soft buzz in the air which startles the ear with an unexpected reminiscence of the humming days of summer. The origin of the unseasonable sound quickly reveals itself in the presence of a hibernating fly, aroused by the warmth from its motionless slumbers in a frost-proof crevice of the chimney-piece. With a familiarity that would seem fraternal if it were not evidence of pure impatience, the fly circles confidently on your nose or forehead, or takes up an advantageous position on the edge of the mantel or the arch of the fireplace, rubbing his head with intense satisfaction until it appears to be on the point of dislocating its neck and regarding you with the air of an old friend. If you are in a sentimental mood (as you never should be in these particular circumstances), you may welcome your impertinent visitor as a lost companion whose return brings back a vivid image of the delights of summer. You may forget your animosity against the entire fly family, which you entertained when beleaguered by its legions, and feel charitably glad to share the warmth of your hearth with this winter waif. But if you fail to kill it on the spot you will be doing a wrong to yourself and to your fellow men. You will be missing an opportunity to destroy at a single stroke perhaps 1,000,000 little disease-breeding demons yet unborn, but sure to spring into existence, through the agency of that one hibernating fly, as soon as the next season opens. One fly killed in winter is worth, for the common defense of humanity against disease, 1,000 in summer. It is like shooting down a wolf before it has become the mother of a ravens pack. Poetry about a winter fly is as dangerous as morphine in a bottle of cough drops. The proof is afforded—if any be needed—by the recent investigations of Dr. Bereaoff

in France. He has shown by repeated experiments that the microbes contained in the digestive tubes of flies remain alive and preserve all their evil power during the winter sleep of the flies. He examined 150 flies captured in houses where they had been sleeping concealed, some during four and some during five months, and in every case he found the microbes alive and prepared for work as soon as their hosts were ready to carry them to some favorable lodging place. It must not be supposed that the fly that comes out in the early spring is innocent of harm because he has not yet had an opportunity to charge himself with death-breeding bacteria. He has them with him all the time. They lose nothing of their virulence during his sleep, and they come into action the instant he awakes. Bereaoff tried the following curious experiment: He took flies just awakened from their winter slumber and fed them upon nothing but microbes—deadly microbes, including the bacillus typhi. The flies devoured this food with avidity and in a few days they all died. But a whole month later the microbes were found to be alive and full of death-dealing energy. In the carcasses of the flies' some of the species of microbes, such as the bacilli of diphtheria and cholera, it should be added, were unable to survive in this manner, but others equally deadly survived without difficulty. These facts must be made generally known. It is impossible to blacken the reputation of the fly to a greater degree than the truth will warrant. Those who try to defend him on the ground that he is a scavenger forget that he is a scavenger who simply carries his loads from the stable and the refuse heap to the kitchen, the pantry and the bedroom. His pretended hygienic operations are as deceptive and perilous as would be a system of sewerage that discharged its pipes into the reservoirs of the water supply! Most people have had their attention aroused to the necessity of doing battle incessantly with the summer fly horde, but there is need to teach them the equal necessity of slaying the winter sleeper that comes out of the cracks in floors and walls whenever a winter fire is lit in a neglected chamber. The buzz of his summer-evoking wings is the song of a siren.

Darken Gray Hair Look Young, Pretty

Grandma's recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur darkens so naturally that nobody can tell. Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyn's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents. Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Advertisement.

Money Saved by Making Your Cough Syrup at Home. Takes But a Few Moments, and Stops a Hard Cough in a Hour. Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. If you take one pint of granulated sugar, add 1/2 pint of warm water and stir about 20 minutes, you have as good syrup as money could buy. If you will then put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents a pint) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you could buy ready made for \$2.50. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. It keeps perfectly. You will find it one of the best cough syrups you ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold—usually conquers an ordinary cough in 24 hours. It is just laxative enough, has a good tonic effect, and the taste is pleasant. It is a splendid remedy, too, for whooping cough, spasmodic croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other healing pine elements. No other preparation will work in this formula. This plan for making cough remedy used in more homes than any other cough remedy. The plan has often been imitated but never successfully. A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

A Charming Style DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE.



Here is a delightful mid-season tailor made suit of caramel colored duvetyne and satin. It is particularly recommended as giving the sweet silhouette so much sought after today. The coat is a broad, loose "cazaquin," whose full lines accentuate the bouffant hip-drapery of the skirt. The sleeves are kimono cut off at the elbow to have straight undersleeves of satin set in. Revers of duvetyne trim the side fronts of the coat and form cuffs for the sleeves. The skirt is of duvetyne, hanging in broad plaits and tightening at the hem. The draped girdle is a self-toned satin, finished and fastened by a buckle of shell. A soft white blouse frilled at throat and sleeve adds an extra touch of girlishness to this simple costume. Mercury wings dart off from the sides of a soft velvet cap with a tight brim of velvet curled up against it. —OLIVETTE

Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Change Your Home. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and board with my married sister who treats me mean. After my day's work I come home at night and help her, but she is never contented with what I do. I beg her to send me to night school so I may learn something, but she says stay up at night and wait for me. JILLIA B. Your sister is so unjust to you you will be justified in leaving her home. There are homes for working girls where one may live for very little and have one's evenings free to devote to study. But, remember, you must make good in your ambition or be a lasting reproach to your family and to yourself. Time Will Show You. Dear Miss Fairfax: I was graduated from public school at 15 years, and since then have undertaken many kinds of work, but seem to fail in everything I do. At present I am 15 years old and unemployed. I am at times almost frantic with the thought of not accomplishing the purpose of my being on earth. Is there not some way or place where one can find out what he is best fitted for? HOPKIN. The Lord said to one in similar doubt, "What hast thou in the house?" meaning what is the talent lying nearest at hand. Your purpose of being on earth cannot be explained by worry and doubt; keep on working, find the work nearest at hand suitable till you find better, and don't grow discouraged. One at 15 years should not know the meaning of the word.