

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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

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And this might well be. Twenty-five thousands pounds a year earned by a few journeys to the continent—a few haggling interviews in the Hatton Garden office. What a gold mine. Moreover, he would be the head man in the trade. He was that now, in some respects; but under the new conditions none could gainsay his place at the top. Even the magnates of Kimberly would be staggered by this new source of supply. What did it matter if the boy kept to his rags and amazed the world, so long as the diamonds were forthcoming? It was no silk-hatted gentleman who first stumbled across the diamond-laden earth of South Africa. Isaacstein had made up his mind. Fate had thrust his business into his lap. He would be a fool to lose it out of mere curiosity.

"Yes," said Philip. "I agree to that."

"Samuel!" yelled Isaacstein.

"Coming, sir," was the answering shout, and flurried clerk appeared.

"Bring in the scales, Samuel."

The scales were brought, and a level space cleared for them on the desk. Philip, of course, had never before seen an instrument so delicately adjusted. A breath would serve to depress the balance.



The cashier looked surprised at the tendering of a gold coin from a ragged urchin.

The boy held forth his paper and poured the contents into the tiny brass tray of the scales. Samuel's mouth opened and his eyes widened. It was the first sight of the diamonds.

"Four ounces, eight pennyweights, five grains—69 carats in thirty stones. Oh, good gracious me!" murmured the clerk.

Isaacstein checked the record carefully.

"Right," he said. "Put them in the safe."

Philip raised no protest this time. He knew that the Jew would keep his word. Indeed, Isaacstein told Samuel to bring him fifty sovereigns, and ere the man returned he began to write on a sheet of letter paper:

"Received from — Here! What's your name," he broke in.

"Philip."

"Philip what?"

"That will do today, thank you. The next time I call I will give you my full name and address."

"Please yourself. I am no judge in this matter," and he wrote on.

"Received from Philip, a boy who refuses any other name, but the same whom I saw in this office on the 20th inst., and again at the Clerkenwell police court on that date, thirty meteoric diamonds weighing in the gross 69 carats. I hereby agree to dispose of the same and to render true account of sales to the said Philip or his agents. My commission to be 10 per cent; the expense payable by me. I have today handed the said Philip £50 in gold and undertake to place £500 to his credit tomorrow with my bankers."

"REUBEN ISAACSTEIN."

After completing this acknowledgment he scribbled something else.

"There," he said, with a sigh of relief, "that is not a very formal document, but it will suffice. You can get it stamped tomorrow at Somerset House. Just sign this receipt for £50."

Philip took the two papers and read them carefully. Isaacstein's handwriting was a scrawl, but legible enough. The boy reached for a pen and signed his Christian name. He was on the point of adding his surname in an unguarded moment, but he felt the Jew's eye on him. So he simply wrote "Philip" across the stamp at the foot of the receipt.

Isaacstein fully appreciated the incident and knew that his own eagerness defeated the chance, all the more powerful, because it was involuntary, of ascertaining the name of this marvelous youth.

Philip gathered up his gold, not without counting the coins. They felt strangely heavy in his pocket, much heavier than the stones they replaced. Yet they formed a thousandth part of the value of those flintlike pebbles. What a queer problem it was—this ratio of worth between a few stones and the bright minted sovereigns.

"What time shall I call tomorrow?" he asked, standing, cap in hand, ready to take his departure.

"At 11. But wait one moment. Have you no friends to look after you? See what trouble you may get into. Why, the mere possession of so much gold by a boy like you may—"

"I can take care of myself, Mr.

Isaacstein. I will be here at 11. Good afternoon."

THE TRANSITION.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon of a fine but chilly March day when Philip regained Holburn with £50 making a lump in his pocket, and Isaacstein's letter safely lodged in his coat. The mere weight of the gold suggested an unpleasant possibility. His clothes were so worn that the frail calico might give way and every golden coin rattle forth to the pavement.

So with one of Mr. Abingdon's shillings he made his first purchase, a capacious tobacco pouch with a snap mouth, for which he paid 3 pence. Then he adjourned to an aerated bread shop and ordered some refreshments. While the waitress was bringing his cup of tea and piece of cake he contrived to slip all the sovereigns but one into the tobacco pouch. He did this with his hand in the pocket itself, and more than once there was a pleasant clink as the coins fell into their novel receptacle.

A man sitting near caught the sound and looked up suspiciously. Philip, whose senses were very much on the alert today, realized that his action was somewhat careless. Without even glancing at his neighbor he took out his remaining couple of shillings and the three pennies, and affected to count them with a certain degree of astonishment, as if some were missing. The ruse was satisfactory. The man gave him no further heed and soon quitted the restaurant.

Philip tendered the odd sovereign in payment of his bill. The girl cashier seemed to be surprised that such a ragged youth should own so large a sum.

"All silver, please," said Philip when she began to count his change.

He would take no more risks if he could avoid them. Not a single policeman in London would have failed to arrest him at that moment were his store of gold revealed by any chance. Yet Philip was rich honestly, and there were men driving away from the city at that hour whose banking accounts were pithoric with stolen money. For their carriages the policemen would stop traffic. In neither instance could the guardians of the peace be held blame-worthy; such is the importance of mere appearance.

"The boy, during his short and terribly sharp tussle with London life, had already grasped this essential fact, and with great skill and method he set about the task of altering his own shabby exterior.

In a side street leading out of Gray's Inn road he found a second-hand clothes shop. Here he purchased a warm, but decent, blue serge suit for 3 shillings 6 pence, a pair of shoes for 5 shillings, a cap for 3 pence, a woollen shirt for 2 shillings and a linen collar for 2 pence. He haggled sufficiently over the bargain to suit the needs of scanty purse.

"I've cut 'em down low enough," said the shopkeeper, mournfully. "Things aren't sold they was in the ole ole line, let me tell yer. Not but what you do want a new rig-ant."

"Yes," said Philip. "I've got a job and can't keep it unless I look decent."

Mother's Advice To Her Daughter



One of the most important matters about which women concern themselves is their future status as a grandmother. And she who has a wonderful influence, always all fear, banishes all pain, is a most grateful encouragement to the young, expectant mother, and permits her to go through the period happily in mind, free in body and destined to anticipate woman's greatest happiness as nature intended she should.

The action of Mother's Friend makes the muscles free, pliant and responsive to expansion. Thus all strain and tension upon the nerves and ligaments is avoided, and in place of a period of discomfort and consequent dread, it is a season of calm repose and joyful expectation.

There is no nausea, no morning sickness, no nervous twitching, none of that constant strain known to so many women; hence Mother's Friend is really one of the greatest blessings that could be devised.

This mild and certain remedy can be had of any druggist at \$1.00 a bottle, and is sure to prove of inestimable value, not only to the mother, but upon the health and future of the child. Write to Herald Regulator Co., 132 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book to expectant mothers.

For the life of him he could not burlesque the Cockney accent, and, although he used the simplest phraseology, the man glanced at him sharply.

"Where are you working?" he asked.

"At Isaacstein's in Hatton Garden." The words had not left his lips ere he regretted them.

"What is it?"

"A Jew," and Philip laughed. This quick atoned for the error of the admission.

"Bill-me, you won't get a lot out of 'im."

"No. It cost me some trouble to get an advance. I can assure you."

Philip rattled all his silver and coppers onto the counter. He counted out sixteen shillings sixpence.

"Not much left, is there?" he said.

"Well, look 'ere," said the man. "Gimme fifteen bob, You're a sharp lad. You'll make yer w'y all right. Nex' time you want some duds come to me an' I'll treat you fair."

"Thank you very much," said Philip, considerably surprised by this generous act. "I certainly will not forget you."

"You can change in my little back room if you like. That lot you've got on ain't worth tykin' 'ome."

"I am obliged for your kindness, but I must be off now. It is late, and I have a long way to go."

"Where to?"

"No, cityward."

The clothes and boots were made up in a parcel by this time. Philip hurried away, glad to escape further questioning.

"Queer sort o' kid, that," mused the shopkeeper. "My, but 'e must 'ave bin and up afore 'e took on wiv a Jew. Wot did 'e say 'is name was? Isaacstein? I've seen that somewhere or other. Now where was it?"

He knew two hours later, for he, too, read the evening paper.

Philip sprang into a bus for the bank. At the Royal Exchange he would catch a green bus for the Mile End road.

It was almost dark when he reached the bank. Thus far the omnibuses going east were not crowded. Now the situation had changed.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

That Depends on Your Fortune.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a girl about my age and I would like to know if I take her to the theater whether I should go to a cafe afterwards, and what it is customary to order. Do you think she would object to a cafe, as she is a church member? I am a stranger to the city ways.

COUNTRY BOY.

Don't take any girl to such a place unless you can afford it. Morally there is nothing wrong in an after-theater lunch, but it is good for neither of you, is wholly unnecessary, and an affectation of the customs of the idle rich that no man and woman with work to do next day can afford to adopt.

The Helmet of Minerva Described by OLIVETTE



The Helmet of Minerva is the latest hat to be adopted by the wise Parisian beauties who have decided that the women of the twentieth century may learn something from the Goddess of Wisdom.

The hat is a close-fitting turban of black panne velvet, arranged in most original folds. It sweeps down above the forehead like the visor of Minerva's helmet in front and folds out over the classic Psyche knot of hair at the back.

In our picture you have three angles of vision and two styles of trimming for this little hat of classical beauty.

At the left is a back view, showing the psycho of hair topped by the helmet, trimmed in three soft fringed plumes. At the right is a profile view of the hat trimmed most appropriately with two Mercury wings, one of which follows the flare of the hat and the other of which decorates the crown. This view also shows the strap of the helmet lying under the hair, instead of under the chin as in our modern "Tommy Atkins."

In the middle is a front view which gives an adequate idea of the becomingness of the soft velvet folds and Mercury wings to the oval face of classical loveliness.

OLIVETTE.

Mother and Daughter

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Whoever has eyes wherewith to see, ears wherewith to hear, and a mind capable of thinking even along simple lines, must realize the brevity of this life and the importance of getting all the happiness possible out of it.

Unless happiness is obtained and given in the home circle, it is not to be found anywhere.

A feverish excitement and temporary pleasure may be enjoyed in outside ways, but the mind which carries to its death the thought of wretched home conditions cannot find real happiness anywhere.

A mother who is a widow writes that her daughter, an only child, was given every loving care and all possible opportunities for moral instruction. The daughter married and became a mother, and the widowed parent lives under the same roof.

Since her marriage the daughter has become quarrelsome and even abusive.

The mother says: "I have suffered long years in silent patience, fortitude and grief; she has crushed me so I have not dared to answer her back, humiliated in every sense of the word, until I felt my womanhood was lowered to such an extent that a shame creep over my conscience to allow a child to silence me, so I stormed at her at last and told her all what she deserved."

"It is useless, dear lady, to describe

every detail of my sufferings. My outbreak has surprised her, and now she has become silent, and one year has passed since she has spoken one word to me."

"When visitors call she is sarcastic, which embarrassment causes me annoyance."

"She has ordered me out of her rooms. I have no privilege at all, and was told to remain in my own room, in which I am lonely and gloom. I have passed the winter and summer. I am far advanced in years, but I thank God for the perfect health and strength I have."

"My motive for writing you this letter is for your kindly advice. I am so weary, so longed in this room, my heart is going."

"Without doubt there is another side to this story. Without doubt the mother has trying and irritating qualities which have led to this trouble."

But even so, there is only one opinion to be held of such a daughter, and only one thing for the mother to do, and that is to go away and make her home elsewhere.

Perfect health and strength she says are hers, and let her resolve to turn that health and strength to practical uses and to find employment and make a home for herself.

After she has made her arrangements to go away, it would be well to talk quietly with the daughter, to apologize for whatever words had been spoken in anger, and to part with no ill-will. But to part absolutely and live under a separate roof.

Then to talk to no one of this trouble. To ask for no sympathy. But to go about the task of making a new start in life at a late day and proving to the world that there is no such thing as an age limit for a woman who sets forth determined to be independent.

The most mental labor which insures food and shelter would be happiness in comparison with life under such conditions as this letter describes.

People who live together and indulge in quarrels and bitter feelings, and angry or sullen moods, are making purgatories for themselves and others here on earth and in realms beyond; for just as we fashion our lives here and now, so will be the life beyond when we pass from the body.

It is sad to think of the wretched hate-bound life this daughter is fashioning for herself, and on the misery she must endure when she goes into the next state of consciousness and realizes the enormity of her sin.

For ill temper, anger, discord, hatred and all attendant evils are crying sins, and must bring their bitter punishment. As we sow, we must reap.

Unless we are making happy homes for ourselves and other people here today in this world, we will not be given happy conditions beyond. Do everything you can to produce peace, and pleasure, and contentment, and happiness in your home.

Those Who Live Together in a Hate-Bound Existence Are Sure to Reap Punishment Sooner or Later

If you fail because of the unkindness of some other member of the household, your efforts are nevertheless being materialized in the invisible realms, and the home you desire is being formed for you.

But after doing your utmost for years as this mother says she has done, there is no happiness to be found under the roof, get from under that roof and start a home elsewhere if it is within the realm of the possible—and all things are possible to a determined soul.

Learn this by heart: it will aid you to success: There is no chance, no destiny, no fate. Can circumvent, or hinder, or control The firm resolve of a determined soul. Effort counts for little, will alone is great.

No man can place a limit on thy strength; All heights are thine, if thou wilt but believe. In thy creator and thyself. At length Some feet must tread all heights now unsuited. Why not thine own? Press on, achieve!

Dandruff, Falling Hair, Itchy Scalp, End This at Once—25 Cent Danderine

Girls! Girls! Save your hair! Make it grow luxuriant, beautiful—a delightful dressing.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scour robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots furnish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If you hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually why not now?—Advertisement.