

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 is a boy of 19 years, of fine education and a splendid, 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 left alone.

Just as he is about to hang himself a meteor flashed by the window and crashed into the floor 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.

Several curious looking bits of the meteor and taken them to a diamond merchant named Isaacstein.

At the police station he gives his name as Philip Morland. Isaacstein tells the judge that the diamonds are worth \$500,000.

Now Read On

Copyright, 1914, by Edward J. Clode.

Now, the chance use of that language, no less than his perfect accent, went a long way toward removing the manager's suspicions.

"Will you oblige me by recommending a good tailor?" said Philip.

His uncanny trick of thought reading

Thick, Glossy Hair, No More Dandruff

Girls! Beautify your hair! Make it soft, fluffy and luxuriant—Try the moist cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair.

A Pretty Erench Hat

FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE

This hat shown here today is one of a line that is always much in favor with Parisian milliners.

This model shows the latest adaptation of this line, and is sure to prove a popular style in early straws for spring wear.

It is of tete de negre Milan.



with a brim that shelves abruptly upward at the left side.

A trimming of small paradise sprays encircles the crown.

Watch this page for the latest Paris fashions. Olivette, our expert, describes several times a week gowns and hats that you will not see elsewhere.

All the models come direct from the Paris shops and are always far in advance of the prevailing styles here.

By reading Olivette's description it is easy for a dressmaker or milliner to accurately copy the styles as they appear.

Destruction of Birds and Animals

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Woman is slow in her growth toward the standard of life, which illustrates in her daily and hourly conduct the kindness and sympathy which are supposed to be her chief characteristics.

Never was this fact more clearly and painfully illustrated than in the anger and rebellion which the majority of women exhibited when the law forbidding the wearing of alpacas and plumage of dead birds were enforced.

Where once there were ten "queer people" to be met, today there are a thousand today.

And where ten years ago the menu of the vegetarian was a most limited and unpalatable one, today it is rich in variety and appetizing in taste and excellent in its nourishing results.

The writer recently met a man of 35 who was in magnificent health, virile, handsome and possessed of a most brilliant mind.

Women who occupied high positions socially and in artistic circles felt their rights had been infringed upon, and they were loud in denunciation of the law which interfered with their privilege to aid and abet the destruction of song birds and birds of beautiful plumage.

The very fact that it requires a law to prevent women from inciting wholesale slaughter of these glorious little creatures is a reflection on the sex.

As among their members they number many women of fashion, they have also realized the difficulty of convincing the

who are seeing more attractive hats composed of materials which are far more hygienic and more exquisite than portions of dead birds, and which allow a greater variety of taste to be displayed in millinery skill.

And now comes the "vegetarian furs." Whenever there is an insistent demand for anything in this world it creates a supply.

The growth of the humane societies and the spirit of humanitarianism has given a remarkable impetus to the vegetarian organization.

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As among their members they number many women of fashion, they have also realized the difficulty of convincing the

eternal feminine" that it was as heartless to wear the hide and hair of the slaughtered animal as to eat his flesh.

But the growing conviction that the vegetarian must be consistent has created another supply to answer this demand, and the "vegetarian furs" are today worn by many a modish woman who would scorn to appear in public looking old-fashioned.

These furs are the beginning of a new and profitable industry, and are as lovely, warm and becoming as the most expensive skins of animals.

Now from England comes the word that a new invention on the market which makes a "vegetarian shoe sole" a possibility.

The Humane and Society for the Protection of Animals societies are issuing a little button to be sold and worn by children bearing the motto, "Kindness to Animals."

Every effort made to interest children in this subject should be met with encouragement by their elders.

Here is a letter which appeared in a humane magazine sent from Hartford, Conn., which tells just what is going on in every part of the land today:

"The indiscriminate killing of birds with an air gun has been carried on all summer in the south end of the city by some small boys.

These same boys were found picking up the dazed and maimed birds and roasting them alive. They also shot a little boy. He was quietly playing in his own yard. Not only have they been killing and wounding birds, but any little animal they saw became a target for them.

"A lady's cat was shot twice in one week. The first time sand was shot upon the skin, on a front shoulder. The second time it was shot in the eye, causing great suffering for days.

When the lady remonstrated with one of the boys for such cruel sport, the father of the boy came out and, though a perfect stranger, was insolent in his remarks to her. Finally the matter was brought to the attention of the game warden, who promptly investigated the case, and who explained the law to the mother of the boy who owned the air gun.

"For nearly four days nothing more was seen of the gun, and then these same boys were out once more, not only with one air gun, but with two of them. People are afraid to report such matters, as it is likely, sooner or later, to get them into trouble.

The parents of these children are, no doubt, Christians, who believe they are bringing up their boys righteously.

A Daughter, a Mother and a Wrecked Home

By ADA PATTERSON.

Last week I passed through a town that was in a state of siege. It is a small town. Its most precious and truth-telling citizen says that the number of souls is 500.

The village biggest vaults its total at 25. But it was shaken to its center as San Francisco was tumbled by its earthquake, and it was guarded as carefully as Gibraltar itself.

But a stranger pass within its gates that stranger was followed by the village constable and requested more or less politely, but without doubts, firmly to "state his business."

If he declined he was followed by the village policeman and a strong prospect of spending the night in the vermin-infested bastle. Everybody was under suspicion. Everybody who hadn't lived in the town at least twenty years was considered a possible enemy of the public peace.

It would have been funny if it hadn't been so sad. A girl of 18 was held a prisoner in her father's home and was doing her best to escape to the middle-aged, married Lochinvar with whom she had eloped two weeks before and from whom her father had taken her and by force brought her home.

Dignified, middle-aged women were believed to be messengers bearing letters between the pair, and a banker who had come to town to foreclose a mortgage on a chicken farm was requested to prove beyond peradventure of doubt that he was unarmed and that his middle power automobile was not a fairy godfather chariot designed to carry the stubborn village girl to her bald and impatient wooer.

In the plain little home which the father had built the summer before and which he was forced to mortgage to meet the expenses of the pursuit of his fleeing daughter war was unceasing, and no less bitter because it had a sordid element. The father had given a small bond for the girl's appearance against her admirer.

"She's just about gone plum crazy." "Too bad. But she could have prevailed on it," answered the thinkers.

"How?" cried the shocked sentimentalists.

"By using her common sense. When the girl gave up her Sunday school class after working for two months for this man, when she was promoted beyond her desert, and when she wore expensive furs he had given her what was the mother doing? What was she thinking? Why was she asleep at her post?"

A Spartan mother could have saved that girl from becoming the interrate spectacle she is. A common sparrow fight, even though a losing or fatal battle with the snake or hawk that invades its nest, its round, lively eye is ever turning on guard against a possible foe to its young.

Yet this mother showed less common sense, less maternal instinct, than the sparrow. Either she didn't see all these ominous signs of an undue interest in her daughter by her daughter's married employer, who had a daughter of her age, or, seeing these signs, lulled her fears to sleep. If she were afraid, or if she were unequal to the task, she could have enlisted her husband in the fight against the intruder into the family nest.

The father has shown himself equal to the old pastime of locking the stable after the horse is stolen. He followed the girl across a state, tore her from her abductor's arms and brought her back to what he had intended to be a haven, but which the girl has turned into a place with a family resemblance to hades.

A warning, however faint, by his wife in season might have averted the disgrace that has fallen as a crushing hand upon the household.

In the great army of those unfit for their jobs in life is a very large number of mothers. So long as their children are of doll size and have a doll's novelty they are good mothers. They are tender enough. We cannot gainsay that. But when the boy develops the qualities that will make him a good citizen, a good husband and father, and the girl those traits that will flower into splendid womanhood, these mothers are not strong enough nor wise enough, nor careful enough, to direct the strength into the right channel, and knowing their lack of these qualities they are too careless of their trust or too cowardly to ask their husband's aid.

There is a great deal of pity wasted on the mothers of girls like this. In their hearts and minds they know when they look upon the wreck of their daughters' lives that they could have prevented those wrecks. In the majority of cases mothers have been the careless pilots who have permitted the home ship to drift upon the rocks.

The institutions for doing the work left undone by the mothers were as practically empty if mothers were as strong as they are tender. Mothers of girls, go to the sparrow and learn of her, to defend your nest.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

The best time to give the face a special treatment is before retiring, and the face should always be thoroughly cleansed at that time, whether any special treatment is given or not.

Massage is given or not. Massage is possible, it is a double value; during sleep the skin will slowly absorb the massage cream and the improvement that the manipulation has effected will be preserved during sleep.

Begin the evening toilet by thoroughly cleaning, then wash with the cleansing cream, using for this purpose squares of cheesecloth that have been washed to remove any stiffness, or, better still, pieces of old linen.

After this bathe the face and neck thoroughly in lukewarm water. Do not use hot water unless you are preparing the face for a blackhead treatment.

Hot water tends to wrinkle the skin; the only advantage in it is that it opens the pores, and the lukewarm water will do this sufficiently for an ordinary massage.

Pat the skin dry and then gently apply the massage cream, rubbing against the lines that are forming, and very gently patting in the cream about the eyes.

If the skin is dry, some of the cream may be left on all night; if the skin is oily, or if there is any tendency towards pimples or blackheads, wipe all the cream from the face with a slightly damp cloth.

In the morning bathe the face and neck with cold water.

Never use a towel or washcloth on the face that is not perfectly clean. Never use anything except a soft face towel on the face and neck; keep the Turkish towels for the body bath.

Complexion brushes are sometimes useful for special treatments, but they fall to do good and many work much harm if they are not perfectly clean. Sponges have a curious attraction for dirt and soap and if they are used in the general toilet they should be washed every day and dried in the sun.

During the day the face rarely requires a second thorough cleansing; bathing it and rubbing it gently with a soft wet cloth is sufficient. It is not sufficient use the face cream again with a clean, damp cloth.

A pupil writes asking if I believe soap should ever be used on the face of an adult? My answer is that, as all soaps have a certain drying effect, they should not be used on a skin inclined to be dry or to wrinkle. A cleansing cream should be used instead.

A pure soap, rinsed well from the face, will not harm a normal skin, but I do not advise its use daily. An oily skin, however, especially if there is any inclination to acne, will be benefited by the use of soap. A pimply patch may often be cured by covering it with a paste of soap and allowing this to remain overnight. For this purpose use common kitchen soap or what the druggists sell as "green soap," for it is the strong alkali in the soap that dries up the pimples.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

They May Be. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping company with a young man three years my senior and would like to know if I love him.

When I see him he gets cold, but when he writes you would think he thinks there is no girl like me.

The look my girl friend and me out once. I would like to know if I should let me stand by myself. My girl friend is keeping steady company with a friend of his, who would like to know if I should let me stand by myself.

A GIRL FROM PLATYBUSH. The signs are so varied that no one can say this young man does not love you. Perhaps the fault lies with you. It may be that you let him see that you care a great deal for him, and that he has the power to make you jealous. Don't do it. Be a little more indifferent.

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 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 waterily upon the character and temperament of the little one born 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 Grand Old Dispensary Co., 129 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their valuable and instructive book of guidance for expectant mothers. Get a bottle of Mother's Friend today.