

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, 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 Isaacstein to handle his diamonds. In getting away from Johnson's Meads, 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 Ahlendorf and engages him to look after his affairs as 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 his mother was sister of Sir Philip Morland, who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his stepfather, Johnson's Meads has been 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 distinguished rouler. Philip 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 to marry. 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.

Now Read On

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"Thank you for your prompt kindness, Dr. Williams will drive you to the house. If you have brought a servant he might take your baggage to the Fox and Hounds Inn, where Dr. Williams has secured room for you. I repeat, exceedingly we have no accommodation here, I do, in any event, you will be more comfortable at the Inn."

He looked at the doctor. In a vague way his voice recalled accents he seemed to recognize.

"Is there a telegraph office here?"

"Yes. We pass it. It closes at 8."

"I will not be back from the Grange House before then?"

"Hardly. It is a half-hour's drive."

"Thank you. You will stop a moment at the telegraph office?"

The doctor hesitated.

"There is so little time. Is it of great importance? If course—"

"Oh, I know what to do. Green-take my traps to the Fox and Hounds Inn; then go to the telegraph office and send a message in my name to Miss Atherley, saying: 'Arrived. Sir Philip worse.' That is all."

Anson's valet saluted and left them. Dr. Williams said cheerfully:

"That disposes of a difficulty. Are you ready, Mr. Anson?"

They entered a ramshackle dogcart, for which the doctor apologized.

"These hills track out conveyances to pieces. I am having a new cart built, but it will be done for in a couple of years. Out in all weathers, you see. To carry you I had to leave my man at home."

The doctor himself seemed to be young and smart looking. Evidently Scarsdale agreed with him, if not with his vehicle. The horse, too, was a good one, and they moved through a scattered village at a quick trot.

They met a number of people, but Dr. Williams was talking so eagerly to his companion that he did not nod to any of them.

As the road began to climb upward a bleak moorland he became less visible, more desolate to get Anson to speak. Philip thought that the doctor listened to him with a curious eagerness. Prob-

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Some First Imitations of Fashion for the Spring



Taffeta is once more regaining popularity and will be seen in many fashionable gowns in the coming season. The toilette illustrated on the left is of this material in a lovely soft shade of heliotrope, finished with a bunch of blue and rose flowers; the hat is one of the very newest styles.

The model in the center is of flesh-pink crepe with raised broche pattern, the slight tunic of tulle to match being edged with pearls, as is the wide band of diamante, which forms the main part of the corsage. There is a narrow sash of black chiffon with a wide butterfly bow at the back.

In the model on the right red ratine is used for the attractive coat and skirt, which is very smart worn with the white collar and loosely-fitting white gilet here suggested. Large pearl buttons form the simple but effective trimming. The suitable little chapeau is of black tagal covered with moire.

When Love Umpires

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A young man from a little country town dips his pen-point in the wellspring of hope, and writes me:

"I am 23 years of age, and deeply in love with a girl in a near by city. I am a base ball player of some ability, getting \$20 a week in the base ball season. Would you advise me to marry now, or wait till I get in the National League?"

While marriage on only \$20 a week during the base ball season would be extremely perilous, and altogether inadvisable, still I cannot urge you to wait until you are in the National League. I would like to see happiness make a home run to more than one woman in 10,000, and that is the proportion of the feminine population of the world that would enjoy that experience if all men waited till they had reached the National leagues of their ambition before marrying.

The brakeman with his eyes fixed on the private car of the railroad president; the bank clerk who wants some day to be the head of his bank; the theological student who wants to be bishop, and every corner in the world who regards his office as a stepping stone to the White House, would every mother's son of them send some woman unwed to her grave if proposal of marriage rested on the fulfillment of ambition. There would be no "climbing the hill together," but every man would reach the summit alone, or spend his existence in a lonely and hopeless struggle at the foot. And the few—tragically few compared with the number of your sex, of hope—who reach the top will not turn back to marry the girl who has grown old and plain waiting for them, but will stick out some pink and white baby of 16 years who would make a prettier background for the expenditure of their wealth.

Your batting average may be good on the diamond, but it is not good in the field of hard practical sense. If it were, you would realize how few men get "to the top" in base ball, and that there is nothing there worth while when the summit is reached. What good has your idol in the National League, or any other league, done for humanity? What good has he done for himself?

Hope is making a goose of you. Hope is causing you to dream when you should be on your feet, working, studying, wide awake. Hope makes merry helping the young build their castles in Spain, and is never so alluring and deceiving as when building with one as blind as you are to your opportunities and limitations.

Give up the National League, but don't give up the girl. Direct your ambition to a more useful field. Raise your batting average, young man, and don't try to raise it with your arm.

Raise it with your head.

My Favorite Recipes

By BLANCHE RING.



for thirsty visitors and drinking fountain for horses and dogs, whether visitors or residents. Miss Paine comes of an old New England family that, while the first members didn't come over on the Mayflower, they are said to have crossed on a smaller vessel of the same line.

Miss Paine tried to tell me all about the history of the town, but I interrupted her long enough to obtain the following: One pint soft shell clams. Remove sauks, wash in several waters to free from sand; chop fine; fry out three medium slices of fat pork and remove scraps; into this put the prepared clams and cook a few minutes; thicken with flour mixed with a little cold water; stir until it becomes quite thick; season with a little butter, pepper and salt if necessary. Cool and bake between crusts same as apple pie. Serve hot.

I begged and obtained the recipe for this delicious dish from Miss Louise C. Paine, president of the Nautilus club, an organization that provides afternoon tea

It is possible this particular baboon will have sea-going legs and a head that defies the choppiest waves.

As for crawling out for'd and making faces at the rival craft, the baboon can have no equals. And, perhaps, if he is able to make 'em laugh by his monkey-

Beauty A Brand New Secret from a Very Pretty Girl



Two Poses of Miss Lindahl. By MAUDE MILLER.

presents too big a problem to allow any of its happenings to be trivial and therefore where each individual does his or her part in the great understanding process.

"Won't you all make friends with the inhabitants of the nearest galaxy? They know a great many more beauty secrets than I do. I have simply stolen a few to tell you because I know that they will stir you on to know more. Go and see if, after all, they aren't the things that count."

"How to be beautiful; what are the things that count?" repeated Miss Alice Lindahl slowly, as if to get the question firmly fixed in her mind before she attempted to answer. Miss Lindahl is playing Beulah Randolph in "The Things That Count," at a New York theater, and her road to beauty is surely cast in pleasant places.

"Do you know that poem of Wordsworth's, 'The World is Too Much with Us'? That exactly expresses my idea of the insurmountable barrier that confronts the real, true beauty of today. We must get away from the world, and the question is how. It really is a very simple method after all, to slip away from everyone to go to an entirely different world, and yet a world a little more material than peopled by our own imaginations. In a very few words, go to an art gallery, even if you don't do anything more than sit still and bask in the atmosphere that in itself is a great help toward getting away from people. As Wordsworth said, 'we lay waste our powers.' Why all the women of today represent simply women, the feminine gender, nothing more. If things were as they should be each woman would represent a power unto herself, rather than be recognized as one of a large regiment crowd called the weaker sex. Man would reverently think of her as a through the power of suggestion, if through nothing else!

"Beauty of today is a very pretentious type. I'm afraid. There is too much feverish worldliness with us and not enough nobility. Women are developing nerves. It seems to be quite the thing to air them on all occasions. And now let me tell you what the restfulness of an art gallery will do for you.

"First of all, when you enter there you are in a different world, a world peopled by men and women of ancient times, when physical development was as it should be and every person born was a philosopher. Unconsciously you begin to absorb wholesomeness. The lines of your face settle into the calm nobility of purpose seen on all the faces about you.

"You wonder, with a little half-shamed smile, how you could possibly lose your temper so many times during the trivial little happenings of the day, you resolve to be more calm in the future, a great peace seems to be radiating from each statuesque countenance you are in a land where strife is unknown, where life



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