

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

INTRODUCING
EARLE WILLIAMS
as Tommy Barclay
ANITA STEWART
as The Goddess

Written by
Gouverneur Morris
(One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)

Dramatized into a Photo-Play by
CHARLES W. GODDARD.
Author of
"The Fort of Pauline"
"The Exploits of Elaine"

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.
After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his protesting wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death, Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 15-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the interests are ready to proceed to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later, Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for this trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy or Celestia recognize each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter, and they hide in the mountains, later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island, where they spend the night.

FOURTH EPISODE.

Celestia, busy with the cooking, was not troubling her mind about celestial affairs. She felt very earthly. She felt as any young girl would have felt in such novel and romantic circumstances. And much that had been done to her the previous day and of surpassing importance seemed now dim and futile, so that a few more days of life in the open, far from the occult influences and direction of Prof. Stilliter might have made a normal person of her.

The reason Tommy could not understand Celestia was simple. She could not explain herself. She believed beyond question that she had always lived in heaven until the day before, when after a glorious rush through space she found herself on earth, seated by a pool of water and looking into the eyes of Tommy Barclay.

Do you ever dream? Then you know how real the most preposterous dream can seem at the time, and for awhile after you wake. Suppose you dreamed that you were perfectly happy? You could not afterward describe just what that had felt like, any more than you can describe the magical transitions which dreams nor the appalling nightmares so often accompany.

Almost the whole of Celestia's life had been passed in dreaming. Waking or sleeping, she had dreamed, dreamed, dreamed. But her dreams had not been of the hap-hazard kind that come to the rest of us. She had dreamed what she was directed to dream. She had dreamed what a master psychologist and scholar would dream that it would be best for her to dream. Himself unseen and often far away, she had dreamed as he willed. There had been no need to wait on her, and no need to all her physical needs; but for years she had looked these people fully in the face and never saw them, instead she saw and dwelt among winged angels, and sublimities among seraphs, seeing all descriptions and in a state of absolute uninterrupted bliss.

Educated to her finger tips in the languages of this world, she had never had a man. In dreams she had been taught, without knowing that she was learning, all that a great and erudite dreamer had thought best for her to know.

And as she leaned to the work of cooking, her lovely face, red with the heat of the fire, that very dreamer was watching her. From a neighboring thicket, with almost as much admiration as he felt for himself. And why not? She felt what she was, what she was going to be, was all the work of his own mind. He even felt responsible, but with less justice, for her beauty. At least he had selected her for his purpose from thousands and thousands of children; partly because she was physically perfect, partly because her parents had been physically perfect. And partly because he had felt rather than known that her baby skull contained a brain upon which he could play with all his power and imagination.

Is a stone pure? It is neither pure nor impure. But a normal stone is cold. So affected not his heart and crystallized, but his mind. Power and success alone touched his heart at this time. But he wondered why, considering that she had passed almost her whole life under his influence, she had, at what she had supposed was her first sight of him, showed that she disliked and distrusted him. In fifteen years he had taught her much, and prepared her for much, but then, her dream life ended for the time being, he had shown himself to her, and she had fled from him with a stranger, as if for her life.

"Well, my beauty," he thought, "if you must hate me, you must. But you will do as I wish without knowing it; you will speak to men as I dictate, and looking at men through your glorious eyes, I shall compel them to believe what you say and to do as you command. Whole multitudes will believe and obey."

He arose from his hiding place and stepped cautiously toward her. It was his intention to hypnotize her and get her away from that place quickly and quietly, so that Tommy should not have an opportunity to make further trouble. It needed as more now than a glimpse of that sphere of rock crystals which Prof. Stilliter carried always with him to induce Celestia to that condition of mind in which she spoke and acted upon impulse that did not rise within herself. But though he flashed the crystal

suddenly in her face and exclaimed in a tone of sharp command, "Sleep, Celestia," either she was too startled and bewildered to see the crystal at all or for once something was lacking in the process, for she sprang to her feet with a cry of fear and ran from him, calling upon Tommy by name at the top of her lungs.

So she ran after Tommy, and Stilliter ran after her, and the two guides and old man Smelgood came out of hiding and followed after him. And in this order they came to the shore of the island, toward which Tommy, alarmed by Celestia's cries, was struggling in a welter of foam.

But when he actually saw Celestia, Tommy's enthusiasm for being of service to her seemed suddenly to cool. He let his feet drop to the bottom and stood with just his head out of water. So standing, he saw Stilliter seize Celestia by the wrist and attempt to force her back toward the camp. He saw her shake herself free with an astonishing show of energy, and it was as if her eyes no less than her hand went out to him in an appeal for help.

The veins stood out on Tommy's forehead.

"Don't let him take me away, Tommy!" she cried.

"You leave her alone!" shouted Tommy.

"If you touch her I'll knock your head off."

But Stilliter by now appreciated Tommy's predicament and smiled dryly.

"Come and do it," he said.

"You know I can't come and do it now, you do," said Tommy, furiously, "but you just wait!"

"Can't," said Stilliter. "In a great hurry. Come, Celestia! You'll be better off with me. You can see for yourself that the young man has no intention of risking himself against four of us."

A certain king once offered his kingdom for a horse. If Tommy had possessed a kingdom he would have exchanged it willingly at that moment for the simplest pair of bathing trunks.

Celestia, meanwhile drew herself up, tall, proud and cold; she looked at Tommy, just once more, and she looked as if she had never seen him before. Then she turned to Stilliter. "I will go with you," she said.

Two plans had presented themselves to Tommy. He could have told Celestia to shut her eyes until he told her to open them; then he could have come out of the water and fought for her; but he discarded that first plan because he liked the second better. In this he would come out of the water when she had gone, slip into some of his clothes and follow her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Augusta, Ga., Girl



The good example of the combination of gabardine and taffeta is expressed in a costume worn one morning recently at Augusta, Ga., by a prominent member of a party returning from San Francisco to New York.

The skirt is very full and the yoke is not really a yoke at all, but a wide band of taffeta gathered in one piece with the cloth section. The joining seams down the sides show a binding of silk with tassel decoration set below the hip line. The coat is so shaped that it conceals the skirt yoke at the back, but in front it assumes the form of an Eton, belted by a girde of taffeta, which appears to be fastened to the jacket by two ornamental buttons. Taffeta is used to face the collar and revers, and the tassel application of the skirt is repeated on the back of the coat and also on the underarm, where the curved seam is terminated.

High shoes of the Russian order are worn with this costume. They are of dark blue kid, exquisitely fine in quality, the color matching the ribbons of the sand-hued hat. Stand color, by the way, is the color of the suit, the silk being a tone or two lighter than the cloth. The gloves are of a pale sage, indicating a compromise between the pure white walking glove and the putty color which Paris has advanced for consideration this spring, but which American women have not taken up with any enthusiasm.

An African Beau Brummel

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

How powerfully the old Greek adage, as rendered by Pope, "the proper study of mankind is man," appeals to one who looks at the accompanying photograph of an African warrior, dwelling in the valley of the Kafue river, in the center of the southern half of the great "dark continent, and on the line of the proposed Cape to Cairo railroad, near the 15th degree of south latitude.

He is one of our contemporaries on the earth. From his point of view he has just as good a claim to be considered "up to date" as we have. While sharing with us the general characteristics of a human being, he has a genuine belief in the superiority of his own kind of culture, or civilization, which we call savagery.

The fact that the white man has many inventions which puzzle him and make him afraid does not convince him that he ought to abandon the ways and ideas of his fathers and live like the pale-faced wearers of superfluous clothes and bearers of fire-spouting weapons. He does not admire them. They look as ridiculous to him with their trousers and hats as he does to them with his powerful bare legs and horn-shaped top-knot, consisting of platted hair and bark strings stiffened with clay, polished with grease and pointed with an antelope's horn scraped down to a tip of almost needle sharpness. He knows that his dress and his manners, his person and his deeds, are pleasing to the belief of his tribe. And what more could he wish?

The fact is that as we look over this world we are altogether too self-centered in our thoughts about it. We have got a deep seated prejudice in favor of our own ways and ideas. Because we can outwit and overcome the less civilized or savage races, and because they have manners and customs repugnant to us, we are too apt to think that they have no right to be either what they are or where they are. We exaggerate all their bad qualities and ignore their good ones.

There are too few of us who see the other side of the medal. How many readers of these lines, looking at the picture of this African man, in the midst of his native fields and woods, stop to think, with astonishment and shame, that for unnumbered centuries the so-called superior races have made Africa a hunting ground for slaves, and that even yet slave caravans traverse its highlands, its forests and its rivers, carrying off its inhabitants as if they were wild animals, to be turned into beasts of burden?

With all its forbidding historical features, Africa is a land of fascinating romance, not less so now than in the days of Bruce, of Livingston and of Stanley. The vast central plateau, stretching thousands of miles in all directions, with its picturesque woods, broad grassy plains, tree-shaded rivers, waterfalls, rocky hills, winding paths and trails, lakes, mountains, primitive villages, strange, beautiful and terrible animals—hippotami, zebras, giraffes, elephants, buffaloes, apes, gorillas—and its curious tribes of men, is almost like a separate world.



A warrior of the Kafue region, proud of his head-dress.

in the far south, where almost at the first touch of the pick and the spade the wonders of Golconda have been scissped by the diamond mines of Kimberley and the gold mines of the Transvaal.

If this savage, who looks so quaint to our eyes, has a comprehensive knowledge of the past history of the continent that has bred him and his ancestors, he might regard us with disdain as uneasy, upstart invaders of his older world, which long ago forgot the fever of civilization.

Dreams that Never Reach Port : They Are Either Ghosts or, Worse Still, Jailers.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"And the way to end dreams is to break them—stand, walk, go."

Are you drifting idly in the stream of life? Are you a dreamer? Do you sit and fancy what would be fine in life—provided it could be, or do you set about bringing into your life the things that shall make it splendid.

Dreams are splendid, glowing, glorious, wonderful things—provided they are incentives to action. Dreams are poor little ghosts provided they are only fancies, and dreams are cruel jailers if they are permitted to weave themselves over a life and so prevent the spirit that should be up and doing from forcing itself out into action and expression.

One of the saddest effects of dreams lies outside the three ordinary classifications into which dreams and the dreamer fall. It is the tendency of dreaming to work itself out in drifting.

Drifting is generally an unconscious process. All "unconscious processes"—all processes which are not directed and guided by the will—are fraught with danger.

Drifting generally goes with the current of life in general. It fits itself into the events and circumstances, be they good or ill. It calls for no expression of will power, and generally proceeds in the opposite direction from that which will power would direct the individual to go. Now, whenever will power is ignored, the danger signals of a life are set.

The way to build strength of character, the way to work toward success is to develop will—will is needed to overcome obstacles, will is needed to fight danger and to meet privation, will is required to endure all the hardships that rear themselves on the path to success.

What call does the drifter ever make on his will power? He is floating around with the tide—perhaps the tide is sluggish and lets him slide into a backwater where there is hardly any communication between the movement of active and ambitious life and the mere existence of dullness and stupid content. Perhaps the tide that carries the drifter is a wild and turbulent one—it may take him over the rapids of dissipation and wreck him there. It may carry him out into the uncharted sea of wickedness and immorality and there destroy him. Or the tide may bring him into collision with the bark of some other life.

Then the drifter is all too likely to harm and wreck and destroy the well equipped sailing vessel which has no fault other than the misfortune to get into his path. Or the drifter may be whirled by the tide against some stout craft that will cripple the drifter and leave him a derelict on the sea of life.

Drifting presupposes defeat. It results from dreams gone wrong. In the beginning we all have fancies of the big things we will make of the events of our lives. In the beginning we all dream that we will do deeds of high enterprise. Most of us start well enough. But if we merely dream—not do—if we permit ourselves to drift, defeat is sure to be life's portion for us. Dreams must be coined into deeds.

Lack of effort to hold one's self in the way of ambition or to stem the tide of laziness; lack of a sense of direction; the path of life; lack of determination to

move steadily ahead toward some worthwhile goal, come quickly enough if one sits up dreaming of what one will do tomorrow—always "tomorrow," the "manna" of lazy Oriental and southern temperaments. And out of these lacks grows a definite over-supply of the "laissez faire" spirit—that thing that makes people imagine that things will take care of themselves.

Nature, in its abhorrence of a vacuum, supplies another quality to take the place of energy. It is called by some the quality of being easy-going and amiable; others name it contentment, and still others say it is a belief in fate, or faith in providence.

Nonsense! Lack of energy is none of these euphonious things!

Lack of energy is sheer, stupid laziness. And laziness may manifest itself in a mental inertia that lets things take care of themselves, or it may be an actual physical inability to turn itself to honest toil. But lack of energy works itself out to the same end all through life. It presupposes, it postulates defeat. It lets the tide of life carry you where it happens to be going.

The current of events will not stop and direct itself out of its path for an individual. It eddies along or whirls forward or sludgishly proceeds where the great scheme of things carries it. And the individual who gets into an eddying whirlpool is sucked down to death as surely as the one who drifts into a back-water perishes of stagnation, and the one who is swept out to an uncharted sea is wrecked by breakers or reefs or rammed by passing vessels or driven derelict in the living death of rudderless impotence.

When the tide, after a great storm, brings fotsam and jetsam up on the beach, are not the things flung on the sands by the incoming and receding waves pathetic? But is there not a certain feeling of scorn for the wreckage of the storm mingled with pity for the helpless accumulation at your feet?

Now how can an individual stupidly put himself in the way of being just such fotsam and jetsam of the storm of life? No undirected ship can make harbor except by accident. No undirected life can find itself in a safe port.

Drifting carries us over the rocks or upon uncharted seas. And it all starts innocently enough.

Dreaming is such a comforting and seemingly innocent occupation. One can hardly see where it passes the bounds of safe pleasure and leads to idle drifting.

Do you lie in bed in the morning and imagine the clever things you will say—the remarkable way you will do your work—the great energy and invention you will bring to your tasks that day? And then do you almost imagine you have done your duty by yourself and accomplished a day's work, because you have dreamed about it? Or do you plan actively one or two things you will do before set of sun, fling off the covers of sixth and fairly whirl up to be doing?

On which principle do you build your days—"fancies that might be" or "facts that are?"

Don't dream and drift. Instead think and act. Choose your way in life. The first step away from the threshold of dreaming and drifting is to appreciate the joy of activity. There is no happiness in a life that is not constructing some-

or, Worse Still, Jailers.

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Stubbornness.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a girl of my age for about half a year, I love her dearly and she returns my love. Now, Miss Fairfax, I am disgusted with her on account of her egotism. Every time I suggest something she never gives in. Could you tell me how I can make her change without hurting her feelings?
B. R. L.

The girl is a little selfish and spoiled—and stubborn, too, no doubt. But perhaps you are a bit dictatorial and inclined to fall in consideration of her tastes. Why not make a little "fifty-fifty" agreement, whereby each will take turns at having your own way. Talk it over with her and see if you cannot make her feel that it is fair to be more equal partners.

Far Too Young.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 and desperately in love with a girl two years my junior. About eight months ago a quarrel separated us. But I knew she loved me. We differ in nationalities, but I love her all the same. Would you advise me to try and gain back her sincere love, or would you advise different?
ANXIOUS (S. B.)

I would advise you to attend to your work, whether that be studying or earning your own living. You are far too young for serious thought of love and marriage.

Summer Strength and Stomach Satisfaction
come from eating

Shredded Wheat

with Strawberries

TRY IT FOR BREAKFAST
EAT IT FOR LUNCH
SERVE IT FOR SUPPER

A dish that combines all the muscle-building elements of the whole wheat grain with the wholesome, laxative juices and delicious flavor of the choicest berry that grows.

Heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; cover with strawberries or other fresh fruit; pour over them milk or cream; sweeten to suit the taste.

Your grocer sells the biscuit and the berries