

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests kidnapes the beautiful 3-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 16 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her. The only 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 the 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 nor Celestia recognizes 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.

That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help. Following by Stilliter, the latter at once realises Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia's, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the land he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slaves, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Doukias. When their son Freddie returns home he finds her in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hopes to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she meets her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to persuade Celestia to strike, and the "boss" overhearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a mass of flames. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Harker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade her to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants to go with her father. Tommy does not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a cotillion of wealthy men, who agree to send Celestia to the cotillion.

After being disinherited, Tommy sought refuge in the cotillion. He tried to head off a threatened strike by taking the miners' leaders to see Barclay, who refuses to listen to their story. He and Tommy discover a plan of the owners to turn a machine gun house on the men when they strike. Tommy lets the mine owners busy to get rid of Tommy.

NINTH EPISODE.

"I know. I've put my curling tongs on to heat. I'll look all right when he comes back."

There was a somewhat awkward silence, which Mrs. Gundorf broke.

"I know you despise me. But—oh you wouldn't understand."

"I'd try. If you told me."

"Would you forgive me? I wouldn't have done it, only, only—I feel about you the way a dog feels about her master, and—oh, can't you give me a chance?"

"A chance?"

"I'd follow you to the ends of the earth; I'd slave for you, and when you sickened of me, I'd take my medicine."

"But, Mrs. Gundorf, you are a married woman."

"That's no reason. That's an excuse. What does marriage matter to a woman like me?"

"I don't know. But I'm afraid it matters a whole lot to a man like me. I'm terribly sorry for you."

"Sorrow never filled an empty heart."



Tommy Seizes Mrs. Gundorf by the Arms and Demands the Key.

have to break the door down."

"Yes, and I'll say you broke it down. But not from the inside out. I'll say you broke it down from the outside in."

"You had better give me that key," said Tommy.

She smiled inscrutably, for she had hidden the key in a very safe place. It was at the moment reopening in the right hand pocket of Tommy's own jacket, into which she had dropped it, while he was busy putting the fire out.

"Dare you to look for it," she said; "I won't resist."

Tommy took a step forward.

"This is getting serious," he said; "what's the idea?"

"Guess."

The room had two windows on the street side. Tommy turned from her in disgust and approached these. But there were people in the street. And he knew at once that to be seen climbing out of Mrs. Gundorf's bedroom window would excite the most unpleasant sort of comment. He was so angry that it occurred to him to choke the key out of the Gundorf woman. He turned and looked her over with cold, angry eyes.

"Did you ever hear that a woman scorned was more dangerous than a loaded gun?" she asked. And added sweetly: "Gundorf ought to be getting back."

"I don't know why you are laughing," he said coldly; "it might have been serious."

She was between him and the door, but she stepped aside and let him pass.

"What's the matter with this door?" he asked after a fruitless effort to open it.

"It's locked."

"Why?"

"Because we've got to have our talk out. And I don't want you running away from it."

"Do be reasonable, Mrs. Gundorf. Let me have the key. This won't do at all, you know. Where's the key?"

She smiled at him, half closed her eyes, and held up her hands high above her head, as people do at the command of a highwayman.

"You can search me," she said.

Tommy's temper was beginning to rise, and he frowned.

"I hope so," said Tommy. "I shall feel obliged to tell him the whole story."

Mrs. Gundorf laughed out loud.

"You're too good to be true," she added. "You blessed innocent!"

"We shall see," said Tommy. He started toward the window and stood looking out.

Looked at from any angle he felt himself to be in the very devil of a predicament. He had outraged Mrs. Gundorf's pride, and she would not spare herself in order to be avenged upon him. If he made a plain statement of fact to Gundorf it was quite likely that he would not be believed, and furthermore his mind revolted against telling such a story about any woman.

Presently he perceived Gundorf with three others coming down the street. His face, somber and frowning, turned slowly as he followed them. He wondered how a man like Gundorf would act at discovering another man in his wife's bedroom behind a locked door.

"Your husband is coming now," he said; "hadn't you better let me out? You've only a moment to make up your mind."

He turned slowly and faced her. She had let down her hair, so that her eyes shone at him through a mist, and she had torn open the bosom of her dress. Her shoulders were heaving slightly. She

was laughing at him.

They heard the sound of the front door being opened and slammed shut; and then voices in the hall.

"Promise to be my feller," whispered Mrs. Gundorf, "and I will let you out."

It was not easy for her to face the room in Tommy's eyes. For a moment she met his gaze, and then her eyes fell before it, and began to glance stealthily this way and that.

"Don't ruin yourself," said Tommy; "think this thing over. Let me go now. Tomorrow if you still wish to make a row I will come back, you can look the door. Everything will be as it is now. But for your own sake don't do anything in a hurry. Take twenty-four hours to think it over. Perhaps what seems good enough today, won't seem good enough tomorrow."

Her answer was a piercing scream for help. Repeating this scream again and again she began to storm about the room, overturning a chair and the washstand. Then, with an insane swiftness for which he was ill-prepared, she flung herself upon Tommy, struck him a heavy blow on the mouth, ruffled his hair, and then flung her arms round his neck and half strangled him. All the while her screams for help pierced through the walls of the house.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

American Women Independent, but Modest

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Oh, not for the great departed, Who formed our country's laws, And not for the bravest-hearted, Who died in freedom's cause, And not for some living hero, To whom all bend the knee, My muse would raise her song of praise— But for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman Is passing through today, A man that is more than human Shall yet be born, I say, A man in whose pure spirit No drop of self will lurk, A man who is strong to cope with wrong, A man who is proud to work.

A man with hope undaunted, A man with godlike power, Shall come when he must be wanted, Shall come at the needed hour, He shall silence the din and clamor Of class disputing with class, And toil's long fight with purse-proud might Shall triumph through this man.

I know he is coming, coming, To help, to guide, to save, Though I hear no martial drumming And see no flags that wave, But the great soul travail of woman, And the bold free thought unfurled, Are heralds that say he is on the way— The coming man of the world.

Mourn not for vanished ages, With their great heroic men, Who dwell in history's pages And live in the poet's pen, For the grandest times are before us, And the world is yet to see, The noblest worth of this old earth In the men that are to be.

The fact that young women in high social positions have brought themselves into unpleasant notoriety has caused a critical man to declare that woman's virtue is no longer highly prized. He says: "She casts aside the rules and laws of past centuries to enjoy herself as she sees fit, assuming the same liberties of men, confident the world will soon accept the new conditions as they have accepted all advanced ideas and progress in the past."

He proceeds to say that woman is deteriorating and that her moral position is much lower as well as her ideals and standards, than those of past centuries. But he is mistaken. Let him look back to the days of Catherine de Medici and her "Flying Squadron." It was composed of nearly half a hundred young women, all of "noble" birth, all beautiful, all educated and bright. Their work was to captivate and attract the men who were political powers in the land, to become their confidantes, and to report their plans and projects to Catherine de Medici.

These young women were the social leaders of their world, and it was a large world.

Such an assemblage of women, whose intrigues with men of renown were matters of public comment, would not be tolerated in any society we had today. Woman places a far higher value upon her name than she did in past centuries.

In America we are not as austere as were our Puritan ancestors, but austerity is not a synonym for morality, nor liberality for vice.

Abroad, the unchaperoned young girl is decried, but in America no man suspects her of being other than her own sweet, brave, true self merely because she goes

The American girl's independence is about her business alone. teaching the Old World a long-needed lesson. Until her advent the prevailing idea of woman's virtue seemed to be that it was like a mouse—liable to run away unless caged.

The moment woman was allowed any freedom she was expected to fling her morals broadest.

The American girl carries her morals with her through all sorts of experiences, and they are in excellent condition when she has finished a tour of the world or completed her education for a profession, or done any one or all of the unusual things which she alone can do.

While it is true that we have striking and shocking examples now and then of women of good birth, social position and opportunities of culture, who fling morality to the winds and seek to exhibit a new code of morals, this does not apply to the typical woman of the day. She is not bringing herself down to man's level of immorality. She is, instead, slowly

but surely bringing him up to her own standard.

The gray Gotharic, the avowedly immoral man, has no longer the vogue among good women which he had once upon a time. He is shunned by the sensible mothers of the land, and he is unpopular even in clubs of worthwhile men.

Where men used to boast of their vice they now attempt to conceal them, and that is a sign of moral growth on the part of the man and of a higher social code.

Mothers' clubs are scattered all over our land, and they are doing a vast amount of good. Perhaps in the immediate present this good may not be so discernible, but it will surely make itself felt in the next generation.

The ignorance of womanhood in the matters pertaining to home, health and comfort has kept the world and the race handicapped for centuries. The formation of women's clubs has been a great factor in the progress and the rise of humanity toward a higher goal.

Size of the Universe

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Simon Newcomb, one of the most eminent mathematicians, wrote: "Speaking roughly, we have reason from the data so far available to believe that the stars of the Milky Way are situated at a distance between 100,000 and 200,000 times the distance of the sun."

It is not a chance; it is not even a collection of things, each of which came into existence its own separate way. If it were, there would be nothing in common between two widely separated regions of the universe. But, as a matter of fact, science shows unity in the whole structure and diversity only in details.

The universe, so far as we can see it, is a bounded whole. It is surrounded by an immense girdle of stars, which to our vision appears as the Milky Way. While we cannot set exact limits to its distance, we may yet confidently say that it is bounded."

By some astronomers the sidereal structure is conceived to be in the shape of a bi-convex lens, with diameter eight times greater than the thickness, the longer diameter being in the plane of the Galaxy. These are estimates merely of a circle whose center is the earth. The sun, our star, removed into these cosmic depths so distant from the earth, would appear to us as a tiny eleventh-magnitude stellar point, and many clusters and groups are at least 400 light years away. The estimate of the Orion star, Rigel, is that its distance is 800 light years, and it is 8,000 times brighter than the sun; while the giant sun, Canopus, in the distant south, is 100,000 times greater than the sun.

The mass of the variable star, Algol, is about twenty times that of our home star. The parallax of Vega, taken at 8 1/2 seconds, is so far from here that the sun and entire solar system with it, moving twelve miles per second, would require 58,000 years to reach that shining parallax large enough to be measured directly by the micrometer.

The difficulty is in measuring such small angles. One second of arc is in such common use that an idea of its value may be gained by a comparison. Any object one inch long, as a stick, or one inch in diameter, as a little sphere,

must be removed from the eye to a distance of three and one-quarter miles to appear as one second of arc. But, as above, the parallax of the star Vega is given out as only one-ninth or 0.11 second. Mechanics in the habit of accurate measurement will appreciate these difficulties.

Q.—"Will you kindly explain the causes of the gulf stream? Why is it so warm and why has it such a powerful current?"

—John Drew Lawrence, Mass.

A.—"The gulf stream is caused by currents, as follows: The southern equatorial current in the Atlantic ocean splits into two divisions at Cape St. Roque. One branch, the Brazil current, is deflected south to the river-Plate, and branch second flows northwest toward the West Indies and mixes with water of the equatorial current, and these two, drifts, blocked by land in the shape of an angle, raise the level of the water in the gulf of Mexico and Caribbean sea and in the whole area outside of the West Indies. This congestion is relieved by the most rapid and voluminous current in the world.

The gulf stream flows from southeast to northeast. There is a wall of cold water between it and the east coast of the United States. It splits, part going to the west coast of Africa and a part to the British Islands.

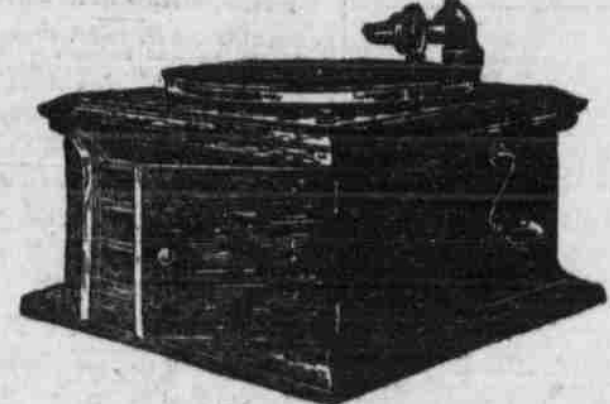
The heat from the equatorial sun is conveyed into northern latitudes and greatly modifies the climate of northwestern Europe. Its clear-cut walls of warm water and its direction of flow within deep and much cooler water are probably determined by the contour of the ocean floor. Thus, the water forced between high hills on the bottom of the sea by pressure in deep waters of the gulf would still flow in the same general direction.

The study of oceanic currents is one of the most fascinating studies of modern science. Trade winds, the rotation of the earth and equatorial flows of vast masses of water modify the climate of the entire earth.

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