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The Goddess

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Parents and the Child

Destroying Faith by Carelessness—By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.



In vain Celestia beat against the door, seeking to escape.

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his devoted wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stillier, an agent of the insurance company who sees the increased value of 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 in her mission to reform the world. At the age of 13 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the insurance are ready to pretend to find her.

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

Five years after Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, and 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. Stillier and they hide in the mountains. Later they are pursued by Stillier and escape to an island where they spend the night.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stillier. 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 taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened 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 blazing furnace. 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 Hanser Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy wishes to see Celestia and wants him to wed her directly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stillier and Barclay introduce Celestia to a coterie of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the colleges.

After being dismissed, Tommy sought work in the coal mines. He tries to head off a threatened strike by taking the miners to court. He is refused. The strike is on, and Tommy discovers a plan of the owners to turn a machine gun loose on the men when they attack the stockade. This sets the mine owners busy to get rid of Tommy.

The wife of the miners' leader involves Tommy in an escape that leads the miners to lynch him. Celestia saves him from the mob, but turns from him and goes to see Kehr.

on a private matter. He wants to thank the lady who saved his life yesterday. If that isn't possible he wishes permission to go back to his friends in town."

"You others have come on business. Well, I'll listen to you once more—if I can. Steele may see the lady."

Tommy was blindfolded once more, and escorted to Celestia's house. He was pushed in, told to take off the bandage over his eyes, and heard the door lock behind him.

He found himself in a plain little sitting room about twelve feet square. Two doors opened from it, but both at the moment was closed. Of Celestia there was neither sight nor sound. Tommy seated himself in a plain deal chair, and waited. Half an hour passed. Then he began to call to her, at first softly and then more loudly:

"Celestia—oh, Celestia—where are you? It's Tommy."

Presently he heard himself answered in a sleepy voice.

"It was fine! Shall we start now?"

"Have you had breakfast?"

"Some of the strikers will give me a cup of coffee. That's all I need."

She smiled radiantly upon him, and went to the door of the house.

"It's locked."

"Yes, I know."

Celestia raised her voice.

"You! without there! Open the door!"

A stern voice answered her.

"Orders are to keep the door locked and shoot anybody who tries to leave the house."

"That doesn't apply to me."

"It applies to you, and to the other prisoner."

"Come round to the window. We can talk better there."

"Orders are not to talk with the prisoners or to look at them, unless they try to come out. Then the orders are to shoot at sight."

"Yes, but just come to the window a

moment. I don't think you understand."

There was no answer. She turned swiftly to Tommy:

"What does it mean?"

"This, I think," said Tommy; "Kehr wants the stockade attacked. He is afraid I will prevent the attack, and that you will prevent the defense. So he's locked us both up. Gundorf and a committee of strikers are with him now. They will make certain unreasonable demands. He will refuse. When they return to the town the attack will begin. And if they don't return to the town by 11 o'clock, the attack will begin."

Celestia pondered this for a few minutes. Then she said:

"We'll need all our strength. Have you had breakfast?"

"I couldn't eat till I'd seen you and you'd spoken to me."

Celestia laughed and once more approached the door.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

"They would be the same. Restrain Celestia by force, and take the consequences."

"This place," said Kehr, "is under martial law. I shall probably send her away tomorrow. In the meanwhile don't attempt to interfere."

"I'll telegraph Barclay."

"You will not. You will go to your room and stay there till you are told you may come out."

Stillier turned angrily on his heel, opened the door of Kehr's office and found himself confronted by two men with rifles.

"Escort Prof. Stillier to his room," said Kehr, "and see that he doesn't leave 't without orders from me."

Early the next morning Gundorf, Carson, Cracowicz and Tommy Steele arrived before the gate of the stockade under the protection of a white flag, and were admitted presently, after being blindfolded, to a parley with Kehr.

"Steele," Gundorf explained, "comes

Most unregarded and therefore happy children regard their parents as well-nigh infallible. They may—indeed will—at times feel swift rebellion when the father or mother opposes some cherished plan, but such vexation is of short duration. As the child's temper subsides and he becomes once more his sane and sensible self, there returns to him the conviction that what the parent has prohibited would really not have been good for him.

Without any wish to seem irrelevant I might say that the little one's attitude is very much like that of the religious person, who, in the first flush of a great disappointment, almost doubts the kindness of God, yet as he returns to his normal state of mind, remembers that the Ruler of the Universe makes no mistakes.

As children do think of their fathers and mothers in this comfortable and comforting way, is it not a pity when one of the parents disturbs such confidence? I do not think that the mother who complains to the child of the father appreciates what turmoil she is causing in the childish heart, nor what trouble she may be laying up for herself in the future. She lets indignation or displeasure get the better of her discretion and speaks without consideration of the consequences.

Long ago I heard an irritable wife exclaim in the presence of her 7-year-old son: "I do wish your father would come home in time for dinner. There is no sense in his staying at the office so late. He promised to be home tonight on time."

"Then, mother," asked the child, wonderingly, "why does he stay down town now when he said he would be home at dinner time?"

The day had been hot and the mother was tired. Her servant had left her, and she herself had had to cook the dinner; she had made a soufflé that would be spoiled by standing. She spoke out her angry and untrue thought.

"He stays away, son, just to worry me," she declared.

I was it when this incident occurred—a visitor in this home. Yes, I recall the throbs of pity I had for the 7-year-old boy as he caught his breath at this statement. Even I, scarcely more than a child, knew that my mother was angry, and therefore hardly responsible for what she said.

"Oh," the boy gasped. "Does father do that, mother? Does he stay away just to worry you. And when he promised to come home, too?"

His mother made no reply and there was a moment's silence before the lad spoke again. When he did there were tears in his eyes. "I don't love father," he said.

The woman turned upon him reprovingly. "I am ashamed of you, Ned," she chided. "You are a naughty boy to say that you do not love your father. He is very good to you always."

"He is not good to you," the lad answered. "He tries to worry you—and he broke his promise to you."

"Poor little fellow! Years afterward, when the nervous, overwrought mother had passed away from earthly worries, and when I heard that the father had no influence over his impulsive, wayward son, I could not help wondering if the seeds of rebellion against the father had not been unwittingly sown by the loving mother when the child was too young to

discriminate between just condemnation and unreasonable anger.

A husband and wife cannot always approve of what the other does, but each can seem to do so when in the presence of the children. If there must be altercations or arguments as to what the little ones shall or shall not do, let it be when the subjects of such discussions are not within earshot.

Children are keen observers and deep thinkers.

"May I go to the circus tomorrow, daddy?" one small girl asked.

Her mother awakened her father's suspicions. "What does mother say about it?" he questioned.

The child flushed. "Oh, well she said I couldn't go till Saturday, but I thought perhaps you'd say I could."

"Don't mother and I always say the same thing about what you may do?" the father asked.

"Oh, yes, daddy—when you know what the other one says. But this time you

didn't know—so I thought perhaps you'd say yes," remarked the little schemer.

She had already learned that her father and mother agreed with regard to what was good for her. When parents have established that certainty in the minds of their children, they have done much toward winning unshaken confidence and absolute obedience.

"If my father and mother disapproved about the management of the youngsters," one woman told me, "we never suspected it. As I look back, I remember that when father forbade a thing, it was just as if mother had forbidden it too. Other children appealed from one parent to another. We never did. It saved us a lot of trouble."

And it also saved the parents "a lot of trouble."

(Another one of this new series will appear soon. It is of personal interest to all fathers and mothers.)

The Girl Who Could Not Be Patient

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a girl who didn't like to wait for things. She was perfectly amiable and sweet even in the face of difficulties—only she liked to be quite sure whether difficulty or easy-going security was to be her portion.

When in doubt she always had to do something. She never could wait for circumstances to adjust themselves, and for things to work out. If some one promised her the loan of a new book at 4 o'clock on Friday, and it hadn't arrived by 5, she promptly sat down and wrote a sarcastic note about "people who couldn't keep their promises."

If a friend invited her to meet him for lunch at 1 o'clock, and he wasn't there by 1:10, she had arrived at a state of nervous tension that made the white meat of a spring chicken seem highly indigestible.

Everyone said "Leone is a lovely girl—but so impatient and exacting. Well, that's her only fault—so there's no harm in catering to her." And most of Leone's friends trained themselves not to produce mental indigestion in her nature.

Then she met a man who was always on time. If he told her to be at the corner of Forty-second street and Fifth avenue at five minutes to 2, Leone arriving

at 1:57, found him white and nervous and jutting the corners of the public library sidewalk as if it were a prison. That should have made her very happy—but strange to relate it got on her nerves frightfully to find William always in waiting for her exactly as she had been for other people.

She wasn't quite sure whether promptness was a virtue—or a very burlesome weakness of a petty mind, and she threw over the man who was prepared to give her the calm certainty for which she had always pined.

At that juncture Leone met "The Man." The first evening that he came to call at her house he arrived at 5:35, breathless, but not at all apologetic. Leone was amused. She thought it a relief after William.

When the man invited Leone to spend a Sunday in the country he suggested an 11:30 train and dinner at a quaint and delightful inn. They left the city at 2, after Leone had been refreshed by milk and crackers, and two explanatory telephone messages. She didn't protest, because you can't tell the man that the one thing you like is certainty.

The man forgot telephone messages he had promised to send and never kept engagements he had earnestly made. Leone preserved a remarkable equilibrium and decided that it was rather distinguished for a man to be so busy that he couldn't keep track of little things.

However, at the end of a month she had lost fifteen pounds and her ability to digest anything but hot milk and toasted gluten bread.

Then the man told her that if he ever fell enough in love with her to ask her to marry him she had better set the wedding at soon on Tuesday, if it were really to be at 5 o'clock on Wednesday, so he could be there. That didn't sound funny to Leone.

And the next day she eloped with William after keeping him waiting a half an hour at the station.

Mora—if you can't learn to be patient it's rather a good idea to have a husband who feels a little impatient to be with you. But there is nothing to promise that a man who is fifteen minutes ahead for his engagements during his engagement won't learn to play kelly pool and come home late to dinner three nights a week after he is married.

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TENTH EPISODE.

"She's made a fine beginning," he said. "Give her time and she'd corrupt every man in the post. After that if he were attacked it would be a massacre—of us. Old man Barclay's off his out. I am willing to give her a free pass to settle this strike, according to orders, but I won't have her jeopardizing my life, or the lives of those under me."

"Tomorrow," said Stillier, "she will go among the strikers and pull their teeth. Give her rope—she'll settle all this turmoil out of hand and make everybody love each other."

"Tomorrow," said Kehr, "she will find herself locked in her house."

"I shall consider it my duty to break down the door and let her out."

"Her house will be guarded and you will approach it at your peril."

"I have orders from Barclay—so have you."

"His orders would be different if he was on the spot."