

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Mrs. Baxter, a harpy in the disguise of a friend in need seizes the chance to get Celestia in her clutches.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)
FIFTH EPISODE.

In less than a minute he returned, greatly agitated. "She's gone," he cried, "the cab, too."
"Did you take the man's number?"
"No."
Visions of certain New York pitfalls flashed through Barclay's mind.
"Tommy," he said, "do what you can to find her, and bring her here. I'll look after the police end."
What had happened was simply this: The moment Tommy had entered his father's house Celestia had leaned from the cab window and told the driver to drive on. Why? Because she thought that she was a trouble to him? No, it was because when his arms had been around her and he had kissed her and she had kissed him back, almost all thought of her heavenly mission to this earth had been wiped from her mind, and she had felt that the gates of heaven were closing against her return. And she mustn't fall them. They had told her that when she went to earth from the high places and put on mortal flesh she would no longer be free from the sufferings and temptations to which the flesh is heir. And lo and behold—already she had been blustered by the sun, had been cold, hungry, lonely, unhappy, homesick, and had evinced the wish to lie forever in a man's protecting arms, kissed and kissing.
"Where to, Miss?"
The cab had stopped and the driver was speaking to her through the window.
"This will do," she said, and she got out. "Thank you very much," and then, her head bare, feet showing below Tommy's raincoat, she started to walk away.
"Hold on there," bellowed the driver, "how about my fare?"
"Oh," said Celestia, turning meekly. The driver pointed to his meter.
"Sixteen dollars and forty-eight cents," he said, with a tone of finality.
"But I have no money," she said.
"You haven't, haven't you?"
The driver leaped threateningly from his box, and a crowd began to gather. Through this crowd a strong, loud voiced, well dressed middle-aged woman came pushing and struggling. She caught Celestia by the arm and forced her back toward the cab, the door of which was still open.
"I'll take care of you, dear," she said, "in with you."
To the driver she gave an address in a voice which none but him heard, and a moment later, amid jeers and murmurs of pity, Celestia was once more whirling through the streets of New York. But the voice of the woman, though coarse and vulgar, was brusquely kind, and Celestia felt that after all her vicissitudes she had formed a friend of her own sex—a differentiation, be it said, of which until that day she had never before been conscious.
"Freddie the Ferret" was a remarkable young man. His real name was Frederick Appleton Douglas—and he came of good Scotch-American stock. If he had been bright and had he might have been a gangster. But he wasn't bright and he wasn't bad. He was neither a half-wit, nor a whole wit, and he had almost as much moral sense as a cat. That is to say, he had none. He had neither more nor less moral glow when he gave candy which he didn't want to a child than when he took candy which he didn't want away from one. His habitual companions, however, were evil. For many such persons in the city had discovered that on occasion Freddie could be tremendously useful. To begin with, his luck distinguished him as much as brains and talent could have done. Some people are always finding four-leaved clovers. Freddie's gift, though he had never seen a clover patch or lived in clover, was of that sort. If Freddie went through a rubbish heap he always found something of value. Once he found a diamond horseshoe and sold it to an Italian fruiter for six bananas. If there was a piece of money or a cigar stump, long enough to be smoked anywhere in a gutter, Freddie was pretty sure to find one or the other if not both. If Brown was looking for Smith, Freddie was pretty sure to have seen Smith. If

he hadn't, it was his luck that he was going to. Freddie had seen more fires, more runaways, more horrible accidents than any young man in New York. He had found more things worth finding, and been irresponsibly responsible for more good and evil turns than anybody.
The police knew him well. And although he was often mixed up in reprehensible matters, they were careful not to arrest him, because he was often so useful to them, and they knew that at heart he was good natured and not responsible for the occasional harm that he did.
Freddie's reputation with the police began when he was quite a small boy. Sergeant Rafferty, tall and very serious looking, encountered him one day and said:
"Say, Bub, have you seen a man round here with one nostril bigger than the other and a bit of his ear missing?"
"Sure," said Freddie, "you mean Pete the Polax?"
"Where?" said Rafferty. "He's shot a man up and he's wanted."
"I seen him," said Freddie, "not five minutes ago. He give me a dime to say I didn't."
"Where'd you see him, boy?"
"He was goin' into O'Gorman's ice cream parlor with Nell the Flinger, family entrance."
"If you've spoken the truth," said Rafferty, "I'll give you a dollar."
Ten minutes later the arrest was made and Freddie's reputation was established.

Sometimes he was sent upon definite missions, and carried them through to perfection.
Plannerman's barroom was Freddie's headquarters. Sometimes the habits amused themselves by getting him drunk, but not often, for they were poor men, and even a mild jag costs money. One day the proprietor tapped Freddie on the shoulder and told him that he was wanted on the phone.
"Yes, this is Freddie, all right."
"This is Mrs. Baxter."
"Hope you're well, Mrs. Baxter." Same to you, Freddie, I bin trying to find Sweetzer all over town. Can you find him?"
"Sure; what'll I tell him?"
"You say to him that Mrs. Baxter says to say she's got a pipkin for you."
"Mrs. Baxter says to say she's slippin' toward him?"
"Pipkin for him—pi-double p."
"F-double pip."
"F-p-p-l-n-pipkin."
"Pipkin for him."
"You're on, Freddie. You tell him to come right round."
"What for?"
"Why for the pipkin."
"I mean what for would I tell him?"
"Why for about a dollar, Freddie, if you will bring him round quick."
As Freddie the Ferret left Plannerman's, it was his luck to run into Sweetzer, who was on the point of entering.

Sweetzer had the appearance of a wart politician. His hat was high and shiny, his smile was friendly and his eyes was shrewd and mean.
"Bin hunting you all over town," said Freddie.
"What for?"
"Mrs. Baxter says to say she's got a pipkin for you."
"Not so loud. Where is she?"
"Mrs. Baxter?"
"No, the other."
"I'm to take you round."
They set off at once in the direction of Mrs. Baxter's "Market," as it was called by the insiders. Freddie shuffling and skipping at Sweetzer's side, prattling and whistling by turns.
Although she had as yet done nothing that was not helpful or kind, there was something about Mrs. Baxter that rang false, and the house in which she lived was a strange place. It was a stuffy, padded sort of house. Every door had its pair of heavy curtains, every chair was upholstered; every picture had a scarf or a sash of ribbon thrown across one corner of it. The house was lighted by electricity, but the lights were not bright. Mrs. Baxter's sitting room and office was at the back of the house, up one flight of stairs. And here, summoned downstairs by a neat looking colored maid, left Celestia to herself for awhile.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Romance of Pre-History

Story of Early Man Covers Many Ages, but No Incident in Its Long Course Exceeds in Interest the Invention of Needle 50,000 Years Ago

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The quality of romance, like that of wine, is generally heightened by lapse of time. Recent discoveries and conclusions in geology and archaeology (the science of ancient things), open up a field for romantic musings as well as for philosophical thought. The imagination by the enormous antiquity of its vistas.



There is a book on the antiquity of man which suggests most interesting reflections on the life and conditions of the members of our race who inhabited the earth during a period of two or three hundred thousand years preceding the advent of recorded history.

Prehistory, which covers all that immense period during which early man was developing, has one great advantage over ordinary history, and that is that everybody can look at its actors in a spirit of complete detachment, and without disturbance of any of his racial or national prejudices.

He thinks less of their blood relationship to himself than of their astonishing resemblances to human beings, as if they were not really men, but a superior order of apes. Accordingly the ignorance, brutality and crudity of these ancestors of his do not cause him a blush. Yet he immensely admires their stunts of intelligence, their ingenuity and their artistic instincts, and in these things he recognizes himself.

As one turns over the pages of the book on this subject, he sees passing before him a procession of ages, in all of which man plays his part, exceeding in their aggregate length fifty fold, and perhaps a hundred fold, the entire span of time that has elapsed since recorded history began. But his vast period is no product of the imagination, or even of tradition; it is attested by monuments more trustworthy and more lasting than the proudest triumphal arches; the evidence that it rests upon has no element of conscious registration or commemoration; it was not made by man, but by impartial, uncaring nature itself. It simply recorded the presence, and some of the doings, of antique man as incidents in the development of the planet, which, in themselves, were perfectly indifferent to it.

To us nothing concerning prehistoric man appeals with more force than his first efforts at invention. These are the touchstones by which we judge that he was man, and not more brute. Well, forty or fifty thousand years ago he invented a needle. That happened in what is called the Aurignacian epoch. It was at the beginning of a long period of cold in Europe, which geologists know as the fourth glacial stage. The inventor of the needle, so far as our present information goes, lived in southwestern France.

self, who in more genial times had dwelt under frail shelters in the river valleys, took to the caverns for warmth and protection.

He had to fight the brutes for the possession of the caves. He had once been more of a fisher than a hunter; he must now develop weapons of attack. The spear and arrow heads of the Aurignacian and closely related epochs are among the finest specimens of such weapons that archaeologists have found.

At the same time the closer life of caverns developed the instinct for home decoration, and in the Aurignacian epoch many surprisingly effective artistic works were made. Among these one kind is particularly significant—it is the representation of woman's form in figurines carved out of ivory. Women's empire over the heart of man had, then, begun to be acknowledged.

The climate was growing colder, the ice was advancing down the mountains, the need of warm clothing was becoming more and more imperative. The materials for such clothing were at hand, in the skins of slain beasts, and the goddess of the cavern hearth, whose ivory image glomed in the fire-light over her head, had had enough of the housewifery instinct

about her to make the necessary garments, if her lord and slave would furnish her with the requisite implements.

No doubt for many generations the women simply tied the pieces of the skin garments together with lengths of sinew, or hide strings, but, at last, some hunter, with an ounce more of brain than his fellows, after watching the efforts of his wife to fasten together the garments of her children, sat down in the corner of the cave instead of going out to hunt a hyena hunt, and began to think.

When the idea occurred to him of putting a hole through the butt end of a sharp bone bodkin, or stylus, such as we know that the Aurignacians were already accustomed to use, and of thrusting a string through the hole in order that it might be drawn into the perforations of the garments, the needle was born from youthful human genius, and so well born that it has undergone no essential improvement in all the countless ages that have since rolled away. Look at one of these prehistoric bone needles in some archaeological collection and you will better appreciate the merit of that unknown but glorious Aurignacian Edson, whose highest thought, perhaps, was to please and delight his wife.

Astronomy Most Majestic Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

Astronomy, the most majestic science save one, the science of mind, has grown to such an immense magnitude that it is now specialized—divided into departments or branches.

Two divisions may be at first mentioned—planetary and stellar. But planetary astronomy is a very minute and insignificant department, since only eight are known—Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

True, the study of these is important, especially of one, the earth—important to humans since it is our home, but very insignificant in comparison with the study of the stars. These are all huge suns, and all are in a state of intense internal or molecular activity, which causes them to send forth floods of energy into infinite space.

The careful and critical study of the stars, their properties and facts, since 1869, and more earnestly since 1880, has given greater real wisdom to man than all of the time since he appeared in earth, at least 1,000,000 years ago.

The first transcendent event, the seemingly impossible, was that of measuring the distance of a star. This so expanded

the mind of man that imagination was at once submerged, as it were, and man became a changed being—he became a real thinker, and his thoughts rose to hitherto unknown heights.

The earth was seen as it actually is—infinite in proportion to the universe of stars—while the sun was found to be but one of the smaller grade of stars, and so small that although it is 1,700,000 times larger than the earth it could come to an end and scarcely be missed. And this is true of the earth and the seven other planets.

Planetary astronomy consists of measuring the distances of the planets from the sun and from each other, the lengths of their years, or times of revolution around the sun, and of their days, or times of rotation on their axes, and the inclinations of their axes to planes of orbit, thus giving the changes of their seasons; also weighing them, or computing the quantities of matter they contain, and from this their densities.

Next comes the finding if they have atmospheres, or envelopes of air, as in the case of the earth, and an important thing, if these aerial envelopes contain the vapor of water. Then comes the computation of the intensities of energy of heat and light received from the sun; also the finding of their reflective powers—that is, what proportion of solar light received is reflected away, and the force of gravity exerted by their masses upon all objects on their surfaces.

These and more data are included in planetary astronomy. Besides these there is the minor branch of finding all possible data regarding the moons revolving around the planets. And then the study of asteroids between Mars and Jupiter on curious orbits.

But all of these things deal with our little solar system, consisting of one sun, eight planets, twenty-seven moons, 754 asteroids, an unknown number of comets, and also meteor streams, the whole moving in cosmic space as a happy or unhappy family. The earth, at least, is unhappy.

In-Shoots

It is useless to sow words of wisdom on a mental desert.

The deadhead is always the most relentless critic of all.

It is better to hook a few small ones than never fish at all.

Too much advanced courtship is apt to make married life seem prosy.

Your brain is no good if the other fellow makes more from it than you do.

Nons is immune from spring fever. But the lazy man's symptoms are always the most acute.



It's easy to learn the new dances with the music of the Victrola.



The Fox Trot, Castle Polka, and all the other new dances—all played loud and clear and in perfect time. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$250—at all Victor dealers. Victor Talking Machine Co. Camden, N. J.



The following Omaha and Council Bluffs dealers carry complete lines of Victor Victrolas, and all the late Victor Records as fast as issued. You are cordially invited to inspect the stocks at any of these establishments.

Schmoller & Mueller
PIANO COMPANY
1311-1313 Farnam St. Omaha, Neb.
Hear the Newest Records in Our Newly Remodeled Sound-Proof Demonstrating Rooms on the Main Floor.

Branch at
Nebraska 334 BROADWAY
Council Bluffs
Cycle Co.
Corner 15th and Harney, Omaha.
Geo. E. Mickel, Mgr.

Victrolas Sold by
A. HOSPE CO.,
1513-15 Douglas Street, Omaha, and
407 West Broadway, - Council Bluffs, Ia.

Brandeis Stores
Talking Machine Department
in the Pompeian Room

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle dancing the Castle Polka