

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

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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 14 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been snatched 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, finds 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, followed by Stilliter. The latter at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York where 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 into 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 Loukas. 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 hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. My 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 grievance he had against 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.

SEVENTH EPISODE.

Of one thing only she was sure—that she would decide nothing until she was sure that her decision was right. But the beginning of the question for the time being did not seem to have a silencing effect upon Tommy himself.

A man erroneously assumes certain rights or claims upon a certain woman. If she won't be his, at least she ought to be, because he saw her first, or he was first to love her, or he intervened in her behalf and saved her from something, or other—in the case of Celestia, Tommy had saved her from death. Also he had been the first to see her, and the first to love her.

"Celestia," he said to her one day (his hands still in bandages from superficial burns), "if only to be logical and consistent, you ought to marry me. I know that you are absolutely sincere in the belief that you are going to make the whole world happy. I'm a small part of the world. Unless you make me happy, and you don't show any symptoms of doing that, you can't possibly succeed, can you?"

Celestia considered, half smiling. Then she said, wholly smiling: "What did you mean the other day when you said merely to look at me, merely to breathe the same air I breathed, merely to hear the sound of my voice, was happiness for you?"

"Oh, Celestia," he said, hopelessly. "There's no answer to questions like that. Those are the things that a man just has to say to the girl he loves. I don't know why he has to say 'em, but he does. They are the truth and not the truth. It's heaven just to look at you. Yes, it is. And in the moment of looking it's hell to think that maybe you are never going to love me and belong to me."

"But marriage," she said more gravely, "is a whole life's work in itself. I've already I've a whole life's work cut out for me."

"Celestia," said Tommy, "you are so wonderful I believe you could do two whole life's works at once. I do. And I—well, maybe I could manage one on my own account; but it wouldn't be work. It would be doing things I just couldn't help doing—loving you and trying to make you happy."

"Tommy," said Celestia, "if now, when we are not even engaged—"

"I am."

"—not even engaged to be married, you exert yourself in every way to keep me from going about among the people and telling them how the world may be made a better state, try in fact to keep me all to yourself, how would it be if we were married? I've got to go by the way I have been sent to go, and you, with the law in your side, and all the traditions of a man's rights in marriage, would try to prevent me—"

"What if I promised not to?"

"You'd have to promise that."

"I want you so," exclaimed Tommy, "that I'll promise anything. Will you marry me?"

"I don't know, Tommy dear," she said. "He drew a long breath, rose and walked to the window."

"I think not," said Celestia, and then noting the really tragic expression upon the young man's face, she added, "But sometimes I think I'd like to."

to hang up the receiver, will you do it? It was sometimes hard to get rid of Freddie.

When the Ferret had gone out Tommy made one last appeal to Celestia, going very close to her and speaking swiftly in a low voice.

She heard him out gravely, and at the end of his impassioned pleading shook her head still more gravely.

"When I know what is right for me to do," she said, "then I'll tell you. And what I tell you will be final. There are some debts that people have no right to pay. Perhaps my life, which I owe to you, is such a debt. I don't know. But I know this, that if you want to go on seeing me you mustn't make love to me any more. It makes it so much harder for me to think clearly. Some morning I shall wake up knowing what I ought to do, and if I wake up knowing that I ought not to marry you, then, of course, I won't."

Tears gathered in her eyes, and she added, "Even though it broke my heart. Now go."

"May I come back when I've seen my father?"

"If you'll be good, Tommy."

So Tommy promised, very elaborately and at length, to be good, and in the act of promising broke his promise several times and hurried to see his father.

In spite of their recent differences of opinion, and Barclay's long series of disappointments in Tommy, they met with perfect friendliness, and as if there had never been any trouble between them. Barclay opened the conversation with a laughing reference to the Octagon Fire.

"I used to look for your name on the sporting page of my newspaper," he said, "but now I have to turn to the accounts of socialist meetings and of fires. Was it as close a shave as the paper made out?"

"It certainly was," said Tommy. "It wasn't just twice over; it was five times over, and I didn't think my beard would ever grow again."

"How did the famous Celestia behave?"

"Like a brick, except when she fainted after getting all the other girls out."

"I am very interested to see her," said Barclay, "and to hear he speak. A friend of mine heard her address to the shirt-makers' union, after the fire, and came away talking like a lunatic. How does she impress you?"

"As a speaker?"

Barclay smiled and nodded. Tommy blushed and did not smile.

"She has a beautiful voice," he said, "she seems to speak to one person at a time until everyone has been spoken to. The most interesting part is her power of convincing people. Men whom I have known to have had opposite theories seem to come right around to her way of thinking."

"Yes," suggested Barclay. "No. She doesn't seem to alter my beliefs at all."

"She claims to have been sent direct from Heaven. Do people believe that?"

"The mass of the people who have heard her don't even question it. Personally I question it very much. But if the police of the city can't find out where she does come from pretty quick, I'll begin to believe it myself."

Barclay said this with a sarcasm which his adopted son was quick to resent.

"I will stake my soul, sir," he said, "that she believes it."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

When Love Grows Cold

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"When love shows signs of leaving, don't try by tears and grieving, to hold him back," says a little verse. And there is wisdom and philosophy.

Hearts do not break. Suffering because of love once claimed and no longer desired surrounds us on every side, but life goes on and happiness is not at all uncommon.

When a man tires of a woman she wastes herself in the vain struggle to hold him. When a girl ceases to care for a man, he may win her pity by his devotion—or her scorn by his folly, according as the gentleness of her nature leads her to view his efforts to galvanize

Real Smart Coats for Summer

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



A sports coat of English tweed with choker collar of broadcloth. Plain and straight in the back, it is belted across the front and well supplied with pockets. A ribbon band weighted with a tassel trims the Milan straw hat.

An ideal summer coat is of cream ecruette embroidered in varicolored worsteds. A black velvet ribbon serves as a belt and narrower bands, also tasseled, hold in the fullness of the sleeves at the wrist. The orange straw hat is faced in black and trimmed with black grosgrain ribbon.

An afternoon wrap. This original model of blue and green striped silk has a shawl-like collar that may be fastened close to the throat and the draped points at the side caught in front. The hat is of black patent leather and white straw.

Waste of Life Stuff

By ADA PATTERSON.

A woman of 60 died recently and the papers published her photograph and said she would be very much missed in society. They stated that she would be missed because she gave such original entertainments.

Shortly before it was recorded of a young man who met a sudden death in a deplorable catastrophe at sea and that he would be missed because he could tool a tallyho with such grace and dexterity.

Whoever thought their way through these items of news could not escape the thought: "What a waste of life stuff!" Amusing entertainments! Tooling a tallyho! All right in their place, these accomplishments, but who wants to be remembered for them? Solely for them?

With so much building needed in the world! Building of schools, building of organizations for self-help and for help of others, building of fortunes, building of characters, life building! And this man and this woman, one 60, the other well into the forties, are remembered only by what was as ineffectual in the big scheme of the world's activities as a rat's scampering across a garret floor.

About the same time a man went down to his death when an incoming ship was torpedoed by its enemies. That man's life story is told in no society notes. It was no record of a tallyho coach achievement. All his life he had been a builder.

He had built an institution which manufactured beautiful objects for the home. This was one life work, but he performed another. He built a philosophy of every day living that made men and women bigger, braver, stronger, better. When he died these men and women sobbed as they had not wept since at the graveside of a parent.

I should like to see inscribed on every tombstone for the knowledge of all who saw, a record of the lives of those whose dust lay beneath the stone. "He was a blacksmith. The shoes staid on the horses he shod longer than any others in the country." A record of work well done. "She was an efficient housewife. The window panes of her house shone as jewels." "She was a teacher and touched the lives of her pupils to blessedness."

"She was a good mother. All her children were good and some of them great." If every grave stone were a testimonial to a man's or a woman's attainments, there would be cause for reproach in the line, "She gave amusing entertainments." Or "He toolled a tallyho well."

Then the gravestones bare of all save name and date would be a cause for shame. For it would be the record of one who had done nothing worth while.

Household Hints

Beetles will depart like magic if ground borax mixed with brown sugar is laid about the hearth or other haunts.

To Flush the Kitchen Sink—Four boiling salt water down the pipes. This is much better than soda and water.

When Making Oatmeal—Place the oatmeal in cold water and bring slowly to the boil. This gives a better flavor than when made with boiling water.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Be Sure to Avoid Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am dearly in love with a married man employed by the same concern. He has made love to me and I accepted an invitation to luncheon from him. I love him so much I simply cannot be cool to him. He has a wife and two children, and when I remind him of this fact he tells me that it doesn't make any difference, as he never neglects his home, which I know to be true.

Do not feel as if I could resign my position as he has no other means of support. Will you suggest something? DISCOURAGED.

If you have a little strength of character and common sense you will refuse to continue this dangerous affair. It can mean only shame and disgrace to you. It can bring only undesired sorrow to the innocent wife and children. You need not resign your position, but unless you discontinue this affair you may be asked for your resignation.

Do You Care for Him?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going out with a man for four years. Once our engagement has been broken and twice our wedding day postponed. Now he is going west and asks me to wait for him. He seems to care a great deal for me. Please advise me what to do. D. I. L. R.

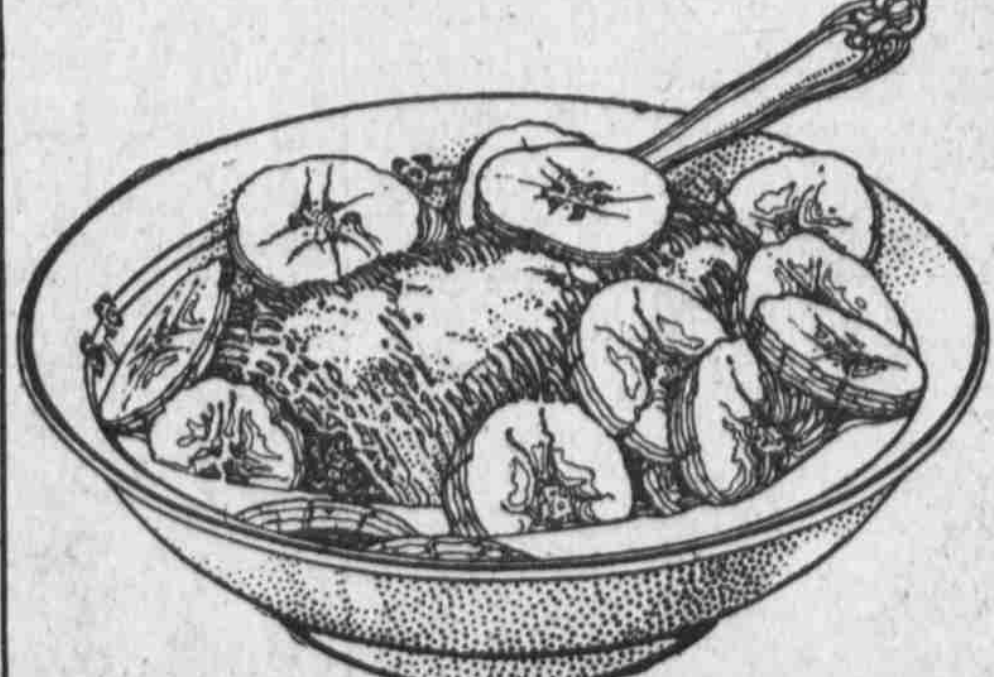
You do not state whose fault the broken engagement and long postponed wedding were. If the man has gotten in the habit of putting you off from year to year, break with him now before your youth is gone. But if your fickleness has been at fault, consider well if you can be loyal to him during a long separation. Question your own sincerity and his and then make a fair decision.

Give the Boy a Chance

A man's food must contain the elements that repair the daily waste of brain, tissue and muscular energy. A boy's food must supply the elements that not only repair waste, but actually build new brain, muscle and bone. The food that meets both requirements is

Shredded Wheat

a man's food and a boy's food, rich in the proteids that repair waste tissue, that perfectly nourish a growing youngster.



Don't blame the boy for mental backwardness. Feed him right. Shredded Wheat contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking—a food for the Summer days, for youngsters and grown-ups. Eat it for breakfast with milk or cream. Eat it for lunch with sliced bananas and cream. Eat it for supper with luscious ripe berries or other fresh fruits.

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