

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

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Chapters.
After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his beautiful wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death, still a young girl, she is buried in a beautiful 3-year-old baby and brings her up in a paradise where she is raised 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 accounts of the interests are taken to prevent her from going to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident she is first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Stillier, Tommy Barclay, Celestia, and the other girls, Tommy, meet at an early dinner to rescue Celestia from 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 the island 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 slaves and escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freddie returns he finds her 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 banker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia waits him to wed her secretly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stillier and Barclay introduce Celestia to a circle of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the collieria.

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

TWELFTH EPISODE.

"I think so—very. Tommy, you'll make whatever you please of what I'm going to tell you; but you'll promise not to let anyone know you got the story from me."

"I'll promise that, of course."
"Of course," said Mary. "If Mr. Barclay is the next president it will be a great thing for his friends, among whom he has told me so many times to include myself that I have ended by believing him. It would be a great thing for me."
"It would be a sorry thing for the country."

"I'm not so sure of that. He doesn't think so."
"I credit him with the utmost sincerity, but with absolute lack of political vision. If they pass the new constitution, and my father once gets in the saddle, only death will get him out. His successor would be a man of his own choice, and we should have ceased to be a free people."

"We should have begun to be an efficient people."
"It is better to be free."
"That is a matter of opinion, and anyway it's neither here nor there at the moment. If he is elected it will be a great thing for me, won't it?"
"You would have more position and power."

"Well, I'm willing to forego that. I'm willing, if you like to say that it is better to be free than efficient; better to be poor voluntarily and unwashed, than rich and clean by force. There, I admit, all that. What do you think of the political prospects?"

"I think," said Tommy, solemnly, "that the election depends on Celestia. If she can reach enough people before she breaks down from overwork, she will elect her president and her congress. I've seen this over and over. We send our best men to a place, they make a good impression, show the people the fallacies in Celestia's gospel of prosperity and happiness, and then, having laid a good foundation of sanity and honesty, along comes Celestia and sweeps the place off its feet, and in twenty minutes undoes the work of a dozen good men."

"If—if she broke down—now, within a week or so, has her campaign enough momentum to succeed by its own weight?" Tommy considered thoughtfully.

"It's an even bet," he said at length.

Advice to Lovelorn

Be Simple and Friendly.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Among my acquaintances is a young man I have learned to love, but who is unaware of my regard. I hold a high social position. He is not as well educated as I am. He is what you might call a self-made man, one whom you can truly respect. Imagine that even if he did care for me, he would think that I might refuse him on account of our social differences, yet, on the other hand, I know that if he suspected a girl of putting herself in his way he would think less of her.

PERPLEXED.
Are you sure your attitude toward this man is not rather condescending? If you really love him, meet him with a sweet and friendly graciousness, and don't worry about social differences or the thought of seeming to "put yourself in his way." If you admire this man and show him that you do with womanly dignity, he will meet you with some of the warmth of feeling we all have for those who like us, rather than the indifference that indifference wins.

You Are Too Young.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and have been going with a young man for three months. He is two years my senior and nice to my mother, and they all think the world of him. We do not live in the same town, but he comes to see me often. His father does not want him to marry me, as I am poor and he is wealthy. He will not give me up, and I do not want him to disobey his father. H. E. M. P.
You are too young to marry. Probably that is the point at stake with the boy's father. If you can be friends without estranging his people, be friends by all means—but don't imagine you are lover.

"But people don't really swallow her assertion that she was sent from heaven for the especial purpose of running a political campaign?"

"Many swallow it. She does herself, you know. And here is no political campaign, it's revolution."

"Of course she has a wonderful spirit of appearing sincere. But she can't really believe what she tells people about herself."

"But she does," said Tommy. "You're sure?"

"I have known her very intimately and I'm sure."
"If her faith in herself could be shattered?"

"How could it? The best detectives in the world have been working on her origin. No clue leads anywhere, if she doesn't come from heaven, where does she come from?"

"She comes," said Mary, "out of the sky."

"Many ignorant people," said she, "actually believe that Celestia is divine and descended from heaven. As her beauty fades, her voice loses its power, and if, in some way she should show herself human—marry—have a child—the belief of those people would turn into disbelief. But, if having seated the new government firmly, she should vanish in the heyday of her beauty, innocence and power—vanish as mysteriously as she appeared—more than half the nation will end by believing that she was truly the Daughter of God. Believe me, Tommy, the powers that produced her at the right time aren't going to let her grow old and wrinkled. She will go back to heaven. And a nation will believe that the government she gave it was derived by God and must be right."

"Do you mean they would murder her?"

"As calmly as you would murder a mosquito."

"This is frightful!" exclaimed Tommy, jumping to his feet.

"I haven't told you who she is."

"True. You haven't."

"He sat down again."
"Prof. Stillier," said Mary, "selected her as a perfect specimen of childhood. She was kidnaped and brought up in a great underground system of caverns somewhere in the Adirondacks."

"But she would remember."

"No other child has ever been brought up as she was. From the moment they kidnaped her she was kept in a state of hypnosis. She was taught by hypnotic suggestion. The caves in which she was brought up seemed vast to her as space itself. Bright angels appeared to come and go, although she could see no way access to a certain mountain top. There she could exercise in the fresh air unseen by anyone. Her physical life was just as real as yours or mine; her mental life was nothing but dreams, hallucinations and imaginations."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



Mary Reveals Celestia's Identity to Tommy, Who Sees in His Mind's Eye the Little Amesbury Girl.

Parents Should Teach Children to Have Confidence in Themselves

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I talked recently with a gifted young man whose only obstacle to great success in his chosen work is lack of self-confidence. This man was brought up by a father who continually ridiculed his son, in early youth, in order to prevent him from becoming exceptional.

Whatever the boy attempted to do the father declared impossible, and laughed at his conceit for attempting the requisite quantities for such an endeavor.

The son was especially dowered by nature and temperament for the dramatic profession and is now playing in third-class companies, while he would be a leading man in the best theatrical companies had he been encouraged and made to believe in himself.

"Always when I approach a manager," he said, "I shrink in my own estimation, and remember things my father said to me of my egotism and presumption. And the manager, of course, takes my own estimate of myself, and I do not get the role I want."

There are many mothers making the same deplorable mistake with young daughters.

They are so concerned lest the girl become vain and silly with pride of beauty or attainments that they ridicule her personal appearance and mental achievements.

A beautiful and accomplished woman assured a friend that she suffered agonies when entering a room because of her mother's ridicule during her adolescence.

The very first duty a parent owes a child is to give that child confidence in itself.

Such confidence is not egotism. It can accompany modesty and humility of spirit if properly developed.

There was a little boy who gave evidence, in early childhood, of unusual literary talent.

"You are gifted by the Creator," his parents told him, "and you will one day make a name which shall be known all over the world. You must steady and observe, and grow, and write as you feel."

Every crude effort was praised, and the boy grew up with a belief in his talents, which the future justified, and the world acknowledged his gifts in early life.

Praise and encouragement from parents are the foundation of success.

Believe in your children and teach them to believe in themselves. It is better than giving them an inheritance of houses and lands. Children can be educated in the finer things of life and given high standards without knowing they are being taught, if the parents possess tact and foresight.

What are you doing to prevent your children from annoying others?

The fact that they do not annoy you is not sufficient; the fact that you find

them the most interesting and remarkable children in the world is not convincing, and the fact that they are exceptionally bright and intelligent or astonishingly intellectual even, has nothing to do with the discussion.

Have you taught your boys that they are to wait for all women and all older people to pass through a door or into a public conveyance? Or do you permit them to push and jostle their way through a company or crowd and monopolize the most desirable places in vehicles?

It is so seldom one finds an American lad of any class who steps aside to let a woman precede him in public places that he attracts immediate attention when he is encountered.

The average boy thrusts his elbows against the ribs of the man or woman beside him and dives forward into car or omnibus at the risk of tripping the unwary or toppling over the weak, and if this occurs no word of apology is ever heard from the lips of Master Stars and Stripes.

I have yet to hear an American parent reprove a child for a performance of this kind. But when others have administered reproof they have met with "fond parents' defense. He is only a boy. He didn't mean it, of course. One can't expect children to be as thoughtful as their elders," and so on.

But one can expect their elders to teach them the rudiments of behavior.

Have you told your children that the toothpick should no more be employed in public than the tooth brush, or do you allow them to use it as they parade through public halls and sit on verandas and in drawing rooms, or even at table.

If you have neglected this very important item in their education, let me beg of you to instruct them from this hour forward to attend to such matters in privacy and without compulsory witnesses.

If your children say that well dressed men and women commit this offense against decency and good taste, assure them that they were unfortunate in having no well bred parents to teach them better manners, and that they are not to be emulated, but pitied.

Have you spoken to your daughter regarding her high-pitched voice, or do you hear them shriek through the house, hotel and street like the steamboat whistles or the trolley gong, with no word of protest?

And do you smilingly say, "Mollie is so full of life that you can always tell when she is around."

Do you train your boys and girls when at table not to speak with their mouths full?

Are your children allowed to stand upon the seats of public conveyances with dusty and muddy feet?

Do they interrupt the conversation of older people, with an apology, and enter rooms with the whoop of wild Indians on the war path?

There is no amount of education you can bestow upon your boys and girls which will make them cultured or well bred members of society unless you build their groundwork of decent manners and habits in early youth.

For now the plastic brain cells are being formed, and you are the potter who can shape your children as you will if you care to give the great work your careful, loving attention.



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