

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amersbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a 23-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stilleter, agent of the interests, far into the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the seclusion of a castle. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who has just quarreled with his adopted father, comes to the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stilleter. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted procuress, but is able to win over the woman by her hypnotic power. She becomes attached to her. At a big clothing factory, where she goes to work, she exercises her power over the girls, and is saved from being burned to death by Tommy. About this time Stilleter, Barclay and others who are working together, decide it is time to make use of Celestia, who has been trained to think of herself as divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her is to Stummen, a mining town, where the coal miners are on strike. Tommy has gone there too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the men when he is being lynched, and also saves Tommy from being lynched, and also saves the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the house, and Barclay, Mr. Mary Blackstone, who is also in love with Tommy, tells him the story of Celestia, which she has discovered through her jealousy. Kehr is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stilleter's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stilleter professes himself in love with Celestia and wants to get her for himself. Tommy, however, tries to marry her. Mary Blackstone bribes Mrs. Gundorf to try to murder Celestia, while the latter is on her campaign train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia and the murder averted.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE.

"Are you speaking to me?" asked Tommy, lolly.

The man did not answer. He merely attempted to get hold of the doorknob, and failed.

"Better luck next time," said Tommy. "Please open the door," said Celestia. "I have to go for a drive."

"What do you want mixing in this?" said the driver. Tommy did not answer, but said to Celestia:

"I wouldn't go alone with this man. Why not take me to look after you? I won't speak even once, if you'd rather not."

"Better get in, Miss," said the driver.

"Something wrong here," said Tommy, as Celestia pushed him gently to one side, and started to open the door for herself.

"Hurry up," said the driver.

Celestia hurried and Tommy's face began to flame with rage. At the same time he formed a pretty shrewd guess at the condition Celestia was in.

"How can you tolerate such insolence?" he exclaimed, his brow lowering.

"I have to do everything the driver says," exclaimed Celestia, in an unemotional voice.

She climbed into the car, and shut the door after her, the driver sprang to his seat, and Tommy stepped calmly on to the footboard. The driver, seeing this, attempted to throw Tommy off the footboard. Tommy simply got his fingers in the man's collar, jerked him clear off the car, and let go. The man fell heavily on his head and lay still.

"If you have to do everything the driver says," cried Tommy, in a jubilant voice, "I shall be the driver! Jump in, Freddie, while the jumping is good. I may need you."

Freddie jumped in and seated himself by Celestia with every evidence of pride and importance, and the car lurched forward just as the former driver began to show signs of life.

It was only a hundred yards to where the road entered the woods; a dense second growth of spruce, birch, pine, balsam and larch, succeeded after about a mile by a splendid fragment of primeval forest. Here Tommy brought the car to a stop, got out, and opened the door of the tonneau.

"I'd like you to sit in front, by me," he said gently.

And Celestia obeyed him like an automaton.

"There's dirty work here," thought Tommy. And once more the car went forward. He addressed various questions to her, but got no answers. It was as if she did not hear him. She sat bolt upright, looking straight ahead with unseeing eyes. It was only when he spoke words or phrases with a semblance of command that she showed signs of understanding. As when he said, "Don't try to fight this road. Take it easy. Lean back."

The road came out of the forest, passed between two swamps, and ascended a long hill, fenced, and pastured, from which there was a view of rough farm land, and in the distance a wooden village and a steeple in the midst. At the bottom of the hill a car had skidded from the road and came to grief in a boggy ditch. The driver was trying to lever it out with a fence rail. Two women stood watching him. At the sound of Tommy's car sweeping down upon them, they looked around, and Tommy recognized Mary Blackstone and Mrs. Gundorf. His face became white and grim. He gave his engine more gas, and rushed by them, hurling a column of thick dust high in the air.

Mrs. Gundorf, at sight of Celestia, became for a moment like a stone image of horror. Only her head turned a little, and so standing, she looked after the car. Then very slowly, as if she was lifting heavy weights, her arms twisted and tense rose from her sides, reached the horizontal—and then without a word or a sound, she dropped dead in the dust.

Next to the church in the village stood the little parsonage. A car was drawn up in front of this, and in the middle of the road, looking expectantly at the car which Tommy was driving, stood Prof. Stilleter with a white flower in his button hole. Also on the lookout was a clergyman and a lady who was doubting his wife.

To Tommy the scene was like a page in a book, written for children in words

of two syllables. Stilleter, the white flower—the clergyman. It was almost too simple.

To Stilleter the driver who should bring Celestia to him was a man of importance. Not until the car was almost upon him with undiminished speed, did he divert his eyes from Celestia's face to that of the man beside her. Upon the fact that man there was a jubilant boyish grin.

Tommy pressed a button, the car gave one of those sudden signals of warning that sound like a giant being sick at the stomach.

Prof. Stilleter leaped aside, but not in time to escape being grazed by the mud guard which sent him rolling.

Freddie, the Ferret, leaped to his feet for the sheer joy of being alive to see his enemy bite the dust. When Prof. Stilleter got to his feet, the car was passing out of the village. To get his own car under way was not the work of a moment, the driver having gone into the back yard of the parsonage for a pail of water, and remained to gossip with the maid of all work.

But Tommy knew that there would be a pursuit, and thenceforth drove his own car, or rather the one with which he had eloped, as fast as he dared. He had no personal fear of Stilleter. But he wished, if possible, to show Celestia the cave, and the proofs, that she had once inhabited. The state of hypnosis, that she was in, troubled and distressed him. But sooner or later, it must pass, he thought. Certainly nature must come to the rescue. Meanwhile, he took a pathetic pleasure in working on her mental condition with a view to promoting her comfort.

"You look tired, dear," he said. "Are you?"

"No answer."

"The driver says don't be tired. And you have to obey the driver."

This had a marvelous effect. Her head no longer drooped, color came into her cheeks and into her eyes a look of vivacity. In one way Tommy was rejoiced; at the same time, he felt as if he would rather like to cry. There was something so pathetic about her absolute docility.

"Soon," said Tommy, "you are going to leave the car and go for a long walk through the woods with me. You'll walk fast and not get tired. We're going to the wonderful cave where you lived and played when you were a little girl, and which they taught you to believe was heaven."

He broke off suddenly. Then asked her a question.

"Do you have to do as the driver tells you?"

"Yes."

"Do you have to believe a thing if he tells you to believe it?"

"Yes."

It would be absurd to say that Tommy was not tempted then and there to do an unmanly thing. In a few moments, by the power of mental suggestion he could undermine her belief in herself, in her origin and in her destiny. It would not even be necessary to take her to the cave. They would simply drive on and on until they came to a civilized place and could be married. All this occurred to Tommy and tempted him. But like the good gentleman that he was, he resisted the temptation at once, and with finality. If he was to shake her beliefs, it would be by fair means, open and above board.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Lesson of an Aztec Deity

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The imagination is potentially the noblest of human gifts, but it becomes a fearful thing when it is allowed to go astray and when, exchanging its glorious pinions for the wings of a bat, it takes flight in the dark night air of superstition and ignorance, amidst images of horror and terror.

One of the most hideous products of the imagination in its darker moods is to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History. It is the copied statue of the Aztec "Goddess of the Earth." The whole dreadful story of the gloomy, bloody Aztec "civilization" is told by this extraordinary carving. Despite all its repulsive features, this story is fascinating in its grip upon the reader's mind and it is of great importance to Americans who wish to understand the historical development of their own continent. The word picture that Prescott drew in his history of the conquest of Mexico has never been equalled in vividness. Although the reader should supplement Prescott's brilliant story with the results of later investigations, which he can find in any large library.

But nothing that he can read will place before his mind so dramatic a representation of that strange, and, even yet mysterious, period of American history, as is afforded by this statue in the halls of the museum in Central Park West.

The Aztec name for the goddess whose figure is shown in the carving was Coatlicue, "the serpent-skirted one." It was found near the cathedral in the city of Mexico in 1791, 270 years after Cortez overthrew the bloodstained altars of the Aztec war god. What had happened to it during the time it pedestal since it was tumbled from its pedestal we do not know, but, at any rate, it escaped destruction. It is believed to have been carved in the century preceding the Spanish invasion.

It was a religious symbol, but every noble element of religious thought is eliminated from it. It is a product of the basest superstition, acting through an imagination degraded to the level of un-

This statue was found in Mexico City in 1791. It do doubt played a high part in the Aztec ritual. It dates from the last part



of the 15th century and shows how the Aztec idea of cruelty and terror was embodied even in their sacred symbols and idols.

relieved horror. The squat form is surmounted with a flat head consisting of two huge-fanged serpents, with their blunt noses meeting in the middle, and their wicked eyes serving to represent the organs of vision of the abominable goddess. The serpent's fangs stand for her teeth. Each arm, pressed to the sides of the body, terminates in a snake's head instead of a hand. The feet are

great claws. Around the fat neck is a collar of several human hands and torn-out human hearts, with a death's head pendant, descending over the breast. The skirt and vesture of the figure consist of a "writhing mass of braided rattlesnakes."

This terrible goddess was regarded as a very old woman, the mother of the Aztec gods. Insanity never went further! But the most amazing fact is that the religious customs and rites of the Aztecs, which were inextricably blended with their social, political and military ideas and practices, were of such a character as to thoroughly accord with the awful symbols and suggestions embodied in this foul statue.

How could any people ever descend so low. How could the imagination of a whole race become so universally debauched? The Aztecs were above all things warlike. They attained all their aims by war. They subdued all their neighbors and held them in subjection by military force and terror. They bowed their necks to a ruler, but elected always from the same family, who was war chief and priest in one.

They formed a confederacy, or "empire," which was organized "purely for plunder and tribute, not at all for government or incorporation." If ever the true spirit of war was shown forth in human affairs it was in the empire of Montezuma. It was a spirit of frightfulness, of cruelty, of merciless oppression, of selfish grandeur. The Aztec pictured himself in his "Snake Woman," and she, or rather her son, the sanguinary Huitzilopochtli, represented the horrible side of war—the side that really is war—as the Greek Mars represented the deceitful other side.

And yet the city of Montezuma astonished Cortez by a kind of mock civilization that had a superficial brilliancy. But every good impulse that might have developed into a real civilization was suppressed, or turned aside to serve the purposes of a society based only on force, oppression, bloodshed and superstition.

Pitfalls of Wives

Shun Men Admirers Who Flatter Only to Deceive.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Men who are not ready to marry, immature youths, or men who have not money to spend on theaters, carriages and flowers, often deny themselves the company of unmarried women whom they admire. But they will eagerly kill time by flocking to the side of any married woman who will permit it.

All the most ordinary type of married woman needs of do is to flatter adroitly, listen well, look unutterable things and convey the impression that her heart is not quite well, and there she is, all equipped for a train of silly men, who will do their best or worst to make her forget her pride. And the moment they succeed they boast of their success.

No married woman on earth has lover-like admirers unless she wants them. It is the easiest and simplest thing in the world to make men understand that you do not want and will not receive such attentions, and you will soon find these would-be lovers turned into admiring friends, who will sing the praises of your good sense.

You need to realize, too, that instead of "making fools of themselves" about you, it is always the married woman who is made the fool in the matter of flirtation, when you sift the subject to the bottom. The men who you imagine dying over your pretended coldness are merely amusing themselves at your expense in their secret heart.

They will read this article aloud to you, perhaps, and declare that it is wholly wrong so far as their love for you is concerned, but they will know all the time that it is true.

You will urge as an excuse for your action that your husband does not appreciate you or sympathize with you; that he neglects you. Perhaps, my dear madam, he might be your devoted lover if you exercised upon him all the arts of fascination which you use toward your admirers. It might be worth while to try.

But even those of you who do turn from neglectful and unkind husbands to other men for sympathy, out of pure hunger of heart, stop a moment and think of all the dangers to which such sympathy will expose you. If you are unhappily married another man's sympathy and attention can only increase your unhappiness and turn discontent into despair and wreck all hopes of winning your husband's heart back to you.



Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—I have read in two or three magazines of the theory of "nature's finer forces." Are these finer forces of force or forces besides those usually mentioned in scientific books?—Reader, Alameda, May 10, 1915.

Answer—This is a difficult, if not impossible, question to answer. The forces commonly mentioned in university text books on "science" are gravitation, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemistry, molecular attraction and repulsion.

These terms are so fine, or refined, that they are beyond all imagination. The more discoveries made in their true nature the more complex and elaborate they are seen to be. Science does not even make a pretense of telling us what they are or their causes. All that we can do is to study their effects.

All these are included in one word—energy. Thus, energy traverses cosmic space at absolute zero of temperature, a degree of cold that cannot be comprehended. But, when this radiant energy strikes atoms or molecules of matter able to receive, then at certain rates heat is the result.

If this energy strikes responsive living nerves, as in the retinas of eyes in connection with a living brain, the effect is named light.

Energy traverses frigid space, that upon contact with matter may be rendered available as electricity; likewise cosmic magnetism.

Light is associated with chemistry, a very familiar example being its action on sensitive salts on photographic plates.

Many other chemical effects are due to radiation energy called light, when it strikes the proper kind or states of matter.

Electricity induces magnetism, and magnetism induces electricity, by a process whose nature is not known.

Magnetism can react on light and greatly modify its waves. All light can develop electricity, and it can induce magnetism.

Chemism is in innumerable phases and reactions.

Molecular attraction is a formidable force, namely, in a bar of steel it is hard and of great strength of resistance to breaking.

There is the mystery of molecular repulsion also as in ever expanding gases if free. But the cause of repulsion is un-

known unless it may be due to electricity, for like charges of electricity always repel.

Thus atomic and molecular attraction and repulsion are exquisitely refined forces. But these are coarse when compared to the effects of the finer entities—electrons.

When we consider gravitation, science is against a herculean wall directly across its path. There is not the faintest clue as to what gravity is. As it cannot be insulated, cut off, screened off, or intercepted, it must be finer than any of the forces mentioned.

One can cut off heat and light, but gravity passes through every substance known and attracts all bodies beyond.

Suspend any object by a fine thread out in the open air to direct radiation from the sun. Interpose a block of granite; it will screen off heat and light energy, but no effect can be discovered on gravitation. To discover how would change all civilization for the better.

From this fact it is doubtless well to say that gravitation is a very fine force.

But the magazines spoken of by "Reader," beyond doubt, referred to transcendent forces finer than gravitation, that is, to mental forces. Nearly all of the writers using the term "finer

forces" in books received up here use it in a mind or mental sense.

One writer on this subject said: "Mind is finer than gravitation." But he did not know anything of either. On the face of this proposition it would appear that mind is finer than force, or shall I say a finer phase of force, than universal gravitation. But since I know nothing of the nature of mind and gravity the assertion would be useless metaphysics, the exact opposite of science.

Life is a force; it assembles ions of matter into an oak tree or into an elephant. One may speculate here and drop off into metaphysics, but this would be time totally wasted until at least one faint clue is detected as to what life is.

I have a theory that mind is by far the finest force in existence, but this must be a theory until it is discovered what mind is. At present, this seems to be hopeless. I will not say hopeless, for a human able to invent the telephone may be the forerunner of others able to find a clue to what force and also matter may be.

Here is a theory: There may be only one force in existence; all apparent forces being phases, and a theory that there is only one kind of matter, all apparent kinds being phases.




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