

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

## The Goddess

The most imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created

INTRODUCING  
**EARLE WILLIAMS**  
as Tommy Barclay  
**ANITA STEWART**  
as The Goddess

Written by  
**Gouverneur Morris**  
(One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)  
Dramatized into a Photo-Play by  
**CHARLES W. GODDARD,**  
Author of  
"The Perils of Pauline"  
"The Exploits of Elaine"

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**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.**  
After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrate wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stillier, an agent of the Intoners, kidnaps 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 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the Intoners are ready to find her. By an accident she sees her first and hides with her in the Adirondacks.

### SECOND INSTALLMENT.

"So you are the little boy who is trying to find the little Amesbury girl?" said Barclay.

Tommy Barclay had never been in such a magnificent room. The walls were lined almost to the ceiling with books in leather bindings; there was a wonderful mantelpiece of Caen stone, in which a life-size Adam and Eve stood on either side of a very fat apple tree and listened to the eloquent address of a very fat serpent. There was a table of some dark, dully shiny wood in the center of the room, and here and there stood a "Chinese" porcelain that any self-respecting museum would have committed a crime to obtain. There were a thousand things to have drawn the attention of a sharp-eyed boy, but Tommy never took his eyes from Mr. Barclay's eyes. This pleased the great man, who disliked people who showed fear or inattention.

"Sit down," he said.

Tommy almost disappeared into a leather arm chair that smelled vaguely of very expensive cigars.

"You were very fond of her, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy. "Can you tell me where she has gone?"

Barclay did not answer at once. "I understand," he said, "that you, too, have lost both your parents."

"I live with my Aunt Sallie," said Tommy.

"Is she married?"

"Yes, sir."

"And has boys and girls of her own?" asked Barclay.

"Yes, sir, five."

"I understand that your aunt and uncle are not as rich as they might be, and that it is asking a good deal of them to take care of even one extra mouth. Now, I have a great big house and servants and good things to eat, and the only thing I haven't got is a little boy or girl of my own. How would you like to pay me a visit, and, if we find that we like each other, to live with me as my son?"

"I should like," said Tommy naively, "to pay you a visit."

Barclay laughed heartily. "You shall," he said, "and you won't have to tell your aunt about it, because I have arranged all that. You won't even have



An allegorical picture showing Anita Stewart (seated) as "The Goddess" in the marvellous serial of Gouverneur Morris now running on this page.

to change your name as it is the same as mine.

"We thought perhaps you would be willing to come, and so she has packed up all your things and sent them here." He touched a bell on the great table in front of him, and almost instantly, and without any noise whatsoever, a man servant appeared in the room.

"Show Barclay to his room," said Barclay, and with a pleasant nod to Tommy, "I dine at half-past seven," he said.

Tommy lingered a moment. "You haven't told me," he said, "where she has gone."

Barclay rose and laid his hand almost caressingly on the boy's shoulder. "Tommy," he said, "your little girl has gone to heaven."

It was a very sad little boy who bathed and dressed himself in an Eton suit, a little too small for him, and went down to a half-past 7 dinner, but he wasn't so sad as he might have been, for he was too young not to be excited and elated by his new surroundings. He not only had a bedroom as big as a cottage, but a dressing room and a bath room. The former covered with the thickest and softest of rugs, the latter all glass and white tiles and silver plate. While he was bathing the valet laid out his clothes for him, coat and trousers over one chair, underclothes and socks on another chair, and necktie and handkerchiefs on the dressing table, and here

also was the nickel-plated watch that he carried and the few dimes, nickels and pennies that he had had in the clothes he had taken off, also the top, one fairly long piece of fish line and a rusty pocket knife. In a very small glass of water was a boutonniere, consisting of one gardenia, three green leaves and a twist of silver paper.

His first dinner in the great house was a little trying; the room was so big and he was so small. He would hear a little boy say something, and realize suddenly that it was he himself who had spoken. The butler, with two footmen to assist him, served them, and of these three exceptionally tall and imposing men Tommy was in not a little awe. His host, however, although he had none of his own, seemed to understand small boys thoroughly. It is possible that some time in his life he may have been a small boy himself. He did not patronize Tommy to talk down to him. He treated him in an offhand, matter-of-fact way, just as if Tommy had been his equal, so if the room had been a little smaller and the men servants fewer Tommy would have felt sooner at home. In time, however, Tommy grew up to his natural size in a place as big as a waiting room in a railroad station, and to sleep in a bed that might have contained a half a dozen other small boys.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

**Parental Objections.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 years old and am in love with a man who is not my senior. He acts, talks and looks as if he were much older. He loves me, but our friendship has to be kept secret because of his parents' objections. I repeatedly ask him to tell his parents that he loves me and has serious intentions, but he says he has already told them, but to no avail. If he should happen to meet me when he is accompanied by his mother he only nods and walks on. Kindly advise what both he and I should do under these circumstances and if it is wise to continue this secret love affair with his people in ignorance because of his objections? G. E. M.

Are you sure that you have not given this boy's parents some cause to feel that you are unworthy of their son's love? Perhaps if he arranges a meeting between you and his mother you can win her regard. If not, I should not permit myself to be in the position of having a friendship that had to be hidden from the man's parents. He must either defend you loyally from slights—or give you up.

**You Are Doing Wrong.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a man 15 years old. He is eleven years my senior. We are desperately in love, and all there is in this world for us is each other. He is the father of a 3-year-old boy. Am I doing wrong in encouraging his attentions, inasmuch as his domestic life is unhappy one, he is not loving his wife and they having nothing in common between them. May we con-

### Paris Hats of the Hour

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Maria Guy, famous milliner, has selected her latest creations to be shown exclusively in Harper's Bazar, and has posed them on the best dressed woman in Paris, the beautiful

An immense bow of black tulle, poised lightly but effectively at the back of a small black straw shape, charming for the Bois, takes on a new air when outlined in a black beading.

On another of the small shapes, so becoming to Forzane, Maria Guy has dotted tips of black ostrich around the crown, allowing them to peep coquettishly over the brim.

### Unfortunate Love Affairs

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

For God above is great to grant, as mighty to make. And creates the love to reward the love. —Robert Brooking.

Daily I receive letters from boys and girls who sign themselves "Down-hearted," or even "Broken-hearted," because of some unhappy love affair. "I cannot live without him," is a pathetically common sentence—it appears throughout the letters of my young correspondents in conjunction with such sentences as "Why did I have to love her at all if nothing was to come of it?" "Love is never wasted. Beginning at the little thrill of joy you feel when you see a beautiful flower, and going through your affection for a dog, your devotion and admiration for some pretty child, to the great love you bear your parents, love is wasted. And an unhappy love affair ought to bring ability to build character in its wake—not ruin and destruction. Out of an unselfish love comes sympathy and understanding and self-forgetting tenderness. Even if the love that taught those things goes out of a life, is not the life richer for what it has learned?"

Once you have loved, and blundered or failed love in some way that makes it go out of your life, you have learned what not to do, and so you are prepared with wisdom enough to hold the next love that comes!

For, after all is said and done, the real test, the real power to love and to inspire, lies in the ability to bear and forgive. The men and the women who have self-command and respect for the rights of others, who are able to say, "How would I feel in her place, or in his place?" and to lay a course accordingly, may be sure that they are on the right road to a perfect love.

You may say that one person cannot do it all. Very true—any more than one partner in a business can do it all. He may strive and slave, and yet, if the other partner deliberately sets to work to wreck all his efforts, the result will be blank failure.

And, after all, a love affair is the prelude to the entering into a business partnership. When you ask a girl to marry you, and when she consents, it is as if you were signing preliminary papers to go into such a partnership.

Observe that before marriage you are both trying to secure the best opinion of the other. Your acts are open and above board, your manners are correct, your disposition on both your parts to forgive any trifling error and to think of the other as the most perfect being.

How many there are who, when they find that the man in the case, or the girl in the case, suddenly appears with feet of clay, imagine that all the light has gone out of life, and that there is nothing beyond but a vista of gloom that can never be dispelled!

How much worse, how much more tragic it would be of the men or women had found out the failings of the other after marriage!

This is the way to regard these so-called unhappy love affairs than one unhappy marriage. From the former there is escape; from the latter there is a long and weary road to travel before that escape becomes possible.

There is the natural tendency of the man who has found the girl of his heart wanting or of the girl who has found the man wanting to imagine that the sufferer is the most abused person in the

### The Marriage : Another Clever Right-O Story

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I notice that a rich society spinster has been given an interview, in which she advises girls to hit the matrimonial trail," remarked the Bookkeeper.

"I don't observe that she takes her own advice," retorted the Stenographer.

"People never do," assented the Bookkeeper, most of the matrimonial fans that I have ever met were old bachelors and spinsters. They advise the holy estate, and the domestic bliss stall, while the folks who have gone through the matrimonial mill look about as battered up and as un-thrilled as Jack Johnson did when Jess Willard got through with him.

"There's a lot of difference between theory and practice," observed the Stenographer. "And one of the reasons that old maids are so strong for matrimony is because they haven't tried it, and haven't got any facts to the contrary to jolt them out of their dream about vine-wreathed cot and little faces at the window pane, and a sturdy masculine arm on which a woman can lean and be protected from the cruel world."

"And it's the same with those who get married. They advise you to stay single, because when they think of all the trials and tribulations of trying to stretch a one-horse-power income over a forty-horse-power family circle it looks to them as if anybody had just deliberately gone out of their way to hunt up trouble who gets married."

"You bet," responded the Bookkeeper, "our kind friends hang out plenty of



MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, prior to his departure for Europe on the Lusitania, prepared a series of articles for The Bee to be used in his absence. These articles will appear from day to day, added interest no doubt attaching to them owing to Mr. Hubbard's tragic death.

### Lawson and the Hobo

By ELBERT HUBBARD

To give a man something for nothing tends to make the individual dissatisfied with himself.

Your enemies are the ones you have helped.

And when an individual is dissatisfied with himself he is dissatisfied with the whole world—and with you.

A man's quarrel with the world is only a quarrel with himself.

But so strong is this inclination to lay blame elsewhere, and take credit to ourselves, that when we are unhappy we say it is the fault of this woman or that man.

And often the trouble is he has given us too much for nothing.

This truth is a reversible, back-action one, well lubricated by use, working both ways—as the case may be.

Nobody but a beggar has really delicate ideas concerning his rights.

People who give much—who love much—do not haggle.

That form of affection which drives sharp bargains and makes demands gets a check on the bank in which there is no balance.

There is nothing so costly as something you get for nothing.

My friend Tom Lawson, magnate in ordinary of Boston and the east side of Wall street, has recently had a little experience that proves my point.

A sturdy beggar-man, a specimen of decayed gentility, once called on Tom Lawson with a hard-luck story and a family Bible and asked for a small loan on the Good Book.

To be compelled to seek the family Bible would surely melt a heart of granite!

Tom is not religious, especially, but he was melted.

Tom made the loan, but refused the collateral, stating he had no use for it.

In a few weeks the man came back and tried to tell Tom his hard-luck story concerning the Cold Ingratitude of a Cruel World.

Tom said: "Spare me the slow music and the recital—I have troubles of my own. I need mirth and good cheer—take this dollar, and get on with you."

"Blessed be multiplied unto thee," said the hobo and departed.

The next month the man returned and began to tell Tom a tale of cruelty, injustice and ingratitude.

Tom was riled—he had his magnate business to attend to, and he made a remark in Italian.

The beggar said: "Mr. Lawson, if you had your business a little better systematized I would not have to trouble you personally. Why don't you just speak to your cashier?"

And the great man, who once took a party of friends out for a tallboy ride, and through mental habit collected 5 cents from each guest, was so pleased at the thought of relief that he pressed the button. The cashier came, and Tom said: "Put this man Grabber on your payroll, give him \$2 now and the same the first of every month."

Then turning to the beggar man, Tom said: "Now get out of here—hurry, vanance, hike—and be damned to you!"

"The same to you and many of them," said His Effluvia politely, and withdrew.

All this happened two years ago. The beggar got his money regularly for a year, and then in auditing accounts Tom found the name on the payroll, and as Tom could not remember how the name got there, he at first thought the payroll was being stuffed.

Anyway, he ordered the beggar's name off the roster, and the elevator man was instructed to enforce the edict against beggars.

Not being allowed to see his man the beggar wrote him letters—denunciatory, scandalous, abusive, threatening.

Finally the beggar laid the matter before an obese limb-o' the law, Jagers of the firm of Jagers & Jagers, who took the case on contingent.

The case came to trial, and Jagers proved his case so offensively-argued: I was shown by the defendant's books that His Bacteria had been stricken off without suggestion, request, cause, reason or fault of his own.

His Crapship proved the contract, and Tom got it in the mazzard.

Judgment for plaintiff, with costs.

Woe! Willie got the money and Coper Tom got the experience.

Tom said the man would lose the money, but he himself has gotten the part that will be his for ninety-nine years.



### WOMAN WANTS TO HELP OTHERS

By Telling How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Miami, Okla. — "I had a female trouble and weakness that annoyed me continually. I tried doctors and all kinds of medicine for several years but was not cured until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I hope my testimonial will help other suffering women to try your wonderful medicine." — Mrs. M. R. MILLER, Box 234, Commerce, Okla.

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If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



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