

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

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 prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, 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 13 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 spirited away by the interests was Tommy. In a few days, however, he found himself living amid luxurious surroundings as the adopted son of Mr. Barclay. Time in its flight brings manhood to Tommy and great expectations to Barclay, who has planned to have Tommy marry into wealth. But Tommy's lack of interest in Barclay's business affairs changes matters. Barclay meets with success in breaking up the match he had really planned. Turned down by the girl Tommy goes to the Adirondacks to forget the matter. While there he meets by accident Celestia.

THIRD EPISODE.

"You can't keep on fooling me," he said. "Come now, what's your real name?"

"Celestia," she said.

"All right, if you don't want to talk me yet, it will keep it's bound to. But tell me then are you?" he hesitated and blushed. "I'd really like to know. You see I'm rather crazy about you. You're not Mrs. Somebody or other, are you?"

The embarrassed smile froze on his lips. He leaped to his feet and stood listening. Faint and clear, sounding cheerful rather than ominous, there rose to them from the valleys below a baying of dogs. Tommy had gone once with a posse of deputy sheriffs to see how a murderer is hunted down with the bloodhounds. Whole scenes of that pursuit flashed through his mind, and he knew that the baying, which now sounded in his ears, was not that of deerhounds running out of season, but the bloodhounds following a human trail.

He climbed swiftly to the top of the hub and stood listening, his field glasses glued to his eyes.

That there would ever be any difficulty of evading such a man as Stilliter in the North woods had never occurred to him. He had pictured Stilliter a man of resource in a laboratory or in a dissecting room with an insensate guinea pig stalked out on the operating table, but not out of doors. The man was fat, unshapely white and, appallingly near-sighted. That such a man could be so hot upon their trail had about it a sinister quality that brought Tommy's heart into his mouth.

A glimpse of two bloodhounds and four men, one of whom was Stilliter and another a full-blooded Indian, crossing an open space, recently crossed by Celestia and himself during their unharmed escape and in the same direction, brought Tommy down from the Hub in a great hurry.

As for Celestia—well, she couldn't be a movie actress; no movie actress playing truant would be hunted down with bloodhounds and he felt that she must be accounted for upon some other hypothesis, but later when there was more time.

Meanwhile there was nothing to be thought of but instant getting together of such things as might prove most useful and flight.

"We've got to beat it, Celestia," he said. "I'm sorry, because you are tired, but that man," then by encircling his eyes with his hands he indicated Prof. Stilliter's eye glasses—"is after us."

She rose obediently to her feet. "I don't know why he wants to catch you," said Tommy, "and either you don't know or you won't tell. But you dislike him, and you're afraid of him, and that's enough."

A kettle, frying pan, salt, tea and matches rolled into a blanket and strapped to his shoulders, his field glasses, axe and fishing tackle were about all that Tommy could carry and make speed under. Especially if he had to help Celestia under difficulties. His rifle he abandoned. It would be better, he thought, to be unarmed than to attempt with a light twenty-two to oppose repeating rifles of a heavy caliber. And furthermore, Tommy, though prepared to stand up for Celestia's right and to fight for them, was not prepared to kill anybody in an affair which was entirely a mystery to him.

They were soon under way, following the higher ground, where the granite outcroppings neither received any impression from their feet nor long held the scent of the leather soles. But the crests of the ridges were not all granite, and Tommy knew very well that in places they were making what woodmen call a broad trail. A trail of footprints and bent and broken branches which an Indian will read as casually as a computer reads his newspaper and which, by bloodhounds, he will follow as easily as small boys follow a procession through a city street.

That broad reaches of unbroken granite would occasionally baffle their pursuers was all that Tommy could hope for. He counted on these bafflements for making up for the difference in speed between men and dogs, traveling light, and a girl already too tired and utterly unused to the woods.

He had at first only a vague idea as to

just what part of the wilderness he would take her, but gradually his mind cleared up on this point and he became occupied with the problem of getting to that place by a route which their pursuers would find the most difficulty possible in following. He had hopes, indeed, of throwing them completely off the trail.

They turned a little more to the westward, and began to descend from the high ground. The baying of the hounds at this time seemed if anything a little closer.

"Where are we going?" she asked suddenly.

"We're going to hide on a little island in a deep lake, Celestia. Even if they find out that we are on it they'll have trouble getting to us. Very few sailors and fewer woodmen know how to swim. I used to fish in that lake a lot, and I've an old dugout hidden on the shore, and there's the remains of a hut on the island. And I left an old moth-eaten buffalo robe and a blanket there only last fall. If there's anything left of them they'll come in mighty handy. I can tell you."

They came to a broad, shallow stream that flowed brightly under an arch of dark foliage. "Here's where we begin to make trouble for them," said Tommy, holding her elbow with his free hand, to keep her from stumbling and falling. Tommy led Celestia to the middle of the brook, and then they waded down it for upward of a mile, as if it had been a winding road, and only left it when the rocky nature of the country through which it passed offered them an opportunity of so going and leaving a minimum of trail.

All at once Tommy realized that a great silence had fallen in the forest. And he knew that at least the bloodhounds were in difficulties, for they had ceased to bay.

The oftener Tommy helped Celestia through, over or under some difficulty of the wilderness, saved her from being torn by the brambles or entangled her with his voice, the more infatuated he became with her.

Mary Blackstone's image could be recalled only by an effort of memory. And yet it was only a few days since he had fancied himself in love with her. He confessed this to himself more than once, and could but feel ashamed and sheepish. How long would it be before he fancied himself in love with Celestia, after how long a separation would he discover that he did not love her in the least? He had no stability. Was he never to have a serious purpose in life? Love? Love? Even hate?

All of a sudden they caught glimpses of blue water between the tree stems, and in a few moments they saw before them and below their feet a lake with densely wooded shores and in the midst a densely wooded island.

"Oh!" exclaimed Celestia. "But this earth is beautiful."

"Remind you at all of heaven?" asked Tommy, a little mischievously.

"Not in the least," said Celestia, and as if she did not wish to discuss the comparative beauties of the two places. "Is that our island?" she asked.

"We'll be hard to find," said Tommy, "and now the work is almost all over."

They descended the narrow strip of land which divided the lake from the forest, and here Tommy told Celestia to sit down and rest while he hunted for the dugout and got it into the water.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

ONE OF THE MANY attractive models shown at the Plaza for New York hospital benefits. Made of stripped blue rajah silk combined with embroidered white organdie. The hat is of yellow straw, faced with old blue and banded with a blue velvet ribbon.



If the name of clarity a fashion exhibition was held in the ball room of the Plaza hotel, New York, to which exclusive dressmakers, milliners, furriers and shoe retailers contributed models that funds might be raised for St. Mary's hospital and Flower hospital.

Especially admired was a bridal gown made of white satin embroidered in gold-threaded motifs and draped with point applique. The train was formed by a split breadth of the fabric, bound with gold tissue and simulating two broad ribbons depending from the center of the shoulders.

A costume had dress and corsage of French blue voile, topped by a coat of champagne-colored silk flowered in a Chinese design.

A garden party frock was of pink chiffon over silk, the upper structure wide and flowing, the under part narrow.

The Romance of Totems

Odd Forms Which Pride of Family Took to Express Itself

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In the American Museum of Natural History there are some fine specimens of American "family crests." They belong to the native Americans, the red men, and they show that family pride, war, and in, as strong among the original people of this land as it has ever been among the white race that displaced them.

The Indian coats-of-arms, or family crests, are in the form of tall "totem poles," carved with faces and figures, human and animal, as grotesque as anything the Chinese or Japanese imagination ever produced, and ornamented with colors which are often startlingly brilliant when newly exposed to the sunshine, but the weather soon softens their tones, without destroying their picturesque effect. Many of the totem poles come from Alaska, and some of them are so old that the Indians themselves, it is said, have no knowledge of the time when they were made.

In one form or another totemism has existed from the most ancient times in all parts of the world, but the word "totem" is of American Indian origin, and it is here, in America, that the institution has survived in its most striking form. In calling a totem pole a family coat of arms we must conceive of the family in a larger sense than that in which we ordinarily employ the word. It means a clan, which may include many families, or domestic units.

While plants may be totems, it is usually some animal that plays that part. It may be a bear, a wolf, a fox, a beaver, a fish, etc. In a certain sense the totem



Chief Shakes's Totem Pole, Wrangle, Alaska.

is regarded as the common ancestor of the clan bearing its name. Whatever the chosen animal may be, it is treated as

sacred by all members of the clan. It is forbidden to kill or to eat the totem of your clan. Other clans, having other animals for their totems, of course, exercise no such restraint with regard to the treatment of your particular totem. Sometimes under the pressure of hunger, a savage may kill the totem of his clan, or tribe, but he first begs the animal's pardon for the unnatural crime which he is compelled to commit.

It has been pointed out that the traditional symbols of nations, such as the Russian bear, the English lion, the French cock, the Siamese elephant, the American eagle, etc., although they have been deliberately adopted without any superstitious notions as to their powers, are, nevertheless, indications of the survival of primitive ideas, and thus may be classed under the head of totems.

In addition to the clan totems there are also family totems in the narrower sense, and individual totems.

A curious instance of the survival of an ancient totem worship is to be found in the city of Berne, Switzerland. As all travelers know, Berne possesses a celebrated bear pit, in which a number of bears are kept at the public charge. That this custom originated in no mere desire to establish a menagerie for the entertainment and instruction of the city and their visitors, and that it does not date, as had often been averred, from the killing of a huge bear that ravaged the environs of Berne in the ninth century, was proven some years ago by the discovery near Berne of an ancient bronze votive offering, showing conclusively that a bear was worshipped in antiquity as the totem of a clan which then inhabited the country where Berne now stands.

The Kind of a Man that Women Like

By ADA PATTERSON.

The crop of men that women find irresistible is large this spring, despite the war. If the irresistible ones had been placed in front of the firing line there would have been some converts to the popular theory that war has beneficent uses.

One of the universal winners has disappeared after causing a girl who had too much faith in him to charge another man of similar name with breaking her heart, a charge which the innocent man promptly resented by causing her presence in court on a charge of attempted extortion. A new charge of perjury hangs over her. Another man who has the marrying habit has been intricately tangled in the matrimonial net formed by at least four wives, and there are rumblings pending others.

One woman is in prison for murdering her two babes because she found a man so fascinating that for a time she forgot he had two wives to his discredit. Another woman who says she believed him in face of everything, is waiting in Brooklyn for her male charmer to disentangle himself from two current marriages and wed her.



Scrutiny of the pictured features of

these men reveal they are not young or handsome, nor even particularly well dressed. But, scanning the printed matter that accompanies them, we learn that they were all "kind" and "considerate." "He was so thoughtful of every one. You couldn't help loving him," said one of the procession of victims, that would be comical if it were not so sad.

If the men had read this news thoughtfully, a great light would have broken upon their darkness. Men profess that women are riddles to them. What a woman thinks about this, what she will do about that, the most intelligent of

men assert is still an enigma to them. Allow me to perform a great public service to the groping sex: Let me whisper the secret of how to win a woman. It will not take long to tell it. It is no uncommon trait. Sooner or later any woman can be won by kindness. Just a simple kindness.

Be thoughtful of a woman. Be considerate of her. Be kind to her and sometimes, as surely as the hard green little plum on the high bough of a tree will ripen under the sun's rays, and fall to the ground, she will be yours.

Where the Heart Is

By JANE McLEAN.

Some make their homes in marble halls
With burnished draperies drifting wide,
With tapestries and silken walls
And scented nooks and lights inside.

Some tell of home with but a room;
The singing kettle's tuneful chant,
A candle flickering in the gloom,
A hearthstone and a tired dog's pant.

But roofs of gold and fluted show
Make no abode more safe to me
Than the owl's hoot, the stars aglow
And earth's hard pillow shared with thee.

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