

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.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

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"



Tommy Draws Celestia to Him, Telling Her He Loves Her.

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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, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees not 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 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 Barclay.
 Fifteen years later, Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for this 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 or 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.

FOURTH EPISODE.

The blow dazed his senses and he leaped backward as if from a living enemy who had struck him, and struck the back of his head against another tree.
 After that he covered for a while on the ground, whimpering and blind as a mole.

Then he began to scream for help. After an hour his screams grew hoarse and faint and presently his vocal chords relaxed and he could no longer make a sound.

So it was to be death, was it? Death in the damped forest, when he was still in the prime of life? Death because a little boy loved a little girl and always stood up for her? Well, it had to be and he tried to resign himself to it and be calm.

Suddenly he heard a sound that gave him fresh terrors—many sounds, the sounds of many soft-padded feet covering upon him from three sides over the dead leaves. Closer and closer they came, very slowly, and Stilliter howled back and he leaped to his feet and ran.

Thorns tore his clothes from his body, the flesh from his bones, and the merciless cranks of trees dealt him blow after blow, but still he ran to escape from the thing that howled.

All at once the ground became firm and even under his flying feet; he no longer encountered trees or bushes. He had escaped from the forest and from the thing that howled. There was still hope for him. He might still live to be the greatest man that had ever lived in the world. And then the next step that he took his foot never touched the ground at all; it just went down and down and head over heels he followed and fell through space.

He woke so frightened that he was half dead in reality. And it took him some time to pull himself together.

Well, the party landed and took up the long trail to Four Corners.

About leaving Tommy without clothes, Stilliter had no compunctions. The young man might suffer. He would undoubtedly catch a frightful cold, but he wouldn't actually die. "He'll swim across," Stilliter thought, "and would naked until he reaches the outskirts of Four Corners. Then he'll hide in a bush and call pitifully for help. I wish I could be there to see. The scene should have in it the true essence of comedy."

Stilliter had no beliefs that could not be gratified in a scientific way, but he could not altogether explain away the miraculous coincidence of Tommy being the very first person that Celestia should meet.

"Why pick out to meet her when she comes back, from all the millions who might be the first to meet her, the one person who was unhappy when she was taken away. Well, they won't do any more meeting, if I can help it. It really looks as if forces, of which we understand little or nothing, were at work to bring these two together and spoil my plans."

"Why," said Celestia, "do you make me go with you?"

"It's my duty," said Stilliter; "you can't live in the woods, at the mercy of the first young man that comes along."

"He was going to take me to New York."

"Well, so am I; by the next train. But look here, you seem to talk rationally enough," he laughed, good-naturedly, "you'll forgive me, but I took you for a demented person—that costume, you know, those jewels in your hair. You wouldn't expect a sane person to dress that way for a fishing trip. Won't you tell me who you are?"

"I am Celestia," she said. "I come from Heaven to make the world happier." She spoke these words in a clear, rather loud voice, so that the two guides turned to look at her, and the younger of them having looked, sheepishly pulled off his hat, and during the rest of the march held it in his hand. He didn't quite believe that she came from Heaven. He didn't quite believe that she didn't. He proposed to take no chances. At least she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, or ever hoped to see.

Stilliter passed over the question of Celestia's origin; he appeared to accept it as a matter of course.

"I hope you will succeed," he said. "I could stand being happier myself. Won't you tell me how you propose to go about the matter?"

"If you like," she said; and then for a long time she talked reform and politics to him, exactly as he had taught her to talk them, with the same eager, simple faith and serene conviction. He pretended to be immensely interested in her schemes. But he doubted her practicality. And he tested her with numerous questions, to which during the long years of her training he had taught her the answers. Toward the end of their conversation he made less and less opposition to her theories. He began to accept and to agree with them. And in three-quarters of an hour she had performed the miracle of converting him to his own beliefs.

If he was amused, he was also excited and exhilarated. "She plays her part to perfection," he thought.

"Well," he said at last, "I believe you are right. Whether you can put your schemes in execution is another matter. Talk to the guides; tell them what you intend to do. See if you can convince them."

So while the party rested at a spring, Celestia talked smoothly and earnestly to the guides. The younger never took his eyes off her face; but the older, after a while, looked only at the ground, and occasionally nodded. As for the old

Indian, he, too, listened, and it seemed as if some feeling akin to remorse was gnawing at his leathery heart, for he was seen to cast sidelong glances at the bundle he had made of Tommy's clothes, and later when the party had resumed its way, it seemed as if the bundle had become too heavy for him, for when he thought no one was looking he cast it from him into a thicket. This was an act of conscience. He had stolen. That couldn't be helped, but at least he would not profit by it. However, I regret to say, a few days later the old man returned for the clothes and sold them.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Men Are Only Fractions Instead of Complete Things

Must Learn from Each Other If They Hope to Develop Their Limited Faculties

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

It works to human disadvantage that each one of us, instead of being a complete thing, is scarcely more than a fraction, and not infrequently an absurdly small one.

It was one of the conceits of the Greek philosopher Plato that each man was originally a complete and finished product, but that subsequently he was split longitudinally into halves, and that since that time each half has been going about in search of its lost companion.

Plato's view of the case was rather a generous one, for it would appear that when the slit was made—if ever it was made—we were cut into sections considerably smaller than halves, and that it would require, at the least, half a dozen of us to compose one complete human.

But, all jesting aside, there is something to this theory of Plato's as there is to all his conceits, absurd as they may sometimes appear at the first glance. For, however, the fact may be explained, we are certainly, each of us, far from summing up into a complete man. When we have reckoned in all our personal assets what we lack is almost more conspicuous than that in which we abound.

This situation proves disastrous in a number of ways. This article concerns itself only with one, this namely, that the point of view which we occupy in regard to any question of moment is narrowed to a degree proportionate to our fractional condition. If we were personally filled out so as to have many sides as have the truths and the problems to which our faculties of mind and conscience have to apply themselves, then we should be able to see every side and arrive at comprehensive and safe conclusions.

If I am called upon to state the color of a sphere, each of whose four quadrants has a separate color of its own, I shall describe the sphere as carrying the color of one quadrant that happens to lie in the plane of my vision. If that quadrant is blue, then I shall say that the sphere is blue, although that would be only 25 per cent true and 75 per cent false. That is a single illustration of the fact that our judgments are according to our particular angle of vision. In such case our judgment is true to ourselves, but it is not true to the truth.

My neighbor, situated 180 degrees from me, and seeing only the red side, calls me color blind for saying that the sphere is blue; and I reciprocate by calling him maliciously prejudiced for saying that it is red, and so the world-battle goes on. We are both right so far as it is possible for two men to be right, each of whom is only a vulgar fraction, and both wrong the balance of the way.

That is the secret of the large proportion of disputes that prevail regarding questions of serious import. In general they are not to be attributed to conscious dishonesty, but to the narrowness of men's mental and moral horizon due to personal contractedness, either intellectual or ethical. The world is as wide

or as narrow as is the open window or the knot-hole through which one surveys the world.

These limitations, of which we are all of us to a greater or less degree the victim, will, if rightly considered, restrain us from impatience at what naturally seems to us the bigotry, infatuation and one-sidedness of other people. They are undoubtedly one-sided, and so are we unless we are ourselves a vast improvement over the immense majority.

If we have ever seen two deaf people try to talk to each other and get mutually out of patience because the other does not understand, we have a lively picture of the situation when two people, not deaf in their hearing, but in their mental understanding, undertake to argue with each other. If they were talking about the same thing they might get along well enough together, but they are not; each is discussing something of his own. One is arguing about blue and the other about red, so that the longer the argument continues the farther they are apart. The blue man grows increasingly confident that the sphere is blue, and the red man that it is red, and while they may part without coming to fist-cuffs, they will each carry away from the disputation the assured conviction that the other is a bigot, even if not an ass.

That is all that arguing usually amounts to, and involves ordinarily a great waste of time, breath and good nature, without any compensating discovery of truth.

There is a great profit, however, in discussing if the argument is properly conducted and if each of the two disputants has for his purpose not to hammer his own idea into the mind of the other, but to discover what is already actually in the mind of the other. If the man with the blue idea will be accommodating enough to step around to where the red man stands, and then if the red man will exchange courtesies with his blue brother, the result will be that each will make himself wiser instead of making himself more foolish.

The solution of the difficulty lies in securing an increase of intellectual hospitality, by which I mean a readiness to entertain views that are foreign to our own system of belief. Entertaining them does not necessarily mean adopting them. Receiving a stranger to our table does not mean making him a permanent member of our household, but it goes as far as to enter into amicable relations with him and thereby coming sufficiently into sympathetic relations to be able to understand what sort of a creature he is. He may, on acquaintance, be found to be an interesting and valuable adjunct to our circle of acquaintance and friendship; if so it will be a gain to us to have welcomed him instead of thrusting him out of doors.

All of which might be comprehensively stated by saying that we must get out of the bigoted habit of supposing that we know all that there is to be known.

Your Chief Asset—Character

By JOHN LALANGE

When 12,000,000 people set their wits to work to decide which of two men they will choose for a position, they are worth while paying attention to. Most of us want to get on in the world, and we cannot do it without the approval of other people. What is the best way to get it? What do they vote for?

"Look at that fellow over there," said an old acquaintance to me the other day as we were walking down a street. He indicated a man passing along on the other side of the road, and uttered a grunt of disgust. "That beggar is a mystery to me. What there is about him I can't make out, but he gets on in the most unaccountable fashion. He's the fellow who got the post at Snodgrass' that I was after. Romps into things somehow in a queer way."

"Some people have the knack of 'romping' into other persons' approval in a much greater degree than others." My companion had his own ideas as to how it was done. They were not complimentary to "the fellow over there."

"My dear Lord Beaconsfield," a lady remarked to him of another lady who had attained a popularity she did not at all approve of, "men are idiots. I would not be spiteful for the world, but if the creature's hair had been black instead of auburn—I call it carotony myself—she would not be admired a bit, believe me."

"Most people seek to grow in cleverness," said Prof. John Stuart Blackie, "but very few seek to grow in character. They are content to leave that to chance, and the consequence is they don't develop as they should. Success comes to ability and character together."

"People have got brains on the brain," declared Spurgeon. "If you say that you don't like a person, someone is sure to remark, 'Oh, but he is so clever.' Just as if that were a reason in itself for liking a person. Cleverness is not everything. Sometimes it is the very thing that fills one with distrust of a person—he or she may be only made dangerous by it. Make the most of your brains, but don't think they are the only thing worth cultivating."

James Fawn, the novelist, remarked of one woman who used to say the most brilliant things in conversation that if she had only devoted half the time she spent in thinking of them to considering whether the brilliant things would be in good taste and not arouse ill feeling, she would have been ten times more popular. As it is, she was not voted a delightful person by any means.

While a good number of my acquaintances are desperately in earnest in learning different things that they imagine will secure them success, they are at the same time not giving a thought to the cultivation of the qualities necessary to gain them the opportunities of exercising their abilities.

I heard Max O'Rell once tell the story of a young lady who acquired three languages while doing her hair. Then she trotted her three languages around, and found, to her surprise, that no one seemed particularly anxious to engage her. They really could not stand the look of her head. She discovered the cause of her failure at last, when one very irritable old gentleman she called on told her that he would prefer one language to three if a brush and comb were thrown in with the one. She had sacrificed habits of tidiness to the attractions of irregular verbs.

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