

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

Copyright, 1915, by The Star Co. All Foreign Rights Reserved.

Synopsis of Previous Chapter.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his greatest beauty, 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 19 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 the 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 nor 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.

That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue 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 slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freddie returns home, he finds her in his own house. Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

SIXTH EPISODE.

"Why, Celestia," he said. "I don't deny that you've some mysterious power over people, and that if you keep on as you are going you'll end up by making a great, loud noise in the world. But suppose you do get what you want? Suppose that even in time you do elect a congress, a senate and a president; suppose you do get the states to amend the constitution; suppose you do succeed in changing the whole country into a gigantic trust, what of it? Can't you hear that you will be hurting the people instead of helping them? Can't you see that the fuel who run your great trust, my respected father among them, will become the greatest autocrats the world has ever known? Can't you see that you would simply be playing into the hands of capital?"

Celestia simply smiled on him and shook her head.

"I can convince anybody but you," she said. "I can't convince you, and I don't know why."

"That's too easy," said Tommy. "You don't convince anybody by logic or argument. They just naturally believe you. You've got some way of making them believe you. I think you're a sort of witch. I think you are way up in magic. But you can't hypnotize me, young lady, and you know it, and it annoys you. Do you know why you can't? I do. If there was any part of my heart and soul that didn't love you faithful and true, you'd have power over me, just as you have over Freddie the Ferret and old man Douglas. But there isn't—not the least smallest fraction of a square inch. You can't hypnotize the man that truly loves you any more than you could hypnotize the man you truly love. That's a well known law."

Tommy was half in earnest, half joking.

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Celestia, "and it doesn't matter. And now—"

"Please don't send me away," said Tommy. "It's the first time we've been alone in ages, and I've got millions of things to tell you and millions of other things to—well, to look at you. Celestia do you know you are more beautifully dressed like a working girl than you were dressed as an angel? It's quite impossible, of course, but it's absolutely true. You are the most beautiful thing in the world, and probably the most charming. By George, I wish I could hypnotize you and convert you to my doctrines."

"Tommy," said Celestia, "you talk more nonsense than any one in the world. I don't believe you've any brain at all. But if you've really got a million things to say to me, you'll have to say them walking. I'm going to the shop where Nelly works to talk with the girls."

"They don't vote," said Tommy.

"They don't hope, even," said Celestia, "and so I am going to tell them to be of good heart, for they shan't always be poor and unhappy."

"Well, it'll be a treat for them to look at you and hear your voice. And can I come?"

"You can come as far as the building, but you can't come in."

"Can I wait till you come out and fetch you home?"

Nelly worked on the fifth floor of an old-fashioned firetrap belonging to the Octagon Shirt Manufacturing company. The business was not making a great deal of money and the building was heavily insured. Celestia parted from Tommy in the street.

"Won't there be a row," he asked, "if you interrupt work to make a speech, or can you make yourself heard above the sewing machines and the smell of patch-ouli? Or do you go from girl to girl and whisper in each one's ear?"

"I have to pay for a chance to speak to them," said Celestia, "for a minute for ten minutes."

"Look here," said Tommy, "where do you get all your money?"

"From people who think I can use it better than they can—from people who believe in me, Tommy."

She smiled on him as upon a child, and he saw her running lightly up the first flight of narrow, wooden stairs, until she was lost in the squalid darkness of the place.

Tommy paced the narrow sidewalk like a sentinel on duty. Now and then he looked upward at the long line of fifth floor windows and thought how high they

were from the ground and how dirty. He wondered if Celestia had begun to speak yet. The building was so old and foul looking that he began to be afraid she would "catch" something. He wondered if the shirts he himself wore were made in some such sweatshop. The mere thought made him itch.

He looked at his watch.

"She said ten minutes," he thought, "and she's been gone fifteen. She must come soon now. After that he paced the sidewalk no longer, but stood so that he could watch the stairs up which she had vanished.

A couple of young men entered the building. They passed under a sign which said, "Positively No Smoking." And Tommy was annoyed to observe that both were smoking cigarettes. One threw aside his cigarette still lighted, the other kept on smoking, and they passed out of sight up the stairs.

Tommy entered the building and stamped on the cigarette butt till it was out; then he returned to the sidewalk, then he began to fidget and worry.

"It's a flagrant violation of the rules," he thought. "It ought to be reported. Why, this place would go like a piece of fat pine. It wouldn't be a burning, it would be more like an explosion."

He fidgeted some more, and then he made a sudden resolution.

"I'll report those two cubs to the manager," he said. "And if he doesn't seem properly interested I'll make things hot for him."

So Tommy entered the premises of the Octagon Shirt company and began to look for the manager. Some people said he was in such and such a place, and others didn't know. But a girl, who seemed to be dying of consumption, said that Mr. Grady had just stepped up to the fifth floor, where the sewing machines were, with a young lady.

At once Tommy pictured this Grady as greasy and bedamned and hated him. Also, so strong was his imagination he

At the opposite end of a long dark room Celestia's lovely earnest face seemed to shine like a light. She was speaking very softly and gently, but every word was distinctly audible even to the farthest pair of ears. It seemed to Tommy that the room contained hundreds of girls and hundreds of sewing machines. As a matter of fact there were almost a hundred of each. Near Celestia stood a dark, stoish man with a pencil over one ear. "Grady," thought Tommy, and hated him less, for although the man was greasy and did wear something that looked like a diamond in his necktie, there was a kind of reverent expression upon his coarse hard face.

Celestia was just finishing when Tommy entered. She finished and there was no sound whatever in the room. Then one girl left her place and went slowly toward her; others followed until as many as could be were crowded closely about Celestia and Grady. They wanted to look at her close, too. If only for once in their poor sordid lives. To some it seemed that even to touch her hand would be a happiness to remember always. What had she done to them? They didn't know. But such of them as had been on the verge of despair and these were not a few, felt hope warming in their hearts. They must toil on for a while yet, and suffer and long for light, for ease, for health, but in time all would be well. She had said so, and they believed her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Some More Bonnie Bonnets

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar

"Made in America by American Maid"



"Loop-the-Loop" The silver ornament gives the title to this hat of pale green satin.

"The Tie That Binds" A long cord with pendant ornament hangs from a green and black striped straw hat.

"Pit and the Pendulum" A band of silver ribbon is drawn through a pink net brim.

Life is a Punching Bag---So Are You

By ADA PATTERSON.

Get out of your walling corner. Do you think your grief is overwhelming? Do you think that you are the only one who staggers under a heavy weight? Do you fancy that you are selected by fate as a special target for its hardest missiles? Do you think you will never get over this, whatever it is? That you can never, never rise above it?

Have you ever seen a man attack a punching bag? Stand up and give it a square knock right in the middle and send it bounding back against the wall, and then swinging back with lifelike intent, to take him in the nose? That bout that caused you first to smile, then to watch the skirmish with keen interest, is like life. Life is a punching bag and so are you. Do you intend to



allow the big, bulky, but plastic thing to knock you out?

Every man lives by the toll of his brains rather than of his hands, should have a punching bag within easy reach of him and have a lively tilt with it every day. If you awake sluggish, inadequate to the day's duties, with a distaste for life, the punching bag, booming clumsily there, from its cord, will be your corrective. Open the window wide. Square yourself before it, and deal it a smashing blow or two. The marsh of your stagnant blood becomes a live, bounding current. Hope rises in your heart. Interest in life is reborn. For success depends upon the outlook upon life. And the outlook depends upon moods. And moods may be changed by five minutes' assiduous attention to a punching bag.

Don't be afraid of the punching bag. Meet it fairly, squarely, in manly fashion. Give it blow for blow and get in a few extra ones. So it will become your instrument and do your bidding. That is no more true of the punching bag than it is of life.

Meet life courageously. Hit it back. Do your part, and you need fear it no more than you do the big, clumsy bag hanging there by the cord and waiting for your attack.

Now and then, if you are off guard, the huge bulky rubber shape flings back at you and gives you a vicious whack. It incarnadines your nose and sets the folk who happen to be watching the bout to smiling. But you don't hate the punching bag for that reason, do you? You don't retire to a corner and rail at your "luck." You don't mourn so loudly and complain so bitterly of your luck that those who hear believe. For it is the trait of human nature to finally believe that which we often enough hear.

No, you stand up and give the swinging bag a blow that nearly tears it from its cord and sets it quivering, and you repeat the blow, following it up with such a rain of them that soon it is, if not a thoroughly beaten bag, a decently well-mannered one.

Take blows and give them. All in an upstanding, open-eyed, smiling fashion. That is life, the only life that is worthy.

Not Yet.

"Are you unmarried?" inquired the census man.

"Oh, dear, no," said the little woman, blushing. "I've never even been married."—Ladies Home Journal.

Refrangibility of Light

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—1. "What causes the difference in the refrangibility of light from red to violet?"

A.—1. The fact that our solar system is traveling toward the star Vega with a velocity of twelve miles per second proved?"

Q.—2. "How is the distance between the planets ascertained?"—F. F. Cone, Fremont, Cal.

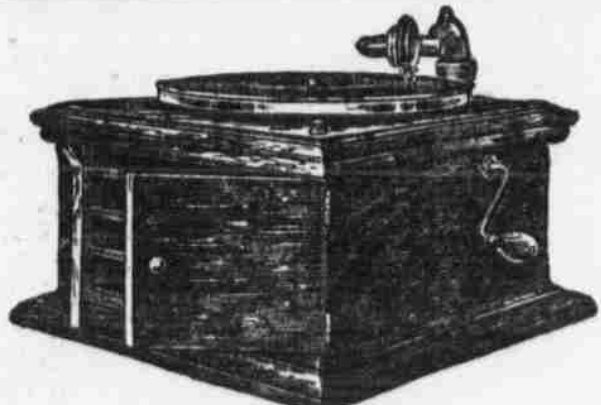
A.—2. Differences in wave length of light in between 3,000 to the inch for dull red to 65,000 for faint violet cause the rays to be bent aside from a straight line, red to the greatest distance and violet the least.

Q.—3. "Velocity of the solar system toward the giant sun Vega was found by that very remarkable and powerful instrument, that transcendent triumph of genius, the modern spectroscopic; and the principle is named after Doppler, its discoverer. Stand by a railway track and listen to the approach, passing and recession of a rapid train. When coming, the pitch of sound of the bell constantly increases in pitch, and the note as rapidly falls at retreat. More waves of sound enter the ear when the bell is approaching and less per second when receding. Resonators have analyzed these sounds and every fact is known.

But Doppler discovered that the spectroscopic could detect variations in refrangibility—that is, bending aside of waves of light with approach of light source one way, and toward the other way on recession. And these variations have often been measured with a precision greater than that of the kilogram weight experiment.

All of the bright stars have had their light thus analyzed and then computed by the world's great mathematicians. This is called "line of sight" measurement—that is, measuring speeds of suns coming and going in the straight line of sight. It is a magnificent and impressive branch of the new modern astronomy, and immense knowledge of the motions and magnitude of the stellar structure has thus been gained recently. It is these discoveries that make many books obsolete.

3. Distances of planets from the sun are measured by trigonometrical formulas.



Victrola VI, \$25 Oak

The Victrola is supreme—it is the greatness of all artists and the beauty of all instruments.

It brings you the world's best music to entertain you whenever and as often as you wish.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$250—at all Victor dealers.

Victor Talking Machine Co. Camden, N. J.



Victrola XVI, \$200 Mahogany or oak

The following Omaha and Council Bluffs dealers carry complete lines of Victor Victrolas, and all the late Victor Records as fast as issued. You are cordially invited to inspect the stocks at any of these establishments.

Schmoller & Mueller
PIANO COMPANY
1311-1313 Farnam St. Omaha, Neb.
Hear the Newest Records in Our Newly Remodeled Sound-Proof Demonstrating Rooms on the Main Floor.

Nebraska Cycle Co.
Branch at 334 BROADWAY Council Bluffs
Corner 15th and Harney, Omaha.
Geo. E. Mickel, Mgr.

Victrolas Sold by
A. HOSPE CO.,
1513-15 Douglas Street, Omaha, and
407 West Broadway, - Council Bluffs, Ia.

Brandeis Stores
Talking Machine Department
in the Pompeian Room