

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created. Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Tommy, Seized by the Mob, Realizes That His Life Is in Danger

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

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 behind the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no pain, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 15 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.

Presently she seemed to be directly beneath him, looking up into his face. He smiled at her. He couldn't help it. Then she turned, her back to him, her face to the others, and she spoke in a gallant loud voice: "What has he done?" A shiver went up and down Tommy's spine. In the name of all that was miraculous that halcyon day in white with the gallant voice was really Celestia. Yes, and there, leaning back in the snow, was Prof. Stilliter, with his thick glasses, and Freddie the Ferret, Freddie brandishing that big automatic which his father had forbidden him to carry. Celestia was answered with cries from here and there: "He's a traitor, a spy! He was going to betray us!" Gunsdorf crept toward her holding in his outstretched hand the fateful telegram. "We found it on him," he said. Celestia read the telegram and flung it angrily from her. "Is that your evidence?" Gunsdorf shrank from her. She stepped toward him, and he had to look her in the eyes. "Do you believe that he is a spy?" Gunsdorf's chin dropped upon his breast and he began to shake his head slowly from side to side. The crowd began to murmur with astonishment. "Then why did you accuse him?" "I—he," mumbled Gunsdorf. "Why in the name of justice?" "He is a ravisher."

"He attacked a defenseless woman. It was to shield her reputation that I said he was a spy. In any case he deserved to be hanged." "He attacked a defenseless woman!" exclaimed Celestia, and she laughed with a kind of cold scorn. Mrs. Gunsdorf crept slowly forward. "It had to come out," she cried suddenly. "he attacked me. If you got to know..." "He attacked you?" "I swear it by—" "There was a battle of eyes. Look at me! Look at me!" exclaimed Celestia. "If you are telling the truth you can surely look at me." Mrs. Gunsdorf lifted her defeated eyes in one last effort. "Now tell the truth," said Celestia. Speak out, so that everyone can hear you. For a few moments the Gunsdorf woman was silent. Then suddenly she lifted her head defiantly and spoke in a loud voice. "I lied," she said. "He didn't attack me. I loved him and he wouldn't look at me. I trapped him in my room, and locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then I screamed for help. That's all. I didn't because I loved him, and he wouldn't look at me. If he wouldn't look at me, I said, he shouldn't look at anyone—ever. 'T'd rather he'd be dead, and that's the truth and the whole truth, so help me God." Then Gunsdorf spoke. "Cut the man loose," he said. Then he turned to his wife, and very quietly and methodically, but with all his strength, struck her on the point of the jaw, and laid her senseless at his feet. Low murmurs of approval greeted the act. Meanwhile, the noise had been withdrawn. Tommy Barclay's head and the ropes which bound him had been cut. He came slowly and painfully down the ladder and stood before Celestia, holding out both his hands to her. But she did not look at his hands, and

only for a moment at him. It was as if she had never seen him before. In the back of the crowd somebody chuckled. It was Prof. Stilliter. "Celestia—," pleaded Tommy. But she would not look at him, and her dark deep eyes began to gather sparks in the crowd, and then she began to speak; began right in the middle of a speech as was her wont, and spoke to them of justice, and patience, and brotherly love, and scolded them a little for having flown at conclusions, and so nearly stained their souls with innocent blood. And when she told them quite simply that she had come from heaven to make the world a better place to live in, those who succeeded in catching a glance of her eyes believed her. And the others kept a dead silence and greatly wondered. When she had finished, the crowd opened for her, and she passed awfully and quietly through, and vanished after a while in the dusk, followed only by Freddie the Ferret and Stilliter. "Stop her!" somebody cried. "She's going to the stockade. We want her with us." "But nobody made a move to follow her." The Gunsdorf woman raised herself on her hands and moaned. Tommy, all compassion, stepped swiftly forward and helped her to her feet. His heart ached terribly, because Celestia had not spoken to him. He wondered why she had been so cruel. There were two reasons. Prof. Stilliter was the chief one; the extreme good looks of Mrs. Gunsdorf was the other. The thought of any physical contact, however unwilling, on his part, between Tommy and Mrs. Gunsdorf had turned Celestia's not altogether celestial heart to ice in her breast. (To Be Continued Monday.)

Epicurean Episodes: Minced Neighbor for Family Uses

By DOROTHY DIX.

A lobster is the typical dish of the Great White Way, so Minced Neighbor is of the suburbs. Indeed it is this stimulating and nourishing article of daily diet that not only sustains existence in such places as Longmeadow-by-the-Sea, and Far-Away-Hillville, but gives to life itself its zest and interest.



Perhaps nothing has done more to reduce the high cost of living than has Minced Neighbor, for it is found to be a perfect substitute for expensive theater, opera, cabaret, and even Sherlock Holmes stories. A little Minced Neighbor supplying all of the thrills, amusement or mystery to be found in melodrama, or detective stories.

This is why the thrifty housewife picks up her family and moves away from the city where there are no neighbors to the suburbs, where the supply is only too plentiful. Minced Neighbor therefore becomes the staple of food in the suburban household, and is the piece de resistance of every meal. Unlike most dishes, the very finest, juiciest and most highly flavored morsels of it, are saved for home consumption in the bosom of the family, but in some form or other it is always

handed out as an accompaniment to tea when a few lady friends drop in on an afternoon. In addition to being cheap appetizing and filling, Minced Neighbor has the further advantage of being so extremely easy and pleasant to make that no woman, however much she may loathe other forms of cookery, has ever been found who objected to taking part in making it. In fact, it may be said that the chief indoor amusement of all ladies who live in the suburbs is the preparation of Minced Neighbors. Men often attempt to assist their wives in concocting this delectable dainty, but they generally bungle the job, and get into trouble when they do it. It appears to be only women who can give the right slight, and do the thing up brown and get away with it. To a degree Minced Neighbor is like omelette. You can make it out of anything, but naturally the better the raw material, the more highly flavored and spicy, the the result. Therefore to make Minced Neighbors, par excellence, select a neighbor, either male or female, that appears to you to be surrounded by an air of mystery. Of course, if you can find a nice, sunny neighbor with a dark brown past, you can make a dish fit to set before the connoisseurs of the church sewing society. Unfortunately, however, this species is exceedingly rare, and seldom to be found in the suburban market, so the housewife is reduced to taking a near-sighted neighbor whom she only surmises to do what it shouldn't do. But if one of these can be found that comes home late at night to rest, or who has finer feathers than the other hens about her, it will serve every purpose, and when properly seasoned up no one will know the difference between that and the dish made of the almon pure kind. In making minced neighbor, the principal utensil that is needed is a sharp

tongue, whittled to a razor edge, and a pair of curious and spying eyes. These, together with an ability to put two and two together and make 44 out of them, are all the tools absolutely required. Minced neighbor, like bruiled lobster, is much better if it is prepared while it is alive. This is doubtless unpleasant for the neighbor, but it should not, and does not, deter the cook from concocting this toothsome morsel for the delectation of herself and her friends. After the neighbor is thoroughly cut up, season it with two ounces of surmises and suspicious blended together in equal parts; one ounce of the essence of envy; a tablespoonful of the tobacco of spite, and a pinch of malice. Roast in a slow oven, and pour over it a gravy made of the sauce of curiosity before bringing it to the table, where every one who partakes of it is sure to ask for more. This dish is, however, particularly unwholesome, as it is what children call "cheery." Minced neighbor is always served fresh and hot, as it has the advantage of being able to be turned out at a minute's notice. Minced neighbor is never canned.

Parents and the Child

A New Series by Virginia Terhune Van de Water—The Difference After the Baby Comes.

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water. Copyrighted, 1915, by Star Company. A sentence from one of the books by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has been much quoted. In describing the affairs of a married couple she says: "All went well until the baby came. I have observed that the usually does go well until the first baby comes." When the story containing this paragraph appeared the opinion is expressed was widely discussed. "Absurd!" scoffed mentalists exclaimed. "Are not children a link to unite parents more closely than before? If a man loves his wife he will love her better as the mother of his children."

"Surely," said other commentators, "the woman will love her husband better when she cares for his children. When she looks at them she will think of their father. It is evident Elizabeth Stuart Phelps knows nothing about the matter, her statement is entirely false." But was it false? While acknowledging that there is some truth in what sentimentalists say, can we deny that children are too often the cause of dissensions and dissensions between parents? In the first place, the little ones demand much more time than was once bestowed upon the husband, or, at least, claimed by him. Moreover, the man and woman have different ideas of how children should be trained. The father is sometimes too strict, the mother is often too lenient. There are also homes in which this rule is reversed, and the wife is the disciplinarian, while the husband is overindulgent.

Every child is better for a combination of influences. He needs the watchful tenderness of the mother and the knowledge that she always understands him. But he also requires a firm masculine hand on the reins of government. I say this is what he needs. It is not always what he gets. As fathers and mothers are only frail human beings like the rest of mankind, they must make grave errors in the training of their sons and daughters. It is a pity that it is the poor child who suffers from the experiments of dutiful and well-meaning parents. I am always sorry for the first child. Upon him the young couple who are responsible for his existence try all their pet theories. And as all weather signs fall in a drouth, so all theories must fall in certain instances. Without meaning to show shameless partiality towards my own sex, I must maintain that in the majority of cases the mother understands the small child better than does the father. Why shouldn't she? It would be strange if she did not. From birth she has the care of the little one. She is with him for hours while the father is with him for minutes. She sees him when he is happy and when he is miserable, when he is naughty and when he is good. There is also a bond between a mother and her child that does not exist between a father and his offspring. It is too subtle and sensitive a thing to be described in words, but it exists. If one doubts it let him pause to consider how much oftener fathers will

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa & Ma took me with them visiting Sunday. There was a lady friend of Ma's that lived in her home town when they were girls, and she was visiting here, so we went to see her. Her name was Missus Steve Blake & I wanted to go home after we had been there a little while because she was talking all the time about her book of poems. I never knew you were a riter, sed Ma, wen Missus Steve Blake showed the book. It was called Songs of Girlhood & she paid to get it published. "Oh, yes sed Missus Blake, riting always calm nateral to me. Here is my plecter in the book & a plecter of the home wave I was born & a plecter of my father & mother. How interesting, sed Pa, dident you have any brothers & sisters? No, I was the only child, sed Missus Blake. I will read you the poem I rote called The Only Child. Then she red: The other girls & boys I see Who I do play with daily Have brothers & sisters brite & free Who laugh does scholl gaily. No brother or sister do I have Which makes me out of patience For by myself I have to play And get quite lonely on occasions. I think that is very pathetic, sed Ma. I sed sed Pa beginning to look at the door knob but Missus Steve Blake sed: Here is one of the poems of which I am the most proud of, I rote it wen I was only thirty-seven. Then she red: THE BURNING LIVERY STABLE. It was at nine & all good folks Was sleeping with free conscience, & chile a few of such as drink Were awake & at that time none was Suddenly there came a cry Wich made all beds start turning.

& a gallant man did about clear and high Wood's livery stable is burning! The Fire Feend raged so hot & fierce That even the iron was melting, & Wood's seven horses did perish there, six fine mares & a gelding. No human lives was lost that night But in them red hot coals Lay seven steeds & to the sky Sped seven horses' souls. I guess we shall have to be getting hoam, deer, sed Pa to Ma. You know I promised to meet that contractor at nine. Oh, must you go? sed Missus Steve Blake, then tomorrow nite I will cum oaver & read sum moar. There is one man for whom my hart bleeds, sed Pa on the way hoam. Who? sed Ma. Steve Blake, sed Pa.

In-Shoots

A bird on the plate is worth two in the hands of the chef. Flashy garments frequently betoken an under-done intellect. A success that brings no box office receipts is rather doubtful. Society is the most prolific of all breeding grounds for parasites. The joke that produces nothing but a smile should be canned at once. When a statesman is shoved away from the spotlight he finds that the world has a darned short memory.

A Clearing Sale of New and Used Player Pianos

It is one thing to have a "special sale" of pianos—you can read of such sales most any time—but it is quite another thing to know that the Store announcing such an event is reliable and that it offers dependable merchandise.



This Sale is of the latter sort and therefore deserves your attention. You know the quality of the Hayden musical instruments, and you also know that Hayden advertising is trustworthy.

So come expecting to be surprised at the bargains offered, because, in this Sale, quality and economy go hand in hand. Of course, you want music in the home, and if no one can play it need not matter, because we are going to sell some excellent Player Pianos at wonderfully low prices. Some of them have been used, it is true, but not enough to damage the mechanism or to mar the beauty of the finish. Read of the great savings possible.

Every Instrument Fully Guaranteed

1 WALNUT—88-NOTE—NEW, FOR.....	\$324	1 MAHOGANY—88-NOTE—USED.....	\$225
1 MAHOGANY—88-NOTE—SLIGHTLY USED.....	\$260	1 MAHOGANY—88-NOTE—NEARLY NEW.....	\$265
1 OAK—88-NOTE—NEARLY NEW.....	\$275	1 MAHOGANY—88-NOTE—NEARLY NEW.....	\$275
1 MAHOGANY—88-NOTE—SLIGHTLY USED.....	\$250	1 MAHOGANY—65-NOTE—FINE CONDITION.....	\$175

HAYDEN BROTHERS