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The Goddess



The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amesbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from loss of shock, leaving a 3-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stilliter, agent of the insurance, far into the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the seclusion of a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who has just quarreled with his adopted father, wanders into the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stilliter. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted procuress, but is able to win over the woman by her peculiar hypnotic power. Here she attracts Freddie the ferret, who becomes attached to her. At a clothing factory, where she goes to work, she exercises her power over the girls, and is saved from being burned to death by Tommy. About this time Stilliter, Barclay and others who are working together, decide it is time to make use of Celestia, who has been trained to think of herself as divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her to is Bitumin, a mining town, where the coal miners are on a strike. Tommy has gone there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the men when he spurns her. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the bosses, and Barclay, Sr. Mary Blackstone, who is also in love with Tommy, tells him the story of Celestia, which she has discovered through her jealousy. Kehr is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stilliter's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stilliter professes himself in love with Celestia and wants to get her for himself. Tommy urges her to marry him. Mary Blackstone bribes Mrs. Gundorf to try to murder Celestia, while the latter is on her campaign tour, traveling on a snow white train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia and the murder averted.

Stilliter hypnotizes Celestia and lures her into a deserted woods where he forces her to undergo a mock marriage, performed by himself. He notifies the township that Celestia is not coming back. Freddie the ferret has followed him closely, and Tommy is not far away, having been exploring the cave, hoping to find Celestia there.



To His Delight, Freddie Finds Tommy with Celestia.

"Told you I was dead?" Celestia nodded and turned away as if the matter was of no further interest.

"Freddie," exclaimed Tommy, "what are we going to do about Celestia? Has she been this way ever since I went into the cave?"

"She's hughouse," said Freddie simply.

"What's happened. How did you keep Stilliter from getting hold of her? He thought he'd shot me. I couldn't get out

FOURTEENTH EPISODE.

Seven high arched steps Prof. Stilliter took before he dared once more to put his hands to the ground, and crawl. It was as well. One more step would have taken him over a little precipice.

Wherever she went the fire found him out and drove him on. A strong wind had risen, and as the flames winnowed their way down the mountain side and across they found more and larger stuff to feed on.

Prof. Stilliter got heart every now and then. His hands and knees were scorched, his face had some hard knocks. His blind eyes started water, and the air which he breathed half choked him.

He came at last to the forest and the fire followed him and drove him. Sometimes it would seem to him that it had taken a different direction and that he was by way of escaping from it. It always ended, however, by finding him out, and driving him forward. For a while he could keep his distance easily; then for a while he would have to hurry. It was during these that he got his worst hurts. But his natural strength and stamina, coupled with the furious desire to live, kept him going. Once despair of saving his life seized him, and there came into his head the desire to meet death in a manly and dignified way. "I will stand here," he said, "until I burn." And he stood and squared his shoulders and held his battered and bleeding head high and erect. But when the heat became so intense that his clothes began to give out smoke, he turned once more and fled.

To a man with average sight it would have been an easy matter to have eluded that fire. It had descended the mountain

in a narrow path. It was Prof. Stilliter's misfortune that he had been unable to sidestep it. By taking up his original stand at the back of the hut, instead of at the front, he need not have moved until he was safe.

Even now old man Smellgood was standing at a comfortable distance from the red hot ruins of the hut and wondering what fool had set it on fire and why. Through the forest itself the fire was only burning a broad path, confined to this by open barrens and swamps or by timber too green and well watered to burn. From the mouth of the cave it looked like a receding column of smoke, and there was no real menace in it for anyone but Prof. Stilliter. Him it hounded on and on. And now, continually, like a child that babbles, he was asking God to save him, Christ to pity him.

As he lost blood, his progress became slower and slower and death stared him in the back. He was to have one short reprieve. He came to a gravelly bank so steep that in trying to get down it he began to slide, could not save himself and was dumped presently into ice cold water.

For a moment the shock refreshed and invigorated him and gave him hope. He could swim and water cannot burn.

Whether he was in a pond or a lake of some size he did not know. If a lake and not very large he could swim across and at least find safety from the fire. At first it was easy to swim in the right direction, guided by the heat that came from behind, but after a while it was not so easy.

He was a good swimmer and while floating and treading water he managed to get rid of his shoes and most of his clothes. He would need them when he got ashore. Yes, but he would have to do without them.

He began to tire again and there was no sign of the opposite shore.

He was in one of the narrowest lakes in that part of the Adirondacks, but it was several miles long and he was trying to swim it from end to end. The jig was up.

When he realized this he hastened the inevitable by screaming and screaming and then by bursting into tears and sobbing.

After a while his final struggle stopped. He floated in the water with his face under; a kind of foam came to the surface from the corners of his mouth. Twice he drew up his knees and kicked feebly, as if he was still alive and trying to swim.

After a long time Freddie the ferret, leading Celestia as if she had been blind, lumbered to the foot of the cliff in which was the main entrance to the cave. Into this he penetrated a little way and then began to shout for Tommy with all his might. The only response was the echoing of his voice.

So Freddie went back to Celestia, and there she stood with a bewildered puzzled look on her face and both her hands being held by Tommy Barclay himself, who was breathing as if he had been running up hill.

"Don't look puzzled now, Celestia," Tommy was saying, "you know me. It's all right. I'm the driver, you know and you have to obey the driver. So wake up. Be yourself."

Then Celestia spoke.

"The driver," she said, "is dead. Prof. Stilliter told me."

of the cave as quickly as he could. I suppose, of course, he'd run off with her."

"He did," said Freddie, laconically.

"But here she is. What became of him?"

"Dunno."

"What do you know, Freddie?"

Then the ferret told his little story of battle, his fight to the finish in the moonlight.

"He gets me on me back," said Freddie, "and beats me face up. And I knocks his specs off and they bust, and he ain't got no more, and I ducks out from under, and he calls to her, and she wants to go to him and I won't let her."

"Where was this?"

"Dunno."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Pre-Natal Mark on Children Proved

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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It is difficult for an observing and intelligent individual to maintain a calm state of mind in the face of some statements made by successful and well established physicians of the regular school. For instance, the oft-repeated assertion is made by doctors that no such thing as a pre-natal mark, physical or mental, is possible for the mother to leave upon her child.



A long article relating to this subject and making this assertion was widely read last year. It was signed by a famous physician. Nevertheless I believe the assertion is not true.

I believe children are marked, powerfully marked, for better or for worse, for sorrow or for joy, for usefulness or for destructiveness, by their mothers before birth.

Something more than a score of years ago the whole world was horrified by the atrocious murders committed by a boy under 14 years of age. As a small child he began to mutilate and kill insects and animals, and proceeded to carry out the same terrible tendency toward little boys and girls when he had scarcely attained a dozen years of age.

He was sentenced to life imprisonment and solitary confinement, and is still today. The father of this child slaughtered animals for a livelihood. Before the birth of the child the mother was in the habit of taking her sewing to the slaughter house while her husband pursued his vocation. She had been told that to drink the fresh blood of animals would be conducive to her health. This child was the result.

Another lad of scarcely 16 has been a great sorrow to his parents because of his tendency to run away. On several occasions he has disappeared for weeks or months, but has returned to relate his wanderings with evident gusto and to promise better habits. He disappeared again a few months ago, however, and has just sent a card to his mother from England. The mother writes to a friend, "I trace the uncontrollable desire of my boy to go away to new scenes periodically

to an overwhelming passion for travel which obsessed my mind before he was born."

Here are some more interesting facts for expectant mothers to store away in the pigeonholes of memory:

An improvident and selfish man was indifferent to the needs of the child his wife was to bring into the world. The wife longed to provide the coming child with a suitable wardrobe, and she herself longed for more comforts and for more nourishing food. This longing caused her to purloin small sums of money from the husband's purse in order to purchase what she believed to be necessities.

That child grew into a young woman. Prosperity came to the parents, and the girl was given educational advantages. Her personality was charming, her manners agreeable, but she was the despair of family and friends because of the blight her mother placed upon her mind before birth. The girl was a confirmed kleptomaniac and possessed with the mania to take what did not belong to her, even when she was at perfect liberty to purchase something equally desirable in a legitimate manner.

The father discarded her, failing to realize that her vicious trait could be traced back to his patrimony and neglect.

Men are rarely educated by their mothers to understand the responsibility of the position they occupy when they are expectant fathers. The greatest consideration, self-control, kindness and thoughtfulness toward the woman to whom he has given the contract of perpetuating his name and personality are obligations of moral and religious importance; but how many women who have borne children can truthfully say that this has been the attitude of the husband and father before the birth of the child?

The International Purity association of Chicago publishes a little booklet to help people understand this subject. The editor says:

"Believing that the character of the coming child depends to a large extent upon the character of its parents previous to its birth; that is, during its pre-natal existence; and

"Believing that the mental condition of the mother is transmitted to her child, and that temporary states in the mother's mind are likely to become permanent characteristics in her child; and

"Believing that, by the majority of mankind, these vitally important facts are but dimly and imperfectly comprehended, we suggest that the very best method to improve conditions on all lines is an educative crusade for the inculcation of the truths of pre-natal influences.

"With this end in view we have prepared a booklet on pre-natal influences, and believe it will be exceedingly helpful and inspiring to the intelligent reader."

Meaning, the child who has been afflicted with any unfortunate pre-natal condition should be treated systematically, patiently and carefully by those who understand mental laws until the condition is removed. These laws are beginning to be understood now, and are known to be as effective as the laws which regulate physical conditions by regular school practitioners.

The world is coming into new ideals regarding parenthood. Much has been said always regarding the duties of mothers, but it is coming into realization now that the obligations of a clean, kind and noble fatherhood are just as important in the construction of worthwhile children as those of pure and patient mothers.

Do You Know That

The earliest card game on record was played with a pack of eighty-seven cards.

Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar with twenty-seven vessels against thirty-three.

Tibetans cut the bodies of their dead in pieces and throw them into the lakes to feed the fish.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is said to have had the largest sale of any novel that has ever been published.

Excluding warships, 462 vessels of 1,827,235 tons were under construction in the United Kingdom at the end of the year 1914.

Uniforms for soldiers were introduced by Louis XIV in 1666, but were not adopted in the British military service until some years later.

Advice to Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax: for the last eight months my voice has been under training and my sole ambition is to go on the stage, though I am obliged to continue as a chorus girl. Do you think at 24 I am starting late? I am pretty and youthful-looking and I take the utmost care of my health. I like staccato and with hard work feel success is bound to come. My parents are opposed, saying it is now too late. They say it would be foolish to give up my good position for something uncertain.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company for a year with a man three years my senior. He has told me often of his love. He has a income of \$40 per month, but has a saving of \$200. Could a girl get married and live happily on this salary, if she is willing to sacrifice all luxuries? I love him dearly and am sure my love is returned.

For two people to live on less than \$10 a week would be very difficult. Has your admirer any chance of advancement? Are you a good manager? Can you sew and cook? If you could earn a bit of money with which to eke out this tiny salary you would be far safer. With an accepted idea that the minimum wage for women ought to be \$10 a week, I hardly see how two people can start a home on less than twice that sum. Figure the thing out very carefully before you venture.



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