

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Coddess

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 Amosbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a young and beautiful girl in the care of her father, who is interested in the adventures 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 street, who becomes attached to her. At a big clothing factory, where she goes to work, she exercises her power over the girls, and is saved from being buried 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 is to Sturtevant, a mining town, where the coal miners are on a strike. Tommy goes there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the men when he courts her. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the houses, and Barclay, ex-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 steamer. Stilliter, 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 notices the similitude that Celestia is not coming back, and the Ferrer has followed him closely, and Tommy is not far away, having been exploring the cave, hoping to find Celestia there. Stilliter fires at Tommy in the cave and thinks he has killed him. He then tries to force Celestia into a mock marriage, but Freddie intervenes and in the fight that follows Freddie gets Stilliter's glasses and leaves him blind. Freddie takes Celestia to find Tommy, and Stilliter builds a fire to attract assistance. The fire spreads and he flees before it, falls into a lake and drowns. Tommy and Celestia return to New York, where they find Sturtevant telling a big meeting that Celestia has returned to heaven.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

Then very softly he returned to the deck, half closed the hatch, and thrusting his head through the opening that remained, he called loudly, "Wake up, there!"

The answer ceased and were followed by a kind of sleepy groaning.

"Gundorf," called Barclay, in a sharp, incisive voice, "can you hear me?"

"I hear you."

"What are you doing on this boat?"

No answer.

"Well, you'll not be able to do any mischief. You seem to like it down there. I am going to close this hatch so that you can't open it. You will not get out until the boat is back at its starting point. The captain is a safe man. You will not find out from him where I have been set aboard. So good night to you."

Gundorf's answer was to fire two wild shots from his automatic. Barclay slammed the hatch to and succeeded in fastening it so that it could not be opened from below.

Then he went once more to the captain and talked to him for some time in an undertone. After that he walked to Sturtevant and Semmes to tell them what had happened.

"He's been insane for some time," said

Sturtevant. "He wouldn't stop at anything. I hope to God he hasn't got a stick of dynamite with him. He'd think nothing of blowing himself to pieces, if we went, too."

Gundorf had no stick of dynamite. He had only an automatic with a few cartridges in the magazine, and an insane, murderous rage and hatred in his breast.

"So they'd land somewhere, would they?" He'd be carried back to the starting point, would he? Not if he knew it. His ride on the back of the automobile was all in vain, was it? He'd show 'em-damn 'em!

And his hands, their strength refreshed by hatred, insanity and suicidal daring, sought and found the big axur and began to bore a hole through the bottom of the schooner. He would drown, but so would they!

After a time the edge of the hole he was boring became damp, water began



Gundorf, in Insane Fury, Bore a Hole in the Bottom of the Boat

to trickle from the bit, then to spit and hiss, then the bit went clean through, and when he had withdrawn it way spouted upward as if from a garden hose.

Gundorf laughed aloud and at once began to bore a second hole. When he had nearly finished the third the bit broke short off, and Gundorf cursed. But the Mary Nye was taking in a good deal of water, and the failure of the bit only seemed to have postponed the time when the sea should close over it.

But in the book of fate the Mary Nye was not destined to perish by water alone. Among her heterogeneous coastwise cargo which had not been unloaded from the small hold back of the main

hold, were two sacks of unslaked lime. After a time a trickle of water found its way to these, and they began to smoke.

The first person to be aware of the smoke was Gundorf. It filtered into the main hold before it found its way to the deck. Gundorf at the moment, with a kind of diabolical eagerness, was trying to calculate the rapidly with which the water was rising. This was a difficult matter, owing to the motion of the vessel.

When he smelled the smoke his heart almost stopped beating, he was so frightened. Water and dynamite had no terror for him, but death by fire had always been his nightmare. He was like

a man waking after a great drunkenness, during which, let us say, he has committed some crime which to his frenzied brain at the time of its commission had seemed a reasonable and even a meritorious thing to do, but the memory of which makes the same brain, the fumes of alcohol gone, a prey to the most awful terror and remorse.

In short, the man had recovered from his murderous and suicidal madness. He was sane—a rational creature, who realized what he had done and that the deed was in vain, and that he alone would be destroyed by it.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Why We Quarreled

No. 2—The Wife Who Told Her Husband Everything Tells Her Story

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.)

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water.

My husband and I quarrel because he cannot see that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

In other words, he is absolutely inconsistent with regard to the matter of confidence. He expects me to tell him all that I do, yet there are times when he snubs me for doing this.

For example, when we were first married he said that, as my husband, he had a right to know of all my worries and troubles. But there have been many occasions when I could see that he was bored when I talked to him of these.

I remember one night when he came home from the office and asked me, as he always does, how things had gone during the day. I was tired and worried, for everything had gone wrong. I said as much.

"Bridget has been as cross as two sticks," I complained. "I have had a headache, the dress that I had cleaned came home from the cleaner's just about ruined, and the pudding I made for dinner is a failure."

I knew my husband hates to see a woman cry, so I did not allow my voice even to quaver. Yet he frowned.

"What a nice lot of grievances to fire at a man as soon as he gets in after a hard day at the office," he remarked, sarcastically. "It makes one feel just about as cheerful as a rainy day in the country."

"Well, I declare," I exclaimed, "haven't you told me often that you expected me to confide everything to you?"

"Everything that's worth confiding," he returned. "But surely Bridget's ill humors and the cleaner's delinquencies are not of such moment that you need inflict them upon me before you've even asked me how I feel. I have troubles of my own, please remember."

"His words cut me cruelly. Am I not trying to run his home to please him, and is it not in the discharge of my duties along these lines that most of my trials come? If things went wrong at his office, would I not be glad to have him tell me of them? I said as much to him."

"But I wouldn't tell you of them," he declared. "That's just it. Do I ever recall you with an account of my office boy's latest stupidity, or my stenographer's most recent negligence? No, indeed! When I come home I leave all that kind of thing behind me."

"Because you can," I rejoined. "But a woman cannot leave her trials behind her. They are right there before her eyes day and night. I do think you men might understand that."

"Later I got to thinking over what he had said, and the more I thought the more indignant I got. I made up my mind to talk less of my affairs since he showed so plainly that he was bored by them."

When, a week later, a cousin of mine—a nice fellow who had been my chum when I was a girl—came to town and telephoned me to lunch with him at Sherry's. I went and said nothing about it to my husband for some days. Then I mentioned casually that Reginald had been in the city.

"Oh, has he?" Richard asked. "How do you know? Did you hear from him?"

"Yes," I rejoined. "He called me up one day."

"But you didn't see him, eh? He didn't come up here?"

"He didn't come up here, but I saw him all the same."

"Where?"

"At Sherry's. I lunched with him there."

"When was that?"



"Bridget Has Been as Cross as Two Sticks," I said.

"About a fortnight ago," I replied.

My husband flushed angrily. "A fortnight ago!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me about it?"

I recalled to his memory the fact that that he had been annoyed by my telling him some of my experiences. Of course, he was displeased and said that I was inconsistent and had willfully misconstrued his meaning. I let him talk on until he added:

"Moreover, you deceived me. I have a right to know when you lunch with other men—even with a cousin. Married people should not keep such things from each other. It is not proper."

It is not worth while to relate in detail our argument on this subject. He won out, of course, and I almost let him persuade me into the belief that he was right.

But I had cause before long to alter my reluctant opinion. Happening one day into a certain fashionable tea room near Fifth avenue, whom should I see sitting in the rear of the dainty little place but my husband and a woman whom I know by sight, but whom I had not met! She did not know me, and my husband's back was turned to me. Yet I would have recognized that back anywhere.

I did not remain for any tea. I had made up my mind I would talk the matter out with Richard that night. I felt now that I was fully justified in keeping my counsel about my affairs.

That evening when I told my husband I had seen him, he said nonchalantly that he was glad I had not interrupted his

talk with Mrs. Blank, as they were discussing an important business matter. Richard is a lawyer and she is one of his wealthiest clients.

As her town house is closed for the summer, Richard could not meet her there, and he did not like to ask her to come to his stuffy office. So they met and had a cup of tea together at the tea room.

"But you wouldn't have told me of meeting her if I hadn't seen you, would you?" I charged.

"Certainly not," he replied. "It was a matter that did not concern you. Business and professional men have no right to tell such things."

"Then a woman ought not to be expected to tell her husband the private affairs of herself and her friends," I ventured.

"That's entirely different!" declared Richard.

Being a man, he was satisfied with this verdict. I am not, and never will be.

Do You Know That

Jules Verne's real name was Otchewitz.

Boots wear out faster in summer than in winter.

There are over 10,000 islands in the British Empire.

Presidents of Switzerland are elected for one year only.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Nothing Wrong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Would I be doing right or wrong to marry a woman the same age as mine, she being a divorced woman, having a daughter about 13 years of age.

She is a business woman, and I, being in business also, am greatly infatuated with her, and she is with me. I have known her for a good many years. She is good and of excellent character and the cause of her divorce is not to her discredit.

She has a right to have a second chance at happiness and I hope you will see she gets it.

But be sure of yourself. Have you the qualifications to make you a good stepfather? You must remember such a marriage entails dual relations and dual responsibilities.

Let Her Have Her Way.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 24 and was keeping company with a young lady 21, whom I love dearly. Now, having gone out with her about two weeks, she told me that unless I take my things up to her house to talk things over our acquaintance must cease. She has only her mother and I have only my father, who is wealthy. She is poor. This is an Italian custom of which I do not approve.

It is a good custom to win the parents' approval before an attraction like this proves too serious, and you should love her all the more for respecting the customs of her country. You say you love her. Let her have her way.

Why Not?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16, and my people signify their disapproval of my having a girl until I am older. Do you think that I should follow their advice?

BOY.

Is there one reason why you should not? They are the best friends you have, and upon their shoulders would fall the burden of the support of a wife if you take one at your immature age.

Don't Try It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 and deeply in love with a young lady six years my senior, am not in position to marry her for at least four years, both in age and capital. Will you kindly let me know how I can tell her this, and if she is too old for me.

B. F. G.

Four years' engagement is too long and very unfair to the girl. Moreover, you are so young you will change your mind at least ten times before you are old enough to marry.



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