

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amessory is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a 19-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stilliter, agent of the interests, far into the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the isolation of a savage. 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 procurer, 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 big 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 in the use of herself as a divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her is to Bitumen, 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 burns her. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the bosses, 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 snow white train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia and the murder averted.

down. He succeeded in getting hold of the boat and keeping his head out of water.

Over the inverted bows Barclay crawled out of the water and lay sprawling on the arched, slippery bottom of the boat. From this advantageous position he looked about eagerly to see whom he could help. Of that whole party only Barclay and the boy could swim. Sturdevant and Semmes, if they ever came to the surface, were never seen again by mortal eyes. The boy swam to the boat and climbed up on it, with Barclay's help.

Then, for the first time, Barclay saw the agonized face of Gundorf. The



Barclay Trying to Save His Enemy, Gundorf

man's grip was failing, and he knew it. At a little distance Captain Nye floated face down. His two men came to the surface, came together, clinched and died, each trying to use the other as a ladder by which to climb out of the water.

Barclay looked for awhile coldly into Gundorf's face, and then looked away.

"For God's sake, help me," Barclay's expression did not change. He did not look at Gundorf.

"For Christ's sake," Then the little boy, his teeth chattering, said:

"Taint pretty to see men drown," and began to babble.

With an oath, Barclay reached for Gundorf and tried to draw him out of the water. It was a difficult and precarious operation.

"Steady. Don't get rattled," said Barclay. "You, boy, steady her as much as you can."

And Barclay worked with all his strength to save the wretched man's life.

There was a strange look in Gundorf's face. It was no longer hatred. There was hope in it; but more than that, there

was something that was akin to love. A miracle had been wrought in the evil man's heart.

Barclay trying to save him.

"You're a good man," he said. "I thought you were the devil."

"My man," said Barclay, "I can't get you up here. I'm sorry. My strength is petered out. If it's any comfort to you, I forgive you for what you have done. I've done plenty of evil, too. I guess we both thought we were trying to do good. We looked at life from different angles. You didn't believe that men like me were human beings; I had the same feeling about human life. I guess that's mostly what's the matter with this world, anyway."

Holding tightly to Gundorf's hand, he still managed to keep the anarchist's head out of water.

All this Tommy and Celestia saw from the top of the cliffs. They had recognized the two chief actors in the drama, and Tommy's suspense over the fate of the man who had been good to him was awful to see. It was that white, quiet suspense that transcends all outcry and lamentation.

"Gundorf," said Barclay, "I'm slipping; I can't hold you any longer. I'm sorry."

"All right," said Gundorf. And he let go of Barclay's hand and sank like a stone.

"My God," exclaimed Barclay, "What said."

The moment Gundorf's head reappeared Barclay slipped quietly into the water and tried to save him. But Gundorf had gone down open mouthed. He was too confused to understand the calm, steady command of Barclay—to keep his head—to keep still.

He tried to climb upon his would-be saviour, and they went down together. Then Barclay's presence of mind left him, and he, too, grappled.

And so they died—in each other's arms. The little boy, his teeth chattering, pushed on the inverted boat, bubbling bitterly.

On the cliff of Gull Island the girl from heaven was trying to console one of the richest men in the world.

THE END.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

Through what remained of the night, and through all the long, anxious morning, he and the two men, added by Barclay, Semmes and Sturdevant, fought like heroes against the fire and water.

It was discouraging to have to cart into the burning after hold so much of the water that they blistered their hands pumping out of it. At one time it looked as if they were going to get the fire under control. In that event they could have kept the vessel afloat indefinitely.

Captain Nye had suggested bringing Gundorf on deck and putting him to work, and the effort had been made. The man was dazed as he came up, wet to the knees and choking with smoke. But at the sight of Barclay all his hate returned. He would not work; they couldn't make him.

"Why the hell should I," said he, "when I took the trouble to bore the holes that are sinking it, and to start the fire that's burning it?"

All regarded the man with horror that was akin to awe. Anger succeeded this.

"Is that the truth?" asked Captain Nye.

"Yes."

Captain Nye motioned to his two men. They seized Gundorf, and after a short struggle cast him back into his prison and battered down the hatch.

"There's no room for him in the small boat," said Captain Nye; "and there's no more mischief he can do down below."

It was only the fatigue of those who were trying to save it that eventually settled the fate of the Mary Nye. Her captain called the party together.

"Thanks, all hands," he said. "You've done all men could do. We'll need what strength we've got left to get us ashore. So let it burn."

The boy, who had been at the wheel ever since the discovery of the fire, was relieved by Captain Nye. The boy promptly lay down on the deck, and the others followed suit, resting themselves against the time of embarking in the small boat.

At last the moment came when Captain Nye thought best to abandon his ship. His eyes filled with tears, he said:

"Don't grieve, captain," said Barclay; "I'll pay you its value five times over. You're a good man."

As they were about to step into the boat that bumped along side, but little below the level of the sinking deck, Barclay said curtly, "I can't leave Gundorf to die like that."

He himself unfastened the hatch. Gundorf had climbed upon the ladder to keep out of water as long as possible. They had to lift him into the boat.

It rode very low in the water and rolled precariously when it had drifted out of the lee of the doomed schooner, and when it hit the rougher water it rolled quickly over and floated bottom up.

The shock of the cold water revived Gundorf so that he did not at once

The Boy Immigrant

Chance for Success Here If He Makes Most of His Opportunities—And on Improbability of Universal Language Being Adopted Soon.

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

Something printed in this column of The Bee has induced a young Russian to write me a letter requesting advice as to his course of study. Thrown upon his own resources at the age of 15, he left home and came to New York. The venture-ousness of the boy shows that there is stuff in him, and renders him deserving of whatever can be given him in the way of friendly advice and encouragement. As there are others more or less in the same situation as he, it has occurred to me to make The Bee the medium of communicating with him.

Thus far he has made good. Immediately on arriving in this country a situation was given him sufficiently remunerative to keep him alive. The fidelity with which he served his employer secured him the privilege of dividing his time between work and study, for he writes me that he very soon discovered that he could not make a success of his life here without an education.

He has now been in this country only two years, but his letter is written in remarkably good English. Not only has his faithful work procured for him the confidence of his employer, but his devotion as a pupil has obtained for him the willing and special assistance of his teacher in the high school.

The boy is evidently going to succeed, and these facts in regard to him I have mentioned only for the purpose of showing that if a fellow has anything in him to start with, and is willing to work and study faithfully so as to make the most of what is in him, he will certainly get ahead, no matter how many the difficulties he has to contend with. A person, be he Russian or American, is mostly the better of his own destiny. There are but

few exceptions to the rule that a person will succeed if he shows that he deserves to succeed.

The particular matter that occasions my young correspondent difficulty, and upon which he asks my advice, is as to his choice of what he calls his profession, by which he means the sort of work that he shall fit himself for in order to earn a living. He tells me that those he has consulted evade the question by saying: "Use your own judgment." But the fact is that at the age of 17 he is not supposed to be far enough along to have a judgment that he can use.

The fact that he has been able to carry himself to the close of the third term in the high school would seem to indicate that by the exercise of the same pick and faithfulness he will be able to keep on for at least a year or two longer before any final decision as to his life-work will have to be made. The most important thing for him to obtain is a "good ready." With his natural push he will get along all right if he is thoroughly grounded in the common English branches.

He says that he is already a good arithmetician. That means that he has got a clear head. He should take care to be able to write a good hand and to be able to spell. He must know how to speak and write good English. It will help him to decide upon his occupation if he interests himself in what is going on about him. He must know what is being done in the world before he can know what particular place in the world he can best fit into.

The world in all its variety of occupations is an exceedingly interesting one, and by keeping his eyes open and his thought alive some sort of employment in course of time (there is no great haste about it), will appeal to him in a way that will make him want to take hold of it. It is unwise to force a decision, but if he keeps on growing as he is doing now, and continues preparing himself by honest living and faithful study, the thing that he can best do will suggest itself to him.

There has been some discussion in the papers recently as to whether English,

German or French is to become the universal language, which is an assumption going to be such a thing as a universal language, which is an assumption that is quite contrary to probability. People who have never devoted themselves to linguistic study have a way of talking and writing about language as though the speech of people were something that could be handled and shaped with the easy indifference with which the potter molds the clay.

The heroic, but futile efforts that have been made to simplify the spelling of English words is enough to convince intelligent observers that language is an exceedingly determined and stubborn thing. Changes can be developed in the slow process of time, but they cannot be legislated or forced, and a few ambitious authors have been for years spelling the word "thought" with three letters without its having produced the slightest impression upon even 1 per cent of those who write.

Then as to the matter of a universal language the fact to be remembered is that the language a man uses reflects the character and peculiarities of the man himself. On a still broader scale the language of an entire people reflects the character and peculiarities of that people. A nation, to the extent that it is homogeneous, has its special ideas and its own peculiar point of view and its distinctive qualities of understanding and appreciation, and is under the natural necessity of giving to its thoughts a shape that corresponds in style.

A German thinking, for example, is quite another thing from that of a Frenchman. The latter is Frenchy, and the former Teutonic. Accordingly, the German tongue does not loan itself to the expression of the French mind. Frenchmen will have to become Germans—before one and the same language will serve them, and vice versa. When all nations become inherently alike (and long may it be before the world suffers such a catastrophe) only then may we expect a return to the linguistic monotony related to have existed prior to the break-up at Babel.

WITH WING-LIKE EFFECTS WOMEN'S AUTUMN GOWNS will flaunt their brilliant draperies on breeze—Fashion's fancy has soared above the mediocre in evolving "wing" models for day and evening wear. One gown is of Nattier blue silk; the other is of lapis lazuli satin with rings of black.



Wing effects are absolutely the newest thing in the realm of dress. Milady's draperies are so arranged that with the slightest ripple of the inebriant autumn breeze, she appears ready to essay tentative flight and float away in a cloud of chiffon, tulle or satin.

One way to obtain the braid motif is demonstrated in a model that Bullos has sent from Paris to this country. It is a charming evening frock, short-skirted and baby-waisted, delightful in its tone of Nattier blue combined with dull pink embroideries and silver threads.

The round, full skirt has the sides cut very long, like the trailing wings of a swallow, and these are then folded back against the skirt, the "wings" tipped with exquisite rose motifs and attached to outstanding pieces of silk done in silver threads. The fullness of the skirt front just below the waist is confined with silver handwork in strap suggestion.

Extreme care has been taken to keep the bodice simple. It shows silver embroideries on the front, while the round neck is slightly elevated by a decollette yoke of fine white lace, which matches the short baby sleeves. Both the sleeves and neck are finished with fine silver cord and small silver tassels.

About the girdle of the blue silk are posed pink roses right across the front, while across the back of the jointure of a skirt and bodice is concealed by a broad pink satin ribbon tied in short loops and ends. Like the majority of new models, this evening gown is raised several inches from the ground.

Another type of wing dress is made of lapis lazuli blue satin. This shows the wings flattened—in repose, as it were—and distinguished by black facings from the blue of the frock. There are wings at the back and shoulders and in double effect from waist to hem at the back, repeating the arrangement of the wings in front.

What Every Girl of 1915-16 Wants

By ADA PATTERSON.

That was a significant stand taken by the brilliant young valedictorian of Barnard college in regard to her engagement.

"I am engaged to a young man whom I love," she said in substance, "but I shall not marry him until I have first learned some way of earning my own living, so that I will be independent of him."

The young valedictorian had been voted the most popular girl in her class. That argues that she will have many followers among the girls of the college. Her fellow students expressed no surprise at her views. Nor has much surprise been expressed in any other quarters. Clearly the Barnard girl's words are the handwriting on the wall. Her young finger merely pointed to the trend of the times. She wants what every other girl wants, a firm, undisputed grasp upon her own pursestrings.

Every girl, represented by the frank young graduate of Barnard, knows that the uncertainty of fortune. The daughter of a former millionaire operates a switchboard in one of the smart hotels of New York. Clear-eyed girls with active brains have seen these shiftings of the money sands. They have decided that the way at once of safety and of self-respect is to equip themselves for earning their own living.

Every girl has faith in the young man to whom she has given her heart, but she has no faith in the permanency of the stock market, nor the pettitude of crops, nor the stability of prices nor the continuance of the present cost of living. She believes, as the late Elbert Hubbard said, that the test of brain power is its owner's ability to earn a living. The conditions of the times are a challenge to the young girl's ability to provide her own bread and butter and she has accepted the challenge.

Barnard's valedictorian has not chosen her bread earning vocation. She is going down this week into the social settlements to see whether she can find there a channel for her energies. The workers are paid for their services and it does not discourage her that the wage is not large.

"To earn my living and at the same time serve humanity," is her aim.

"Why isn't this girl right, thoroughly, emphatically so?"

Her trained vision has seen those things that may be. What if the young Princeton instructor whom she has promised to marry should become ill? What if—and clear-eyed girls see in the future this possibility, even though the glimpse brings a lump to their throats, and causes their hearts to sicken—what if she should become a widow? Or what if some perverse fate should visit disaster upon the family they are to found? Then, indeed, would her experience-earned power be needed.

From France American women are borrowing the practical custom of the wife

helping the husband in business. Every girl would like to help her bridegroom found their family fortunes. When it is necessary, or even desirable, if, for instance she has relatives whom she does not wish to add to his burdens, she continues after marriage the work she did before. Every girl's ears are sharp. She has heard the common plaint of the married woman: "I have to ask my husband for money." Her own pin money to spend unobscured, as she likes, is her burning desire. We may as well accept it for it is close upon us, woman's complete independence. Every girl is bringing it in her capable young hands.



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