

# The Goddess

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INTRODUCING  
**EARLE WILLIAMS as Tommy Barclay**  
**ANITA STEWART as The Goddess**  
WRITTEN BY  
**GOVERNEUR MORRIS**  
*One of the most Notable figures in American Literature*  
Dramatized into a Photo Play by **CHAS. W. GODDARD**  
*Author of "The Perils of Pauline" "The Exploits of Elaine"*

## The Serial Beautiful

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### Synopsis of Previous Chapter.

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 interesting kind, finds the beautiful three-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. When the age of eighteen 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, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later, while in the Adirondacks, Tommy is the first to meet Celestia as she comes from her paradise. Neither recognizes the other.

Tommy rescues Celestia from Stilliter. They hide in the mountains. Later Stilliter gets Celestia back, and taking her to New York sends her to a convent where her sanity is proven. Learning to get her, he finds she has left with Tommy, who loses her in New York. These two are now living with the Douglas family. He follows Celestia to a factory where she addresses the workers. A fire breaks out and Tommy saves her.

Mr. Barclay reads the account and sends for Tommy. After a long interview Barclay is unable to change Tommy's views. He and Stilliter send for Celestia. She comes to Barclay's office at their request, and before an assembly of her friends, makes her first speech in which their policies are strongly brought out. The effect upon the workers is gratifying to both Barclay and Stilliter.

### CHAPTER VIII.

That so great and conservative a man as Barclay should lend the promise of his backing to the doctrines and tenets of Celestia aroused extraordinary interest all over the country, and even in England.

In New York, Barclay was not only a financier, but a social leader. Once a year he gave a great ball in the Waldorf-Astoria. The invitations went unless sickness or some other major cause had laid them by the heels. But it is not here a question of the party. The ball was worth looking levelly at him or up to him in a social way felt that he had set the stamp of approval on the girl from Heaven, and burned to know her.

Celestia was showered with invitations, most of which she declined. But she did not decline them all. It was her duty, she felt, to convert to her cause all sorts and conditions of men and women, the man who had been born with a golden spoon in his mouth and the man who had been raised with a revolver in his hip-pocket.

Now, although Celestia moved on a calm level of democracy, loving almost all men alike, she found in the ways and houses of the rich more opportunities to make her point than in the houses of the poor. If the rich were worthless as a class, she had to admit their cleverness in concealing it. And many of them she could not but believe to be in the wrong. They fettered her and made much of her.

She was asked to speak in the ballroom of a great house overlooking Central Park. The invitation to do so was instigated by Mary Blackstone, but Celestia did not know this, and the name signed on the invitation was not the name which tempted her to accept. It was a name which above all others stood, in the opinion of the man in the street, for all that is richest and most foolish.

To this function, Tommy Barclay was among the invited. He had been invited to the plan, but, though he yearned to be wherever Celestia was, in spite of their latest quarrel, he was too busy with his duties to go. He was in search of a job to accept. Mary had hoped that among those to the manner born, Celestia, in spite of her having been invited, would appear insignificant if not impossible.

Celestia, abandoning her occasional her work-girl dress for a more elegant one, which she wore with a grace and poise in which she was first seen (outside of Heaven) not only set a new standard of beauty, but a new fashion in dress, and a keener jealousy among the women.

At one end of the long ballroom—a great space of mirrors, and silk, brocaded with garlands, flowers overflowing baskets and cupid—was a platform for musicians. Upon this, to the great assemblage of fashionable men and women all talking at once, Celestia appeared suddenly and there was silence.

The lovely low-browed face crowned with the strong dark hair, the steady, kind, unfathomable eyes were like a command that had to be obeyed.

Celestia never began at the beginning of a speech. She never started by expressing surprise at being asked to speak, or astonishment at perceiving so many upturned faces. Nor did she start by saying "I am glad to be here" or about what she really did get started. At the point where Celestia began, another would have been half through. She plunged right into the heart of things with a compactness and seriousness that were irresistible.

Gestures as a rule are not to illuminate what is being said, but to draw attention to it. The awkwardness and lack of poise of the speaker, or as an outlet to a superfluous energy which there is no room in the channels of speech.

For the most part Celestia stood with her hands lightly clasped behind her back. She rarely made a gesture of any sort, and never a gesture which for one moment drew attention from her words, her voice or indeed her beauty. In that crowd of gilded listeners only one heart and understanding were unmoved.



Celestia addressing the great assemblage of fashionable men and women.

Celestia came down from the platform, very shyly and the men began to crowd about her, and to shake her hand. They crowded about to tell her that they believed her, that her cause was their cause, and that she was the only one who could count upon them for money and for service.

"It's not so easy," she smiled. "It's a greater house than this that we have to clean. A hundred years of mistaken laws and customs are not to be swept away in a day. So, indeed, I shall need your services, and your backing, and your votes."

And women forced their way among the men, in order to look closer at that simple Greek dress which, worn by Celestia, was so put to shame their own bare arms and shoulders and lizard-dressed costumes. Few men are good witnesses of anything, and Celestia was no exception. She could take away with them not only the material and effect of a costume, but the way it was made. Among the women present, Celestia was being copied right and left.

Unfortunately, it had been decreed by an elusive providence that some women shall be shod like dogs, and others like butts of Malmsey, still others are shaped like pretzels or question marks and upon none a thing of beauty. To be tolerable in Greek dress a woman must have a noble look. To look beautiful in it she must be beautiful.

Most of the women who copied Celestia made themselves ridiculous, others carried it off rather well. And although she did not dance, she was the center of every fashion that has ever inflicted itself upon the world, and is a truth which, if true, is the center about which the most revolved of immense fashion service to man in particular.

Among the poor, when she said that she came from Heaven, among the unfortunate and the down-trodden, Celestia was taken literally by many. They were so poor that they could only remember that less gifted prophets have succeeded in imposing their divinity on multitudes.

Among the more sophisticated, the statement of her origin was taken as a figure of speech; not by all of course, but by a vast majority. "Anything or anyone that is really good for us may be said to have been sent by Heaven," these explained. "She doesn't of course mean that she has stepped into a fiery eight-cylinder limousine that was waiting for her at Heaven's gate, and came down through space in defiance of a space law, or anything like that. It's a matter of spirit. That's the main thing. Did anyone ever see such eyes, or hear such a voice? It will be interesting to see what we will do when she has to go against the politicians," etc. etc.

"To pave the way for their ultimate coup d'etat it was part of the triumvirate's plan to ally some of that bitterness which so many of the poor entertain for so many of the rich. So Professor Stilliter, making use of those means which we have so often explained to you into Celestia's hand to go about a good deal among the fashionable people."

To the simple-minded, newspaper-read Douglas family it was all so incredible that they could only shake their heads and wonder at the simplicity and virtue (except, perhaps among the servants) in a Fifth Avenue mansion. And they were among Celestia's first converts to a contrary opinion.

"And where are you going tonight, my dear?" asked Mrs. Douglas. "And where did you get such a wonderful cloak? And you've done your hair differently."

"Just wait till you see Freddie," exclaimed the Ferret's sister.

"He's got so," said the honest Nellie, "that he don't light a cigarette till he gets round the corner."

"This cloak," said Celestia. "Isn't it lovely?" isn't mine. It was loaned to me by a very beautiful lady. And so was everything else I've got on."

With heightened color, she threw the cloak back from her shoulders, and showed above an exquisitely simple gown of mauve tulle, her dazzling arms and neck.

"It's mufti," cried Celestia, and she did not look so much like a reforming angel as a delighted child.

"Perhaps I don't mean mufti. It's a disguise. Nobody is to know who I am, and so I have to look just the way the other people do. And I'm to look, learn and listen."

At the expression of the old people's faces, she broke off short and then went on in a compassionate voice.

"Oh, my, how you look as if you were shocked, as if you were afraid for me. But there's nothing wrong. Nobody will hurt me. And besides, the men are preaching and preaching and preaching. And I think it will be such fun."

Just then Freddie came in, resplendent in full evening dress. He had slicked his hair straight back and flat to his head and he had borrowed a hundred yards of ribbon from the man who watches chain to go across his waistcoat.

"Perceiving the state of wonderment into which the respectable parents were thrown by the wondrous of his attire, Freddie hummed the opening bars of a delightful maxixe and gave an impossibly grave and graceful exhibition of the steps that went with them. A born dancer was the Ferret and like many another unbalanced person he had an exquisite ear for music.

"Freddie really thought that she wouldn't be recognized, she made a great mistake. It would have taken more than a conventional ball-gown to disguise the compelling glory of her eyes, and although she did not dance, she was from the moment of her entry the center about which everything revolved; or better she was the center about which the men revolved. Freddie the Ferret was a little centre unto himself.

She was whispered about that Celestia had brought with her a genuine Bowery tough, a reformed gunman, and society always keen for new news, and that the man revolved. Freddie the Ferret was a little centre unto himself.

"I thought you might like to know that Mr. Barclay is already there."

men got him in the smoking room and since then everybody talks his language. Mrs. Selden admits that she tried to make him fall in love with her; but she failed. He's head over ears in love with this wonderful Celestia person, and small blame to him. She is too lovely. I've never seen a girl stay so long at a dance herself, not dance, and not look awkward. Of course she was surrounded by men. But she wouldn't talk shop. And do you know she isn't so dreadfully serious. She can make people laugh if she wants to. She wore conventional clothes, and proved once and for all that she can wear anything she likes, and get away with it."

The account which Celestia gave of the ball had less to do with dancing.

"The dancing isn't wicked at all," she told the Douglases. "It's innocent and graceful, and goodnatured. And the people? They aren't wicked either. They are just like any other people, only they've got more money. It's a great blessing. Some day everybody will have money. And all the people I talked to were kind people, who want to do good, and make other people happy, and don't quite know how to set about it. But we are going to show them, aren't we? Freddie was so good! They said he was the best dancer there. He dances a little differently, but better. They all said that. And if only you could have seen the flowers! See, Mrs. MacAdam gave me these roses to bring to you. The house didn't have a hundred roses, and palm trees!"

Celestia sighed and then laughed at herself for sighing.

"Where's Freddie?" she asked. "Is he still sleeping? I'm going to talk to the typesetter's union, and then I am to meet and talk with some of the Independent Workers of the World. And then I am to have lunch with the Bishop of New York. And then, my dear, I'm going to leave you for a while. I'm to go out to Pennsylvania where there is a terrible strike, and nobody will listen to anybody. But I'll be back before you know it."

She kissed Mrs. Douglas and hurried out. Celestia was almost always in a hurry now. Nellie was waiting for her in the hall.

"Are you really going to Bitumen, Celestia?" "Yes, Really."

"I thought you might like to know that Mr. Barclay is already there."

During his search for work Tommy Barclay returned once to the house where he had lived for so long in such luxury to get together a few of his personal belongings. But no more than could be carried in a couple of dress suit cases. From this visit he brought away clothes he required, a picture of his mother, and one, much faded, of the little Amesbury girl. His evening clothes, his black pearl stud, his tennis and polo cups, everything indeed of real value that belonged to him he left behind. It was his intention to enter the ranks of labor, on an equality with the other laborers, and by dint of sheer determination to work his way up until he should be in a position to support the girl of his choice.

Still, when he had refused the old butler's offer of the savings of half a life time, and heard the doors of the solid old mansion close behind him for perhaps the last time, a lump rose in Tommy's throat, and he went down the steps slowly on feet which already seemed to have lost their buoyancy.

A suit case in each hand, he was turning toward the east side when he was accosted familiarly though respectfully enough by a youngish man in a brand new and very ill-fitting suit of blue serge.

"Are you Mr. Barclay?" asked this one, and,

"Tommy's assurance that he was, he jerked his thumb toward a companion and said, 'I'm Carson. This is Cracowitz.' Tommy bowed as politely as to the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy, and said: "What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"Gordon Barclay won't see us," began Carson, but Tommy interrupted a little austere: "Mr. Barclay won't see you?" he said. "Are you the Carson and Cracowitz who have been figuring lately in Western Pennsylvania?"

"We are," said Carson, and Cracowitz nodded vehemently. "Mr. Barclay," Carson went on, "ought to see us, and if you are Mr. Barclay you can get him to see us."

"Why ought he to see you?" "For his own good and ours. We can't do anything with old man Kehr. He's for a fight to the finish. It doesn't matter about us men, but how about the women and children? How about them, Mr. Barclay?"

"Oh, I am on their side always," said Tommy. "You'll fix it so that we can see Mr. Barclay?"

"Mr. Carson," said Tommy, "were you ever stone broke?"

The question shocked Mr. Carson into admitting he never had been.

"Well," said Tommy, for the first time smiling, "I am. Mr. Barclay has turned me off without a cent and has disinherited me besides. That shows how much influence I have with him. But I can tell you this about him. If he has said that he won't see you, he won't."

"We'd about come to that conclusion ourselves," said Carson. "You looked like a last chance."

He was turning away petulantly when he thought better of it.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Barclay, if it's manners to ask?"

"I'm going to ask your advice," said Tommy. "My wish is to start life as a day-laborer."

"Sure? Then you'd better come out to Pennsylvania with us."

"But I want to earn a living. I ought not to begin my career as a laborer by striking for higher wages, ought I?"

"We can find something better than stone breaking for a man of your education," said Carson. "If you're on our side."

"I am on your side," said Tommy; "that is one of the reasons why I have been disinherited."

As he spoke, Mary Blackstone drove up in an open car and called to him. Tommy sprang forward with courteous alacrity. And Carson murmured, "The hell he's been disinherited!"

Mary leaned from the car and spoke in a low, thrilling voice, only audible to Tommy: "Tommy dear," she said, "I'm so wretched. We've made such a mess of things! Can't we begin all over again?"

Tommy answered with great gentleness: "We can't begin all over again," he said; "things can never be as they were. But we can be friends, Mary."

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(To be continued)