

# The Goddess

By CHARLES GODDARD and GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Novelized from the Photo Play of the same name produced by the Vitaphone Company

### SYNOPSIS.

Professor Stilliter, psychologist, and Gordon Barclay, millionaire, plan to preach to the world the gospel of efficiency through a young and beautiful woman who shall believe that she is a heaven-sent messenger. They kidnap the girl, Celestia, and conceal her in a cavern, in care of a woman, to be ready to their plan as she grows up. Fifteen years elapse. Tommy is adopted by Barclay, but loses his hearing and on a hunting trip discovers Celestia. Stilliter takes Celestia to New York. Tommy follows her and her real work begins. Stilliter's activities also meet the business barons who are converted to his way of life. Tommy makes an impression on the society world. Tommy joins the labor ranks. Tommy plays Joseph to the wife of a modern Puff-blower and is rescued from a lynching party by Celestia. She prevents a massacre of strikers and settles the strike. Mrs. Gunshorn and Mary Blackstone collapse. Stilliter, jealous, leader to see his spiritual power treacherously. Barclay begins a campaign for the presidential nomination and Celestia spreads her propaganda of efficiency as Barclay's platform. Tommy opposes her and Mary Blackstone collapses. Celestia, the poor girl, and Mrs. Gunshorn die. Stilliter hypnotizes Celestia to help him, prepares for their marriage, and wins Barclay and his huge bank to heaven. Tommy and Freddie the Ferret rescue her and take her still under Stilliter's shadowy spell, to the cave she knew as heaven. Stilliter attempts to murder Tommy and again flees with Celestia. Barclay obtains greed and lust of power and desires real greatness.

### FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT CELESTIA HEARS THE TRUTH.

The sound was not repeated. Gradually the professor's startled lips relaxed and closed over his teeth. But for some time longer he stood listening and trying to pierce into the shadows. Then he turned to Celestia and, after a moment of silent and greedy contemplation, spoke.

"We are going to be married," he said. "We are about to enter the church." And he followed suggestion by suggestion, it is not quite clear why, unless he had in him a stress of that quality which causes a cat to play with a mouse.

In Celestia's mind rose a shadowy picture of an altar, of a clergyman in a white surplice, of candles that burned in candelabras, of an altar boy, of a great bell made of flowers. She was standing facing the clergyman and the altar, at the foot of the steps which led to it.

Now she was being married. The clergyman was asking her some long solemn question. Now she was repeating words after him, but only with her lips.

"I, Celestia, take—"  
Freddie the Ferret had never been more puzzled in his life. He was not very familiar with the marriage ceremony, but still he recognized the fact that Professor Stilliter and Celestia, standing a little way from the log hut, were going through something of the kind.

Driven by a curiosity which overmastered his fear of Stilliter Freddie crept out of his hiding place and advanced over a broad outcropping of granite on feet which made no sound.

The mockery of a marriage service over, Professor Stilliter no longer made any effort at self-control; he seized her in his arms, and was himself seized by the collar and jerked vigorously backward.

It was so sudden and so unexpected that for a moment Professor Stilliter's heart stood still, and he almost died of fright. Then with a kind of whining cry he tore himself loose and faced about.

Something bright and shining flashed in the moonlight, there was a sound of glass shivered to atoms, and for the moment Professor Stilliter was stone blind.

He gave a grunt of rage and reached into his waistcoat pocket for the case which he supposed contained his one remaining spare pair of glasses. As we know, the case was empty.

Unmanned by this horrible surprise, the professor forgot his intended victim for a moment and Freddie, seizing the golden opportunity, made a desperate effort, captured the professor, eluded the snatch which the latter made at him, and won free.

Professor Stilliter rose slowly to his feet, his face pale as with the anticipation of death. So he stood a moment, and then in a voice that shook, he called to Celestia, who had remained standing in front of the hut.

"Come here, Celestia," he called.

She moved obediently toward him. But the Ferret threw himself in her way. Some instinct told him that these two people must be kept apart. Celestia did her best to reach Stilliter, but Freddie prevented her by force. He threw his skinny arms around her and dragged her slowly in an opposite direction.

Stilliter did not repeat the order to "come." He merely called to her to "hurry." And obediently she hurried; but in the direction which Freddie had been forcing her to take. She had hurried a hundred feet before Stilliter realized his mistake. He called to her to stop, to turn back, to come to him, and all these things she tried to do, but Freddie would not let her.

Professor Stilliter's commands to Celestia grew fainter and fainter, until at last they could no longer be heard. And now the moon had sailed



Shuffled His Greasy Pack and Dealt Thirteen Cards.

ahead with Celestia, and Tommy gave up following, the game was up. If they were merely resting near the cave they would be coming along in the morning and he could ambush them somewhere along the trail. And he hurried on as best he could in the darkness.

His own car was as he had left it. Stilliter was standing just behind it. The driver had wrapped himself in a lap robe and was sound asleep in the tounge. Also in the tounge was a good-sized wicker picnic basket, which on examination proved to be well stocked with sandwiches, cold chicken and thermos bottles containing hot coffee and soup.

Tommy carried the basket into the woods without asking permission of the sleeping chauffeur and ate a square meal. He had not until now realized how hungry and thirsty and tired he was. The choicest provisions in the basket he put aside for Celestia. "If I'm hungry and tired," he thought, "think what she must be! But suppose Stilliter tells her that

she's just had a square meal and she believes the dog, but that can't last forever."

Having eaten, Tommy rested for half an hour, took up the heavy basket, and once more hit the trail. But now he went slowly and stopped often to rest. He had seldom been so tired in his life, and only an overmastering love and anxiety for Celestia kept him going.

It was no longer night. It wasn't yet dawn; but that lovely interval between when in what appears to be pitch darkness, things become suddenly visible. Tommy stumbled on shifting the heavy basket frequently from hand to hand.

As it got to be broad day, he was careful to make no noise. At any moment now he might hear sounds of Stilliter and Celestia approaching.

About this time Freddie and Celestia (for rather Freddie shone; for Celestia merely suffered herself to be led), were trying to find their way back to the cave. But for once the luck of the tenement dweller was at fault. A man brought up on numbered streets and rectangular city blocks has no incentive to develop a bump of locality, and at last Freddie, with cold fear in his heart, admitted to himself that he was hopelessly lost. I shouldn't have said hopelessly; the mariner has his sextant and compass to guide him across the waters; the woodsman has the sun and the stars, and the meay sides of trees to help out in intuitive sense of direction, and Freddie, feeling in his inside pocket, found to his unmitigated relief that he had his pack of cards.

Forthwith he made Celestia sit down, and he knelt, and having shuffled his greasy and shabby deck, he dealt thirteen cards face down in a very accurate circle. Then one by one, a look of faithful expectancy on his face, he turned them over.

Twelve of the cards he then gathered up and put with the pack. The thirteenth was the ace of hearts.

This Freddie lifted with reverence and great care, so as not to change the direction in which it pointed, until it reached the level of his eye and he could sight along it.

A blasted pine standing alone was the first landmark to which the goddess of chance directed Freddie the Ferret.

"We're not lost now," he said, and he helped Celestia to her feet.

You may call it what you please. The fact remains that Freddie the Ferret had had a return of his usual luck and had hit upon the general direction of the cave.

From the foot of the blasted pine he selected another landmark and pressed on.

At about this time Professor Stilliter waked from that sleep in which he had asked this question:

"How will I know when it is day?"

He got up and groped about in the hut until he had located the door. He opened this and went out. He sat down in the warm sunshine to think out a plan.

It was far better that Professor Stilliter should be found than that he should go through the dangers and agonies of seeking. Under ordinary circumstances he knew the region like the palm of his hand. The cave itself he could find his way about in as easily as in his own house. But knowing things when you see them is very different from knowing them when you can't see them and can only touch them. What is merely a depression by day is an abyss by night.

In wooded countries there is nothing better than a fire to attract attention. If any lonely or hungry person is in sight of that fire that person will go to it, across lakes and mountains, if necessary.

"Well," he thought, "I'll have to burn my shelter. It will make just the big smoke I need. And I can't be much the worse off. It won't look like a campfire, but like the beginning of a forest fire. It ought to bring a watchman."

The logs of which the hut was built were thoroughly seasoned and full of pitch. By aid of the heap of old dried-out balsam which had served him for a pillow during the night Professor Stilliter succeeded in setting it on fire. His ears told him that the fire was going to be a success, and presently, too, the heat that began to emanate from it.

He crawled to a little distance and sat down with his back to the fire. It wasn't likely that anyone would come in less than an hour; it might be many hours before anyone came. But he was very sure that his fire would bring someone eventually.

Sitting and waiting, now making attempts to calculate the passage of time, and falling signally, now thinking unhappily thoughts, and now vengeful, passionate thoughts, he sat on and on for eternities of time.

Professor Stilliter's fire was spreading. It was a snail of burning cloth that made this clear to him. The professor's coat had caught fire. He moved farther away until there seemed to be nothing about him but unburnable rock.

He sat down once more. He was in the midst of one of those great open splashes of granite on the mountain side. As a matter of fact he was near the edge of one of these masses. Within reach of his hand was a dense tangle of tinder-dry scrub trees, shrubs and dead wood.

Suddenly this shrubbery caught and went off almost like an explosion. Professor Stilliter staggered backward from the intense heat, and realized presently that he was backing into another area of heat equally intense.

On his hands and knees he made off in a direction that took him winding



Freddie Stood Guard.

between the two; he went quite a long way. In his breast was the first touch of panic.

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

Professor Stilliter got hurt very now and then. His hands and knees were lacerated, his face had had some hard knocks. His blind eyes smarted with smoke and the air which he breathed half choked him.

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 Professor 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 help came.

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 Professor 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. He could not save himself and was dumped presently into the ice cold deep 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. It is like a god not very large, he could swim across; and at least he could swim in the right direction, guided by the heat that came from behind, but after awhile 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 struggles 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 were still alive and trying to swim.

After a long time Freddie the Ferret, leading Celestia as if she had been blind, hunched to the foot of the cliff in which was the main entrance to the cave. Into this he penetrated a little way and there 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 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. Professor Stilliter told me."

"Told you I was dead?"

Celestia added 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 bughouse," 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 of the cave as quickly as he could. I supposed, 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.

"I got him by the collar," said Freddie, "and beats his face up. And I knocked his specs off and they bust, and he ain't got no more, and I ducked out from under, and he calls to her, and she wants to go to him and I won't let her."

"Where was this?"

"Far from here?"

"Dunno."

"But you must know in a general way?"

Freddie shook his head.

"Look at me, Freddie! You do now."

But the Ferret's spine stiffened, and he met Tommy's eyes without blinking. He, too, had his standards of right and wrong. Let the evidence suffer!

"I know," he said, "but I don't tell."

"But, good God, Freddie—a blind man—in this wilderness—"

"Can go to hell," said Freddie.

"Now, look here!"

"What are you two talking about?"

The man and the boy whirled toward Celestia and suddenly and with as much wonder as if she had painted a gun and shot at them. She spoke again in her natural voice. She spoke calmly.

"Stilliter?"

"Yes, Celestia; we were speaking of him. He is in awful trouble."

"He was in awful trouble," her voice was sweet and gentle, but very serious. "He's been trying to get me to help him, but Freddie wouldn't let me, and he couldn't make me understand just where he was. The fire was after him. He couldn't see and he got lost trying to get away from the fire. But it chased him and chased him, until he fell into a lake and drowned."

Her words carried an astounding weight of conviction. She felt the horror of her knowledge and she had suffered while her enemy suffered, and yet she was serenely sure that Stilliter's departure had left the world a little better off.

"We'll have a look for him when we've had a bite to eat," said Tommy. "I'm all in at the moment. Freddie, run down the trail till you come to a big square basket and bring it back here, will you?"

"What are we all doing here, anyway?" asked Celestia.

Tommy told her. It was quite a long story. It was hard to make her understand at first, but it grew easier and easier. It was as if she was rapidly conversing from that sickness of mind into which Professor Stilliter's dark powers had thrown her. Freddie came with the basket, and he and Celestia ate ravenously, and Tommy less ravenously, because he had already broken his fast and because it was so wonderful to be telling Celestia all about what had been happening and to have her understand.

"And that's the door of the cave where you say I was brought up?"

"Where you were brought up, Celestia—upon my word of honor."

She shook her head, but without conviction.

"I want to see," she said.

But Tommy leaped to his feet.

"You're the rascal that stole my clothes!" he cried.

Old Man Smellgood grinned from ear to ear.

"Well, I'll forgive you," said Tommy, "and give you money if you'll find Professor Stilliter."

The Indian shook his head and said, "No good."

"He's got a lot of money on him, and he'll give you some if you find him and he's still alive."

"Dead?"

"Maybe." And Tommy told briefly what had happened and what Celestia believed had happened. The Indian set off at a great pace toward the column of smoke which marked where the fire had been checked by the lake.

Then Celestia and the two others lighted candles and went into the cave. They went in silence from cavern to cavern. Here the electric plant still looked in good running order. Here a man might hide and pretend to be a voice. They did not explore the whole extent of the great subterranean; only enough to prove that someone had lived there for many years in a state of pseudo-magnificence, something like the settings of an expensive Broadway production.

"Doesn't any of it seem familiar?" Tommy asked.

She turned to him and threw her arms round his neck and began to cry like a little child.

"Hell!" said Freddie.

"No," said Tommy, "stoutly. 'It's turned out to be heaven after all. Beat it, Freddie!'"

To Celestia the train seemed to move no faster than a snail. To get back to the world in time to undo what she had done, before it should be too late, occupied her mind to the exclusion of almost everything else. Stilliter was dead. His influence had no longer power on her. She became more rational and human with every passed hour, and she became no less sweet.

"They had waited at the cave until old man Smellgood came back with definite news of Stilliter's death."

"Him plenty enough dead," he said, and nodded repeatedly. Then, with a mouth so innocent that even butter wouldn't have melted in it, he said:

"He not got a lot of money on him."

"Not now. I know that," said Tommy, "as well as you do."

When at last they reached New York they proceeded at once to Madison Square Garden, where a tremendous pro-Barclay meeting was in session. The trinitarians were all present. Celestia, in a dark cloak, with a veil over her face, waited outside with Freddie until Tommy should signal to her to enter.

He came presently.

"Sturtevant is speaking," he said quickly. "He's explaining how you, your work done, have gone back to heaven—and, by heaven, Celestia, they believe him! You might think it was Matthew, Mark, Luke or John addressing a lot of early Christians; people are sobbing. Better come now and get it over with."

Sturtevant broke off in the midst of his peroration. A slim, white, commanding figure was moving slowly toward him. His jaw dropped. Then he dropped to his knees and, a look of rapture on his face, he cried in a voice of thunder, "Celestia!"

Even this piece of playacting could not save the situation for him. The people had caught in his face the first well-dressing look of unutterable fright and dismay. And now they had caught sight of Celestia, and rose to her with a great roar of sound.

She passed slowly through them, mounted the platform, turned, lifted one hand a little, and there was silence.

She asked them to be patient with her. She had written them. Perhaps she had done irreparable harm in the world. But it would be wonderful if they would listen to her once more—they had always been so good to her—

And presently she had them enthralled in the spell of her clear, sweet voice. And she told them her story from the beginning. And when she had finished she just stood and looked straight ahead of her. And murmurs swept the vast place, as little breezes go dappling over smooth water. Then



Threw Her Arms Around His Neck.

Celestia turned and pointed to the trinitarians.

And a man with a voice like a trumpet stood up in the midst of the hall and started for the platform, shouting, "Kill! 'Lynch!"

The man was Gunstorf.

Then he broke loose. And the three arch conspirators turned and, darting between the curtains at the back of the platform, fled for their lives.

But nobody hurt Celestia, or thought of hurting her, and after a time Tommy got her away and took her out of the city to a little town in Westchester county, and left her there until he could get a license to stay there with her.

## URGES FARMERS TO ORGANIZE FOR MARKETING

### Dr. T. N. Carver Advises Dry Farming Congress Delegates that Producers Must Unite for Self Protection.

Denver, Oct. 5.—The farmer as a buyer and seller was the topic of an address by Dr. T. N. Carver before the International Farm congress here today. The small farmer of today, he said, is the only large class which regularly buys its raw materials at retail and sells its finished products at wholesale. In borrowing capital, likewise, the small farmer is doubly at some disadvantage. "Organization," he said, "therefore should be the watchword of the small farmer of the next generation."

"The most efficient producing unit is the one-family farm," said Dr. Carver, "but it seems that the small farmer is inefficient in buying and selling. This inefficiency can be overcome by the organization of small and efficient producing units into large and efficient bargaining units."

"It is now as necessary that a group of neighboring farmers should combine their capital for special purposes as it was a generation ago that they should combine their labor."

Reviewing the advantages and disadvantages of the small and larger farm, Dr. Carver declared the worst and most dangerous enemy of the small farmer is his wife who tries to foot upon the rural market a large supply of cheap labor. This, he said, designed to give the large farmer an advantage would force the small farmer to sell his products in competition with that cheap labor, to his own impoverishment or ruin.

Dr. Carver closed with an explanation of the proper working of a co-operative society, and stated that the correct method of marketing placed the small farmer in competition, not with his neighbor, but with status, conditions and even continents.

### PAROLED CONVICT ENDS LIFE WITH MORPHINE DOSE

East Los Angeles, N. M., Oct. 6.—Jose J. Trevillo, aged about 40 years, died this morning from the effects of an overdose of morphine, which he was allowed to have been in the habit of taking. He died in his room on Santa Fe avenue, west side. The news of the untimely death of the young man, a well-known and many-esteemed citizen of this city, was widely known in the home of Mrs. Jimmie Trevillo, who died in the night, and who were surprised at the result.

He was first noticed outside the house with a bucket of water in which he was immersing his head. When asked what he was doing he replied that he was washing his head, and that he was washing his head.

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And presently she had them enthralled in the spell of her clear, sweet voice. And she told them her story from the beginning. And when she had finished she just stood and looked straight ahead of her. And murmurs swept the vast place, as little breezes go dappling over smooth water. Then

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary at Colorado. When he came home last winter he and another dropped dead with morphine and he was the only one of the late Jose and Jimmie Trevillo, his wife a devoted mother of the New Mexico magazine hospital.

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### COGREGATIONAL CHURCH SCENE FOR UNIVERSITY RECEPTION

A reception will be tendered at the Congregational church tomorrow night to the members of the Faculty and all students of the University of New Mexico. The affair will be informal and in the nature of a welcome to the university students. A program of music and readings will feature the occasion.

### All Babies Destined to Great Achievement

To be born is to be great. For there are possibilities in every tiny human infant. And for the reason every parent should remember that whatever is done to aid the mother, to reduce her burden of distress during her trying months, will surely be of marked benefit to the child.

Among the sterling gifts is a splendid mother, one who knows as "Mother's Friend."

It is what is called an "Mother's Friend," a book which is applied to the abdominal muscles, gently rubbed in by your own hand guided by your own mind. It makes the muscles relax, they expand, they naturally and the effect upon the nerves is such that they adjust themselves to the process of expansion so that the baby's course is almost unimpeded. Women who use "Mother's Friend" refer to the absence of morning sickness, they are relieved of a great many minor distresses, all symptoms disappear and those peculiar nervous "hiccups" no longer disturb the nights. It is well named "Mother's Friend." Get a bottle today of our drugstore. Then at once write for a most interesting and instructive book for all prospective mothers. Address: Brunell, 200 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

This book explains the physical action of "Mother's Friend," tells why it enforces strength to the muscles and relieves the strain. It also contains letters of experience from many happy mothers. It is just such a handy little book as every woman will at once recognize as just what she had always so longed to have. This book is almost free, the book is mailed free to any address. Write for it today.