

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

## The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amersbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a 3-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stilliter, agent of the underworld, far into the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the seclusion of a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who was 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 prostitute, but is able to win over the woman by her peculiar hypnotic power, which she attacks. Freddie, the Ferrer, 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 to think of herself as divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her to is a bitumen, a mining town, where the most influential 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 whom he has seduced. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kohl, the agent of the bosses, and Barclay, Mr. Mary Blackstone, who is also in love with Tommy, tells him the story of Celestia, which she has discovered through her. Jealousy Kohl is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stilliter's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stilliter possesses 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 camping 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 Ferrer has followed him closely, and Tommy is not far away, having been exploring the cave, hoping to find Celestia there.

### FOURTEENTH EPISODE.

The sound was not repeated. Gradually the professor's startled lip relaxed and closed over his teeth. But for sometime longer he stood listening and trying to see into the shadows. Then he turned to Celestia, and after a moment of silent and dreary 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 streak 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 candelabra, 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. Why she was standing there she did not know. Oh, yes, she was going to be married. She was going to marry Prof. Stilliter. She didn't know why. She didn't love him. He had made her say she did more than once. She had heard herself say that she loved him. But it had been that had said the word, not her mind, nor her heart nor her soul. 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 Ferrer had never been more puzzled in his life. He was not very fa-

miliar with the marriage ceremony, but still he recognized the fact that Prof. Stilliter and Celestia standing a little way from the log hut were going through something of the kind.

But where was the priest? Freddie peering from under the tree which hid him, could not see any third person. Perhaps the priest was in the hut speaking to them through the open door.

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.

Into the mockery of a marriage service over, Prof. 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 Prof. 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.

Prof. Stilliter was a powerful man and Freddie was no match for him. They clinched after an exchange of blows, and Freddie a moment later found himself lying flat on his back, on a very hard place with Prof. Stilliter sitting astride of his solar plexus and beating him in the face with his fists. But this method of reducing the writhing, dodging, struggling Ferrer to insensibility was not quite enough. With his left hand clamping the youth's throat, Prof. Stilliter reached with his right for a heavy lump of rock. There was murder in his eyes. It was the look of murder that Freddie, who had succeeded in freeing one arm, struck at.

Something bright and shining flashed in the moonlight and there was a sound of glass shivered to atoms and for the moment Prof. 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 he knew 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 to rise, capsize the professor, elude the snatch which the latter made at him and won free.

Prof. 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 Ferrer 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. And he forced her further and further away, across the mountainside and down. Direction was not in his mind, only distance.

Prof. Stilliter's commands to Celestia grew fainter and fainter, until at last they could no longer be heard. And now the moon had sailed its course through the heavens, and there was a darkness in which Freddie was almost as helpless as the victim of his chance blow.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## The High Stake

By NELL BRINKLEY

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"LOVE AND FLAME GAMBLE FOR THE MODERN BABY GIRL."

In the far-away and long-gone days when castles and knights were a constantly-sung note in the melody of every landscape—when maids had their little world within a castle-garden and saw the great one only over the top of a grim gray wall, or when they rode away to the demesne of the knight, who came a-courting and won—when a man did all things that mattered, when only he won "spurs" and answered the call of adventure and rose to follow when Ambition crooked a dainty finger—the Woman Fame and the slender Boy Love traveled a different path. Each was a rover and just as now, but Love was a minstrel whose path lay in the halls where the women idled and the men came to forget. Woman was Love's own. And man could be his also without offending Fame. Man was Fame's own—and woman she did not want. So Fame and Love crisscrossed at one another amiably when their paths crossed.

But now. So changed is woman-kind! She's climbed the grim garden walls—and gone adventuring with the men. She wins her spurs and bruises her knees, shining up the same places that man negotiates. She writes with him and laughs with him, and paints and sells real estate alongside of him. She dreams with him and chases the same chimeras—works elbow by elbow and races knee to knee after the same golden gain and name in electric lights that he clutches at. But—so has some mystery always touched the figure of woman that hardly ever can she be Fame's and Love's at once as man has always been able to.

So now these two Rovers, Love and Fame, have clashed. Love tries to plant roses on Fame's barren road—and Fame slashes down

Love's flowers and throws them away to wither in the sun!

The Baby-girl in her basket swings softly to her mother's voice in the tree-top of the world. The moon is soft and the blue haze of new things lies over them both. Who cares what she "will be." Just now she is soft and little and still drowsy from the Land of Baby-Souls where things are dreams and dreams are wrapped tight and close like golden butterflies in their silken husks. Only a baby with a button-nose as soft as a bit of dough (which her mother hopes will not be like her Aunt Galathia's), a pair of idle blue eyes, hunting little hands, and a blow of feathery hair that is most nothing but sun-mist. Her mother's in love with her now—only that! Her looks are wandering in delight, and the creature for whom mother looks ahead and plans is still asleep!

But under the tree of the world where the little girl-baby swings squats these two, Fame and Love, gambling for the girl who will one day be.

"I will give her," murmurs Fame, "a name written across the sky, chests of gold, medals and crosses perhaps, personality, and row-towing wherever she wakes, even if it be among Kings! Abacadab Abacaduber! Come five aces!"

"I will give her," sings Love in a chant, "two arms about her, for riches only a golden cup wherein will swim the wine of love, bitter, sweet, joy unspeakable and sacrifice unending, a house set in a garden, and baby-hands on her lips. Love and home! In the name of all the dead women who had loved! Three aces and a pair of sixes!"—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Science for the Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Please state in The Bee: In the discharge of a gun what is it that makes the sound? A claims it is the explosion that causes the noise; B claims it is caused by the air filling the vacuum caused by the explosion."—Joseph P. Dufficen, 202 Church street, New York.

A.—In a vacuum there is absence of sound. Put a striking clock under the bell glass of an air pump. Its striking will be heard. Pump out the air; sound at once becomes faint, then fainter and finally no sound can be heard, but the clock hammer is seen to be striking the bell.

Discharge a gun, and a large volume of gas suddenly displaces the air and makes a highly compressed wave. This energy travels to a distant ear and vibrates the tympanum.

Sound is sensed by the personality expressing in the brain by a totally unknown process. The explosion, therefore, produces gas, which displaces air and compresses it into a state of great density. It expands and produces the oscillatory effect on the membrane in the ear. It is in error in saying that gun causes vacuum; it displaces air, filling the same place with gas to a far greater density than the original air. The air returns to fill this space when gas escapes, but this return does not make a loud sound.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Write Him a Note.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have lately learned to care for a young man. Some time ago he asked if I might call, but as I did not care for him then I did not encourage his coming.

Now, Miss Fairfax, I hate to seem the least bit forward, but can't you suggest some way I might get in touch with him? I see him seldom, although our families are life-long friends. I wouldn't for the world have his mother or sisters know that I care. But by his manner I am sure he cares for me. PUZZLED.

It is a little bit odd that since you were not enough interested in the young man to acquiesce when he wished to visit you, you should now desire his company. However, you might write a little note suggesting that you would be glad to see him on a stated evening—or what would be far more dignified, since his people are family friends, why not have a few young people in some evening and invite him and his sisters?

You Ought to Be Ashamed.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 28 and married to a woman 44. We were happy for two years. That was as long as the money lasted. It belonged to my wife. Now we have many quarrels because I can't find work. Would it be fair for me to divorce her, as she is well able to make her own living, and when I have no chance to support both of us? UNDECIDED.

There are no words harsh enough for the young man who marries an old woman for her money. But in your instance you are cold-bloodedly selfish. Since you lived happily for two years on your wife's money and have now exhausted the supply, it is up to you—if you have an ounce of manhood—to go out and make a living for yourself and the woman you have sworn to cherish "till death do you part." If you haven't the grit to do that you may regard yourself as a hopeless failure.

Wife and Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Who is the nearest, or in other words, should a husband take his wife's part or his mother's? H

A good wife should try to feel like a daughter to the mother of the man she loves, and the mother ought to have as much tenderness for the woman her son loves that jealousy will not arise between the mother, who has made her boy worthy of a woman's love, and the wife who will find her immortality in training his sons in turn. In cleaving loyalty to his wife a man is not failing his mother. There ought to be no "taking part"—for each woman owes so much to the other.

## WOMEN FROM 45 to 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to publish my testimonial."—Mrs. LAWRENCE MARTIN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

Manston, Wis.—"At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since."—Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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## Do You Know That

Red feathers are used as a substitute for coin by some of the South Sea Islanders.

Every Italian who is fit is liable to fifteen years' service, from his twentieth birthday.

When tobacco was first introduced into England people used to pay to be taught the art of smoking.

Benjamin Franklin wrote from Passy, in 1761, a letter to M. Dumais, in which he said: "I have just received a 145,568, 28,276,393,66,11,12,57,96,11, joining 75,3,42,6,

15,15,42,22,19,20,20,20,11,19,21,16,25,194,62, 26,676,65,79,50,43,44,22,19,17,40,29,147,136,41, but this is not likely to afford 262,55,589,10,277, 612,178,372,309,4,198,49,19,97,309,17,35,50, 24, 100, 677." This puzzle has never been deciphered.

General Tom Thumb was twenty-five inches tall.

Man-eating tigers are the exception rather than the rule.

Surnames were not used in England before the conquest.

It is said that laughter is a great help to digestion, and that the medieval custom of exciting laughter at table by the

joins and jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles.

A cock-crowing competition was held in Paris ten years ago, the utterer of the greatest number of cock-a-doodle-does in a quarter of an hour being proclaimed champion chanticleer.

Walk Whitman, Bret Harte and Mark Twain all began their careers as composers.

Isaac Newton when at school was a notorious dunce, and nearly always found himself at the bottom of his class.

A British army corps is, approximately, 26,000 men; an Austrian is about 22,000 men; while the strength of French Rus-

sian and German army corps varies from 40,000 to 60,000 men.

As a general rule, two productive acres are required for the support of each inhabitant of a country, and where this ratio does not exist food must be imported.

In time of peace Switzerland is the country best supplied with hospitals, having nearly 18,000 beds, or about six to every 1,000 of the population.

Physical activity in England is at its greatest when the average temperature is about 50 degrees, mental activity when the average temperature is a little below 50.