

# The Goddess

By CHARLES GODDARD and  
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

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

Copyright, 1915, by the Star 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 orphaned girl, Estrella, from the arms of Tommy Steele and conceal her in a cavern, in care of a woman, to be trained 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 Estrella. Stilliter takes Celestia to New York. Tommy follows her away from both of them. Stilliter's business is the business barons who are converted to his way of a modern Pulpit and he is rescued from a lynching party by Celestia. She prevents a massacre of strikers and settles the strike. Mrs. Gunshor 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 dies. Celestia, the poor girl, and Mrs. Gunshor die. Stilliter hypnotizes Celestia to help him, prepares for their marriage, and wins Barclay and has gone back 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 goes 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

her course through the heavens and had descended behind the mountains, and there was a darkness in which Freddie was almost as helpless as the victim of his chance blow.

He still had Tommy's knife and with this he cut a great pile of tender balsam for Celestia to lie on. By good fortune the night was not cold. Celestia lay (all morning without moving or closing her half-open eyes. And Freddie stood guard over her, then sat guard, and then slept.

Stilliter also slept after a time. He had found his way to the hut, and had controlled his panic-stricken mind sufficiently to reason that if he was to find help or if help was to find him it would not be at night but in the daytime.

He had many nightmares. Toward dawn he waked in a cold sweat. In his sleep he had asked himself the question:

"How will I know when it is day?"

Tommy found his candle at last, lighted it and retraced his steps by means of the chalk marked at the turns and forks to the mouth of the cave. He had not expected to find Celestia. And yet it shocked and unnerved him not to find her. He called to her at the top of his lungs, twice, then thrice, and to Freddie. He had no answer. To continue shouting was a waste of breath. He would need all his breath perhaps to catch up with Stilliter and Celestia. Already he was on his way down the trail which led eventually to where he had left the perched automobile, and along which somewhere or other he hoped to come up with the psychologist and his victim.

Stilliter, Tommy reassured himself on coming up with the abandoned automobile, must have left his own, taken to the woods and reached the vicinity of the cave by this very trail.

Why hadn't Freddie the Ferret given warning? Tommy thought that the poor boy had probably been shot down in cold blood. There was no time to look for the body. Tommy proceeded at a dog trot—not a run exactly, but that gait, a little faster than a walk, that makes the least demand upon the wind and muscles. He kept this up, with occasional lapses into fast walking, until the moon set.

"They must have had a tremendous start of me," he thought, "or else, and his heart sank, "they're gone some other way." He paused abruptly and hesitated. "Why," he thought, "this wouldn't make the poor child take this long tramp again without a good rest. Even I'm strong as a horse. He's probably taken her somewhere just out of ear-shot of the cave, he may know of some shelter, and I've been getting farther and farther from her instead of nearer to her."

Still Tommy could not make up his mind to go back to the cave. Nothing was sure. If Stilliter was somewhere

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 unbearable heat.

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

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

Wherever 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 nodded 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 boughouse," 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.



Freddie Stood Guard.

"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 boughouse," 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 gets him by the collar," said Freddie, "and beats his face up. And I knows his spots off and they bust, and he ain't got no more, and I ducks 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 evildoer suffer!

"I knows," 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 who led toward Celestia as suddenly and with as much wonder as if she had painted a gun and shot at them. She spoke again.

"Stilliter?"

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

"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 heavens, 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

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

Freddie went on a parade from the state penitentiary of Colorado. When he came home last winter he found another dropped dead with suffocation and joy. He was the one of the late Jose Luis Trujillo, his years a striped shroud of the New Mexico insane hospital.

## 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. Trujillo, 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 using. 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 expressed grief at the death of Jose J. Trujillo, who was in the habit of using the drug.

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 with a great jar of water.

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—

### 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 the number of distresses during her trying months, will surely be of marked benefit to the child.