

# The GODDESS

by CHARLES  
GODDARD and  
GOUVERNEUR  
MORRIS

Novelized from the Photo Play  
of the Same Name Produced  
by the Vitagraph 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 little Amesbury girl, playmate of Tommy Steele, and conceal her in a cavern, in care of a woman to be married to their plan as she grows up. Fifteen years elapse. Tommy is adopted by Barclay, but loses his heirship and on a hunting trip discovers Celestia. Stilliter takes Celestia to New York. Tommy follows, she goes away from both of them, and her real work begins. At Barclay's invitation she meets the business barons who are converted to her new gospel. She makes an impression on the society world. Tommy joins the labor ranks. Tommy plays Jeanele to the wife of a modern Potiphar and is rescued from a lynching party by Celestia. She prevents a massacre of workers, and settles the strike. Mrs. Gundersorf and Mary Blackstone conspire. Stilliter, jealous, begins to use his hypnotic 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 plots Celestia's death. The plot fails and Mrs. Gundersorf dies. Stilliter hypnotizes Celestia to join him, prepares for their marriage, and wires Barclay she has gone back to heaven. Tommy and Freddy the Ferret rescue her and take her, still under Stilliter's unholy spell, to the cave she knew as heaven. Stilliter attempts to murder Tommy and again flees with Celestia. Barclay abuses power and lust of power and desires real greatness. Freddy rescues Celestia from Stilliter, who starts a forest fire and is drowned while trying to escape from it. Tommy finds the Ferret and Celestia and in the cave tells her her story. Back in New York she publicly accuses the triumvirate.

## FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

Gordon Barclay's servants had orders to admit no one without orders. The city was in a turmoil. With each fresh edition of the newspapers the situation of the conspirators became more serious. In the public parks effigies of them were hanged or burned. It became necessary to keep a cordon of police about Barclay's house. In Semmes' house and Sturtevant's no window remained whole. For twenty hours these two men had been Barclay's guests.

Gundersorf's great hour had come—that hour for which he had plotted all his life, and lied for and schemed for. He had been the leading figure in the mob that had tried to lynch the triumvirate in the first burst of rage. And he found himself suddenly at the head of all the lawless elements in the city. He was drunk with power and a sense of his own importance. But openly he spoke of his love for mankind.

Through a man friendly to him and deep in Gundersorf's councils, Tommy learned that the life of the man who had adopted him and been good to him was in danger. His house was to be stormed over the heads of the police, and himself hanged or torn to pieces, as might happen.

All their differences fled from Tommy's mind, and he remembered only their mutual affection; so he hurried to the old familiar house and was presently admitted.

"It's just to say a few words," said Tommy, and he told Barclay what Gundersorf was planning for that very day.

"We'll go to Gull Island," Barclay said simply, "till this thing has blown over. I suppose you are not unhappy about what has happened. It's a pity she came back. . . . Tommy, when we quarreled I was ambitious for power only. Later I began to think that Celestia was a real panacea for a sick world. So that if I had been destined to rule, I would have ruled for the good of the people. I want you to know that what began in cynicism ended in faith and honesty. I have put you back in my will for practically everything I possess. Carlton Fitch has turned knave. Mary, if she marries him, will be worthy of him."

"You'll need somebody to keep house for you at Gull Island," said Tommy. He was moved to refer to what he had just learned. "I'll get Celestia there as quickly as I can."

"Have you married her?" Tommy looked very queerly when he said that he had. And Barclay smiled one of his old-time dazzling smiles. "And I think," he said finally, "that you had better get out of this house as quickly as you can. I'm going, too. I can't afford to be a hero."

They shook hands and parted, never to meet in this life again. Late that night Tommy and Celestia and Freddy the Ferret, whom Tommy was trying to train to be his valet, caught the last boat for Bartlett's, on Bartlett's Island, from which Gull's Island may be reached in an hour in a fast launch. They had had no word of what had happened in New York. Tommy, without arousing suspicion, could not find out if Barclay, Semmes and Sturtevant had gone on ahead, or were following.

"If they are behind us," he said to Celestia, "they'll have to charter something. Perhaps father will come all the way by boat—that would be best. His own yacht would be spotted. But he'll work something."

Gull Island resembles a loaf of bread that has risen too much. A round, billowing top is set upon high, almost perpendicular sides. In this island retreat, open and

ready for the master the year round, the triumvirate, if only they could reach it, would be as safe from mob violence as on a ship at sea.

A steep climb, a wild expanse of star-lit moor, little ancient trees growing very close together, a strong perfume of bayberry bushes, of sweet fern and roses, and then the low-ceilinged, softly lighted hall, with many menservants, cool, delightful night, soundly slept—these were Celestia's first impressions of Gull Island.

In the morning she went with her husband to the eastern cliffs, and she had her first look at the ocean—sullenly tumbling, white-maned—under a gray and sullen sky.

Soon after Tommy's departure, and before the triumvirate could complete their arrangements for the retreat to Gull's Island, the streets contiguous to Gordon Barclay's house and the streets in the neighborhood began to fill with men and women who looked like the drags of the city.

But it was immediately in front of the house that the crowd was thickest and most menacing.

There was no actual violence until Gundersorf arrived. He, high above the crowd on an improvised rostrum, roared for blood and vengeance.

Weapons began to flash.

Then the police tried to disperse the mob, and, after hard fighting and the breaking of many heads, were overpowered, passed over and swept aside. Then the crowd began to swarm over the tall iron gates and the spiked iron fence.

There was a fountain—a bronze youth, arms akimbo, who with puffed cheeks blew a fine spray of water. Him certain stray violent men pried from his base, and used, swinging him by the feet and arms, to batter down the solid, heavy front door of the house.

This done, the leaders rushed in, and for a moment were halted by the uncompromising dignity and grandeur of the hall. Facing them was a flight of marble steps. At the top of these stood Gordon Barclay. When the crowd recognized him they yelled like a pack of wolves. The corners of his mouth twitched with a kind of glassy contempt. He turned slowly and passed through a doorway that was just behind him, slammed the door shut and locked it. Not till then did he show a sign of fear or haste. Now, however, he ran swiftly through the library, out at the other end, and down a back stair to the service courtyard. Here, headed for tall wooden gates in a tall brick wall over which wisteria was festooned, stood a powerful limousine car. The engine was purring. On the box sat two brave and handsome young men of the Barclay livery. In the body of the car sat Semmes and Sturtevant. Sturtevant looked furiously angry. Semmes looked seasick.

At the gates stood two footmen ready to fling them open. Most of the crowd was at the front of the house.

Meanwhile the bronze boy of the fountain came up the front stair, battered head first, and was used to ram down the door behind which Barclay had been seen to disappear.

The first man to enter the long, rich library was Gundersorf. He gave only a glance at the open panel which disclosed the inviting interior of a safe, or at the greenbacks and yellowbacks of all denominations which the wily financier had scattered about the room, on tables, on chairs, on the floor—such things were for children.

Raging for his comrades to follow him, Gundersorf rushed the length of the room, found the back stair down which Barclay had retreated, and came in less time than it takes to tell it to the service court at the back of the house.

But nobody followed Gundersorf. The open safe, the scattered bills, stopped men as a solid cliff might have done. Vengeance was forgotten, and the crowd began to loot.

When Gundersorf reached the courtyard the gates were half open. On strong steel brackets fixed to the back of the car were two spare rims, with inflated tires. These formed a resting place for Gundersorf's feet and a grip for his hands. But the first forward leap of the car, followed by a hair-raising swerve to the left, almost threw him off.

Shots were fired. The car went over something soft that screamed, and that remained in the street after the car had passed and thwacked like a newly landed fish.

Gundersorf stood upon the spare tires and clung to them and the lights of New York whirled by.

The scene of the riot was far behind. Up Fifth avenue the car raced. It was that hour before dark when the summer traffic was light, and the face of the great Gordon Barclay at the window of the car was enough to make even the boldest traffic cop think twice.

Through Central park, out Seventh avenue, across McComb's dam bridge, up Jerome avenue, through Fordham to the Pelham parkway, into New Rochelle and out, through Mamaroneck,

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Pay your city taxes for 1915.

The following is the Act requiring delinquent tax-payers in UNION COUNTY to pay an additional fee of fifty cents to the tax collector:

Public Local Laws of North Carolina, Session 1915, Chapter 538.

AN ACT TO FACILITATE THE COLLECTION OF TAXES IN ROBESON AND OTHER COUNTIES.

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That any and all persons, firms or corporations in Robeson county who fail or neglect to pay their taxes on or before the first day of February of any year shall pay in addition to the regular tax a fee of fifty cents, the said additional fee to be paid to the officer collecting said tax and retained by such officer as compensation for his services in collecting delinquent taxes: Provided, that this act shall not apply to rural policemen in collecting delinquent taxes in Robeson county.

Section 2. That this act shall apply only to the counties of Robeson, Bladen and UNION.

Section 3. That this act shall be in full force and effect from and after the first day of March, one thousand, nine hundred and fifteen.

Ratified this, the 6th day of March, A. D. 1915.

T. L. CROWELL, Collector

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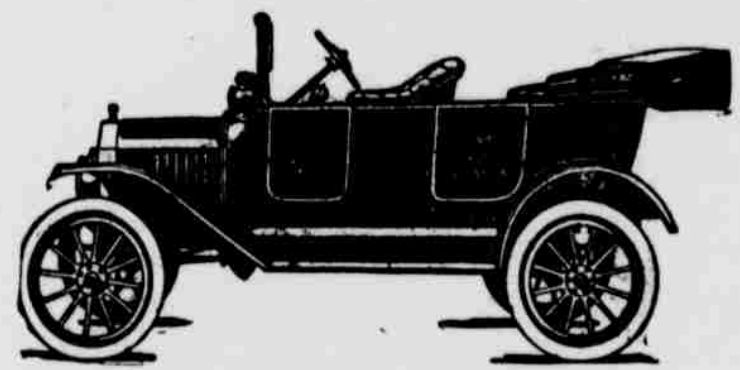
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