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INTRODUCING  
EARLE WILLIAMS as Tommy Barclay  
ANITA STEWART as The Goddess  
Written by GOUVERNEUR 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" and "The Exploits of Elaine"

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Dear Barclay:  
Every individual voter feels that he could in the nation better than those appointed to do so by himself and thousands of others just like him. One voice would put the tariff higher than it ever was before; the next would abolish it. But, whichever type of thinker gets his candidate into power, there remain always these United States millions of people who have to be poor, dirty and discontented.

From this even a child would conclude either that a vast majority of people are doomed to unhappiness by the God who made them, or that a vast majority of politicians are incapable governors. As to the first conclusion, we know nothing; but as to the second, we are certain beyond peradventure. With mighty few exceptions, those whom we put over us to govern us are the most incompetent lot of legislators and administrators in history. For the most part they are men vaguely trained to the law. They talk better and oftener on a greater variety of topics than the average man who is making or trying to make an honest living. They make it their business to be conspicuous, instead of the opposite, and so get themselves elected. As a body of men they know practically nothing about anything useful or important, and their small minds are so tangled with the little law they know that they are unable to see through the maze of legal heart of law, which is justice. If lawyers could be counted on to do right the pawnbroker down the street and the shoemaker round the corner would not have to be called away from affairs important to them, to sit on juries and do justice.

But the thing goes deeper. What in each voter's judgment is the chief thing that is wrong with these United States? There would be almost as many answers as there are voters. I've asked lots of men, and not two agreed, but I liked one man's answer. He said: "The chief trouble with the country is that its citizens have to pay taxes when they ought to be receiving dividends. And this," he said, "is because the case is from the start to the end governed by our best minds, instead of by our worst; if as a nation we had been run from the beginning the way Standard Oil, for instance, has been run as a trust."

I am not standing up for the rapaciousness of trusts, only for their efficiency. As a nation we have been more rapacious and dishonest than any trust that ever lived. The being so, and a trusting upon us that can never be wiped out, a wrong of our own doing that can never be righted, it is ten thousand plagues that have to be swept out.

How many billions of dollars was this country worth, when it was a forest, gold, silver, iron, etc., etc.? Only astronomers think in big enough figures to answer that. Anyhow, as a nation we grew rich by cheating it all away from the people who owned it. And then we began to play ducks and drakes with it. If from the start our resources could have been handled by a Rockefeller how much might be a thousand times richer than he is, but we—would none of us be poor. And our house would be clean and efficient from cellar to eaves, and not gutted and creaky and full of vermin and half the ceilings down.

Think of a whole country run as a trust, with employment at more than a fair dividend for every able-bodied man, and fat dividends for everybody in good years! In such a state of being by force of public opinion even a Bryan might be made useful. Even in Utopia there are offices which have to be swept out.

If there is salvation ahead of us, instead of ruin, something of this sort will have to be worked out from what is left to us of our natural resources.

Failing this, those of us who are rich enough and contented enough as individuals will be pulled down from our high places and trampled by an unreasonable mob until there is no longer anything stable nor any one contented. The air of this great city which we breathe is 10 per cent air and 90 per cent revolution. In other parts of the country the only man with sufficient mind and power to effect anything good is yourself. But if you personally were to preach the gospel of efficiency people would think you were working to put it bluntly, for your own pocket. This gospel then ostensibly must not come from you. It must not come from the rich. From whom then? From the poor, you answer. But alas, my friend, even the champions of the poor are open to suspicion.

This gospel then must come from where? Why, from heaven, of course, whence all good thoughts have come, or are usually believed to have come. And, seeing that we are in America, where the women are given the best of everything, our heaven-sent messenger must be a woman.

I see your gesture of horror. But she shall not be as you see her. She shall be young and beautiful and good and sincere. She shall not speak her own thoughts, but ours. The masses will believe in her. The classes may, and if they don't they will have sense enough to pretend to.

With you to help, I believe, upon my word of honor, that I can make this thing happen. Will you help? What do you think?

Yours as ever, MILES STILLITER.

To this latter Professor Stilliter received the following answer by return messenger:

Dear Stilliter:  
I'll help if you can answer one thing satisfactorily. To be a successful gospelist the woman, as you intimate, must be sincere, it was

She must believe what she preaches. If she is sincere, how can she tell people that she comes from heaven? You say she must come from heaven in order to believe. It is quite a riddle. I know that you have been thinking and experimenting for years toward some such end as this. But I am a business man, and I have to be shown.

Yours with sincere interest, R.

To this Professor Stilliter answered:

Dear Barclay:  
She only has to believe that she comes from heaven. If she can be made to believe that, are you satisfied?

That night the two men met by appointment. Outlining his plan, and occasionally going into detail, Professor Stilliter talked rapidly for almost two hours without stopping, till the sweat stood on his brow and his voice began to fail him. He finished with these words: "And for a few of us, as a mere side issue, there's billions in it."

Gordon Barclay remained for a long time in profound thought.

"There is, as you say," he said at last, "billions in it. Yet if I was sure that these could make it happen, really make everybody contented and not poor, I'd be content to give up everything I have already, and I could be happy."

So would I, exclaimed Stilliter hurriedly. "But I'd rather make the world happier and myself with it. Wouldn't you?"

Barclay shook his heavy shoulders, lifted his leonine head and smiled. "Of course," he said, "I was dreaming. I believe the thing can be done. And without any sacrifice whatever, either spiritual or material."

"It will take a long time."

"I understand that. You have to teach her almost from the beginning."

"I don't teach her exactly. I make her believe."

"Have you a child in view?"

"Now that you're with me, I shall soon find one."

"What are the chances against us?"

"Only these: That before we bring her to earth to preach, we are dead, or I am, or the revolution has already come, and born a different and better fruit for us all."

Professor Miles Stilliter was never idle, except when he was asleep. On a certain morning in the Spring of 1900 Professor Stilliter, having mislaid his glasses, was unable to tell what time it was, though he held his watch as near to his eye as he could get without touching it. It was, however, his usual time for beginning the day, for at that moment his valet brought in the morning papers. Professor Stilliter, rather than read the papers word by word, but column by column. It was astonishing to see so much intelligence and energy and adroitness in a young man who resembled nothing so much as a monstrous baby.

The following headline in the New York American almost immediately caught his eye, and put an end to any further search for news:

"BRILLIANT END OF A EUGENIC ROMANCE."

"Brilliant John Amesbury, who married one of America's greatest beauties, killed by a trolley car. Widow, prostrated by news, not expected to recover."

A cut of a beautiful young man and a beautiful young woman lent to this unusual item of news a tinge of real tragedy.

Professor Stilliter was out of bed in a twinkling of an eye. He bathed and dressed with miraculous speed. It made you think a little of the way a fire engine horse is harnessed.

Swift as were all his motions, he dwelled somewhat upon his breakfast. A close observer might have noticed that he chewed every mouthful exactly the same number of times.

The late John Amesbury's house was at Scarsdale. On the morning in which this narrative opens a number of village boys were pulling off a dog fight in the quiet country road that bordered the narrow front lawn. Tommy Barclay, aged twelve, hearing this racket from afar and full of the tragedy which had overtaken the kind and friendly people in the big house, came up on a dead run. His efforts to interfere with the sport and to secure peace and quiet for the sick woman in the house were not met with approval, and indeed for a moment it looked as if the noise of the dog fight was going to be swelled by the noise of a boy fight, a dozen to one. Fortunately for Tommy, the door of the house opened, and a trained nurse, with a long face like a horse and a domineering air, came running down the front walk with an expression so ominous and formidable that, without a word spoken, the dogs were dragged a part and the boys made off at high speed. Something in Tommy's face attracted the nurse's attention. She was far kinder than she looked.

"Do you want anything?" she said.

"The papers said," said Tommy, "that Mrs. Amesbury wouldn't get well." He said no more, but his whole attitude and expression was a poignant question. The nurse laid her hand suddenly on his brown head, varied himself, shook her own head with the varied trill and hurried back to the house.

A shadow fell upon Tommy, and he found himself looking into the immense thick-rimmed glasses of Professor Stilliter. Intuitively the boy and woman were not met with approval, and indeed for a moment it looked as if the noise of the dog fight was going to be swelled by the noise of a boy fight, a dozen to one. Fortunately for Tommy, the door of the house opened, and a trained nurse, with a long face like a horse and a domineering air, came running down the front walk with an expression so ominous and formidable that, without a word spoken, the dogs were dragged a part and the boys made off at high speed. Something in Tommy's face attracted the nurse's attention. She was far kinder than she looked.

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answered, moved energetically upon the floor. Professor Stilliter in the room had a kind of hypnotic effect upon the two men. He stood in shadow against the wainscoting, and his eyes never left the back of their heads.

At first Barclay showed them some of the achievements of capital—steamers too great to be tossed by the waves, interminable freight trains crawling over high trestles, square miles of corrugated iron roofs, the chimneys belching black smoke; streets as bright as midnight as at noon, and as crowded; buildings so tall that they staggered belief and awayed in the wind; hospitals, hotels, banks, libraries, cathedrals, great ascerages of rock and gravel turned into most unobtrusive playgrounds for a free people. He showed them department stores teeming with life, vast terminal stations, tunnels passing under broad and poor alike. The waters of whole counties coasted by one miracle after another into one city to keep its millions healthy and clean. And they stood with him upon the bridge of a warship and passed from the world's second ocean to its first, through the incredible ditch, which capital was to build and which men already called the Panama Canal.

And then he showed them some of the failures of capital—men and women starving in hundreds, rotting of diseases or perishing of sheer disappointment and despair. Roofless men dying of exposure. And then in swift dashes he showed them, standing upon a soap box at the corner of a slum, a man in tattered rags, with the forehead of the first Napoleon and the lion-roar voice of Mirabeau—a man who spoke to the wretched and the unfortunate, and the idle and the mischievous, and filled their hearts with fire and passion and hate.

He showed those same men, armed with guns, with poles, with hatchets, with hammers, dragging out an old man in a fur-lined coat and hanging him, more dead than alive, to the nearest lamp post. He showed them, in a room, a policeman to pieces; he showed them banks and other strongholds of capital that rose suddenly heavenward in puffs of scolding-smelling gray smoke, and were not. He showed them short slices, in which for a while, rifles flashed from the windows of Fifth Avenue palaces. He showed them these same palaces a few minutes later, turned inside out, half in ruins, the defenders mangled upon the sidewalks. And, ever growing in power and leadership, he kept showing them the man with the head of Napoleon and the lion-roar voice of Mirabeau.

He showed them a city of pedestrians tramping through which neither car nor trolley, nor omnibus could move, so great was the ruin in its streets, above which crawled no elevated trains, beneath which no subway ran, a city in which no statues or things of beauty remained whole, a city given over at night to darkness, to drunkenness, to murder and rapine.

And he showed them themselves fleeing by night, in a price upon their heads, dead or alive; and he showed them the Napoleon-Mirabeau bringing order out of chaos, and preparing to hold what he had taken, now begging, now commanding, now wheeling, now killing, and then he showed them battles and leaping cannon—and at last a white flag raised over a fortress, and themselves personally all three, in the uniform of generals, lead forth blindfold and bound and stood with their backs against a whitewashed wall.

Finally Sturtevant looked his friend and master in the face and said: "Well, what's the answer?"

"I think," said Barclay, "that I have devised a remedy which shall serve us all. Mr. Stilliter."

Professor Stilliter advanced, Mr. Barclay said to the others: The world's greatest psychologist."

"You do not have to tell us that," said Semmes, and they bowed to the Professor.

"Well," said Barclay, "let's have a look at it."

Professor Stilliter drew from his pocket a folded picture frame of red leather. When the gentleman had examined the photograph, with an evidence of pleasure not to be mistaken, for the good looks of the Amesburys and their daughter were as certain and sudden in their effect upon these eyes as the beauty of the Yosemite Valley.

"But," said Sturtevant, "what is the remedy?"

For answer Barclay simply touched the photograph of the little Amesbury girl with the tip of his finger.

"She is the answer," he said. "But, by the way, Stilliter, what do you hear of the mother?"

Professor Stilliter shrugged his shoulders very slightly.

"Dying."

Barclay was not unmoved. "She thinks," he said, "that she is only dying in grief. As a matter of fact, she is taking a great place in the march of events."

"What are the child's habits?"

"She has a nap," said Professor Stilliter, "from 10 to 10:30 and from 3 to 3:30. At other times she is mostly out of doors with her nurse. She is a wood back of the house, in which she has a playhouse, a sea-saw, etc. If you wished to see her it would be a simple matter, but I am ready to stake my reputation on her. She is absolutely cut to our plan."

"Which," said Semmes, "is so far a complete mystery to Sturtevant and myself?"

In spite of Professor Stilliter's guarantee, the triumvirate, as they were both popularly and unpopularity called, determined to have a look at the little Amesbury girl for themselves. In a car driven so swiftly that the traffic could hardly look the other way so they did not get lost in their eyes, it did not take them long to reach the Amesbury house. They did not, however, draw up before the house itself, but in the wood back of it. Here they got out in Indian dress so that she resembled the ornamental side of a cent, they found the object of their search. It was no difficult task for three such men to tell any suspicion that the child's nurse may have had. They complimented her upon the health and good manners of her little charge, inquired after her mistress and learned with every semblance of regret that the latter was sinking hourly. They joked Professor Stilliter a little on the fear with which he seemed to inspire the child. But to Stilliter, looking far ahead, perhaps this aversion seemed a serious thing.

"Well," he said brusquely, "am I right? Is she the finest child you ever saw, or isn't she? Just see the breadth of her skull above the ears."

He would have touched her, but she shrank from him. When Barclay, however, spoke to her she showed neither fear nor aversion, only a pleasant shyness.

"I have never seen you before," he said, "but I am very fond of little girls, and since I have none of my own I do not propose to lose sight of you in a hurry."

Leaving the others, he took the child and the nurse for a little drive in the car, and when they had come back he slipped something that jingled into the nurse's hand, so that the flighty woman felt prepared to go through fire with him.

The little Amesbury girl was of an age when most impressions do not long survive. She would neither remember her father nor her mother nor her nurse, nor her Indian dress, nor the playhouse, nor the sea-saw in the woods; but always she had a vague recollection of three great and important personages, who treated her as if she were more important than they were, and who on parting from her bowed over her chubby, dimpled hand and kissed it for all the world as if she had been a princess. It wasn't exactly a recollection either, for she did not remember their faces nor how they came into her life, nor how they departed. It was more like a dream, only fragments of which here and there survived in the waker's mind. It wasn't altogether a pleasant dream. There mingled with it a certain something of the essence of a nightmare. Whether it was another man in the background or some monstrous beast with extraordinarily large, black-rimmed eyes she did not know.

It is curious that she should remember a little of all this and nothing of that message which came presently from the house—a message brought by one servant to another and crudely blurted forth in the hearing of a child.

"Come quick, Mary, and bring the baby; the misus is dead." She does not remember running to the house between two women, dressed by the hand—and if she did it is

most likely that she should remember only the novelty of the swift locomotion, and not the reason that called for it.

The little Amesbury girl continued to live on in her father's house. The law said she might until things were straightened out. There were no relatives to interfere.

But it was a strange life. There was no longer any discipline in the house; even the trained nurse with a face like a horse had to go. The servants began to neglect their work and to amuse themselves. There were always "gentlemen friends" in the kitchen. Often the lights did not go out till very late at night. And there were always great goings on and laughter at jokes that could not have been half as funny as the laughter was loud.

Nurse began to neglect her charge. She would tell her not to go off the piazza till she came back, while she herself scuttled off to the big kitchen to take part in the conversations and the flirtations across the continual round of good things to eat and drink.

The little Amesbury girl was not a philosopher. Had she been, she must have noticed with some cynicism that when laboring people get a little liberty and power they do not necessarily make the best use of them, but try at any price to have a good time, just the way rich people do.

But being neglected by nurse had its advantages, for Tommy Barclay came every day to play with her, and often many times in one day. He was a much better nurse than nurse was. He knew more games and stories; he wasn't always "sharp set" for a game right in the middle of a game; he wasn't afraid to talk to a mounted policeman. Sometimes the policeman dismounted and sat with nurse on a fallen tree. Often she got giggling so that she had to put his arm around her to keep her from falling off. Sometimes he would pretend that she was his little "baby" (that is what he called her) and makes her sit on his lap, and then he would bug her and kiss her, she laughing and screaming and pretending to fight him.

But Tommy Barclay wasn't such a fool. He took good care of her all the time, and she loved him with all her heart.

That night about 12 o'clock, nurse's bed in the little Amesbury girl's room was empty. The house was in darkness, except for the light of a Victor talking machine. The little Amesbury girl dreamed that a man with immense, black-rimmed eyes was bending over her and she walked with a scream.

For once in her life she had dreamed true, for Professor Stilliter was sending over nurse, and the fingers of his left hand were clasped almost chokingly about her baby throat. In his right hand he held before her eyes a lump of rock crystal the size and shape of a hen's egg. The crystal appeared to exercise an instant fascination upon her. She forgot that she was afraid and that she wanted to scream for help. She even forgot the presence of Professor Stilliter. She thought indeed that she was all alone and that somebody had opened a door through which she was at liberty to look into fairyland.

Very far away she heard a voice that said very quietly, "Now you can't scream."

"Of course," she tried to, and found that she couldn't.

"And now," said the voice, "you can't do anything unless I tell you to. Get up." She slipped obediently out of bed.

"Dress yourself," said the voice.

For the first time in her life the little Amesbury girl dressed herself. She even tied her own hair ribbon in a pretensible bow, and buttoned her own tiny boots.

Professor Stilliter had long since slipped the crystal ball into its leather case and into his pocket. The spirit of hypnotism which he had cast over her by its means would last as long as he chose.

"Show me," he said, "where nurse keeps her coats and hats." He selected a hat for her and her warm coat.

"Now, give me your hand," he said, "and don't make any noise." He led her downstairs and out into the night.

She never afterward recalled anything of the journey to the north woods which she made with Professor Stilliter. The long automobile ride, the high-heeled shoes, the long drive into the woods, and after that, when they had come to the end of the road, the long tolls upon and down hill, through the trees, the road off the shoulders of one man and then on the shoulders of another, until the party came to a wild spot at the foot of the cliff. Here in the warm spring sunshine on ledges of rock a number of drowsy rattlesnakes were coiled in a horrid mass. She does not remember that here, as if waiting for her, were three men who wore black masks over their faces.

When the men who had brought her to the foot of the cliff had gone, with the exception of Professor Stilliter, the three masked men removed their masks. So that when Professor Stilliter, withdrawn in little so that she should not see him first of all and be frightened, told her to wake up, she looked into the friendly faces of Barclay, Semmes and Sturtevant.

Barclay advanced with great ceremony, dropped on one knee before her and kissed her hand for all the world as if she had been a princess. Then Sturtevant came forward and did likewise, and then Semmes.

Although Professor Stilliter had told her to wake up, the spell of the crystal was still upon her like drowsiness after sleep. To reduce her once more to a complete state of hypnosis it was only necessary for him to say quietly, "Go to sleep again."

What looked like a portion of solid cliff rose suddenly, without any sound, and disclosed a black passage that appeared to lead to the bowels of the earth. In the mouth of this passageway stood a handsome woman, a little under middle age. There was a diamond star in her dark hair, and a white garment that fell from her shoulders in stately folds like those of a Roman toga. She came forward, caught the little Amesbury girl up lovingly in her arms, and without a word, walked back into the passageway and disappeared. For a long time the sound of her sandaled feet upon the rocky floor could be heard. Then the moving portion of the cliff slid slowly and noiselessly back into place, and the four men who remained without turned somewhat slowly to each other.

Barclay was the first to break the silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "fifteen years from to-day she will leave this cavern and bring the world to her feet—and to ours."

(To be Continued)