

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Reincarnation and the Tragedies of Human Life

(Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.)  
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Only belief in the law of reincarnation can make one resigned to the tragedies of human life.

Here is one of the lesser tragedies—yet a tragedy nevertheless. A dull child, born of poor parents, had to end an attempt at education when she was 13. Always in her heart was a great longing for better things, for more knowledge, for higher associations. Married at 23, the longing for a good home and greater advantages was in a measure gratified. But now, at 40, the woman's heart is still craving for more knowledge, for the power of higher development. But she finds her brain forces limited, her memory poor. She reads everything worth while, but is unable to recall it afterward; she attends lectures and enjoys them, but cannot relate to any one an hour afterward what she has heard.

"Is there any place I could go that I could be among people that would enable me to learn—learn anything? I cannot learn from books; I have tried too long. I would like to learn to talk, to converse with people, to have the power to speak without trembling at the sound of my own voice. Oh, I want to be like other people. I cannot begin again and go to school with young girls. I tried in Philadelphia, years ago, going to Temple college, but I was too dull. Even the professors give the attention to the bright young scholars, and I was young and neat then, but my brain was asleep and has never worked. I could not stand the slightest now: it was hard then."

"I wanted so badly to learn. From observation with an instructor to impress, like children, who learn by doing, I might learn. I must have a simple brain. Every other way I am perfectly normal and good to look upon. Pure vision, pure motives, but ever wanting intellectual things which no one has had the patience to give me."

"What would you do? Where would you go to learn to be natural? I feel like uprooting myself and beginning again among people we read about with Jane Addams in Hull House."

This pathetic letter proceeds to relate other misfortunes connected with her situation. The intellectual acquaintances she makes she can not hold, because she has no conversational powers and no way of interesting them. She has taken life so seriously that she has never developed a sense of humor, and she says "I never remember laughing like other people." One feels that she would be far happier had she been satisfied with the commoner and less intellectual side of life. She is like one whose ambition has led him to climb to heights where he is incapable of breathing the rarefied air.

There are plants that thrive in sandy soil, but which droop and fade when transplanted to rich loam.

A woman who finds herself at 40 without conversational powers would do well to realize the great need in the world of good listeners. It would be impossible to acquire a brilliant conversational accomplishment at that age, and with such mental handicaps; but to learn the great art of listening with attention and interest would be long step toward the winning and retaining of intellectual friends.

Very many more people are talking in the world than are listening. The most entertaining talkers have many competitors, but there are few to rival one who sets out to be a good listener.

To listen and to read and to think should make life brighter than it seems to be for this longing soul.

She needs to forget about herself for a season and must rest satisfied with the thought that every aspiration of every living creature is certain to be realized in lives to come. This woman will pass out of this earth body into realms where she will experience much for which she has longed on earth, and after periods of time, in which she will accumulate new powers and new understanding she will be sent back to earth to occupy a new body; and in that body she will be given a life in full accord with her longings and aspirations here and now.

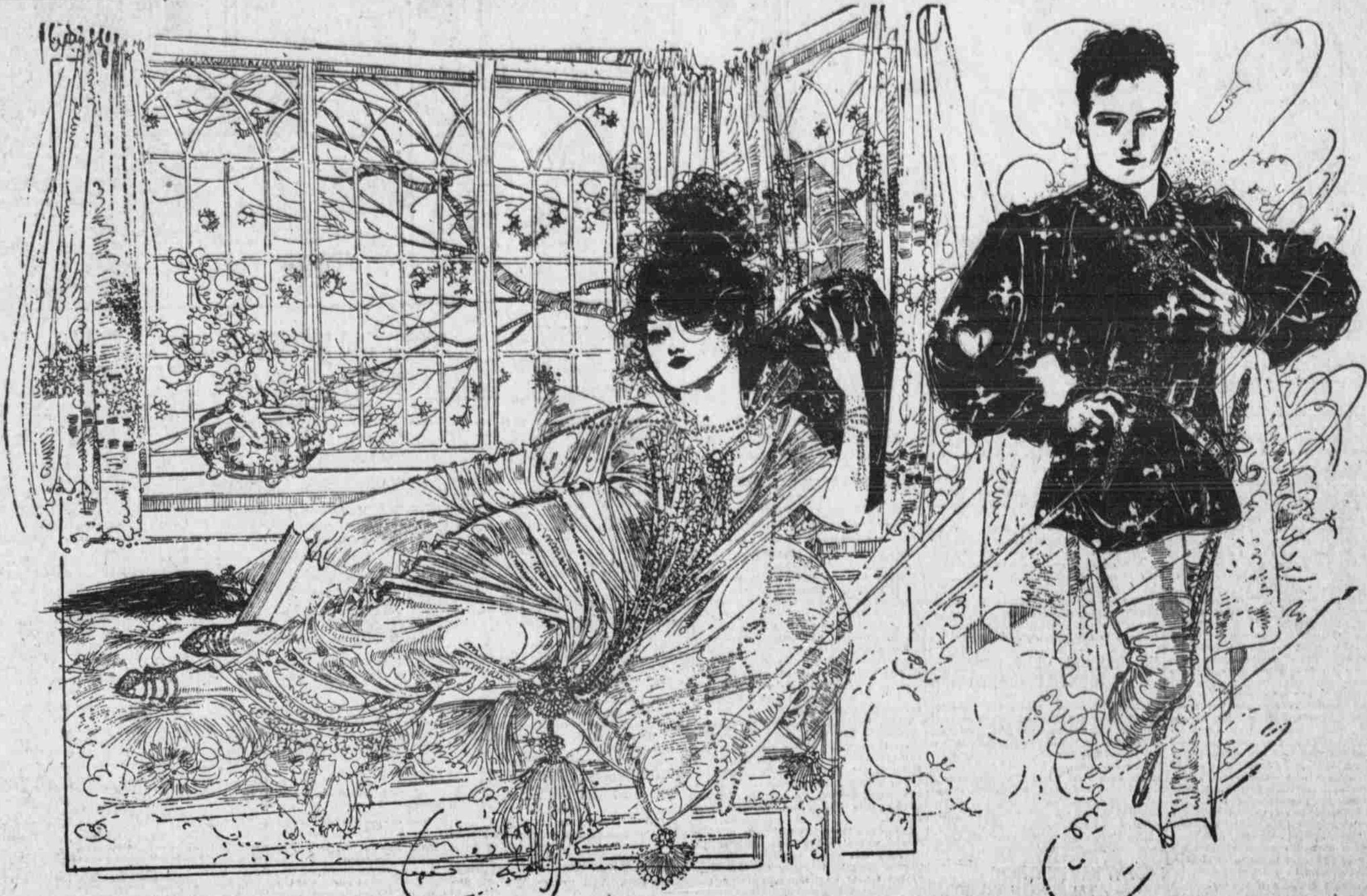
Whatever effort she has made in this life to grow and enlarge her horizon will take effect in that life to be. Nothing is lost; nothing is wasted in this world. Love, friendship, aspiration, study, endeavor, however they may seem to be wasted here, they are shaping results in the life which follows directly after this, and they are making environments for the next incarnation. Lonely hearts and longing minds all your dreams shall yet come true. Be satisfied to trust and wait while you listen.

## The Prince o' Dreams

Out of the Greatest Fairy Story of All

By Nelli Brinkley

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Youth dreams. Dreams will always be woven of the gold threads of romance and the silver of reality. In the rainbow colors of girl-fancy Prince Charming will always stand the same; a brave figure with hot heart, tender eyes and man-beauty, indefinitely clothed in the velvet and glitter that the Prince who woke the Sleeping Beauty wore, gold with romance, silver with the tinge of the real—the modern—man.

Over his high-buttoned vest, Youth, dreaming, places jewel and chain; the dagger of adventure gleams in his

belt; at the pocket, where he carries perhaps his newspaper while he catches the commuters' train, hangs the bright sword with ruby handle that hacks the rosebrair wilderness on his way to her; silver lilies and velvet, and a broad brow and sturdy shoulders that could heave up the world and laugh at the weight, grace and strength in all his body. So young girlhood sees her coming man and when he comes and she finds the picture of her heart in his eyes, do you think he doesn't look the Prince of Dreams?

No matter what the shape, the silver of him—the real—is, how small, how far a thing from a Prince, the reality of him is only a moving dim image behind her fancy. To her eyes he glitters bravely and stands high in velvet and gold—Prince Charming out of the greatest fairy-story of them all!—NELLI BRINKLEY.

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

### Making a Man Propose.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please tell me how to make a slow fellow propose? Is it proper if a young lady goes to an entertainment with a young man that she should pay more attention to this young man than the other young men there? Is it right, after a young couple have been for a while, to stand and talk at the gate, or should they go to the house? Is it proper for two girls to drive quite a way to town alone? If a young lady is going with a young man, should she ask him to come up Sunday afternoon? DIXIE.

Every maiden from the days of Mother Eve has used her own sweet methods in bringing her young man to his declaration of love. It is out of the question to suggest any way to speed up a dilatory lover. As to the second question, the escort is entitled to some consideration above the other young men present, but he has no right to expect to monopolize you at a friendly gathering. It is proper, though, to defer to his wishes to a reasonable extent. "The old suite" has been the theme of many a song, and probably will be for ages to come, but the shelter and comfort of a warm house is much to be preferred on these nights. Girls have gone around the world without escort, so why cannot two of them take a drive alone, even if it be rather long? It is quite proper for a young

woman to ask the man she favors to call on her at any reasonable time, and Sunday afternoon was made for such purposes.

### Questions by a "Freshman."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I would like to have you answer in your daily column of "Advice to the Lovelorn," these few questions as soon as possible. I am a freshman up at high school and do you think I am too young to go to one of the Christmas dances with a boy? When getting on a street car and you see one of your boy friends sitting down would it be right to go and sit down with him, if the car is not crowded? There are some boys that used to come over to my neighborhood to see my crowd of girls, but they would not come in the house. They would stand outside and talk. Now, at 17, could they don't come at all. How could I get them to come? TEXAS TOMMY.

You do not state your age, and as "freshmen" at the high school very considerably in years, I can not tell you exactly; you had better be guided by your mother in this matter. No harm whatever in sitting by your boy friend in a street car at any time. Boys are strange animals, and the wisest can not account for some of their habits. It is proper to ask them to come into the house, but if they do not care to do so, all you can do is to go in when it gets too cold and leave them outside.

### About a Gift.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please tell me in your advice column if several nice Turkish towels would be an appropriate Christmas gift for my gentleman friend, as he is going on a trip after Christmas and I think they would come in real handy. G. H.

### Do Not Wed in Secret.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a high school girl and very much in love with a young man in my college. He is very wealthy, but his folks are very much opposed to me, not on account of my moral standing, but my not being wealthy. He wants me to get married in secret. He says he cannot live without me. What would you advise me to do. My folks think him a fine young man and do not object to my going with him. EXCITED.

Do not wed in secret, whatever you do. When he has finished his college course, and you are through with the high school, if his parents still object, it will be time enough for you to consider getting married without their consent. By that time he ought to be able to provide you with a home, and if his love is of the right sort he will not let his father's wealth outweigh his affection for you.

## Mysteries of Nature and Science

Answers to a Correspondent Who is Curious About Infinite Space and Would Like to Know What It Is

### By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Please analyse what is commonly called 'infinite space,' giving your theories as to the substance of space and, with the belief that there must be an end to everything, what exists beyond space.—G. I. W."

Space is not regarded as a substance, or as being affected by any substance that may be contained in it. If you could take all the air out of a room to the last molecule the included space would remain the same, provided that the walls were not crushed in.

Infinite space means extension without limitation in all directions. Therefore it can have no end. The extent or magnitude of such space is conceived to be greater than any assignable or fixable extent or magnitude. The instant you try to set a limit space shoots over your imagined boundary, as unconfined as before, and you feel that you could never "corner" it.

Our minds are confronted by a double difficulty—we can neither limit space nor comprehend its illimitability, for human intelligence is unable to grasp infinity, either of space or of time.

People sometimes think of space as being globular in form. Then they say: "We can, in a manner, conceive of the surface of the globe of space as extending away and away, getting larger and larger, wider and wider, without limit, but surely there must be an end in the other direction, for as the center is approached space becomes smaller and smaller, and at last, at the very center, it must reach a degree of smallness which cannot be exceeded. There is then an imaginable limit to the infinitesimal if not to the infinite.

But, mathematically, the infinitesimal is a quantity or magnitude smaller than any assignable quantity or magnitude, and its limit can no more be approached, or fixed, than that of the infinite. The geometrical analogy of the globe, as defining the form of space, is misleading. We cannot assign a shape to infinite space, since we cannot assign a limit to it.

It is a pure idea, flitting perpetually through the mind, giving us a certain sense of reality, and yet as ungraspable as a spirit.

Many think of the universe as filling all space, the meaning of "the universe" being the aggregate collection of stars, with their attendant bodies, such as planets, comets, meteors, etc., whose existence is revealed to us by our eyes and our telescopes. But all the evidence so far assembled by astronomical observation goes to show that there are boundaries to the starry universe on all sides. Its heights and depths have been approximately sounded, and we can say that its most distant stars are probably not more than 20,000 or 30,000 light years away, a light year being nearly 60,000,000 miles.

This is, of course, an enormous distance, but it is nothing in comparison with infinity. Considered in a broad sense, the starry universe is only an atom in space. The question then arises whether it is the only "atom" of the kind in existence. We have no direct knowledge of other systems of stars outside our own, but to me it seems inevitable that there must be others, which lie beyond our means of detection.

It is possible that these "outside universes" are not within the limits of the mysterious medium that we call ether, which affords the only means of transmitting light from one part of our universe to another. Just as no sound can be made to pass beyond the limits of the earth's atmosphere, because the air is necessary for the transmission of sound waves, so no light may be able to pass outside the boundaries of the ether, or to enter them across the empty space around.

According to this view, each starry system, or independent universe, may have its own bubble of enveloping ether, within which light plays in all directions, but outside of which no ray can penetrate, for lack of a medium capable of carrying the luminous waves.

But, however, we might multiply the supposable number of universes, we could never fill infinite space with them, unless we imagined their number to be infinite also.

Thinking about the infinite is confessedly a kind of mental intoxication, and yet it has an inspiring effect, and tends to expand the mind. Sometimes we think we have it, and then we find that it has flitted away from us, but always, by our efforts, we widen the field of thought. If we are chasing a rainbow, at least we are making discoveries by the way.

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