

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Strange Experiences of Psychic Sleepers

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It has been said that southern California lies directly under Scorpio, and it has been said also that the new golden age will be established in southern California. There are already several philosophical and spiritual centers in that wonderful land, and therefore it is not surprising to hear of occurrences there which may be classed as supernatural.

The California newspapers have recently been commenting on the "psychic sleep" of the wife of a prominent physician in Los Angeles. This lady, a woman of culture and intelligence, passed into a profound slumber, and seemingly died. She was prepared for burial, but returned to life and health quite as suddenly as she had passed into the state of coma.

After her return she related strange experiences, saying that she was taken by spirit guides to beautiful regions, where she saw and heard so much that was interesting and uplifting that she dreaded to return to her body. She stated that she was conscious that her body was being prepared for burial, and tried to speak to her family on the subject, but could obtain no response.

In the same city the wife of a prominent Episcopalian clergyman went through a similar spiritual adventure. The integrity and honesty of both ladies are above question. Many people are asking what these experiences can mean.

They mean simply that the spirit goes out of the body into adjoining planes (or states of consciousness), but that the spiritual cord is not severed, and for some reason known only to the "Lords of Karma" the spirit returns to the body to finish out this incarnation.

There are so many such cases on record that it seems an evidence of wilful ignorance to doubt them or to regard them as mere hallucinations.

Were all these experiences of the hundreds of thousands of human beings to be published in one volume, it would be observed that no two were identical. Each has his own particular impression to relate of the worlds lying beyond this earth, just as a thousand travellers going over the earth in a thousands ships and trains would relate varying experiences. Each sees according to his own powers of vision and according to his own development. We are led into such realms when we leave the body as our thoughts and acts have fitted us to enjoy when on earth.

Irving S. Cooper, in a very interesting article entitled "Other Worlds," says: "There seems to be an ingrained scepticism in most people concerning anything nonphysical. It is frequently so pronounced that it distorts their opinions and prevents an unbiased judgment. This is certainly true when it comes to the consideration of the evidence of the existence of a super-physical world. Many persons dogmatically declare, without any investigation whatsoever, that such a world does not exist, not realizing that opinions based on prejudices are valueless, and that, as they are unacquainted with the case that all those who have been made, their statements carry no weight, whatever. It is significant that all those who have studied carefully the available evidence affirm their conviction that a non-physical realm does exist."

Theosophical investigations of this unseen realm has shown that it is composed of several interpenetrating regions, or worlds, of which only two, however, are of practical importance in this preliminary study. These two subtle worlds are contained one within the other, the solid physical earth being embodied in the very heart of the two.

We may think of them as two vast spheres surrounding the earth not unlike a shell atmosphere, yet at the same time permeating everywhere the physical matter of the earth with the same ease that water vapor spreads through the air. One sphere is larger than the other, and therefore extends much further out into space, but both of them surround us all of the time, although we are normally unconscious of their existence. As the earth swings through space, following its pathway around the sun, these spheres move with it just as does the physical atmosphere.

Thus, strange as it may seem, we are living in three worlds at once, and we shall find, if we continue our studies, that human evolution is intimately connected with all three. These subtle worlds are as objective and "real" to those conscious of them as the earth is "real" to us, and we should not think of them as shadowy unrealities because unknown to the physical senses.



## Smart Costumes in Effective Designs

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Wide as to skirt and short as to jacket, is this dressy street costume, fashioned from putty-colored grain cloth, the trimmings being of black satin embroidered in gold. Blue and white chrysanthemums decorate the hat.

Red embroidery on the saucy little jacket of this youthful suit, exploited in black and white check Country Club suiting. A fantasy of straw-colored chiffon trims the hat.

## Little Mary's Essay

Reformers and What They Accomplish

By DOROTHY DIX.

Reformers are folks that try to keep everybody else from doing the things that they don't want to do themselves. Reformers think that anything they don't enjoy doing is awful wicked, and they try to get laws passed to stop it.

My grandmama, who hates the taste of beer and who only drinks ten cups of tea a day, is a temperance reformer.

And my Aunt Maria, who is made sick by the smell of tobacco, is head of the Anti-Cigarette League.

And my mamma runs the Anti-Swearing crusade, and Uncle John, who has the rheumatism so badly he can hardly walk, is organizing a movement to reform dancing and stop the tango.

And Mrs. Jones, who lives next door, has started a movement to suppress bridge playing, but my mamma says that Mrs. Jones plays such a rotten game that she never wins any prizes anyhow.

Reformers are mostly ladies, though some of them wear pants, and have large, nobby foreheads, and ready-made neckties.

You can always tell reformers by their hair, and the way they need hairpins, for a lady reformer's hair is always straggling down in the back and a man reformer's hair hangs down over his coat collar, which needs brushing.

There are two kinds of reformers. The near reformers and the far reformers. The far reformers try to keep the heathen from doing the way they want to, and the near reformers interfere with the pleasures and happiness of the folks at home.

The far off reformers are the most popular, and can raise the most money for their cause.

Reformers are very wise people, and they know everything. We would never know how much wickedness there is in the world if reformers did not tell us about it.

Also we would not know how bad everything we like is for us if it wasn't for the reformers. Oh, how grateful we should be to them.

Reformers are composed, of one part idea and the balance of words. They can talk longer than a phonograph, and they never talk except about the one thing they are trying to reform. If you say "Good morning" to a reformer, she will say, "Little girl beware of the Demon Rum," or she will tell you that eating meat will make you grow up into a blood-thirsty savage, or she will ask you to sign a pledge never to chew tobacco, according to what she is reforming.

Reforming is easy work because you do it all with your tongue, and it does not tire you like cooking or doing stenography or clerking in a store, so I am going to be a reformer when I grow up.

Also, when you are a reformer, besides talking you take up a collection and lots of folks put money in the basket, but the reformer does not have to put any in herself. I know, because I have watched.

I asked my papa if reformers ever reform themselves, and he said, "Not on your life. I have never heard of women organizing a gossip reform society or a lot of rounders heading a back-to-the-home movement."

Reformers have a vast enjoyable time, and their amusements do not hurt any one, for nothing is ever reformed. When I am a grown lady if I do not catch a husband I am going to be a reformer and stand up on a platform and try to reform men, but if I get married I will be just a noble angel wife and spend my time reforming my husband.



Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

## Runaway June

By George Randolph Christy and Lillian Christy

By special arrangement for this paper a photoplay corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

### FOURTH EPISODE.

#### Poor Little Runaway June.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)  
"I am very sorry," she said simply. "We have had a business reverse, and we shan't be able to keep you. The fact of the matter is that we don't happen to have a cent in the house. I took all of Harry's pocket money yesterday, and I spent it yesterday afternoon. I—I—that isn't quite the truth," she suddenly blurted out. "We are absolutely broke. We haven't any money at all."  
It hurt June to part with them. She had liked them all, and when the little girl hung around her neck they cried together, all three—June and Mrs. Wilce and Dolly.

## WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."—Mrs. MATTIE HALEY, 601 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Halfway up to the avenue June, walking along and dabbing her eyes occasionally, was confronted by some one. Blye!

"Which way?" he asked.  
"To the employment office," she told him and showed him her little purse with a laugh.  
"It's a shame that a pretty girl like you has to worry about money." And his coal black eyes gazed down at her glowingly.  
He tried to detain her, catching her gently by the arm, tried to urge her into his car, used all the persuasiveness of his eyes and his smile and his suave courtesy, but she was obdurate.

Suddenly he jumped into his limousine and whirled away. He was at the employment agency before June reached it, and had a cordial chat with the employment agency woman. He handed her an address and went away.  
June was delighted when she secured an opening quickly and started out immediately for the place. For a moment June felt an intense dislike in the ugly looking house at the address given her and all that it might contain; then, laughing at her own fancies, she strode up the steps and rang the bell. The door swung open silently, but no one appeared. Wondering, June walked in, and the door slammed behind her.

Two minutes later Gilbert Blye walked up the steps, took a key from his pocket, inserted it into the lock and smiled.

### FIFTH EPISODE.

#### A Woman in Trouble.

##### CHAPTER I.

Fat old Aunt Debby was dressed in her best marketing clothes, the green persals with the big yellow flowers, and the little blue hat with the nodding red plumes was far forward on her stick-line wig. The marketing trip to the city had been one of Aunt Debby's chief joys, but today the buoyancy and the high pitched laugh of excitement were absent.

"You'll stop at Ned's for Mr. Moore, Debby," said Mrs. Moore.

"Yesum." Aunt Debby stole a glance at June's portrait on the wall. "You—you ain't heard nothin' yet of Miss June?"

At the sound of that name Bouncer rose instantly, head up, ears perked, tail wagging, eyes eager, mouth open.

Where was June? That puzzling problem filled the entire mind of Aunt Debby as, by the side of the driver, she spun into the city in the Moore auto.

Where was June? A dozen private detectives were scouring the city of New York for her, and they reported to a terrified young man who sat in the lonely apartment which June had been fitted up to be their next, his only only companion a miniature of his lovely bride.

Where was June? Who was this mysterious Gilbert Blye? What was his power over Ned Warner's bride?

He seized his hat and strode forth into the streets in his never-ending search for June.

At that moment the door of a strange house had slammed, abruptly behind beautiful June Warner. And Gilbert Blye had furnished this address to June's employment agency.

A bliss looking page girl inspected June impudently in the dim light of the hall, then with a significant grin left June standing there and swaggered through a door at the end of the hall. June was startled as that door opened and a blaze of light came out with the chatter of many voices.

## Is Marriage a Sacrament?

By REV. MABEL IRWIN.

Either it is a sacrament or else it is a sacrilege. There are no half-way houses in marriage. Either it is a case of mutual love or it is not, and when it is not nothing can make it sacred, sane or wholesome. It is a sacrifice of the most disastrous kind, not only in point of view of the individual happiness thus sacrificed, but of the race itself. Any marital union that is not the result of a sacrifice of love-attraction is not only a sacrilegious union, but is ungenius to the last degree.

We hear so much these days of eugenics as the science of human breeding—breeding by selection, not of the individuals themselves, but by some outside person or agency supposed to be better qualified to select than those most vitally concerned—some one better able to determine how these should mate.

I can conceive of no greater misconception of the basic meaning of eugenics than this. It is to count nature and her superlative law of attraction as of little importance, and to put in its stead the crude judgment of man—himself! but a product of nature and of nature's God.

One might as well attempt to determine and condition chemical affinities, tell hydrogen and oxygen that it most not mingle at H<sub>2</sub>O to produce water, as to attempt to decide for another whom he shall wed.

There may be—and often are—hygienic reasons why marriage may not, in wisdom, be consummated with a given person at a given time, but there never can be a good reason why a marriage should be consummated at any time without love as its basis.

A one-sided love is not sufficient; the love must be mutual. For a girl to wed simply because she is "getting on" in years, or to "get rid of the man" who passes her, or for a man to marry a

girl to augment the fortune already his, is a blunder of the worst sort. Nothing of happiness or good can come of it, unless, indeed, the pain and discipline bound to follow shall lead to ways of wisdom.

I once knew a beautiful woman who, out of pity, married a poor blind man and when I said, "Why did you do such a thing?" she replied, "Did you not know that marriage is for discipline?" Well, it proved to be so for him at least, for three months later the poor man stopped up the cracks of the door to his room and turned on the gas, and they found him dead.

Discipline foremost! Marriage is meant to be heaven, not purgatory, which I know it all too often is.

Ellen Key, confessedly not knowing the solution of the vexed problem of the sexes, sees plainly some things that must not be, one of which is "unnatural love." "It should be branded upon the souls of our girls in letters of fire that to give themselves in union for anything less than mutual love is to become a fallen being." We may add that this is true of man as well as of woman, save, perhaps, that he has not so far to fall as has she.

Pastoric love-companionship of the intellect alone, comradeship, likeness of taste and social position, even physical perfection and health of body in man and woman, should all be held as secondary when contemplating marriage, unless, added to these, there be that subtle, undefinable law of attraction which makes each to delight in the presence of the other, drawing together like the magnet the steel. Unless this condition be met nature can give us no warrant that a new and superior race may be born.

Love comes not from below; it is from above. It is the flowering of the soul in the garden of the heart wherever wedded bliss is found.

There is but one entrance to the sanctuary, and that is by the way of the sky.

### In-Shoots

The cheerful loof shirt is in most cases an indication that the loof intends to get it back again.

When a dressing woman gets a fellow by the neck he is generally the last one to awaken to the fact.

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