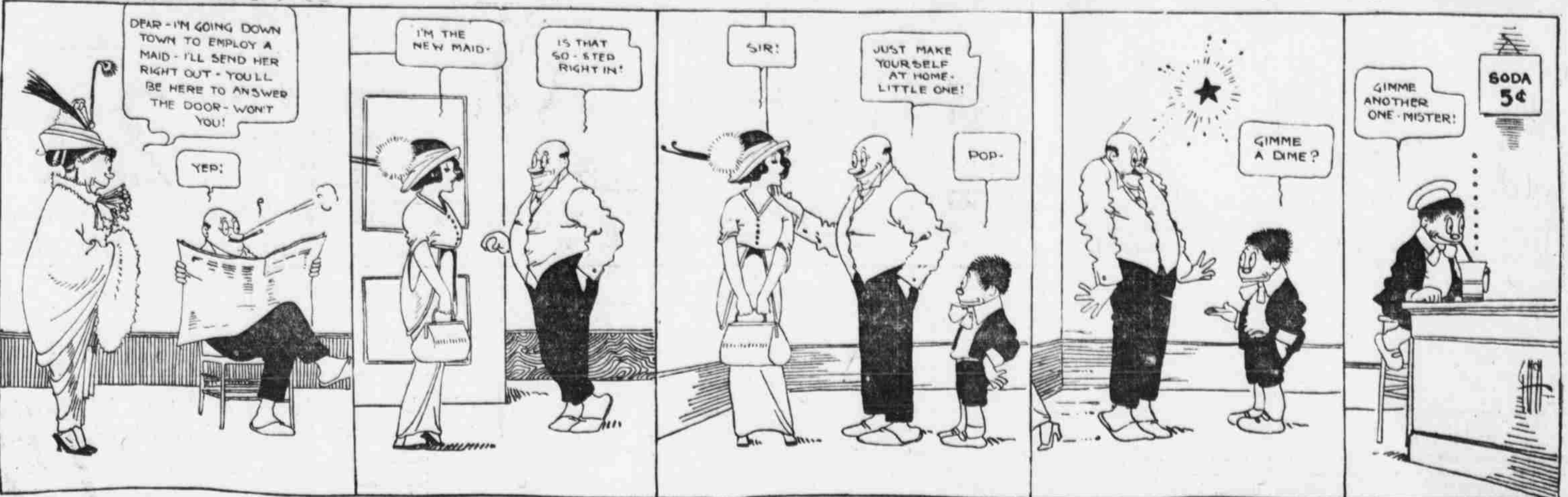


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Little Willie Gettit

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



## Think of Death as a Friend, Not a Foe

It is the Only Certain Thing in Life—  
"A Change of World" is Desirable—  
The Happiest Life Would Fall If That Did Not Come. . . . .

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

**Revermination.**

Said Life to Death, "Methinks if I were you, I would not carry such an awesome face To terrify the helpless human race. And if, indeed, those wondrous tales be true Of happiness beyond, and if I knew About the boasted blessings of that place, I would not hide so miserably all trace Of my vast knowledge. Death, if I were you, But like a glorious angel I would lean Above the pathway of each sorrowing soul, Hope in my eyes, and comfort in my breath, And strong conviction in my radiant mien. The while I whispered of that beautiful goal, This would I do, if I were you, O Death!"

Said Death to Life, "If I were you, my friend, I would not lure confiding souls each day With fair, false smiles, to enter on a way So filled with pain and trouble to the end. I would not tempt those whom I should defend. Nor stand unmoved and see them go astray. Nor would I force unwilling souls to stay Who longed for freedom, were I you, my friend. But, like a tender mother, I would take The weary world upon my sheltering breast, And wipe away its tears, and soothe its strife. I would fulfill my promises, and make My children bless me as they sank to rest. Where now they curse—if I were you, O Life!"

Life made no answer, and Death spoke again, "I would not woo from God's sweet nothing, A soul to bring, if I could not bless. And crown it with all joy. If unto men, My face seems awesome, tell me, Life, why then? Do they praise me, mad for my career, Believing in my silence lies redress. For your loud falsehoods? (So Death spoke again.)

"Oh, it is well for you I am not fair, Well that I hide behind a voiceless tomb The mighty secrets of that other place. Else would you stand in impotent despair While unfledged souls straight from the mother's womb Hushed to my arms, and spat upon your face."

tion after the great event had taken place.

The most glorious music, if played continually, ceases to please the ear. The most appetizing food loses its taste if continually taken, and life would pall upon the happiest heart if it underwent no change of death.

The good swimmer enjoys his sea bath best when lightly clad.

How much more delightful must be motion in space when the body is cast aside.

We have many bodies; the physical one meant only for death.

The astral body, meant only for the astral plane; the desire body, which is the vehicle our emotions have made, and which will eventually drop away, as the others will, and leave us in the spiritual body. In each of these bodies we will have new and wonderful experiences. And as we pass onward from plane to plane, meeting those who have been dear to us on earth, and learning new truths and gaining new powers, to help us when we again, after long periods of time, return to finish the work we leave undone here now.

Each of us ought to think of these things, calmly and with reverence and with faith in God's great goodness; we should, in the midst of all our pleasures and pursuits and ambitions and occupations, give a little time every day to happy thoughts of that wonderful change called death; and we should know that just as we think of it, just as we think of life here, so will that life be to which death guides us.

We are building our heavens (and our hells) as we pass along the earth. Cheerfulness, hope, good will, generosity, patience, gratitude, love, reverence, industry, truthfulness, admiration of the beautiful, the seeking for beauty in all things, order and system and harmony—all these qualities are stones which are being laid in the mansion in the skies which we will occupy.

Anger, revenge, hate, ill will, greed, and all the other unlovely faults of human nature, build hell for souls to dwell in until they work their way out into fairer realms.

Choose your material with care, then, and give a little time every day to thinking your heaven into shape, ready for the occupancy of your soul when it passes onward.

And think of death as your great, good, beautiful guide, not as your hideous enemy.

## New Fur Effects for November



Illustrated on the left hand side is an evening wrap of amber-colored satin, supplemented with a pearl pelerine and black fox. In the center are a handsome red fox stole and muff, with collar of ermine trimmed with tails, the muff decorated in the same way. This method of trimming fox with ermine is quite a new idea. The right hand illustration shows an evening wrap of geranium-plink velvet, into which is introduced the last word in drapery, the scheme completed with white fox.

## A New World Era In Moving Pictures

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Taking equal rank with the mighty achievements of the mind of modern man, calculus, telescope, microscope, tele-spectroscope, telephone, wireless telegraph, telegraph, teleautograph, multiplex-telegraph, matches, chloroform, dynamo, motor, electric railways, steam turbines, electric light, micro-photography, ultra-violet-energy-photo-microscopy, celestial photography, electrolysis, Crookes tubes, Roentgen ray tubes, catalysis, kinetic energy, ions, electrons, induction, nasency and latency, there now comes the new perfect motion picture projection apparatus in an absolutely new kind of theater. And these theaters will change the career of man for good.

Vast human-world possibilities are now looming. The first mighty world discovery consisted of one stick and two stones, one a resting place for the stick, a fulcrum, and the big stone to be lifted, the first and last and only machine.

The next all-civilizing discovery was that of matches, the ready production of fire. Later came chloroform and ether.

The simply infinite wonders of electronics, radium, induction, nasency and the crowning triumphs, latency and mentoids are indeed modern when compared to the stones and stick, the lever that moved the world human, hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Rescuing from the oblivion of the unknown is quite an undertaking; it has been accomplished. The apparently insoluble has been solved. The enormous expansion of the human mind due to the discovery of the use of differentials is now to be equaled, but in another way—not mathematical—by the astounding possibilities of micro-motion-photography and celestial photography.

Ultra-violet-energy waves in micro-photography should be at least partially comprehended by every reader of the American. The short ultra-violet rays in invisible regions, out beyond the visible violet, the longer waves, although not being able to affect the retina, nerves in the eye, affect with the most incredible rapidity the new sensitive films moving in the fact of lenses. But these new-type lenses are marvelous. They are curved so that they utilize the shortest waves so far detected.

See what this implies. Look through a microscope at a minute part of a small drop of water or gelatine culture, and you would not see the small moving creatures by means of sunlight, perhaps, with that instrument.

Turn on pure extra-violet waves; then you would not see them in any microscope, however powerful.

Now substitute for the eye a new, rapid, extra-sensitive film; the chemicals are affected, and in the fraction of a second an image is formed. An invisible energy-wave-graph is secured of invisible objects.

But suppose that the creatures are all moving about in the media. The picture would be spotted and blurred. So now comes the most wonderful of all. Move the film at a specific speed to coincide with the movements of the bacteria. Then the hitherto unknown is made known and a surpassing conquest of nature realized.

Develop these negatives, then only one person at a time could see them. Develop on long films, put these on rollers, move rapidly in front of high-power projection lenses, throw the images on a distant screen, then 1,000 people can see the minute portion of a drop, with telescopic moving, unknown, living animalcules, bacilla and microbes.

Sink a camera in an optical chamber to the bottom of the sea, illuminate the sea-floor animals and plants on the ocean floor, and turn the rapid film. Myriads of unknown denizens of the mystic deep are photographed, taken up to theaters and shown in natural motion to the people.

Moving picture machines will be everywhere on earth where there are people. Every department of the world's work will be in moving picture illustration. From cathedral and university to commerce, advertising and minutiae of daily life. Every court room, library, store, railway station and public place will have the magic lens and mysterious films, storing views of the activities of the entire world.

It is finished. It is on Broadway, in Los Angeles. It is the opening of an entirely new era in the career of man, and will be copied in all of the cities of the world. It is a benediction, a thing of universal beneficence. It was born perfect, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. A concrete fireproof building has been erected around a huge, beautiful pipe organ of exquisite sweetness of harmonic tones—that is, the organ was erected first and then the building around it, step by step, to adjust perfect acoustic properties. The effect is astonishing. Then 1,000 easy chairs were placed for the people. Next a huge white (not imitation white), flat (not imitation flat) wall surface. In the distant rear was substituted for a distorting screen of cloth. The highest type of projection motion picture machines are in a concrete chamber, in perfect safety.

This apparatus is indeed up-to-date and has lenses of different kinds and powers. It can project from bacteria in natural motion in a minute drop of liquid to a landscape miles in width, ocean scenes and distant mountain peaks in the midst of clouds and hurricanes.

Without people from the streets entering to rest by literal thousands. They hear the world's best selections played on a perfect organ by a perfect organist. And when soothed by the harmony they see the scenes of the earth and its busy places pass in perfect review. And countless scientific views are displayed. And the series is changed every day.

The unspeakably atrocious sounds resulting from nerve-wrecking, brain-curling racket "music machines" are all unknown in this theater beautiful. The lighting of the room is perfection itself. The air is filled with a mystic glow, delicate, refined and nerve-quieting. No point of light is visible; the electric lights are in apertures or domes in the ceiling, and diffused light only is visible. Strange to relate, this effect adds to the exquisite beauty of the pictures on the pure white surface. The blooming of two weeks of opening flowers—in five minutes—and the growing of butterflies are of exceeding beauty and scientific interest.

Now let every minister, teacher, lecturer in the world secure these priceless treasures, and then really teach the hungering millions of people, longing for new things outside of deeply worn ruts.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa had an argument last nite with the richest man in the town wate we are stopping. All of the peepul in the town, neerly, is afraid of him becaus we know sun peepul in the cities that make mon in a year than all this rich man is worth. The argument Pa had with the rich man was about the opportunities for a yung man to becom rich.

The rich man was at our hotel, & he was talking with Pa about my going to college. Pa that that after I had went thru the public school he wud send me to college, & the rich man sed no, that wud throw me among lazy boys & I wuddent ever amount to anything.

I dont think so, sed Pa. I think it all depends on the boy anyhow. Of course, sed Pa, I never went to a college myself, but I think I shall send Bobbie. Myself be glad for it in later years, the saim as I am always sorry I didnt git a chance to go.

All that is necessary to success is hard work & plenty of sleep, sed the rich man. I never went to a college, but went right to work wen my father left me the general store. I always was in bed at 5 o'clock at nite & out at 5 in the morning. Little bit of lital I accumulated my munny. I never took a drink of anything intoxicating. I never smoked & I never swore. I always went to church & giv as much as any man in our village. That is the seakret of success. Go to bed at nine, first of all.

I dont follow you, sed Pa. I know a lital sleep is a grate thing, but there has been many a brite thought thought after 9 o'clock at nite, & many a big deal has been put over the plate around mid-nite. I dont think Napoleon wud have won much of a general if he had went to bed every nite at nine. Lincoln didnt go to bed every nite at nine, neither sed Pa, seven wen he was a boy. He used to stay awake till early in the morning sumtimes, reading books that he had borrowed.

I dont care what Lincoln did, sed the rich man. I always went to bed at nine. Lincoln didnt have much munny when he died.

Neither did Julius Caesar, sed Pa. He galy most of his munny to the poor. Most of the grate minds in history was minds that didnt care much for munny.

However, I point with pride to my success, sed the rich man. None of the other boys that went to school with me has my wealth.

Probly they didnt have any general store left to them, sed Pa. There is a good deal of luck about a man making his life successful. The only men that will not admit that luck is a factor is the men that had all the luck themselves.

Another thing, sed Pa, it always gives me a pain to hear a successful man talking about hard work and sobriety & long sleeps. Think of the thousands of wood choppers, Pa sed, that go to bed at nite & git up at five all thare life long, & they are sober becaus they can't get anything to drink out in the woods, but woodchoppers that live and wood choppers that die. There is many a husky little munny a brite thought thought after

## Elizabeth Fry

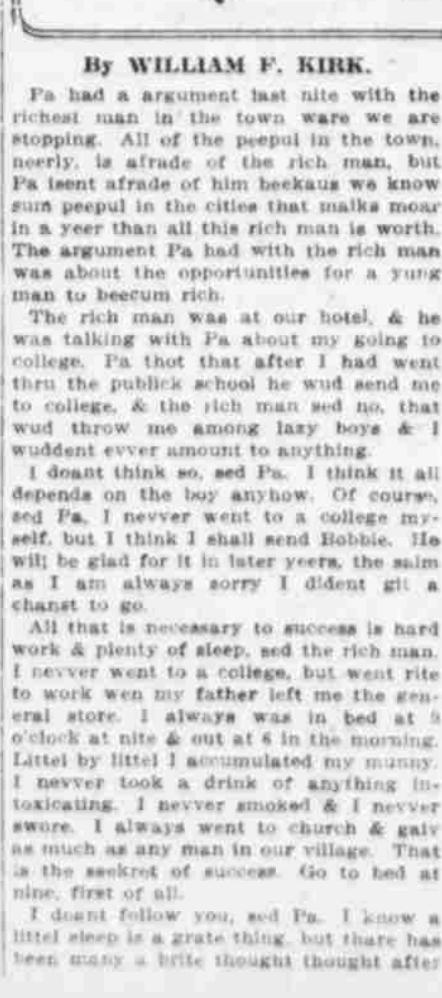
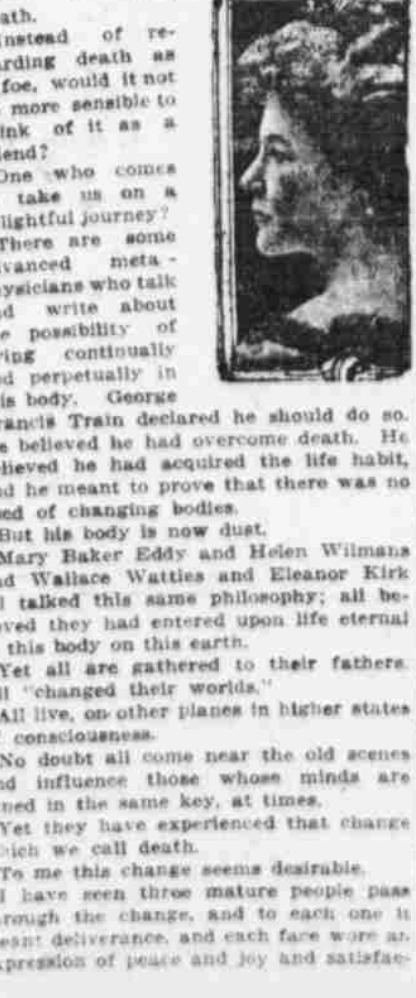
By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

When God makes up His jewels, very conspicuous among them will be the one that answers to the name of the great-hearted Quakeress, Elizabeth Fry, whose good works ended with her life, sixty-eight years ago.

If there was ever a born philanthropist it was Elizabeth Fry. It was as natural for her to love humanity and to seek to promote its happiness and peace as it is for the birds to sing to the sunrise. Her joy was found in helping along the gladness of others, and, casting away the thought of self, as one might leave a rock into the sea, she lived for the commonweal in which alone she found her individual delight.

Beginning when a mere girl, she devoted fifty years of her life to the work of improving the physical and moral condition of mankind, and it is perfectly safe to say that during it all she never once thought of any other reward for her labors than the privilege of giving herself to the cause she so dearly love.

There was never a truer Christian than Elizabeth Fry, and if it has been her rich privilege, somewhere in the Great Beyond, to meet the Good Master, we



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