

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Uncle Luther Blows In at Last

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Ella Wheeler Wilcox

--ON--

The Religion of the Future--It Will Be Based on Nature, the Divine Laws and Belief in Reincarnation.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

All roads that lead to God are good, What matters it, your faith or mine? Both center at the goal divine Of Love's eternal Brotherhood.

The kindly life in house or street, The life of prayer and mystic rite, The student's search for truth and light-- These paths at one great Junction meet.

Before the oldest book was writ Full many a prehistoric soul Arrived at this unchanging goal Through changeless Love, that leads to it.

What matters that one found his Christ In rising sun, or burning fire? If faith within him did not tire His longing for the Truth sufficed.

Before our modern hell was brought To edify the modern world, Full many a hate-filled soul was hurled In lakes of fire by his own thought.

A thousand creeds have come and gone, But what is that to you or me? Creeds are but branches of a tree-- The root of Love lives on and on.

Though branch by branch proves withered wood, The root is warm with precious wine, Then keep your faith and leave me mine-- All roads that lead to God are good.

B. P. Austin, B. A., D. D., delivered a lecture in Rochester, N. Y., wherein he said:

"The religion of the future will be open-eyed and open-earred to the revelations of today and will develop its own prophets and select its own scientific teachers. Its ministers will not be machine-made, turned out of the theological seminaries duly stamped and marked, as machines are turned out of the factory. They will be ministers of Nature's own ordination, spirit-called and spirit-baptized and spirit-led, the channels of the grace and inspiration of the spirit spheres.

"This religion will be like a glorious temple on the hilltop--four square to the universe, every door and window opens to the sunlight of truth, to the lessons of history, to the voices of the angel world. Hither I see all nations and kindreds and tribes and peoples gathering. In this religion of the future there are no distinctions of creed, or race, or sex. One desire brings worshippers from every nation, 'Island and clime--the love of truth.'

Listen--a teacher is proclaiming the latest word of science to the listening multitude. Before him on the screen is displayed, through inventions yet to come, a living brain, vibrating with thought forces, palpitating with emotional life. The lecturer is showing the power of thought to change the chemical combinations and conditions of the blood. He is proving that the brain is a wireless telegraph battery and receiving station combined. He is demonstrating that blood thus produces changes in the blood and analogous to poison. He is showing that good thought is constructive and beautiful and health-giving. He is proving that every thought is a message to the world and leaves its indelible mark on human destiny. And the multitudes listen and learn and love the truth, and gain the knowledge by which they can work out their own salvation.

"The religion of the future will recognize the needs and claims of man's body, brain and soul--and be as broad and varied in its teachings and activities as human life. It will be based on nature and her divine laws, as discovered by science, not on the supernatural, as handed down by tradition. It will exalt and not de throne reason; it will recognize the imminent God within man--not the personal God without; its chief aim will be to liberate rather than enslave."

This is good philosophy as well as great truth.

Faith has been defined as "the evidence of things hoped for."

But faith is becoming the evidence of things demonstrated.

More and more will science become the great priest of mankind. It will prove the power of thought to change the blood, flesh, bones and gray matter of the brain; to bring health out of sickness, success out of poverty, hope out of despair and life out of death. It will give a man a scientific diet which will enable him to choose the kinds of food necessary for his special duties and needs.

It will cause him to avoid wrong food and beverages just as naturally as the normal man avoids arsenic, and the only physicians of the world will be men and women who have investigated the mental and spiritual and chemical mysteries of the universe. And there will be only surgeons left of all the armies of doctors who now exist, because the race will know how to keep well; but it will not always know how to avoid accidents.

Faith on life everlasting will be founded on proven facts before another century passes--facts proven by science and demonstrated to all intelligent beings.

Belief in the reincarnation of the spiritual ego in other bodies has always been a factor in the religion of the majority of the earth's races.

Ralph Waldo Emerson thus put the idea of reincarnation beautifully in his essay on "Experience":

"We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight."

The greatest, the most intellectual and most sane minds of earth have believed in reincarnation.

The understanding of this great law will grow as the world grows in intelligence, and men will understand that heaven and hell are planes of thought, and that by choosing their thoughts they can create whichever region they choose to occupy--here and hereafter--not eternally hereafter, for existence is a series of rounds and cycles, and the spirit of man moves ever onward, without beginning and without end.

And the understanding of these glorious truths will inspire a new race of men to new heights of achievement.

Dabbys

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA SANDY MISTAH SHARKEY, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THE CIGAR STORE CLERK SAID TO STEVE BRODY WHEN STEVE WANTED TO SELL HIM SOME CHEWING TOBACCO?

INTERLOCUTOR--NO SANDY. WHAT DID THE CIGAR STORE CLERK SAY? SANDY I GOT CHEW STEVE, I GOT CHEW.

ARE THERE NINE BRAVE MEN IN THIS BERLIN AUDIENCE WHO WILL HELP US CATCH THOSE MURDERERS? AND THE ECHO ANSWERS "NEIN!"

THE DETECTIVE WAS SHADOWING HIS SUSPECT THE CROOK HE WAS AFTER WAS DLOUCHING DOWN THE STREET. THE DETECTIVE, FOLLOWING AFTER SAW A SMALL PIECE OF PAPER FALL FROM HIS POCKET. AH HA, A CLUE. HE RAN FORWARD PICKED IT UP OPENED IT AND THERE IN THE ILLEGIBLE HAND OF THE CRIMINAL HE READ, "IF YOU WERE IN VIENNA AND WANTED TO REACH MOSCOW WOULD THEY RUSSIA THROUGH?"

AIN'T YOU GOT NO EDUCATION?

PICKLE FEET ANNE THE AUTHOR ESS WAS JUST WINDING UP TO PUT ANOTHER HOT ONE ACROSS THE PLATE IN BOOK FORM SHE ALWAYS ENDED HER CHAPTERS WITH A CLIMAX THAT LEFT HER READERS BREATHELESS UNTIL SHE UNRAVELLED IT IN THE NEXT SPASM. THIS TIME SHE WAS MEDITATING WHAT SIR FEARNAUGHT WOULD DO TO CRUSH THE VILLAIN WHO WAS PLOTTING AGAINST LIGHTFOOT LENA THE HEROINE FINALLY SHE GOT IT AND WROTE "THE FARMERS HORSE HAS A HARD TIME DRAWING THE LOAD BUT THE WHIP HAS A SNAP I HEARD DIFFERENT"

HALT! STOP! DEMAND TO WHOM ARE YOU SPEAKING TO WHOM? FOR THIS YOU SHALL SUFFER CURSES ON YOU WHY DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? NO- WHO ARE YOU? IN THE BOOB THAT PUT THE BARK IN DOGWOOD.

The Ten Ages of Beauty

The Girl of Mystery

Illustration from Good Housekeeping Magazine for September.



THIS PICTURE BY NELL BRINKLEY IS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION AND ACCOMPANIES AN ARTICLE BY OCTAVE UZANNE ON "THE STORY OF FURS AND MUFFS."

Is she your favorite type of feminine beauty? Anything that is mysterious attracts attention.

When all other lines of advertising fail, the would-be theatrical star shrouds herself in some sort of mystery, or is carefully enveloped in one by the fantasy of her press agent.

The mystery may be a weird tale of tragedy and crime, or the more obvious one of being photographed with a mask on, and only appear on the street heavily veiled.

These eccentricities set everyone to wondering, and that is what the mysterious person is after. You don't have to admire her, you don't have to love her, but she must occupy your thoughts, and to that end she is carefully and systematically mysterious in her actions and her dress.

The famous prisoner in the iron mask has occupied the minds of millions of people because of the mystery attached to him. And what every woman knows is that she can keep all men and most women guessing if she will only shroud herself in some kind of a mystery.

The girl in the picture wears a mask, and I know you are crazy to see what she looks like. As she trips on her way, every man she passes is filled with curiosity, with wonder and interest. If she were the greatest beauty in the world she would not attract as much attention as she does by hiding or veiling her charms.

The girl who can be mysterious, and lots of them are, has an extraordinary power over people, for she lingers in their thoughts and exercises their imagination.

Lots of girls cultivate this air of mystery, and you see in their faces the deep, wonderful, brooding expression that makes you believe they are thinking of unfathomable things.

Mystery is the refuge of the stupid. If you try hard enough you can always look and act as if there were worlds of meanings behind your simplest glance.

Sometimes a girl is born to look mysterious; such a one was the fair Edna, one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. She had brown eyes as big as teacups, and while she hardly ever said anything, she looked unutterable things. You would feel those big, brown eyes gazing at you even when your back was turned, and as if drawn by some wonderful magic you would ask, "What is it?" trying to fathom the mystery behind that deep, searching glance of hers. But she always answered, "Nothing."

Edna married a very rich man. She is still marvellously beautiful and in her face is the mystery of the Sphinx. She never mars this impression for she seldom says anything. Her husband adored her until he found out that behind this wall of mystery there was a perfectly vacant brain, a thing which we could have told him before his marriage.

They are divorced now and she is about to marry No. 2, who has also succumbed to the charm of the silent, mysterious looking beauty.

hopeless of all absurdities. That our conquerors, victors of battles and destroyers of nations, are detestable scourges; that a clap of the hand is preferable to a rifle shot; that the happiest people in the world is not the nation that possesses the largest battalions, but the nation that labors in peace and produces abundantly; and that the amenities of existence beyond which we meet with all the annoyances of the custom house, with its officials who search our pockets and rifle our baggage.

"Our descendants will see this and many other marvels which today are extravagant dreams. To what ideal height will the process of evolution lead mankind? We are afflicted by an indelible taint, a kind of original sin, if we may call sin a state of things with which our will has nothing to do. We are made after a certain pattern, and we can do nothing to change ourselves. We are marked with the mark of the beast, the taint of the belly, the inexhaustible source of bestiality.

"The intestine rules the world. In the midst of our most serious affairs there intrudes the impertinent question of bread and butter. So long as there are stomachs to digest--and as yet we are unable to dispense with them--we must find the wherewithal to fill them, and the powerful will live by the sufferings of the weak. Life is a void that only death can fill. Hence the endless butchery by which man nourishes himself, no less than beetles and other creatures; hence the perpetual holocausts which make of this earth a knacker's yard, beside which the slaughter houses of Chicago are as nothing.

"But the fasteners are legion, and the feast is not abundant in proportion. Those that have not are envious of those that have; the hungry bare their teeth at the satisfied. Then follows the battle for the right of possession. Man raises armies to defend his harvests, his granaries and his cellars; he resorts to warfare. Where shall we see the end of it? Alas, and many times alas! As long as there are wolves in the world there must be watchdogs to defend the flock."

Musings of an Old Sport.

There's a heap more motive power in a whistle than in a whimper.

"Jes' tofable" ain't no way to get along.

The man who backs his own judgment may occasionally land on a dead one, but he has the fun of doin' his own pickin'.

The Magic of Love

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The children were in high glee this morning. They brought something home from down the hill, where the shops are--something mysterious and weird and magic, they said, and they tiptoed around and brought a great blue bowl with white flowers in the rim and they filled the bowl with clear water, and then they set the bowl on the little step that leads to the place where the tall hollyhocks stand watching over the well to see who is being good and who is being bad down in the village, and they opened a little white wooden box and took out wee shavings of things, like little splinters from some stock plant, and the little boy's eye grew dark and wonderful.

"My turn first," said he, and into the bowl he dropped one of the little splinters, and it was no longer a splinter; it flowered slowly, slowly--a blossom of crimson on the shining surface of the clear water.

"Oh!" sighed the little boy in ecstasy. "Oh! it wearily is a flower a water flower. It's magic mother, it is weally, weally magic."

And the little girl smiled mysteriously and opened her lily-like hand, and down in the bowl of water dropped another splinter. "Sh-h!" whispered the little girl. "I've wished it to be something," and the dull, dead splinter, like the other, opened and blossomed into a flower of celestial blue, and by the side of it rode a tiny ship for fairies. And then the bowl was full. Little ducks swam in the clear water, bluebirds darted its white petals, a rose blushed as only roses do, and a fair ship set sail across the bowl into unknown seas.

"Oh!" said the little boy, his gray eyes wide with wondering delight; "oh, I love to see magic, mother; I love to see magic!"

And the children laughed and played for an hour with the blue bowl of clear water and the tiny splinters.

The little boy came and looked into my face with his clear eyes that are like a little lake in the forest.

"Isn't it funny," said he, "Isn't it funny about magic things? They stay in a box and they look like just anything else, and then you take them to water and put them in and they are be-au-ti-ful things--all at once, just because of the water. Isn't it funny?"

And I told the little boy I thought it really was funny, very funny, and very sweet, too, and something to be thought of. The little magic water flowers that come in the wooden box, so plain to see, so insignificant, and yet they are magic for all that, real magic.

How many souls are there like that--humble, quiet, plain, uninteresting. Baffle them in the magic of love and they are transfigured.

I saw a woman on the street car the other day--plain, poor, humble, a little dull--and all at once her rather stupid face was glorified with a smile that made her beautiful, and I looked, and by the road side stood a little homely boy, freckled as a turkey's egg, red headed, wide mouthed, bare footed.

Hers, she loved him; the magic flower of motherhood grew to glorious beauty right before my dazzled eyes.

A dull-eyed man stood in the office of a justice the other day waiting. The door opened, a woman entered--a faded, insignificant little creature--you could never have told her from a thousand of her kind in a crowd. The man's eyes blazed like stars and the woman's face shone.

They had been waiting for this day for years. The woman had a sick mother to care for, the man was bringing up his little sisters. Now they were free, and today they came to claim each other and go home to a friendly fireside together, after many years. Magic, again the old, old magic of love.

Woman, War and Some Other Things

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

The Century company of New York has just issued an entertaining volume, Fabre's "Social Life in the Insect World." As will be seen by the following, the author touches on human problems also:

"Under the skin of the civilized being there lurks almost always the ancestor, the contemporary of the cave bear. True humanity does not yet exist; it is growing, little by little, created by the ferment of the centuries and the dictates of conscience; but it progresses toward the highest with heart-rending slowness.

"It was only yesterday that slavery finally disappeared; the basis of the ancient social organism; only yesterday was it realized that man, even though black, is really man, and deserves to be treated accordingly.

"What formerly was woman? She was what she is today in the east; a gentle animal without a soul. The question was long discussed by the learned. The great divine of the seventeenth century, Bossuet himself, regarded woman as the diminutive of man. The proof was in the origin of Eve; she was the superfluous bone, the thirteenth rib which Adam possessed at the beginning. It has at last been admitted that woman possesses a soul like our own, but even superior in tenderness and devotion. She has been allowed to educate herself, which she has done at least as zealously as her coadjutor, but the law, that gloomy cavern which is still the lurking place of so many barbarities, continues to regard her as an incapable and a minor. The law in turn will finally surrender to the truth.

"The abolition of slavery and the education of woman; these are enormous strides upon the path of moral progress. Our descendants will go further. They will see, with a lucidity capable of piercing every obstacle, that war is the most answered, "Nothing."

Edna married a very rich man. She is still marvellously beautiful and in her face is the mystery of the Sphinx. She never mars this impression for she seldom says anything. Her husband adored her until he found out that behind this wall of mystery there was a perfectly vacant brain, a thing which we could have told him before his marriage.

They are divorced now and she is about to marry No. 2, who has also succumbed to the charm of the silent, mysterious looking beauty.