

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Two Cats

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By Nell Brinkley

Fashion

Olivette Describes Two Recent Paris Styles



Two little members of the feline family—both soft and fluffy, with velvet paws and a passion for being petted—both baffling and bright-eyed—both the mildest of comrades for three hundred and sixty-four days of the year and a scratcher on the three hundred and sixty-fifth.



In this costume on the left Paris pays reminiscent tribute to its "chanticleer." The hat of draped taffeta, caught high on the left side, suggests a comb—and the flaring tunic carries out the chanticleer line. The bodice is a kimono blouse of black taffeta with a long-fitted sleeve. It opens over a vest of white silk under fine Valenciennes lace and is finished by a shawl collar of black velvet. The cuff and the wide banding on the tunic are of black ribbon velvet. The skirt is also of black velvet and is cut plain on rounding lines with its slight fullness caught in at the height of the knees.

With the completing touch of a black velvet coat, the smart woman will find this a most useful and attractive afternoon costume for the winter. This pleasing afternoon frock on the right for a young girl is made of white silk with flowers of old pink. The bodice is a crossed kimono, trimmed with a fichu of old lace. The sleeve, of elbow length, is ended with a founce of plain tulle. The belt is a simple ribbon in the light pink shade, with chrysanthemum of the same color, giving a stunning finishing touch. The skirt, which is gathered at the waist line, is crossed in front. OLIVETTE.

On the Life Hereafter

There is No Death—Other Lives, Other Realms, Await—One of the Greatest Teachers of This Was Emanuel Swedenborg.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
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A man who says he is a great student and that has studied all the religions, urges me to be "sensible" and discontinue writing or talking about "God" or "heaven" or "future life."

He says all these are superstitions, which people of intellect must abandon, or resign all claim to intellectual.

This man is, of course, an egotist of the rankest order. He is so blinded by his self-conceit that he cannot see truth. He is like an individual who sits holding his own photograph close to his eyes and says: "There is no universe, no sun or skies; there is only this card on which I see my face."

The perfectly balanced human being forms a complete triangle. Physically strong; mentally strong; spiritually strong; the three natures are in perfect harmony.

We find few such beings, and consequently the world is filled with those who are in some respects dwarfed or deformed.

There is the robust athlete, whose prowess lies in the physical realm. He has not developed his brain or his spirit.

There is the hysterical spiritual being, who thinks only of the world beyond and neglects his mind and his body. There is the intellectual giant, who has a stunted body and no spirituality, or who has two sides of the triangle developed, body and mind, and only a blank space where the spiritual line should be.

No one of these individuals is living the life God wants man to live. Each one must be sent back to earth in many incarnations until he learns to make the perfect triangle of himself, and then, being complete, he can pass on to other work, in other mansions, in other realms.

It seemeth such a little way to me Across to that strange country, the beyond: And yet not strange, for it has grown to be The home of those of whom I am so fond: They make it seem familiar, and—most dear—As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear I seem to see the gleaming of that strand: I know I feel those who have gone from here—Come near enough to even touch my hand. I often think but for our veiled eyes, We would find heaven right round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dred When from this dear earth I shall journey out To find the dearer country of the dead And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.

I love this world, yet I shall love to go And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above the Bier and see The seal of death set on some well loved face But that I think—One more to welcome me When I shall cross the intervening

Between this land and that one over there; One more to make the strange beyond seem fair.

And so to me there is no sting to death, It is but crossing, with suspended breath, And white, set face, a little strip of sea, To find the loved ones on the other shore. More beautiful, more precious than before.

My correspondent may be a strong man physically, and mentally, but he is dwarfed and stunted spiritually; and because he is so, he thinks there is no spiritual truth in the universe; as the man born blind might think there was no light of sun or moon or star. Fortunately there are hundreds of brilliant minds ready to give their testimony to the contradiction of this man's statements that earth and human life are accidents, and that chance rules all things, and that there is no life beyond this life, and no realm beyond earth. One of the greatest men who ever lived

on earth, a great scientist, a great humanitarian a great scholar was Swedenborg. And this man gave up a position and power and place among the venturesome people of earth to devote his mature years to telling the world the marvelous facts he had learned about realms within realms and life beyond life.

When he was dying at the advanced age of 81 he was offered all the solaces of orthodox religion if he would say that he had not heard these voices or seen these visions. "But I did see and did hear," he replied. And those were almost his last words.

Swedenborg's opinions on politics or science left no marked impression on the world; very few people even know that he was renowned in those days. But Swedenborg's great religious philosophy is the comfort and the strength of thousands of intellectual and useful human beings.

There is an old Hindoo phrase which reads thus: He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool; shun him.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, he is simple; teach him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, he is asleep; wake him. He who knows, and knows that he knows, he is wise; follow him.

Swedenborg was the latter. He was the perfect triangle. Great in all ways. There are thousands of other human beings living, and thousands who have lived, strong of intellect, clear of mind, who have given to the world their testimony of absolute knowledge of the existence of invisible worlds about us, and invisible helpers near us, just as travelers on our earth report different conditions and different scenes in northern and southern and Arctic equatorial locations. So the various seers observe various conditions in the spiritual worlds. There is just as much variety in these realms as in our own, and each seer sees according to his own powers of sight and according to his own mental and spiritual development.

The architect, on earth, who is absorbed wholly in buildings, takes a walk with an artist who cares only for nature, and one returns unable to tell anything about the plants, trees, flowers or scenery, but everything about the style

of houses he has seen; while the artist has not even noticed a house, but is filled with notions concerning the landscape, the streams, the trees, the verdure.

Precisely so with the man who has the open eye in spiritual realms. I know a quiet, industrious business man, respected by his fellows, loved by his associates, who seeks neither glory nor riches, and who is ever ready to serve his friends or his enemies with good deeds. This man has the open eye and he is privileged in being able to see the invisible realms and the invisible helpers who move about among us. Naturally possessed of the clear seeing eye, he has developed the power of the "intuitive" by high thinking, and living, and preparation. There are a few such on earth, and to meet and talk with them is to gain a great spiritual uplift.

Without a faith in other states of existence, this life at its brightest and best would be insupportable to a finely organized and loving soul. The sudden calamities which befall dear ones, the sorrows and tragedies which come into every life, would make this brief earth a ghastly jest were it not that we know it only as one room in our Father's mansion, and that we are to enter other rooms, dressed in other bodies, after we have passed from this.

Other realms, other lives await us. Earth is but one of many spheres through which we pass.

We shall meet and recognize those who were our spiritual kin, in these other realms.

Vital, deep, beautiful affection can never die. Only ephemeral loves die with death.

Ambition for worldly honors, enjoyment of wholly physical pleasures and all that is based on selfishness and avarice eventually die with the body. They continue for a time after death, because they have fettered the spirit and prevented it from progressing at once. They make the spirit earthbound for a season, but after a time the spirit gains its knowledge of higher ideals of happiness and goes on to the various heavens and from those higher heavens it is allowed to come at times to earth to sustain and uplift and help those who remain. There is no death. There are no deaths

Garrett P. Serviss Writes

"Telephonophobia"

A CURIOUS MENTAL DISEASE

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Here is a story of the strange effects of the telephone upon the nervous system and mental state of a woman. From this story it is possible to learn, or guess, a great deal about these curious bodies of ours, with their five limited senses, and their imprisoned minds, for whose infinite needs a thousand senses would not suffice. I get the story at second hand from two French physicians. A young married woman, 35 years of age, physically rather delicate, but mentally very intelligent and very cultivated had developed a singular form of what the physicians call "telephonophobia."



Whenever the telephone bell rings she is taken with a kind of mental anguish, resulting from the state of uncertainty into which she is immediately thrown as to who the person can be that is calling. She becomes so paralyzed by this state of mind that usually she is unable to answer the call. In case she does take up the receiver and put it to her ear she is seized with a violent oppression in the head and a fluttering of the heart. Her voice fails her, or, if she succeeds in making any response to what she hears over the wire, it is in altered tones, and in broken, disconnected words. This results from the fact that her mind is continually distracted by thinking about the person at the other end of the line, and wondering what that person really thinks of her.

Physicians accustomed to study the mental aberrations of their patients will find nothing very wonderful in this story, which simply offers one among many examples that might be cited of the curious ways in which new inventions react upon the human organism. It is not unusual for people to be nervously disturbed by the sudden ringing of a telephone bell, which is a sound having

a character peculiar to itself because of the associations that it awakens in the mind. These associations have a certain element of mystery about them. For many persons, perhaps the majority, telephoning is still a kind of scientific magic, and the voices of the wire vibrate strangely on the nerves of the hearer.

Every invention that comes into general use has some effect of this kind, and thus becomes an element in the development of the human race, for man constantly changing his environment and thereby directing the course of his own evolution.

We can see what one result of this self-induced evolution will probably be when we notice the fact that the nervousness inspired by telephone calls, rushing automobiles in the street and other striking phenomena resulting from the progress of modern inventions, usually develops a more or less complete paralysis of the will power. The nervous person who sees an auto speeding toward him is seized with hesitation and indecision. He cannot move, or he suddenly moves in exactly the wrong direction, because his perceptive faculties and his mental activity are too weak or too uncertain to enable him on the instant to form a sound judgment of the situation and decide what should be done to meet it.

The consequence must be precisely what has occurred again and again in "natural evolution"; that is, evolution based only on the slow changes produced by nature's unaided forces. That consequence is the gradual elimination of the unfit, and in this case the unfit are individuals of weak wills and slow or muddled perceptive power. The humanity of the future, just by virtue of its inventions calling continually for more and more rapidity of mental action, will be characterized by firmness of will, quickness of decision, clearness of thought and freedom from mysticism, and these qualities will be largely the indirect gifts of the telephone, the automobile, the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy and the hundred other concrete forms in which human intelligence has crystallized itself.

The world spins faster and faster; it is already going at a dashing speed which daunts the faint-hearted, and the slow of thought, but those who ride with it

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