

WOMEN AND INTERESTS

THERE IS NO DEATH, SAYS ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(Copyright, 1913, by Star Company) BEYOND

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 dread When from this dear earth I shall journey out To that still 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 space 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, And so the grave has lost its victory. 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.

ally 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. Each one must be sent back to earth to make the perfect triangle of himself, and then, being complete, he can pass on to other work, in other mansions, in other Realms.

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 here 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 position and power and place among the ambitious 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 eighty-three, he was offered all the solaces of orthodox religion if he would say that he had not heard these voices or seen 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 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 them, and invisible helpers near us, just as travelers on our earth report different conditions and different scenes in Northern and Southern Arctic and 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 facts 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 risk, 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 worlds and the invisible helpers who move about among us. He is possessed of the clear seeing eye, he has developed the power of the "intuitive" by his thinking, and living, and preparation. Thus he sees 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 stay a ghastly rest were it not that we know it as only 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 reasons the same as to earth to sustain and uplift and help those who remain.

There is no death. There are no dead.

A man who says he is a great student and that has studied all the religious, urges me to be "sensible" and "discontinue writing or talking about 'God' or 'Heaven' or 'Future Life.'"

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

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. Physi-

She shook her finger at him playfully, but with a serious light of eyes behind the playfulness which seemed to indicate proprietary interest in him. It amused him—but he found it unmistakably pleasant, too.

The excited Sam came in. Sam always seemed to come at just those moments which without him would have been more interesting.

"He's—shaking—hands—with—everybody," he volunteered.

"Who? Mr. Jones?" asked Clara.

"Yes—Gosh!—He—was—afraid—to—make—a—speech!—I—bet—I—wouldn't—be—afraid!—If—ever—I—amount—to—anything—the—first—thing—I'm—going—to—do—is—to—make—a—speech—about—myself!"

Wallace laughed. "You've got the right idea, Sammy."

"You—bet—I've—got—the—right—idea!—I've—got—darned—good—ideas—if—I—ever—get—a—chance—to—use—'em!"

Clara was reproving. "Sammy, stop this constant talking about yourself!"

"Stop—your—own—talking!—You—don't—understand—me. I've—got—brains—I—have!"

"No one can tell," said Wallace. "Maybe he has."

"I'll—surprise—you—all—some—day!"

Clara smiled at Wallace. "Ain't it funny. He really thinks he's going to be a big man."

"Well, maybe he will," said Wallace, considering Sammy's bulk reflectively, "and then, again, he's liable to fall away to almost nothing."

She laughed, delighted at his humor. "Oh, I see what you mean! You're always joking, aren't you?"

"Aren't I the cut-up, though?" he gently gayer her.

It was very silly, and he knew how very silly it was, but none the less, the city man enjoyed the persiflage with this red-cheeked rural maiden. In the extraordinary ebullition of his spirits he reached out his hand for hers, found it, and stood swinging it. She blushed, he laughed. He was really burlesquing a flirtation, but she did not know it, nor was the impulse of his foolery entirely burlesque. He was very much confused when an amused cough from behind them told that Jostie had come in.

He whirled. "Oh, good morning, Miss Richards!"

"How do you do, Mr. Wallace?" She smiled with definite satisfaction. "Mr. Jones is causing quite a sensation in the works."

"So I understand."

"Shall I tell him you are here?" asked Clara.

"I wish you would, if it isn't too much trouble, Miss Spotswood."

"Not at all. I'll be only too pleased." She smiled at him. "Nobody ever calls me anything but Clara."

Wallace felt that he was most emphatically in clover. "Oh, you Clara!" He was a large young man, with a large, smooth-shaven face, particularly broad. It was one happy smile

She was giggling as she hurried toward the factory. "I'll tell him, right away."

Wallace turned to Jostie. "Has Mr. Pembroke called?"

"No; Mr. Jones was saying he expected him at eleven o'clock."

"He told me of the advice you gave him. We have a good deal to thank you for. I'm sure of that."

"I don't see why," he protested. "He's only doing what is right. Any man with a conscience would do the same. Of course my influence may have had some bearing on his decision, but, believe me, his mind was made up when you got through with him last night."

She was very earnest. "Oh, it means so much to so many!"

"Any way, I think he'd be a fool to sell."

"You do?"

"Certainly. A proposition which showed the profit this did last year—without any advertising! Why, it's wonderful! I know what I'm talking about. I'm with the biggest advertising firm in New York city."

"But we couldn't afford to advertise, except in a small way," she said in explanation of what he evidently thought their lack of enterprise, "and the big firms wouldn't take a petty contract."

"Why didn't you try the Empire Agency?"

She shook her head. "We did. They refused to handle us at all. They do most of the Consolidated's work, you see. I guess that was the reason."

He was quick to deny this. He did not wish anyone to think that the great Empire Agency would favor one concern to the extent of shutting out another in fair competition.

"Oh, no," he confidently asserted, "we don't make that sort of agreements. No corporation can dictate to us. The Empire's my firm. My Governor's its president."

"Oh, well, then, perhaps, you know all about it." She evidently did not care to be so firmly contradicted.

This daunted him. "You say they refused to handle your work?"

"Absolutely."

For a moment he stood lost in thought, then suddenly reached a resolution of importance. "May I use your phone?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Give me long distance," he demanded of the operator; then, while he was waiting, he turned back to Jostie, saying almost angrily: "That's a pretty rotten trick, if it's so—to squeeze the little fellow out like that. You're absolutely sure it was the Empire?"

"Yes; we tried all the big advertising firms."

"There isn't any other big advertising firm," he valiantly declared. His business patriotism was unquestionable. "If there was we'd whip it over to the Empire in pretty quick shape."

The receiver, which he held at his ear, showed signs of life. "Hello, I want New York," he told the operator. Then, to Jostie: "What's this number?"

[To Be Continued.]

Broadway Jones

From the Play of George M. Cohan

By EDWARD MARSHALL

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

Copyright, 1913, by C. W. Dillingham Company

She smiled at him. She cared nothing for the cheering, but she would tell him about it, because she liked to talk to him on any subject. "Well, you should have heard them cheering! They've made more noise than this old town has ever heard before."

"Yes, I dare say it is," he granted, as new cheers burst forth.

But he did not go to see the demonstration, which indicated to him that he must find something most attractive in this village belle's company. What other woman could have held him from the sight of Broadway Jones in his first effort as an orator?

"Funny," he remarked, and smiled at her; "I was thinking of you as I passed the drug store just now."

She laughed, delighted. "That's strange. I've been thinking of you, too!"

"Have you really?"

"Yes. Oh, those chocolates were fine! I ate them all before I went to bed." Then, reproachfully, "but you shouldn't be spending your money the way you do!"

He was unconscious of any mad expenditure of which she could be cognizant and, therefore, was surprised.

"What?"

"Mr. Jones told me that you were a regular spendthrift."

This from Broadway, the most famous spendthrift of New York's recent years! "When did he tell you that?" he asked, endeavoring to hide the meaning of his smiles.

"Just a little while ago. He said you spent over twenty-five dollars one night!"

For a second this extraordinary statement almost choked him. He had been with Broadway when that sum would have been regarded as a modest tip for a head-waiter.

"Oh, did he tell you about that night?" he asked, still carefully endeavoring to conceal the nature of his smiles at least.

And as she smiled it came upon him that for reasons which he did not understand as yet he should be sorry to have this particular girl learn details of some nights which he and Broadway Jones had passed together on the famous street they knew so well.

"Yes," she said, prettily admonishing, "and you mustn't waste it in that

way any more."

She shook her finger at him playfully, but with a serious light of eyes behind the playfulness which seemed to indicate proprietary interest in him. It amused him—but he found it unmistakably pleasant, too.

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SAVES MONEY GET YOURS IN THIS BIG SALE

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8126 Fancy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years. WITH LONG OR THREE-QUARTER Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

Wants Divorce Because Husband Made Her Feed 7 Dogs and Tend Bees

Constant complaining about her cooking, business, seven howling dogs, and four hives of bees were among the reasons the Dauphin County Divorce Court learned to-day, that Mrs. William A. H. Seltzer, daughter of ex-Sheriff Shellenberger, of Middletown, is seeking legal separation from her husband.

The respondent, is now among the missing, according to the wife, eluding a court maintenance order. The couple was married October 7, 1896. All was happiness until March 15, 1909, when the wife in the role of a good samaritan, advised her husband to stop work, so that he might regain his former good health. The trouble started, the wife said, when Seltzer, who has fully recovered was advised to seek employment. On several occasions Mrs. Seltzer says she was stung by the bees, and she said Seltzer enjoyed poking fun by making nasty remarks regarding her swollen face. She said further that her husband had made a practice of chasing her about the house and striking her many times and complained much about the cooking.

MANY WOULD BE MAIL CLERKS

Applicants for employment in the railway service are unusually numerous this year, according to officials at the Post Office. More than a hundred have applied for the examination to be held on February 21 and it is believed that at least seventy-five more will apply before the middle of the month. The last day for applying is February 15. The papers must be in Washington six days before the examination.

JAMES IS PREVENTED FROM RESIGNING BY HEAVY VOTE

By Associated Press

Champaign, Ill., Feb. 3.—President James, of the University of Illinois, was prevented from resigning last night when the faculty passed a vote of confidence in his administration. President James called a meeting of the faculty last night and announced that he had received frequent reports that he did not possess the confidence and support of the faculty. The faculty, in secret ballot, by a vote of 183 yeas to 4 nays, declared confidence in President James.

Taft Warmly Defends Courts of the Country

New London, Conn., Feb. 3.—Speaking last night before the Connecticut Bar Association, ex-President William Howard Taft warmly defended the courts of the country after Sherman L. Whipple, a Boston lawyer, had criticized the judicial system and contended that it did not favor a fair, thorough trial, but rather tended toward "concealment, chicanery and trickery."

Mr. Taft said he did agree that "something has happened to impair the confidence of the people in our courts," but declared that the trouble did not lie with the judges, the lawyers or the methods of procedure. In his opinion the trouble had arisen because of "misstatements and misrepresentations of demagogues as to the character of courts and of their decisions."

Write To Me Today

I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is—I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how you can gain perfect development one ounce a day. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or paste—no pedicures, marks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of an absolutely new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—that's all. I will answer it by return mail—and you can develop your bust one ounce a day—you can be what you want to be. Believe me when I say that you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter to-day to the following address:

MRS. LOUISE INGRAM
Suite 644, 408 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio.

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It's the life of fuel—it's the factor that determines its best efficiency, its worthiness as fuel.

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Kelley's Hard Egg... \$6.45
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is the child with the least handicaps. There are children who are cross and irritable because of eye strain, wrong glasses now or the lack of glasses may bring a lifetime of eye trouble. I study the child's needs and fit glasses with absolute exactness, never advising glasses except when absolutely necessary.

H. C. Leeb
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

With H. C. Cluster, 302 Market St.

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect November 30, 1913.

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:02, 7:52 a. m., 3:40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and Intermediate stations at 6:08, 7:52, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:15 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:18, 5:27, 8:20, 9:55 a. m.
For Dillsburg at 6:08, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 5:20, 8:20 and 9:55 p. m.
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
H. A. RYDLE, G. P. A.
J. H. TONGE, Supt.

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