



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I wonder if there is anything in stars this season," said the Manicure Lady. "All the bad luck signs has failed on me lately, George. Things is so rosy that I am all the time looking for the Woolworth building to fall on me and me alone. I never seen the time when so many things broke right all at once, and that right in the face of a lot of hoodoo signs."

"It comes that way sometimes," said the Head Barber. "I didn't see any hoodoo signs at all last week, and everything broke wrong. Two skates that I bet on got the blind staggers, and the misus got the quincy and the kid caught it from her. I don't believe in signs."

"I used to," said the Manicure Lady, "but it's getting so I ain't superstitious, too. Yesterday our biggest mirror broke up at the house. It wouldn't have broke, only Wilfred was trying to show father how to box, and the old gent throw science to the winds and cut loose with a haymaker that druv my poor brother through the looking glass in the hall, the one Ma and Maysie and I always stands in front of to see how we look to go out for the evening."

"That was a broken looking-glass for fair, but it didn't bring no bad luck to our household. And Wilfred walked under a ladder yesterday when he was looking up at the clouds to get a inspiration for a poem called A Cloudy Day in August. There wasn't any comeback on that, either. I fussed a little last night when I seen a cross-eyed woman in the subway, but nothing came of that this far. I guess the poor thing got cross-eyed looking two ways for a seat. I am as happy as a humming bird, and nothing has happened to ruffle my feelings. I haven't heard a single guy that came in here all the forenoon say 'I should worry.'"

"The old gent says that everything equalizes in this world. He ain't like us young folks, George. Every time that we see three or four happy days in a row we begin to think that we are going to be like the lilies that toll not whether they do spin, yet Sullivan in hall his glory never had no clothes better than them. The old gent says that he never pale himself on the back for having a little run of luck, because he has been too long in the league to think everything in life is roses and sunshine. He says that we all ought to consider the wallops that is in store for us and act kind of calm in the moments of our easiest going."

"I don't agree with your father," said the Head Barber. "Lots of times I think some people has a right to be awfully up. They have money and social position and all that. Some of them is even kings. The rest of us have got grub along and be common people."

"Father would be awful pensive if he knew you didn't agree with him," said the Manicure Lady. "But the old gent is funny about social position. You see, George, when father had a lot of money he used to mix in with the swells, and found out that there wasn't as much gold in their hearts and heads as there is in the hearts and heads of his regular pals. I kind of like him for it, George, whether you do or not. He never says much about his friends, but you bet they are his friends, and he would break a date with King Alphonso of Spain to go out to the ball game with Bob Kelley."

"But that ain't what started to talk about. I was saying that signs can't amount to much, or I wouldn't be setting here now making a holier about something. Well, for the love of Paddy! Gee, George, somebody has took my pocket-book! Oh, Gee! It musta been some dip on the Subway! Gee, now I've gotta be surreptitious again!"

## The Last Day

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By Nell Brinkley



"All the long vacation days together are not so sweet as this—the last winged day."

### Nell Brinkley Says:

Autumn, red leaves in her sultry hair, is leaning to the Earth. Already the "quaking asp" in the far west is turning to thin, fine gold—the oak in the soberer east is changing from green to dusky red—under the magic of her hand.

Women-folk are dreaming of their winter frocks—"haus-fraus" of their coal and hickory logs—the first smoke of fall-leaf burnings will curl soon and spread in fragrant haze through the woods and suburban streets. Little kids will soon be kicking a big, brown ball instead of pitching a little white one—lovers of the sea are lingering long and swimming hard in his keen arms, knowing that soon they will be ice—and the city, the great core, is reaching a thousand hands and grabbing back her workers who have spread wide and far.

For vacation days are going! Already at country station, sad brown boys are climbing aboard trains, with sad, brown girls (girls are the lucky things—however

it is they usually can stay longer than the fellows) on the platform. The sad, brown boy has his city clothes on—with a tight white collar that looks pallid against the bronze of his neck—his duck hat is in his trunk, and his stiff town hat torments his sunburnt forehead.

The sad, brown girl is still in her heeless sneakers—and middy and naked head. Pretty soon she, too, will be in patent-kids with silver buckles—tailored and covered of head with her browned cheeks turned to the city. Every summer hotel—the shores of the gray sea here, and the shores of the raw-blue sea in the west; piney woods in the Rockies; lakes in New England; country towns in north and south and east and west—are good-by-places now.

On the sand-dune they have their last day. There are a million things to say—and they say nothing! The sea is very still, and a land wind blows her hair in little, ripply banners, whips his tie and

lifts the tawny coat of her collie. The gulls scream and sail against the keen blue of the sky. And all the time the sea laps in a little line of lather on the sunny sand. The dog's brown eyes are miserable. The man's gray ones are blank with despair. The girl's are misty and absent.

The hours go like swift-sliding water. And, oddly enough—this their last day to laugh and love and fill with all the delights they find in one another—is singularly empty. They touch hands little, their tongues are tied, his gayety and clever tongue that she adores go suddenly back on him. He is very dull! Her tenderness—her alert little brain—are quite gone away. She is very stupid!

And pretty soon the wine-like light of the sunset dyes all the world in claret—the girl shivers a little and the man clears his throat and says in a stranger's voice, "Had we better go?" And the last day is over.

## Mysteries of Science and Nature

### The Electrical Voice of Time—It Can be Heard All Over Western Europe and Northern Africa, Speaking in the Language of Radio-Telegraphy from Eiffel Tower

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Since July 1 time signals, giving the exact hour as determined by astronomical observation, have been radiating through the air from the lofty Eiffel tower in Paris, speeding in all directions with the velocity of light, and all that people who want to keep their clocks and watches regulated in accord with the steady motion of the earth on its axis have to do is to capture these flying signals with a wireless telegraph receiver attached to a telephone.



Away off in Africa, in Algiers and Tunis, the invisible electric waves are caught with perfect ease, and ships at sea, off the French coast, can take them

at will, and thus regulate their chronometers and ascertain their position with an accuracy hitherto unattainable.

This is truly scientific magic. Just think of it! You want to know the true time to the fraction of a second, and all you have to do in order to get it is to open your electric ear to these sounds, which seem to drop out of the sky as if Old Time himself were speaking to you!

It is very much as if the wheels of your watch were geared for a moment to the rotating earth in order to correct their rate, for the whole thing is done automatically. The pendulum of a special clock in the Observatory of Paris—a clock whose running is kept accurately in accord with the rotation of the earth—periodically closes a circuit, which instantly actuates the wireless apparatus in the Eiffel tower and thus sends forth an electric voice, travelling with a speed which would suffice to carry it seven times around the earth in a single second, and which says in radiotelegraphic language, "30 a. m." or "midnight," as the case may be.

For hundreds of miles around, in every direction, this mysterious voice drops out of space and can be heard in any telephone attached to a wireless receiver. Beginning three minutes before the automatic transmission of the hour is made, a set of warning signals is sent out, by listening to which the receiver may be prepared to note with great accuracy the difference between the time indicated by his watch and that given by the observatory clock. A practiced observer can make the correction to the tenth of a second.

Even home-made wireless receivers suffice for picking up these signals. Within the confines of Paris and its suburbs the signals are so distinct that an ordinary gas pipe may be employed for an antenna to catch the electric waves and a water pipe to form the connection with the earth, while the detector may be of the simplest form, such as any electrician can make. Persons near the Eiffel tower may employ their own bodies as antennas, merely preening be-

tween two fingers the terminal of a wireless receiver. Similarly, the wire connecting the electric bells in a house may be used for an antenna.

If a cloudy night prevents astronomical observations in Paris, corrections for the master-clock are received by similar wireless signals sent out from a series of observatories, as at Algiers, Marseilles, Nice and Besancon. It is almost impossible that cloudy weather should prevail simultaneously at all these places, but even if that should happen, provision is made for keeping the clock regulated by the aid of a number of other very accurate clocks called "time guards," which can be depended upon not to vary more than a small fraction of a second in the course of several days.

As the means of sending out such signals improve, so that they can be transmitted across the whole breadth of

all the oceans, from properly chosen central stations, navigation will attain a degree of safety hitherto unknown. At present the officers of a ship at sea have to depend for the accuracy of their calculations of longitude, or distance east or west of Greenwich, upon the more or less true running of their chronometers. They can ascertain local time and their latitude by celestial observations alone, but such observations do not give the longitude unless the true Greenwich time is also known. This new system of wireless transmission will supply with a degree of universality and accuracy that is truly marvellous. If such a system had been in operation at the time of the wreck of the Titanic there might have been no such uncertainty as was actually shown in the calculations of the positions of those various ships that played a part in that terrible tragedy of the deep.



## Two Infinities



By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

"Can there be two kinds of infinity: or two infinite spaces?" A—The writer of this question must decide. The nearest star is distant 25,000,000,000 miles. Go write a row of units 11111... to the star and let each unit represent one mile; then the distance represented by a line of 1s, 25 trillion miles long, submerges all human power of imagination. But write a row of 22222... 25 trillion miles long, then the number of miles represented would be twice as great. Then write a row of 99999... equally as long, and the distance expressed would be nine times as great as that represented by the 1s. But no human can think of the distance expressed by the 1s. Let the twenty-five trillion or fifty trillion or a thousand trillion miles to the east; then a row could be extended toward the west. Many millions of years would be required to write the long rows. Suppose that you

wrote in both ways during 1,000 million years each. Then the distance in miles would be thinner than a spider's thread when compared to an infinite distance. There are possibly fifty persons now living able to think one new thought; they are all transcendental mathematicians. Not one of these even tries to begin to think of infinity or eternity. They all know better. Only the superficial strive to think of the two words; so my questioner must answer his own question, for I cannot even hope to secure a glimpse, lasting a thousandth part of one second of the meaning of one of the following list of words: Mind, space, time, duration, infinity, eternity, beginning, end, space and electrons.

Q. (L.) "Please tell me how far the moon goes north and south from the equator and theory for the same?"

A. The orbit of the earth makes an angle with the equator in space. On

## The Question of Winter and Spring

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: In the office where I am employed I come in contact with quite a few men, and one of them, a widower, has asked me to marry him. I am a young girl 18 years of age, and belong to a nice, respectable family. I know my parents would not like me to marry this man, as he is 45 years of age. I told him that, and he wants me to stop with him. Now, I think, if I did that the neighbors would have a very bad opinion of me, and, then, I know my mother and father would worry about me if I were to run away. When he came into the office one day he caught me talking to his son, who is 22 years of age, and he was furious and said I should marry him at once.

He has plenty of money and can give me everything I like, but I do not love him—but like him. I think, as he says, that after we are married I shall learn to love him. Do you think I will? He is very good to me, and says he will always love me. He is nice looking and dresses nicely. He said I should tell my mother, and if she says yes, why then we'll have a church wedding, but if not, that we will be married anyhow, but we'll have a wedding. Please, Miss Fairfax, what should I do? SUE.

that he will always love you—little Sue—of the wistful heart?

Well, what you suppose he would be and what would you expect him to say—when he is trying to get you to marry him, pray tell?

He certainly isn't going to be bad to you and tell you that he is only going to love you while the honeymoon lasts, is he?

Not if he's really trying to get you for a wife.

Decisive—do I mean that he is that? Not the least little bit in the world do I mean that—but whisper—the other day at the picnic do you remember how very, very hungry you were, and how you wished that the chocolate cake had five layers instead of three—when you saw old Aunt Susan take it out of the basket? The chicken looked so good, too—didn't it—all nice and brown and flaky, and, dear me, who made those delicious little cakes, all sugar and spice—that was before luncheon.

After luncheon you were thirsty—awful thirsty, and you wouldn't have traded a good cold glass of lemonade for all the chocolate cakes in the world and ten dozen frozen cookies, would you?

You weren't deceitful about it at all, were you—you were just hungry—before luncheon. That's the way with a nice, amiable looking man—some times.

Before marriage he's hungry—and he talks like a hungry man; perhaps after the honeymoon he may not quite agree with his own opinion of you—just now. Did you never stop to think of that?

You're 18 and he's 45—a bad balance in the bank of years, I'm afraid. It would be all right if you loved the man, but you say you do not.

And, then, that little affair of the son—it looks as if the gentleman was a bit disposed to be jealous—it he's so furious to see you talking to his own son before you marry him what would he be to see you talking to anybody's son on earth after you are married?

Sense—prudence—principle, oh, yes, these things ought to all count—in such a case—but are you sure they would count in your own particular one?

Cleverer women than you have thrown their lives away in just such a bargain as this. Don't you do it, little Sue—don't you think of doing it.

Wait till you fall in love, Sue, and then marry—and be happy—if it's only a month or so—be happy for once—and laugh at the grim old world. You've found the secret of it all in that one month—after all.

## COMB SAGE TEA IN LIFELESS, GRAY HAIR

Look young! Common garden Sage and Sulphur darken so naturally nobody can tell

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea, and Sulphur. When her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By saking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well known down town druggist says: "Everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant."

WYETH'S SAGE AND SULPHUR HAIR REMEDY. The Paper for the Home. An Interesting Home Paper.

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