The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Look Who's Here!" By Nell Brinkley

A little kid called "Happy." They call him "Happy" for short! And the rest of his little name is "Happy New Year."

And he has many another name to him, if you ask! Time calls him just plain "Another Year." But Time is used to lots of little chaps like him in his house, so by now a little New Year is an ordinary thing, and there are no new names to call him. So to Old Pa Time he is just "Auother Year."

To the chap that's "down"—whose heart is heavy and to whom last year grew to be a looming nightmare before it was done, may his little name be "Hope" and before the span of twelve months is done may his name be to that same chap, "Fulfillment" and "Success!" and a good little "Year" to have known.

To happy maids, like you and I, whose hands were full last year with health and youth and much laughter and a light heart, this little nineteen-thirteen is another fat boy, with his hands running over with new wonders for us, and his name is "Possibility."

And to every soul of us, little man and big one, woman beautiful and plain, his middle name is "Opportunity."

You whose grey, or brown, or blue, or sloe-black eyes are seeing here his little "pic," may he be from now on until the bells ring out his going, a song within your house—and if he be nothing else to you, I hope that you can call him "Happy." "Happy" for short!

NELL BRINKLEY.

Beauty — Miss Anna Held Tells of Her Own Complexion Secrets

Written Especially for the Magazine Page

To have a good complexion Miss Held says: Avoid ordinary cosmetics. Avoid highly seasoned foods. Avoid alcohol. A good complexion is based on a good digestion.

MISS ANNA HELD

By ANNA HELD

(With John Cott's "All-Star Variete Jubilee." Copyright, 1913, by International News Service.)

Near and dear to every woman's heart is a beautiful complexion. Peaches and cream, snow and roses, old ivory—all are terms that poets themselves have not hesitated to use of a fair, soft-hued skin.

Are you in despair over a complexion that is muddy of hue, coarse of grain, and covered with blotches, instead of decorated by health's smooth-laid coloring? Here is new hope for you. More than that, here is my absolute assurance as a Frenchwoman and an artiste that if you will faithfully follow my directions you may acquire a complexion that is a joy to the beholder instead of a worry to the possessor.

The very first rule I would lay down for the would-be possessor of a good complexion is: Avoid as you would Satan himself, all ordinary cosmetics.

The second rule is: Avoid all over-accented foods. By this I mean very sweet, very sour, very highly seasoned, very acid and very rich foods.

The third rule is: Avoid alcohol. Alcohol is destructive to the complexion, because it heats the blood. The temperature should be normal. Anything above pumps the blood to the face and produces a red or purplish hue which is absolutely destructive to good looks. The constant use of alchoholic drinks will enlarge the little veins across the cheeks and the nose. If once this happens, madame, your beauty is hopelessly coarsened. I am not writing a critique of morals—but I say as earnestly as any moralist would do: Do not drink liquors of any kind unless they have been prescribed by a competent physician!

Now, if you have accepted my advice as to what not to do—not to paint, not to drink an.. not to let foodstuffs poison you—we are ready to decide what to do.

On rising in the morning and on going to bed at night drink two glasses of cold, clear water. Do not drink at meals. The digestive juices do not flow if during the period of eating cold water washes the food down and makes a poor attempt to fulfil the functions of those important juices. Drink at least four glasses of water between your meals. If the waste products of the body are attended to in the proper way the skin will not have the unwelcome task of carrying them off.

Before going to bed at night eat an apple. The juices are soothing to the stomach nerves. For breakfast take either orange juice or stewed fruit. Substitute this stewed fruit for the rich desserts that sow a harvest of unsightly pimples over your face. Avoid sudden changes from hot to cold in foodstuffs—and remember that while hot coffee at the end of a meal aids digestion, ice cream freezes the power of the functions. A brisk walk after meals will aid digestion—and on a good digestion a good complexion is based.

Now we have laid a firm foundation for a clear skin. How shall we care for it externally as well as internally?

A very sensitive skin will be found to prosper on baths of milk. If your face refuses to be clear and unblemished try washing it but twice a day, and then in milk. Thus you may keep it quite clean, and at the same time it will be saved possible irritation from water that is not absolutely pure.

For the average skin this treatment will be found most effective: Wring a towel out of hot water and apply to the face. Repeat this until the skin is faintly pink. Then rub in very gently an absolutely reliable cold cream. Wipe this off with a fine soft cloth. And now comes a "cold plunge" for the face. Fill a basin with ice cold water and plunge the face in again and again. This will bring the blood coursing to the surface. The hot towels have relaxed the tight skin and the cold cream has fetched the dirt from the pores which opened under the towel's ministrations.

Now apply with clean absorbent cotton this lotion which I am going to give you: Have your chemist mix a solution of 50 per cent absolutely pure water—distilled per cent absolutely upre water—distilled water. To this add equal parts of boracic acid and and resorcin until the solution is saturated—that is, will carry no more. Shake well and "dust" the liquid over the face. Nor germs nor dirt will live on the surface of your clean, fine skin.

Bon jour, mesdames! Is not the day indeed fine—for you face the high twith a fine, white skin, all the result of a few weeks of care. Continue the care, I beg, for soon you will have skin as sweet and fine as that of your babyhood days. And then indeed I think you will call Madame Anna your true friend.

A Clock That Keeps Time for the World

It Is Located on the Eiffel Tower, But, Being East of Greenwich, Gets Time There

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The electric world-clock into which the Eiffel Tower in Paris has been transformed continues to excite the liveliest interest in western Europe, where it is easy for anybody with the aid of very simple wireless telegraph apparatus, to receive the time signals radiated at fixed hours over sea and land.

The Eiffel Tower has been chosen for this purpose because of its immense height, almost a thousand feet, gives it a distinct advantage as a sending station for wireless signals. But at the very moment when this finger of steel jointing skyward out of the heart of Paris becomes, as it were, a clock-hand for the whole planet, the meridian of Paris is officially abandoned.

The order has just gone forth that henceforth the Connaissance des Temps, the famous French astronomical almanac, shall have its calculations based on the meridian of Greenwich—the prime meridian that all the civilized world now recognizes as the starting line for the reconing of time.

The world's standard wireless telegraph timepiece does not keep step with the hours as they flit across the world's standard meridian of time, and an allowance for difference of longitude has to be made by everybody who receives the signals from the Eiffel Tower if he wishes to know what the true world-time is. What he gets is Paris time.

It is the observatory of Paris which automatically, by an electric clock, transmits to the Eiffel Tower the time signals that are radiated over the globe, and these time signals are regulated by the passage of stars across the meridian of Paris, and not that of Greenwich. But Paris is situated 2 degrees 20 minutes and 15 seconds of longitude west of Greenwich, corresponding to a difference of 9 minutes and 21 seconds of time, which must be either added to or subtracted from the indications of the signals in order that standard world-time may be obtained. If the observer is west of Paris he must add the extra time to get the hour at Greenwich, and if he is east he must subtract.

It is true that such calculation is not difficult, but it is annoying and may lead to error, so that the ideal will not be attained until a great central transmission station has been erected on the prime meridian of Greenwich, and electrically connected with a master clock which is kept regulated by the transit of stars over that meridan and no other.

Then when the noon signal drops out of the sky upon the waiting antennae of a ship in the middle of the ocean, or upon the improvised receiving apparatus of an explorer in the midst of the polar snows, or the heart of a tropical jungle, it will be the standard noon of the world, and whoever hears it will be able, without any preliminary calculation, to read his longitude from the face of his watch.

A striking example of the simplicity of the apparatus required in order to receive the Eiffel Tower signals has just come to my attention. A commercial traveller in eastern France, who has a liking for scientific experiments, had occasion to regulate his watch to the exact hour of Paris. He took a pair of bone insolators, such as are employed in setting up an electric bell apparatus, and attached them to two telegraph poles, at a height of about six feet from the ground.

Between them he stretched an electric bell wire to form a antenna. An ordinary spade, with some fresh cleaned wire wound around the metal and driven deep into the ground, served for the "earth." It only remained to attach a pocket telephonic wireless received to the antenna and the "earth," and then wait for the signals. They were perceived without the slightest difficulty, although the distance from Paris was about 250 miles.

The invention of the so-called pocket receivers foretells the time when not only chronometric signals, but news of all kinds may be transmitted by electric waves. With such a system perfected a man at the South Pole might sit in his fur-lined, windproof tent, while the Antartic blizzard raged without, and, pressing his wireless telephone to his ear, cheer his loneliness by listening to the voice of the faraway civilized world, gossiping to him of its latest amusements.

Something like that has already been done in the Antartic, where Dr. Mawson's expedition has been keeping in communication with Australia. The Geographical Society of Victoria recently sent him a congratulatory dispatch and received almost immediately a reply. Two branches of the expedition, although 800 miles apart, have constantly corresponded with one another through the ether.

The Lone Star State

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Sixty-eight years ago, December 29, 1845, the republic of Texas became one of the states of the union, and a territory as large as the German empire, the kingdom of Greece and the kingdom of Portugal was added to Uncle Sam's domain.

And here are some of the results that grew out of the admission of Texas—the war with Mexico; the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, which gave us the vast region now occupied by the states of California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, the half of Colorado and the southwestern corner of Kansas; the overthrow of great political leaders, Henry Clay among the rest; and last, but not least, the quickening of the slavery controversy which brought on the great conflict of arms that began at Sumter and ended at Appomattox.

Mexico never recognized the independence of Texas, and when the young republic joined its fortunes with those of the United States Mexico was naturally in no very amiable mood. In the spring of 1846 President Polk sent General Taylor down to the mouth of the Rio Grande with a little army of "observation;" the scouting parties of the opposing sides came together, blood was shed, and the Mexican war began.

The pivot of the mighty see-saw between the north and south was slavery. It was the pivot in 1820, when the Missouri compromise was made, and it was the pivot in 1846, when the question of the admission of Texas was engaging the country's attention. Headed by the great Calhoun, the south said: "We must have Texas, or slavery will go by the board," while the north said with equal earnestness: "For that very reason we do not want Texas, and, if we can help it, will not have it." Clay declared himself against the admission of the Lone Star republic, and the declaration cost him the presidency. Van Buren, the political opponent of the great Kentuckian, agreed with him about Texas, and he, too, went down. Calhoun was too powerful for them, and they bit the dust. Through the door that was opened Texas entered the union, the war with Mexico followed, and the rest has been told in the words of the late "Sunset" Cox: "How frail and pitiable appears our human wisdom! The south, in the interest of slavery, succeeded in annexing Texas; other vast Mexican territories were acquired, over which it was thought slavery would be extended; but it was soon found that a large part of the golden prize was appropriated by their opponents, and in the end the institution of slavery itself tottered to its fall.