

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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## Sound is Marvelous Calculator of Distance if Only You Know How to Use It

**By GARRETT P. SERVISS.**

You can make your head an arsenal of power if you will simply remember certain facts that have the quality of bringing out other facts. Take sound, for instance. It is a marvelous measurer of distance. If only you know how to use it.

Sound consists of waves, or vibrations, which travel through the air, at ordinary temperatures, with a speed of 1,130 feet per second. At lower temperatures the speed is slightly decreased, and at higher temperatures increased, but the figures given are sufficiently exact for common purposes. Knowing them you can, for instance, tell in a moment how far away from you a thunder-storm is raging. You have only to count the number of seconds that elapses between the flash of the lightning and the sound of the thunder, and multiply that number by 1,130, which will give you the distance of the cloud from which the discharge took place. The light travels more than 3,000 times as fast as the sound, so that the latter has hardly got started before the former reaches your eye. Since there are 5,280 feet in a mile, it is evident that the sound of thunder, or any other sound transmitted through the air takes about four and two-thirds seconds to go a mile.

The lightning bolt travels on the heels of the light so that it too, so far outstrips the sound that if it struck you, you would never hear the thunder.

Even we, however, are able to send death-dealing bolts faster than the sound that accompanies their discharge. A swift rifle bullet goes twice as fast as the track of the exploding cartridge. The thunder of the gun that sends a shell to explode in the enemy's camp five miles away may only reach the ears of the dead ten seconds after they have been rendered forever silent.

Another useful fact to know is that sound travels faster in water than in air to the proportion of at least four feet to one. In some experiments sound has been transmitted through the water of a river at the rate of more than a mile per second, but its average velocity in water is about 4,700 feet per second. The sound of a bell warning a ship to keep away from a dangerous shoal would require about twenty-three seconds to go five miles through the air, while the same sound could be transmitted through the water in about five and a half seconds. There are imaginable circumstances in which the eighteen seconds thus saved might suffice to prevent a shipwreck.

Still more remarkable is the difference between the speed of sound in air and in solid bodies. In the heavier metals, such as lead or gold, sounds travel at nearly

In wood sound travels about as fast as in iron provided that the direction in which its waves move is the same as that in which the fibres of the wood run, but if the sound is transmitted across the grain of the wood its speed is reduced to from a half to a quarter of what it is in the other direction, the amount of change varying for different species of wood.

In consequence of the sound-conducting power of wood, an old-fashioned rail fence, or better a board fence, is capable of affording many curious experiments. You can hear the sound of scratching on a wooden fence at an astonishing distance, if your ear happens to be close to the wood, or if your head touches the fence. And so quickly is the sound conducted that, although its point of origin may be a quarter of a mile away, yet, if you are unaware of the manner in which it has been brought to you, you may be completely deceived, thinking that it must have originated but few rods off. One might easily make kind of telegraph of a wooden fence, conveying messages by taps upon it. This suggestion is dedicated to writers of ingenious stores of adventure.

A very interesting experiment, full of instruction, may be tried in this way: Select a long, straight fence, and stand with your head resting against it. A quarter of a mile away station a friend with a hammer, and let him strike a sharp blow upon the fence. Now, if there are no breaks in the line of boards, or rails, you will hear the sound of the hammer twice in succession. First it will arrive through the fence, and a full second later it will come again through the air. If you could make the distance a mile, the two sounds of the same blow would reach you more than four seconds apart. The vibrations in the wood travel on the average of thirteen times as fast as those in the air.

How long are the waves of sound in the air? They differ according to the pitch.

The average male voice, in ordinary conversation, produces waves varying in length from eight to twelve feet, while those of a woman's voice are only from two to four feet long. Waves sixty or seventy feet in length, vibrating at the rate of sixteen times per second, produce a very grave sound which is scarcely perceptible by the human ear, while waves only half an inch in length, vibrating between 20,000 and 30,000 times per second, produce a sound so shrill that it, too, passes beyond the range of our hearing, although it may seem as hoarse as the roar of thunder to the hearing apparatus of insects. All sounds, whether grave or shrill, travel forward at the same rate.



## Daffydils SO-IS CHRISTMAS!



## Scoring a Jail Bird's Plea

**By WINIFRED BLACK.**

The man who was going to the penitentiary for fifteen years, called the newspaper reporters to his cell in Kansas City the other day and told them something important.

"Boys," said the man who was going to the penitentiary, "boys, I wish you would say for me that this is a lesson for all men to keep away from wine and women. It is wine and women that are sending me to prison. If I had kept away from them I would be at home now getting ready to spend Christmas with my wife and little girl. Wine and women, that's the fatal combination that drives men to crime."

And all the reporters took down every word the man said and wrote it up in touching stories, and all the papers printed it in nice, large, plain type.

"Wine and women, the fatal combination that drives men to crime," and the man's wife probably read every word of what the man said the very day he left for prison. I wonder what she thought of it?

Wine and women. I saw the man who had said this wondrous message to give to the world, and somehow I wasn't much impressed by him.

He killed a woman you know; shot her down because she fell in love with another man, some one who wasn't at all influenced by wine and women. It turned out, and the man who preaches the moral sermon left his own wife and hunted down the woman he thought he

was in love with and shot her.

Then he fought like a cornered rat for his life, accused the woman he had killed of every crime on the calendar, except being in love with him; got his wife to spend every dollar she had to try to clear him, and now he goes to prison wearing about what a great and good man he would have been if it were not for "wine and women."

Judge, fiddlesticks, stuff and nonsense! You and your "wine and women," you poor little coward, you!

What about the woman who has taken her heart out of her breast and torn it to ribbons to help you, the wife you betrayed, the little girl there at home, not 2 years old yet? She'll be a woman, too, some day. Will some weak fool dare drag her into his sermon on "wine and women" and say that if she had never lived he would never have gone wrong?

"Wine and women!" How much wine did you ever taste anyhow, you pitiful wretch? How much did it take to make a heart of you— you who preach so glibly about its snare?

I don't think you ever had a glass of real wine in your life, or tasted a drop of it. Beer was about your limit, and whisky and gin and whatever you could get to sharpen your dull wits for a few minutes and make you feel like something you thought was a man.

And women! What kind of women do you know, you who say they are to blame for your wicked waste of life and opportunity?

Your mother, she was a woman, wasn't she? Did she "Jure" any perfectly good man from the path of rectitude, pray tell? Or did she stand like a rock by some weakling and his duty—did she keep the roof over the heads of her children and make them think the man they called father was but a little lower than the angels—even if he did drink them almost into the almshouse?

Your sister! What's her record, pray tell us, Mr. Moralist, you with your "wine and women" preaching? Did she lie in wait for men and "tangle them in the wiles of her net" till they forgot honor, decency, faith and hope? Or did she work like a little beaver for \$6 a week to get the money to keep you in school? Did she do her best to make a man of you, and did you laugh at her for a "Jay" when she tried to keep you out of the very kind of trouble you are in now?

How about the girl you married? She stood by you, didn't she; stood by you to the bitter end, and will stand by you till the prison door swings wide and lets your shadow fall in the sunlight again? She'll work and save and scrimp and plan to have something laid by for you when you get out. She'll beseege the governor; day and night, she'll write letters and implore people, and make life miserable for every man of prominence she ever heard of trying to get you out of your cell. Why? Because she is a woman, and she loves you.

"Wine and women!" Why, you poor, little, good for nothing, how dare you even mention the name of woman to a man who turned your back on all the good they tried to teach you, you who dragged the faith and love of good woman in the mire of your cruel life, you who wouldn't even remember the little girl baby at home and keep the name of her father free from public shame.

"Wine and women!" The cry of the weeping, the excuse of the shameless. It wasn't women who sent you to prison, sir. It was your weak selfishness, your own lack of decency, your own miserable egotism that would have what it wanted, though the very streets ran blood.

Keep the name of woman off your lips, Mr. Jailbird, it does not become them.

**How Times Have Changed.**

Miss Mary Donnelly, the New York suffragist, said at the suffrage luncheon: "I was walking the other week in Long Island. The sky was blue. The crystal air was pure and frosty. The trees were painted with autumnal color—gold and pink and raw red. How beautiful it was!"

"In a meadow a half dozen young women were practicing putting. They looked very smart in their trim golf suits, their skirts of rough homespun and their scarlet jackets. As I watched them an old farmer and one of his farm hands approached."

"How," grumbled the farm hand, "them girls in the meadow is scarin' our cows."

"The old farmer shook his head and sighed."

"Ab, Timothy, he said with profound truth, 'times is changed since I was young. In them days the cows scared the girls.'"—Washington Star.

**A Fatal Mixup.**

"They tell me Tompkins' engagement to Miss Hinks is off," said Slaters.

"Yes, you are right," Hinks knitted a pair of ear-taps for Tompkins, and a couple of tea caddies for her mother, and somehow or other Tompkins got mixed, so that when Tompkins got the tea caddies, marked, "To keep your safe warm," it made him terribly angry, and he returned them, with an all-over-between-us note.—Judge.



## Party Gone, "Ring" Off

**By N. P. BABCOCK.**

The telephone rang, and she answered the call; He stood with his hat and his stick in the hall. He heard her say "Yes," and he heard her say "goose." Then, after a pause, heard her say, "Of great use."

He was an avowed dropper, but what could he do. When only the back of her neck was in view? He couldn't give warning that he was close by. He just had to wait, as would you, or would I.

"Yes, dear," she said next, "I'm expecting him now. Not quite that amount; oh, you did, did you? How? Perhaps you are jealous. You're not? I don't know. He's the prize of the year, so I couldn't be slow."

"Yes, father is willing, and mother is glad; She says I neglected the last chance I had. You haven't forgotten; well, I was a dunce. I won't let a good thing escape more than once."

"Get used to his looks? They're not really so bad. I don't have to kiss him. Oh, that's just a fad. She does? Well, I always thought Bess was a goose. Why, as a protector I'll find him of use."

"Now, listen! I know what I'm talking about: He comes of the very best stock—yes, no doubt. They all tried to get him; they hadn't a chance. I pulled a few wires before he left France."

The Count de la Parea turned pale where he stood "Perdition!" he muttered, and took to the wood. For how could he know she was making report To a friend of a costly French bulidog she'd bought?

## "Handsomest Man" Finds Nearest to the Ideal Woman



**MRS. HULDA HUNTER.**  
English society woman who comes nearest to artist's conception of beauty.

**PAUL SWAN.**  
Hasn't been in New York very long.

**By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.**

When is the woman's hour of beauty? "The perfection of physical beauty is reached at about the age of 31. That is the most exquisite moment of adolescence, when mere physical loveliness is at its height, having neither knowledge of its own charm, nor the lure of sex, but is beauty pure and perfect."

This is the opinion of Paul Swan, who, however, admits that there is another period of beauty of a different kind, say at 36 or thereabouts. But the most remarkable thing about Mr. Swan is not what he says, but the way he looks.

Mr. Swan is the handsomest man in New York. He is really beautiful if one can apply the word "beauty" to a man. He is an artist, a portrait painter and a sculptor. He was born in Chicago, but he was impelled by some inner spirit to go to Greece. In Athens he was hailed by artists, archaeologists, writers, and the beauty-loving people of the country as a reincarnation of the perfect ideal of the Greek type of young manhood.

Mr. Swan was followed about in the streets considerably to his own embarrassment, and his remarkable resemblance to the well-known statue of Hermes made him conspicuous wherever he went. He is an astonishing likeness. Mr. Swan admits that he is a reincarnated Greek.

He has the small head and the perfect profile of the ancient Greek. His hair is light auburn. His eyes are dark brown. He has very long black eye-

lashes, straight Greek brows, and the classic kind of mouth. I know this description sounds like our best hand-painted paper doll, but fortunately Mr. Swan is too young, hardly 30 I think, and so ingenious in his manner that he does not make any other impression but that of extreme youth and remarkable pagan beauty.

Mr. Swan, in considering woman's hour of beauty, skipped some seventeen years formative years, nor could he admit that the girl of 25 compared favorably with the woman of 30 or older.

"At 30 or thereabouts, and, of course, just twelve months of the years after 30, a woman has found other resources, all of which add to her charm. She has studied the art of dress, she has gained

conscious grace and she begins her second period of loveliness. That period lasts a long or short time, according to the individual.

"There is a type of woman who is very beautiful, especially to an artist, not perhaps, as much for her own physical perfection as for the beauty which her presence, her gestures and poses suggest."

"Take Pavlova, the Russian dancer, for instance; she is the very quintessence of grace, grace that is acquired and that is an art. Her dancing is an inspiration to every artist because of the exquisite grace, the beauty and the suggestion of even greater loveliness which it gives him."

"I have only been in New York a few weeks, so as yet I am not prepared to say whom I consider the most beautiful woman here in town, or who represents my type of beauty among the women of 20. But here is Mrs. Hulda Hunter, an English society woman, who comes very near my idea of beauty," and Mr. Swan handed me her picture, one of a great number of his sketches of English women and girls.

"A large portrait of Mrs. Coleman Bigelow and those of several other beautiful women of the social and theatrical world, hung about the studio, which showed many pictures and plaster studies of the young artist himself. It isn't every artist who has a handsome model at hand, and Mr. Swan has made the possible use of his own Greek head, which looks down at one from the wall growing out of a Russian blouse or a Greek toga, and which peers up at one in limited plaster from tables and pedestals and mantelpieces."

A statue of the Venus de Milo caused me in trying what age the model must have been, and Mr. Swan answered promptly, "35 years, anyhow, and idealized, at that."

"Do you think, Mr. Swan, that the American woman as a class comes anywhere near the Greek idea of physical beauty?"

"No, indeed," said Mr. Swan, with decision. "The Americans are further from the Greek idea than any other nation—the German, English and even the French. What strikes me particularly over here, however, is that while the people, as a whole, are far removed from the Greek, individuals asserting their own personalities revert to Greek ideals in thought and physique."

"To men physical beauty can never be dissociated from the beauty of the soul. I don't care how basely a beautiful woman has acted, somewhere in her nature there is, or was, the ideal perfection of the soul which expressed itself in physical beauty."

"The painter, in working on a face must find not only the beauty of color and contour, but this hidden beauty, the beauty of the soul as well. Artists' eyes see perfection, loveliness, youth, where others miss it. That's why the artist's opinion of beauty generally differs from the layman's."