

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY TRIES A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

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By Tad



The Girl Who Flirts With Married Men

By DOROTHY DIX.

Fool do more than criminals in the world, and there is one type of female imbecile who stores up rather more than her share of troubles for other people.

This is the girl who boasts that she is attractive to married men, and who starts forth on a career of home wrecking simply to gratify her own vanity.



She thinks it a romantic adventure to carry on clandestine love affairs with married men, and to meet them down town for lunch or little dinners that they take in queer places where they won't be recognized, and her sense of humor is tickled to death when she sees some fat, grizzled-haired, middle-aged wife turn pea green with jealousy of her.

I never see the girl who flirts with married men without wanting to say to her:

"Oh, ho, you poor, contemptible, miserable, little tin horn sport. If you are going to play the game, why don't you come out and play it fairly and squarely? If you think you have got such a fatal fascination for men, why don't you hypnotize some young and eligible man into marrying you? If I were a hunter of men I shouldn't waste my ammunition on a lame duck. I'd be sportsman enough to shoot something on the wing, or on the run, that had a chance of getting away from me."

You can flirt with a married man. You are attractive to married men. Pooh! Any girl can do that. Why, it's been so long since anybody told the average married man that he had poetic eyes, and that the way he talked made Claude Melnotte sound like he was using the deaf and dumb language, that any woman who will take the trouble to jolly him can have him eating fatty out of her hand. It's so easy that a girl baby can do it, and no real first class flirt would conduct such a piffling game.

"And it's no trick at all to rouse the green-eyed monster in the breast of a woman who has lost her complexion and her hair and her figure toiling and econ-

omising for a man and trying to make his home comfortable and happy. Nor is it difficult to get a married man to spend the money on violets for you that should have gone to buy the baby a new pair of shoes.

"You think it funny to see these middle-aged wives writhing in jealousy? Ah, my dear, you were born too late. If you enjoy that kind of spectacle you should have lived in the days of the Inquisition and held the job of chief torturer."

"If you had any heart I should ask you to reflect that there is no crime equal to the crime of breaking up a home. I should ask you to look with pity on the little children that you may be rendering fatherless, and whom, at any rate, you wrong beyond all reparation by bringing dissension between their parents."

"But you have neither heart nor conscience, or else you would not flirt with married men; and so I will merely point out to you what a lack of ordinary intelligence you show in your smiles to such a poor market."

"To begin with, you make an imbecile bargain. Suppose you are a society girl and you have the charming practice of flirting with your hostess' husband. How many times will you be invited after the first offense to that house? Never again. More: Word will be quietly passed around among the matrons and, without knowing why you will find every door barred to you."

"Suppose you are a working girl who makes eyes at her employer, and goes out to lunch with him. It won't be long before his wife will be tipped off to the situation and you will lose your place. Also, you will lose your character. Possibly, as you so carefully explain, your flirtation with Mr. Benedict is merely platonic, but this is a censorious world in which a girl has got not only to be innocent, but to act innocently, if she avoids suspicion."

One at Hand.
"Blamed if I don't feel like huntin' a regular job," muttered Wareham Long, shivering in his well ventilated suit of summer clothing.
"There ain't no need o' huntin' fur that," said Tuffold Knutt. "You kin be my social secretary. Go an' git somebody on the 'phone 'n' give you a couple o' over-coats, an' I'll let you have one o' 'em fur carryin' out my orders."—Chicago Tribune.

Up the Gum Tree

By PERCY SHAW.

The Navy department has forbidden the sailors to chew gum.—News Item.

We're "onto" jolly sailor men, wherever they may roam. They step on terra firma just the same as on the foam. And Uncle Sam he guides them by a simple rule of thumb. But draws the line instanter when it comes to chewing gum.

Let the clerk behind the counter Work his jaws with graceful ease, Let Elaine, the sweet typewriter, Chew in rhyme with her keys; Let the weary-tongued conductor Mumble words no man e'er knew; The jealous tar may look and look, But alas! he may not chew.

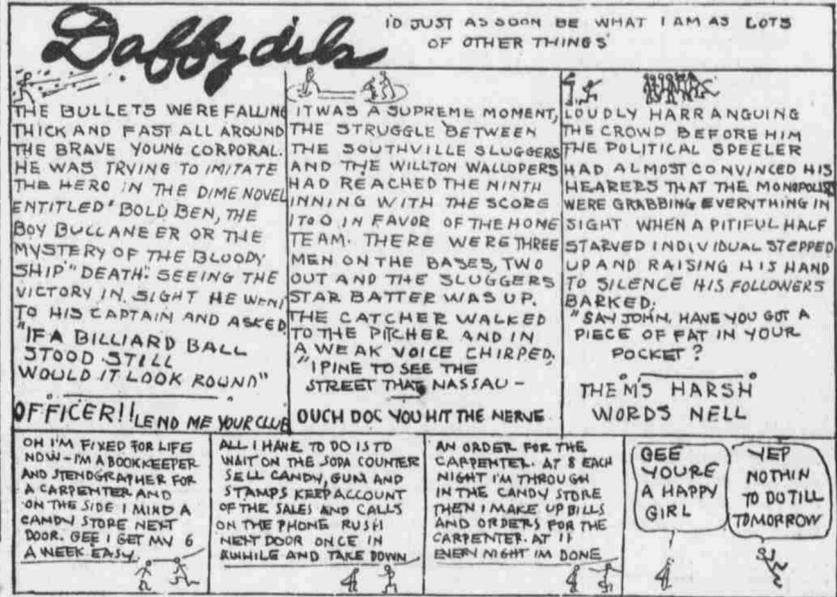
Says the expert navigator, "The lad before the mast Has got to sing his 'Aye, aye, sir,' and sing it clear and fast; But if he's called to quarters and doesn't haste to come You can put it down as gospel he's looking for his gum."

Let the mother and the sister And the baby and his pa Revel in the choicest flavors In household, street or car; When the sea-eyed sailor sees them How morose he'll be, how blue, As they cry in loving chorus, "Ain't it awful you can't chew?"

Says the Admiral: "Imagine, if shots were flying fast And a score of tars went climbing a-top the fighting mast; Just picture my annoyance when they called through zip and hum. "We'll be on deck directly, but we've got to find our gum!" So when you choose to sail the main Where the gray-skinned warships go

Chew the cud of sweet reflection In a jawless statu quo; For 'tis written in the rule book, Where it counts an awful lot, That chewing of the toothsome gum Is a steel-bound sailor's "not."

OUCH! DOC, YOU HIT THE NERVE--By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk

The Adventure at the Amphibian Club

By GUS MAGER



"I WANT TO KISS YOU"

(Illustrated by Nell Brinkley)

By MARIE C. JONES.

(Dedicated to Hughlett Gott.)

His gentle tones fall on my ear,
His babyish voice is sweet to hear,
And this is what he says—the dear!
"I want to kiss you."

His little arms reach up to me,
His winsome face is sweet to see,
My heart echoes with inward glee,
"I want to kiss YOU."

I kneel as at an angel shrine,
His dimpled arms my neck entwine,
His sunny head rests close to mine:
"I want to kiss you."

I hold him close, the baby boy—
'Tis happiness without alloy—
And I repeat with inward joy,
"I want to kiss YOU."

His little lips press close my own,
Like flowers laid upon love's throne,
And Heaven's joy is earthward blown
As he kisses me.

The baby's love-tribute—the kiss,
Whenever he speaks such words of bliss,
I'm sure the angels echo this:
"I want to kiss you."



Scientific Units of Measurement

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Great advance was made in all of the physical sciences when accurate units with which to weigh and measure were perfected and put into universal use.

The two inches make one foot; sixteen and one-half feet one rod, perch or pole; 320 rods or 5,280 feet one mile. Here we have a jumble of numbers—12, 16 1/2, 320, 5,280. These are no longer used in strictly scientific work. Every number now employed is ten or a tenth—the admirable metric system. "Do everything in your head," instead of using pencil and paper—simply move the decimal point, that is all.

The great basic unit of length now adopted by science everywhere is the meter. This is the distance from the poles of the earth to the equator divided into 10,000,000 parts. Then 0.1 equals one decimeter; 0.01 equals one centimeter; 0.001 equals one millimeter; while 1,000 meters is one kilometer. The centimeter is oftener used than the others and is written cm.

The meter is very nearly 39.37 inches. The minute fraction is allowed for in the standard meter, a bar made of two metals in alloy platinum and iridium now in the Bureau of Weights and Measures near Paris. Exact copies of this are made and sent to all parts of the world when ordered.

President Carnot of France handed one of these standard bars to a messenger and ordered him to take it to Washington and hand it to President Harrison. This precious bar is now in a vault in the United States bureau of standards.

The legal yard is 3,000 divided by 3,572 of a meter. One centimeter equals 0.3937 of an inch, a little less than four-tenths, and those having rulers would do well to scratch a cm. mark. A decimeter, 10 cm., is handy to carry and may be had at stationery stores.

The scientific weight unit is one gram, which is the weight of one cubic cm. of pure—that is, distilled—water weighed under scientific conditions. It is equal to 15.432 drug store grains. A kilogram is 1,000 grams and equals 2.204 pounds av.

The second, unfortunately, is still the unit of measurement of time. Find the absolute average of the lengths of all solar days in the year and the quotient will be the second. How much better if the day could be divided into 10,000 or 100,000 equal parts. We then could have cent and mill-seconds as well as cent and milli-grams, or meters.

It required 122 years for the meter to be adopted by law in the United States, and it may be another century before the sec-

onds will be made decimal parts of the standard mean solar day.

The new standard unit of force is the dyne. And great care has been devoted to its precise determination in costly laboratories, by very able mathematicians and skilled mechanics. This unit is of great importance, and its use is daily and hourly made in all departments of physics, electricity and mechanics.

A dyne is a force which, acting on a mass of one gram during one second of time, is able to impart to it a motion of 1 cm. per second. Then all motions, specific speeds, velocities of all masses, large or small, can at once be expressed decimally by use of the dyne and cm. per second. But go up to a high window and let a gram weight fall and at the end of the second it will be moving with a fixed specific speed of 981 cm. per second. This is the average of all terminal velocities of falling bodies left in all parts of the world at sea level. For the earth is a spheroid, not an exact sphere, and this causes variations in the intensity of the force of attraction exerted by the earth's entire mass.

Then the mean intensity of the gravitation of the earth is 981 times greater than the force of one dyne. For this it appears that the force acting on a mass of one gram when it is falling during one second is 981 times the force of one dyne. Carry a rock up hill, saw wood and do work, which is energy expended against resistance, against force. The work done in overcoming the resistance against you of one dyne is called one erg—the fundamental unit of work in all mechanics.

People are accustomed to work, but they are not all aware that they really are struggling against dynes by means of ergs. For erg is derived from the Greek word ergon—work. One of the most wonderful achievements of modern science was to transform all these units into accurate measurement of electricity and magnetism. On the face of this proposition, it would be thought impossible that these forces could be measured. Explained in a future note.

A Sapient Spinster.

An old Greek philosopher once remarked: "Whether you marry or not you will regret it." This saying was recalled to our minds by the story of a lonely spinster, who, when asked what she would do if she had her life to live over again, replied: "I would get married before I had sense enough to decide to be an old maid."—Boston Transcript.