



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Never Did Believe in Glass Houses

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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The Mystery of the Gulf Stream--The Atlantic Ocean is a Great Engine for the Conveyance of Heat

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

According to the reports of many sea-captains, icebergs have this year appeared in the Atlantic ocean more abundantly and further south than ever before. Some have thought that the Titanic disaster was the result of a temporary change in the Gulf stream. The captain of an Italian steamship saw a berg three hundred feet long and rising fifty feet above the surface of the sea, in latitude 30 degrees, 30 minutes; longitude 60 degrees, 3 minutes. That point is in the middle of the north Atlantic, as far south as Baltimore. A few hundred miles farther north the berg fields of ice have recently covered hundreds of square miles of the ocean's surface. Some reports indicate that the Titanic ran at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, between two spreading wings of an immense fleet of icebergs, which were arrayed in the form of a great V. With the opening toward the east and that the fatal encounter occurred when the ship had reached the inner end of the V, where only the most careful navigation could have found safe passage. If that is true, the huge ship with its cargo of more than 2,000 lives, disregarding all the warnings received from other vessels, was simply rushing upon almost certain destruction, like a cruiser speeding recklessly into a cunning trap laid for it by a squadron of battleships.

The suggestion that there may have been a temporary change in the direction of the ocean currents is not, in itself altogether improbable. There are two great currents which are primarily concerned with the circulation of the North Atlantic ocean. These are the Gulf stream and the Labrador current, the first composed of warm, the second of cold water. They encounter each other east, or southeast, of Newfoundland. The Gulf stream, after rushing out of the narrow straits of Florida, turns gradually away from the American coast and spreads more and more broadly, until it finally divides into vast branches, one of which trends southward between the Azores and the coast of Spain, while another goes on and warms the air around the British Isles.

The cold Labrador current, bearing the icebergs from Greenland, hugs the American coast, and is probably mainly responsible for the cool spring weather which we sometimes enjoy, and sometimes denounce, when its changeable moods become too eccentric. If you will look at a chart of the North Atlantic, showing the ocean currents, you will perceive how the great Labrador stream, with its cold, heavy, ice-burdened water, seems to shoulder the genial current of the Gulf stream away from the eastern shore of America, forcing it farther out in the ocean. It is evident, at a glance, that either an increase in the force of the cold stream from the north, or a decrease in that of the warm one from the south, would tend to widen the area covered by the icebergs, and send them farther than usual across the land of the transatlantic liners.

If such a change has occurred, it must be due to some alteration in the force and direction of the prevailing winds, for the ocean currents mainly arise from the general circulation of the air, and that in turn depends upon the rotation of the earth on its axis. The warm air in the region of the equator rises and flows off northward at a high elevation, and the cold air from the north moves southward, near the surface, to take its place. But this surface air, coming from a part of the earth where the eastward motion due to the rotation of the earth is less rapid than it is toward the equator, finds itself moving over parts of the earth whose rotation is faster. The consequence is that a wind arises blowing westward over the surface.

You can see how this is if you take a school globe and set it spinning on its axis. Then you will perceive that a point near either pole moves only an inch or less in the same time that a point near the equator moves a foot or more. In fact, this motion of translation increases from nothing exactly at the pole to 1,000 miles an hour at the equator. Now, imagine yourself to be moved suddenly from the pole to the equator. You would appear to be spinning through space 1,000 miles an hour, in a direction opposite to that of the earth's rotation.

The air from the Arctic regions experiences no such sudden increase of motion because it requires a long time to make the journey over the earth's surface. But all the while it is moving toward the equator it is continually finding the surface beneath it moving faster eastward than it was farther north, and, consequently, because it cannot instantly take up this increase of eastward motion itself, it allows the surface to turn beneath it; thus, with regard to that surface, it becomes a westerly wind.

Daffydils

AND I LOST ANOTHER CHANCE TO BE A HERO

THE NO CHECK LESS THAN 20¢ RESTAURANT WAS CROWDED. MY WATER TUBED THE DEAD ONE IN THE TAKE ME HOME PLEASE. HOW ABOUT MY SOUP? I'VE BEEN WAITING 20 MINUTES THAT NOTHING PIPED THE WATER. I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE SINCE THE SPINT WAS OPENED. I'LL RETORT YOU PIPED THE DO ALLRIGHT AND THE WAITER BUT SAY IF THE COOK LAYS EGGS ON THE DECK WOULD THE FORWARD HATCH?

YES - HE'S AS FUNNY AS A CRUTCH

THE JAUSSITO SQUIRM NEVER SAID ANYTHING IN HIS LIFE EXCEPT - "OH ITS ALL BEEN DONE." TELL HIM ABOUT THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUTH POLE THE NORTH POLE ANY OLD THING YOU LIKE HE HAD THE SAME ANSWER ONE NIGHT HOWEVER HE JUMPED UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND SQUANKED. IF A MAN GOT CAUGHT IN A DRAFT WOULD HE HOLD HIMSELF AT CHECK?

AND HE FORGOT TO LEAVE HIS LAUNDRY AT THE OLD FRONT DOOR

AICH CHEE GREEN THE DAFLEST GUY IN CHICAGO KNOWN AS THE ILLINOIS IMP STUTTERS SOMEWHAT BUT THE OTHER NIGHT AT A PARTY GOT UP TO RECITE - SAID ONE THING JAT DOWN AND NEVER CHIRPED AGAIN HE MERELY SAID - IF TEDDY GOT HUNGRY WHILE ROASTING TAPT WOULD HE USE HIS BIG STICK TO MAKE A CLUB SAND WICH?

AH - YOU CANT FOOL ME I'M A SLY FOX

JONE JOB I GOT NOW I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO THAT MYSTERIOUS GUY IS

I'M CHASING HIM IN THE PAPER EVERY DAY - ASKING PEOPLE - SHADOWING HIM

SPENDING TIME AND MONEY LOSING BOATS ETC - NEVER SLEEP AND DONT MAKE A CENT

TALK ABOUT YOUR LUCKY GUY!

Women's Clubs No Longer a Joke

By ADA PATTERSON.

Whoever attends a convention of women's clubs may go there to jest, but he remains to wonder and admire: The conviction overwhelms him that the woman's club has ceased to be a joke. It has passed forever out of the stage of fads.

Four hundred and eight women, representing 70,000 clubs in the city of New York, met recently to unite their influence for public good. Nobody read a passage from Browning and guessed the riddle of its obscurity. Instead, they talked of practical measures to prevent a recurrence of the disaster off Port Race. Not a word was spoken about fashion, but every one was keenly interested in what would become of families of prisoners, who in the ordinary course of events would go to the almshouse. The women at the meeting helped to devise a system whereby prisoners may work overtime and the profits

be applied to the support of the prisoners' families. The convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs proved that women have grown, and that, as Mrs. John Hays Hammond well phrased it, "Women's clubs are the greatest engines of their advancement."

The faults of the sex are being fast overcome. We have been charged--and with some reason, too--with being rather nebulous of ideas and lacking decision. Yet the women of the convention talked as straight to the point as the bullet speeds toward its target, and the presiding officer said "No" to the member who was out of order with officer-like precision, and, with one possible exception, the soldiers obeyed in the same manner.

Women have been incited to childish sensitiveness and to impatient intolerance of the opinions of others. But these club-schooled women gave every evidence of suppression of the ego. They did not seem to consider themselves nor the women who sat on their right or left. Measures were everything; personalities nothing.

We have heard that club life takes women away from their homes. Yet every measure suggested that bore upon the home held their keenest interest.

A speaker appealed to the "tenderness of their hearts," but laid stress upon the "soundness of their minds." Women have always had, will always have, tender hearts. Trained mental faculties are what they need, and this is what club life is helping them to secure. It was noticeable that they were less touched by appeals to sentiment than by that which is of stronger, deeper root--their sense of justice.

Women have been accused of being natural snobs. Yet in their seats of honor, grouped about the brilliant chairwoman, were women who stood for their own, not their husband's achievements.

Millionaires' wives sat in the body of the house, but women who work in shops and factories, with and for the laborers, were on the platform.

The chief frivolity of our sex is caprice in clothes. Yet this convention was no fashion display. Neither was frumpiness in the foreground. The women were well enough dressed, never overdressed, and their habit of individual thought was shown in the fact that most of them apparently had not determined the season. A few were in floral May attire. Most of them cautiously wore thick, wintry-looking frocks.

We have heard that women will vote for the handsomest man. Yet an unusually handsome man addressed them in apology for bad street railway service and was frigidly received.

The strongest impression this body of women made is that they are nearly all of mature years. Their faces are stamped with experience and thoughtfulness. Gray hair balanced brown, if it did not predominate. Because of this, what they said was worth hearing, and what they are doing is worthy of respectful consideration.

IN MAY

By PERCY SHAW.

When you're brother to a feeling
Most insidiously stealing
Full of subtle lure appealing
That whispers, "Come away."
You can know without discussion
That is no strange obsession
But a voice from the procession
That sings the charms of May.

Can't you see the blue bells swinging?
Can't you picture white clouds whirling?
Can't you hear the sheep bells ringing?
Where the small lamb children play?
Don't be long with pole and tackle
The bewitching hours shackle
To the chirp of thrush and grackle
In this tempting month of May?

Does your work begin to bore you?
Do the figures blur before you?
Do the simplest problems floor you
As you watch the passing day?
Rest in peace, your mind's not failing
Nor your strength of body ailing
What you feel is just the halting
Of the new-born joys of May.

Take your chance and run to meet her,
Sing her praises as you greet her.
Every sense will be completer
As you walk the trodden way.
You will hear the song with pleasure,
You will revel in each measure,
You will share the boundless treasure
Of the happy month of May.

Statistics show that women of the United Kingdom exceed males by 1,178,337, the whole population being about 46,000,000. An effort is being made to have as many women as possible emigrate to the colonies.

Love's Labor Lost

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Drawn for The Bee by Nell Brinkley



Cupid Can Be Fooled by a Maid with a Heart of Stone.

PRECISION IN LANGUAGE

A man who is constantly travelling over the same railroad has become well acquainted with the porters of the sleeping cars. On a recent trip he hailed his porter exuberantly, and said: "Hello, Matthew! I have some good news for you. We've had a birth in our family since I saw you--twins." Matthew grinned. "Well, sah," he said, "I wouldn't call dat no birth, sah. Dat am a section, sah."--Youth's Companion.