

# HAVE YOU EVER BEEN KISSED?

Do You Know That, After All, Your Lips Have Never Been Touched?



**YOU** have been kissed? There, there, don't blush—and don't glance around to see whether any one is noticing. If you do, they'll begin to suspect, right away; and you might as well stand up and confess when and where and how and who kissed you.

So you have been kissed! Now, never mind; it's just between the printed page and your tenderly reminiscent eyes. Can the paper and the ink see from your eyes whether it happened before the engagement or afterward, or that there isn't any engagement at all; or that the kiss whose first flavor came to your remembering lips was the one you got at 15 in the hallway, or the one you got in the dark of the carriage, after the ceremony?

Or that it was a kiss you hadn't any right to get, owing to circumstances over which you had no control, being in love and leaving the control of circumstances to somebody else?

Well, whenever it happened and however it happened, it is the literal, undeniable, scientific fact that you can go on the witness stand, take the solemn oath, tell the solemn truth and say he never touched you.

It may be as unpleasant to think as it is pleasant to say, but it is as true as all the gospels, and also as true as that two and two make four.

You may have been kissed, but your lips and his lips have never even touched. At least, according to science.



The Kiss, famous painting by Eduard Lebedevski

How delicious is the winning of a kiss at lover's beginning!

**S**INCE the time of Adam and Eve, perhaps, the kiss has been the outward and visible sign of an inward and tender passion. Why, then, could not science, that remorseless and prying iconoclast, leave it alone in all its original attractiveness? But science says that when the ardent lover kisses the blushing maid he does not kiss her; he is merely deceived by a kind of electric thrill.

Science has advanced, with the analysis of the mysterious properties of radium, to the positive conclusion that actual contact of any one substance with any other substance—though both be so closely allied and attuned as the lips of the lover and the lips of the maid—is an utter impossibility.

Sir William Crookes has done it—he and Professor Lodge and Professor Curie and a lot of other scientific iconoclasts who would as lief rip the flaming veil of light off the sun as they would brush away the most intimate, palpitating, delicious, tender, titillating, joy-inspiring, blissful, thrilling, hypersensitive, stimulating, heavenly, rapturous, heart-easing, soul-stirring, entrancing, exquisite ecstasy of a woman's kiss.

It happened this way: Madame Curie and her scientific husband, who were as model a married French couple as ever happened outside of a French novel—which means most of Paris and practically all of France—having discovered radium, were next most profoundly absorbed in defining its nature and classifying its properties.

As all the world knows, Madame Curie was the real discoverer of radium; and so it was she who, in point of fact, played the modern Pandora to the sealed mysteries of science which, once opened to the harsh light of day, had destroyed the dearest illusion the members of her sex have known since Eve bit into the apple—and, nevertheless, failed to touch it.

If Madame Curie had known what was to emanate from radium, perhaps she wouldn't have tried to discover it; and neither would Pandora—maybe.

But the fact remains, Madame Curie did discover radium; and all the men of science came scurrying after her, trying to discover what was left.

Sir William Crookes, of England, was in the van. Soon rumors arose that some great fundamental principle of science had been undermined by the universal experimentation with the marvelous new metal; and other rumors followed that some all-important new principle was likely to be evolved which must change man's view of his universe for all time to come.

### MICROSCOPIC SPLENDORS

Meanwhile Professor Crookes, who has a very human taste for seeing the picturesque side of his scientific experiments, invented the sphintariscope.

It is a little microscope, at the farther end of which a screen appears that has been covered with sulphide of zinc. Upon a very delicate wire over the screen is a fragment, a mere mote, of radium weighing no more than one-thirteen-hundredth part of a grain. The radium continually flinging forth its emanations, the particles released impinge upon the zinc-sensitized screen, becoming instantly luminous. To use the sphintariscope, the observer takes it into a darkened room and waits until his eyes, deprived of light, have become extremely sensitive to any rays that may be presented to them. In a measure—the measure to which the human eye can approach—it becomes myopic, or capable of sight in darkness, like a cat or an owl.

Then, applying the abnormally sensitive eye to the microscope lens, he can see the luminous emanation of radium, the most magnificent spectacle in the microscopic world, so far outshining the greatest splendors of the telescope as to leave the Milky Way and all the comets about equal to a few pinpoints and a Roman candle beside an eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

A whole heaven of meteors hurls itself forth from the mote of radium upon the screen, prishing in darkness as they impinge. Cascades of shooting stars, myriads of blazing suns, a wild chaos of leaping fires, infinitely splendid, flare before the astounded eye. These are the infinitesimal particles of radium which, until the time of Sir William Crookes and his sphintariscope, would have been denominated "atoms" by the science of the nineteenth century, as well as by the science which theorized along nineteenth century lines until a very recent date.

But now the whole vast atomic theory has fallen into complete ruin. With radium's dazzling riot of

fire in its eye, science is compelled to admit that the atoms, which it formerly believed combined to constitute the solid mass of the molecule, are themselves immensely divisible. And, of course, not the atom of radium alone; the atoms of all substances have each their characteristic weight and their characteristic divisibility.

It has been determined that the hydrogen atom, ordinarily accepted as a standard from which to compute the weights of atoms of other elements, consists of 700 units, or ions, which are identical with the units, or ions, of all other substances, but different in the number constituting the atoms found in the others.

Where the hydrogen atom contains 700 ions, the oxygen atom embraces 11,200 ions, and the atom of

gold contains 137,200 ions. Radium's atomic ions number 120,000.

But that is only the first principle of the revised science. The next is far more astounding. It is this: The ions of every atom, many as they are—from the 700 of hydrogen to the 137,200 of gold—and confined as they are within the compass of the atom, a bulk beside which the common "grain" of chemistry's weight measurement would loom like the Alps compared with a pebble, are in continuous orbital movement, whirling around and around with the swiftness of lightning, yet held together in their myriad individual orbits by the eternal laws of motion such as carry the earth around the sun.

And all are imbued with some tremendous dynamism, some energy which science believes to be electrical in its nature.

It is as though, within every atom, there were confined a separate, distinct, individual, characteristic cosmos, or universe, in all respects similar to the universe of the earth, the solar system and the incalculably distant stars we see about us—yet with this difference:

Sometimes, at long intervals, the orbits of star and star, of comet and planet, of meteor and earth, concentrate and meet; and then there occurs collision and, for the smaller of the two great antagonists, extinction of the separate orbit. But in the miniature uni-

## MUST WE LOSE THE POMPADOUR?



Sometimes it becomes a Bank



The Pompadour Girl



Useful as a Pencil Reck

**A**NCIENT myths embodied man's highest ideal of feminine beauty in Helen of Troy, who, it was said, sat in a beautiful shrine, clothed, for the most part, in long, thick, golden hair, flowing unbound from her head, while she wove men's destinies in threads of silver on an enchanted loom.

Woman's hair is her crown of glory, the coronet given by nature to complete the attractiveness of face and form. But her solicitude for it, her wonderful ways of handling and fixing it, have

never been understood by mere man, especially by the one who combs his own with a towel.

So, when the report went out recently that Pittsburg merchants were considering the advisability of banishing the pompadour because their employes spent so much time arranging and fixing that lofty and imperious head-dress, there was a loud and widespread wail of protest. Singularly enough, too, there has been a greater rush in Europe than in this country to defend the pompadour.

**P**ERHAPS these Pittsburg merchants never meant it, after all. Perhaps they only meant to convey a gentle hint to a few of their employes who, they thought, permitted their anxiety for personal adornment to take their attention too frequently from business.

Be this as it may, the scare spread, and in many other cities the question was anxiously asked: "Must we lose the pompadour?"

It is said the question of attempting to banish the pompadour was gravely considered. Some of the men, it is reported, declared it to be not only a visible and foolish exhibition of feminine vanity, but a pencil cushion as well, often stuck with five or six pencils; they even knew it to be used as a savings bank, where girls carried dollar bills, and often, one man whispered in a voice that trembled, infested with "rats!"

It seems the principal count in the indictment against the pompadour is that it is often unruly, and, like a bad boy, difficult to keep in place. It slips over to one side or the other, droops down over the forehead or flattens itself in a weary way upon the head. Then, of course, it must be fixed.

"Enter a store any time," declared a man who thinks he is observant, "and you will see a girl pause before a mirror, making dabs at her hair." How much time is lost in a day by a company or regiment of girls attending to the refractory pompadour has never been computed, so far as known, but some complaining employes say it is a matter of considerable importance.

Many girls come to work late in the morning. What is the reason? The pompadour. One girl, it was said, had confessed that she devoted a half hour to dressing her hair. In the stores customers sometimes complained of inattention. Mistakes were made. "The cause? Why, the pompadour. For how can a girl compute arithmetic when she is agitated by the possibility of her pompadour being lopsided?"

"The pompadour is pernicious," declared an employer. "A woman can't get her mind off it." "It's worse than an inside pocket," declared another. "It's stuck full of pencils, pens, pads and even money. Yes, I've seen girls carrying money in their hair. It's a pincushion and a savings bank."

Perhaps the unkindest thrust at the pompadour was made by an old woman recently. She was discussing the question in a store one day, and looking slyly at a salesgirl who was pushing up her hair with both hands remarked: "It often ain't real."

verse embodied in the atom there are no collisions, no impacts, no disarray of orbits.

There is, and there can be, no contact of ion with ion.

And as between ion and ion there must forever yawn a gulf of space as unbridgeable as it is infinitely small, so there must forever a gulf between atom and atom, between molecule and molecule, between element and element, between substance and substance, between heart and heart, between breast and bosom, between lips and other passionate thirsting lips of love.

The most convulsive clasp of the most passionate lovers who ever lived—the clutch of Cleopatra halting great Antony to his fall, the embrace of Juliet as she bade farewell to her Romeo, the parched mouth of Paris upon the dewy lips of Argive Helen—all must fail, forever fail, to effect the actual contact which humanity has so fondly believed was real.

Weight of mountain piled on mountain, and the crushing burden of giant Jupiter piled on both, could not suffice to press into actual contact two hands clasped and moist at the moment of their meeting.

So you and no human being, living or dead or to be alive, could boast the felicity of the kiss harsh science has taken from the joys of life. And yet science acknowledges now, in the very essence of its new discovery, a greater principle, which formerly it relegated to the faithfulness of an imagination it despised.

### REGULATED BY ELECTRICAL FORCE

For it admits that the force regulating the orbits of the ions in all substances is electrical in its nature. And the kiss, which, by those who have tasted its delights, is averred to possess some marvelous, if inexplicable, magnetism, is a literally and actually an electric thrill as it is literally not a touching of lips to lips.

Science, in its own queer, prosaic, pleading, wrong-headed way, has blundered upon proof that the dreams and the fancies of humanity are the last, the greatest, the ultimate among its facts.

So Miss Shonts, when the lips of her ardent duc de Chauvins et de Piquigny press upon the pouting Cupid's bow one sees in her photograph, will receive herself if she imagines his mouth and hers are in the perfect touch her young affection craves. Gladys Vanderbilt may feel the parted moustache of her handsome Count Lazlo upon her lips; but it will be illusion merely. Beautiful Marie Bonaparte and tall Prince George of Greece may kiss to their hearts' content, and still be out of touch until they die of old age; and lovely Victoria of Spain, with her devoted Alfonso, and the crown prince of Germany and his dear little Duchess Cecilia, may be happy all their lives. Yet their lips can never touch.

But the ions that make their bodies and the loves that fill their souls will hurl themselves onward by the old, divine impulse which vulgar science is content to believe electric in its power. And the forces, which defy the crash of worlds to make them touch one another, are so mighty that, for the kiss from which the charm of the literal contact of lip with lip has departed, kingdoms will still be cast aside and empires spurned as dross.

No? Well, try it yourself—this evening.

### Love-Making to Aid Robbery

**W**OULD you like to be made love to in order to be robbed? No, you say; love-making might not be objectionable, but robbery is going a little too far.

An number of girls in London have been complaining this winter of the unpleasant dual experience. It seems that several handsome men, always tastefully dressed, have been making a regular campaign of love and plunder.

Stock Exchange, and when their suits have progressed to the point of engagement, they manage to entice their fair victims over some "big boom" of which they have learned, and thus secure all the money that the deceived ones can scrape together.

In quite a number of cases young women have been robbed of their jewelry by smooth rascals to whom they had become engaged.

"My love affair," said one of the victims sadly, "cost me more than £60-£500—but the money is nothing to the fact that it took away years of my youth and left me with the conviction that I shall never love another man."