

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Family Life in Birdland

Quarrelling Not Confined to Human Society, and Greed Has an Evolutionary Basis



Here are seen two young yellowthroats in an altercation, some black-headed chickadees being fed, young butcher-birds taking a sun bath.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.  
In his studies of bird life, Mr. W. L. Inley, the ornithologist, has brought out many most interesting and amusing peculiarities of the inhabitants of the air which give their family affairs a striking resemblance of those of human beings. These things are well illustrated in the pictures herewith produced.  
Quarrelling seems to be a very common habit in the "families" of some species of birds, and it is developed at a very early age among the young. Look at the two youthful yellowthroats exchanging hard words and trying to terrify one another by fierce looks and threatening motions. And then, in the next picture, see how their quarrel is instantly composed by the arrival of food. But this is only a truce. In a little while the food itself will lead to another quarrel.  
In the bird empire, as in the human, the great source of quarrelling and fighting is greediness. Each wants the best and the most, and wants it first. If a single worm is brought for a nestling there is a struggle for exclusive possession. If there is a worm for each nestling some one will try to get two.  
In the picture of the young chickadees being fed you see the temporary composing effect of satisfying hunger. It is the same old story, which nature repeats from the lowest to the highest of her orders of living creatures, viz., that the first instinct of life is to perpetuate itself by any and every means in its power.  
Food is the universal requisite, without

which the bodily machine cannot continue to run, and nothing can stand before hunger. But as soon as hunger is appeased the better instincts, as we call them, come into play, and then the family life of birds, like that of men and women, becomes tranquil and peaceable for a time.  
Stories of anything approaching self-sacrifice on the part of birds are absolutely rare, but they do seem to have an instinct for play, which is as easily recognizable by external signs as are their moods of anger and quarrelsomeness. Yet it is very doubtful if they ever "play" in the same sense in which human beings amuse themselves. But they have an apparent fondness for personal display, which may be the evolutionary basis of human vanity itself.  
The strutting and bowing of the emperor penguin, with his "white waistcoat" is one of the funny sights that Antarctic explorers encounter, and it is laugh-provoking only because it looks so human. Many birds have "dancing parties," in which the evolutions are as intricate and as harmonious as at a fashionable society affair, and the performances are frequently much more graceful and becoming.  
One of the most wonderful sights seen by Alfred Russel Wallace during his long wanderings amid the wild life of the Malay archipelago was that of a dancing party by birds of paradise on

one of the Aru islands. The "dancers" are all male birds, and the purpose of the performance appears to be to awaken the admiration of the females. The function witnessed by Mr. Wallace took place in an immense forest tree which had wide-spreading branches and only scattered leaves, so that there was plenty of room for the performers and a clear view for the onlookers.  
About twenty full grown birds took part. They began by raising their wings to the full height, displaying the exquisite colors of the long plumes and of the under feathers on the body, and then kept them in constant vibration, waving them in graceful curves, and flying at intervals from branch to branch, their rich plumage floating and swaying like silken scarfs, and filling the air with kaleidoscopic changes of color and form.  
When the plumes are upraised, says Mr. Wallace, they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, and fading off into the pale brown tint of the finely divided and softly waving points. The whole bird is then overshadowed by them, the crouching body, yellow head and emerald-green throat forming but the foundation and setting to the golden glory which waves above. When seen in this attitude the bird of paradise really deserves its name, and must be ranked as one of the most wonderful living things.

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### The "Right-O" Stories

Philanthropy and Some of Its Advantages, as the Stenographer Sees It

By DOROTHY DIX.

"Go," said the stenographer, wistfully, "but I'd like to be one of those great philanthropists, like Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Carnegie, or Mrs. Sage, and be able to donate a few millions to relieve the sufferings of humanity?"  
"Well," responded the bookkeeper, "when you commence handling out your endowments, I'd like to call your attention to a poor but worthy outfit that is not a million miles away from you. I wouldn't even object to being named after you have to put your hand on all your benefactions, as our modest and shrinking friend, Andy, does."  
"Oh, I wouldn't give colleges and libraries," said the stenographer, mutiniously, "that kind of thing has been done to death. What's the use of any more colleges when you can get people through the high schools? What's the use of any more libraries when you can buy more to read for a penny than you ever have time to wade through?"  
"Don't forget our impecunious high brows," retorted the bookkeeper.  
"No," continued the stenographer, without noticing him, "if I were a philanthropist, I would do good along original lines, and reform abuses that need reforming, and bring you to unexpected waste places."  
"Might I inquire what you'd do, lady bountiful—not?" inquired the bookkeeper.  
"Well, to begin with," replied the stenographer, "I'd hire a pugilist to follow inconspicuously behind me, and every time a subway guard slammed a door in my face and then stood glaring for a minute at my discomfort before the train started, or when one yelled at me in an insulting tone to stop lively there, or a platform guard put his hand in the middle of my back and shoved me around, or a street car conductor carried me a

## A "Lucile" Dancing Frock

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar

Only in color can one gain an adequate idea of the loveliness of this Lucile dancing frock of rose-colored taffeta brocade threaded in silver, silver lace in frills and flounces adding to its charm.



Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

### Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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**SYNOPSIS**  
June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist. She poses as the "Spirit of the Marsh," is driven over by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham.

**THIRTEENTH EPISODE.**  
Trapped.

**CHAPTER II.**  
The sharp-featured woman with the long nose and the high-arched brows rolled her electric coupe up to the door of her own house and went into the parlor.  
June walked slowly to a wardrobe and opened it. Half a dozen gaudy costumes hung there. She chose one of the most attractive. She donned this garment, congratulating herself that it fitted her. She added a headpiece of beads found lying on a bureau.  
As Gilbert Blye started up the stairs he stopped, surprised by the beautiful figure which emerged from the sumptuously furnished chamber, and came down toward him with queenly grace. It was June, an entrancing vision of loveliness in her borrowed finery, and in her eyes was a new light.  
"Will you give me a cigarette, please?" she gaily requested him, and he looked at her in astonishment.  
"Why—why, yes," he stammered.  
He produced his case, and she took a cigarette. Still studying her curiously, he lit his pocket light for her, and a slight frown twitched upon his brow as, peering her beautiful red lips, she blew a long thin stream of blue smoke into his face.  
"Come on," she called, and taking his arm, she tripped smilingly into the parlor, with a sidelong glance, however, as she left the hall at the stalwart attendant who guarded the front door.  
"Whose dress am I wearing?" she cheerfully demanded as she seated herself.  
"It's mine," said one of the girls, jumping up from the side of Cunningham and walking all around her. "But, honey, I'm bound to say that it looks better

## Italy and Earthquake

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Beautiful, historic and classic Italy, basking in the semi-oriental sun from the cold of the high Alps, on the north, to the warm Ionian sea, on the south, and in between Mare Superum—the Adriatic—on the east, and Mare Tyrrhenum, or Infernum, on the west, the land of romance from remote times, has once more been visited by a destructive earthquake. Heavy walls and ceilings have again crushed the lives of little children in their mothers' arms, while death in buildings and streets—no place to go—has come to thousands in many towns and cities. And Rome, called the Eternal City, has been convulsed.  
Very recent researches in that new and very impressive and awe-inspiring realm of nature, radio activity, and in the almost entirely rejuvenated science, seismology, the science of earthquakes, have greatly modified all ideas regarding our little home, the earth, a tiny world moving in cosmic space. And a far greater than all, that mightiest engine in the possession of man, exacted mathematics, has had the earth in its grasp.  
Seismometers and seismographs, with their revolving chronographs, aided by telegraph wires and wireless and mathematics—all these in recent years have almost made earthquake and volcano studies a new science. Likewise, refined researches in specific speeds and amplitudes of waves in the earth's surface strata, and of greatest value, deeply seated earthquake energy waves.  
Titles of scientific monographs and books have changed. "Age of the Earth" has now become "Radium and the Earth's Interior." The earth's interior molten sea has developed into the earth's rigid central core.  
Simon Newcomb, with rare mathematical precision, deduced an equation before accurate data had been secured by seismographs that if a globe of platinum 1,000 miles in diameter constitutes the earth's center the equations would be satisfied. Modern data led to a greater interior—a larger rigid mass.  
George Kennan said of the eruption of Mount Pelee on May 8, 1902:  
"The feature of the eruption that made the deepest impression upon me was the stellar lightning. The up-rush of black smoke, the glow over the crater—these had been described before; but the short, thin streaks of lightning, followed by starlike explosions, were entirely new."  
And all other reports of Mount Pelee mentioned electricity, and there were also magnetic changes. I mention these to show that electricity acts within the earth's interior. The actual wabbling of the axis of the entire earth in an irregular circle in fifty diameters in 45 days has given mathematicians many data.  
The earth is an insulated ball of iron. Think of this—insulated. The rock layer of 300 miles thickness is a poor conductor of heat as well as of electricity. Uranium has been disintegrating and concentrating into the intensely active radium during billions of years, many trillions. Then, I wonder how much radium is in the earth's interior. If radium should surrender all of its power at once the force would be far greater than that of lyditite or melanite, and doubtless blow the earth into fine particles.  
But here on the surface of the earth, in its conditions, the life period of radium is 2,500 years. But who knows whether the radium goes far below the surface of the earth? And who can even commence to imagine the action of internal electricity? All can theorize to their mind's content. Astronomical concept of the entire earth is that it is almost, but not exactly, nothing in comparison with the quantity of matter already weighed in the sidereal structure. All matter known can be resolved back into primordial electrons. So nothing exists but electrons.  
Note—It is my earnest request that my hundreds of correspondents do not send any more questions frantically asking about "Armageddon." Will the prophecies of Ezekiel and Daniel and the Book of Revelation be soon fulfilled? "Will the world come to an end?" I have far more questions from all directions on rigid science than I can find time to answer.

### DON'T USE SOAP ON YOUR HAIR

When you wash your hair, don't use soap. Most soaps are prepared with potash or soda, which are very injurious, as they dry the scalp and make the hair brittle.  
The best thing to use is just plain mulsified coconut oil, for it is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.  
Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff—Advertisement.

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