

The Bees Home Magazine Page

Curious Birds

Ever Hear of the Kagu, the Cariana and Rhea?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In the kingdom of birds there are a great many odd characters—enough to form an avian "Eccentric club" with a large membership.

First there is the "Kagu," an inhabitant of New Caledonia, a gray bird, as big as a heron and fowl, having an immense mane of feathers which it can erect into a crest. Its bill and feet are red, and its wings are black and white, with a rufous marking. They look like good wings, but they are of little use for flying, and the bird can be caught by dogs when it is feeding in the bush. When one is thus caught its mate, if within call, will hasten to the rescue and fight heroically, sharing the danger, with utter disregard for self.

In captivity the kagu is very amusing because of his solemn, thoughtful deportment. He will gravely take a walk along a human visitor who makes his acquaintance by imitating its peculiar call; but when left alone will occasionally indulge in the most extravagant antics, "rushing about with outspread wings and sticking his beak in the ground and kicking in apparent attempts to stand on its head." This behavior might appear to be "prison madness," but for the fact that the kagu is a famous native dancer in its native wilds where it is rapidly becoming extinct.

Even more singular than the kagu is the "Cariana," a South American creature, described as "a running ground bird, with a non-gripping foot, which nevertheless roots and nests in trees; which has the long bare legs of a wader, yet never goes into water, but loves to stroll in the dust." Among its most notable peculiarities is its habit of stopping the flight that occur among other birds. It is a peculiar bird, never carrying its head to a man's height above the ground. Yet the male bird, which sits on the nest to hatch out the eggs, is full of courage and will attack a man on horseback, trying to leap up and kick him off. When Charles Darwin was in Patagonia he heard many stories of the ferocity of these birds when disturbed on their nests, and saw the Guachoa catch them with bolas and lassos with stones attached to the ends, which when skilfully thrown, entangle the bird's legs and bring it down.

Another curious bird is the "Rhea," also a native of South America, where it is called an ostrich, but it is smaller than the true ostrich, never carrying its head to a man's height above the ground. Yet the male bird, which sits on the nest to hatch out the eggs, is full of courage and will attack a man on horseback, trying to leap up and kick him off. When Charles Darwin was in Patagonia he heard many stories of the ferocity of these birds when disturbed on their nests, and saw the Guachoa catch them with bolas and lassos with stones attached to the ends, which when skilfully thrown, entangle the bird's legs and bring it down.

Planning for the Stork's Arrival



Among those things which all women should know of, and of many of them do, is a splendid external application sold in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." It is a penetrating liquid and many a mother tells how it so wonderfully aided them through the period of expectancy. Its chief purpose is to render the tendons, ligaments and muscles so pliant that nature's expansion may be accomplished without the intense strain so often characteristic of the period of expectancy.

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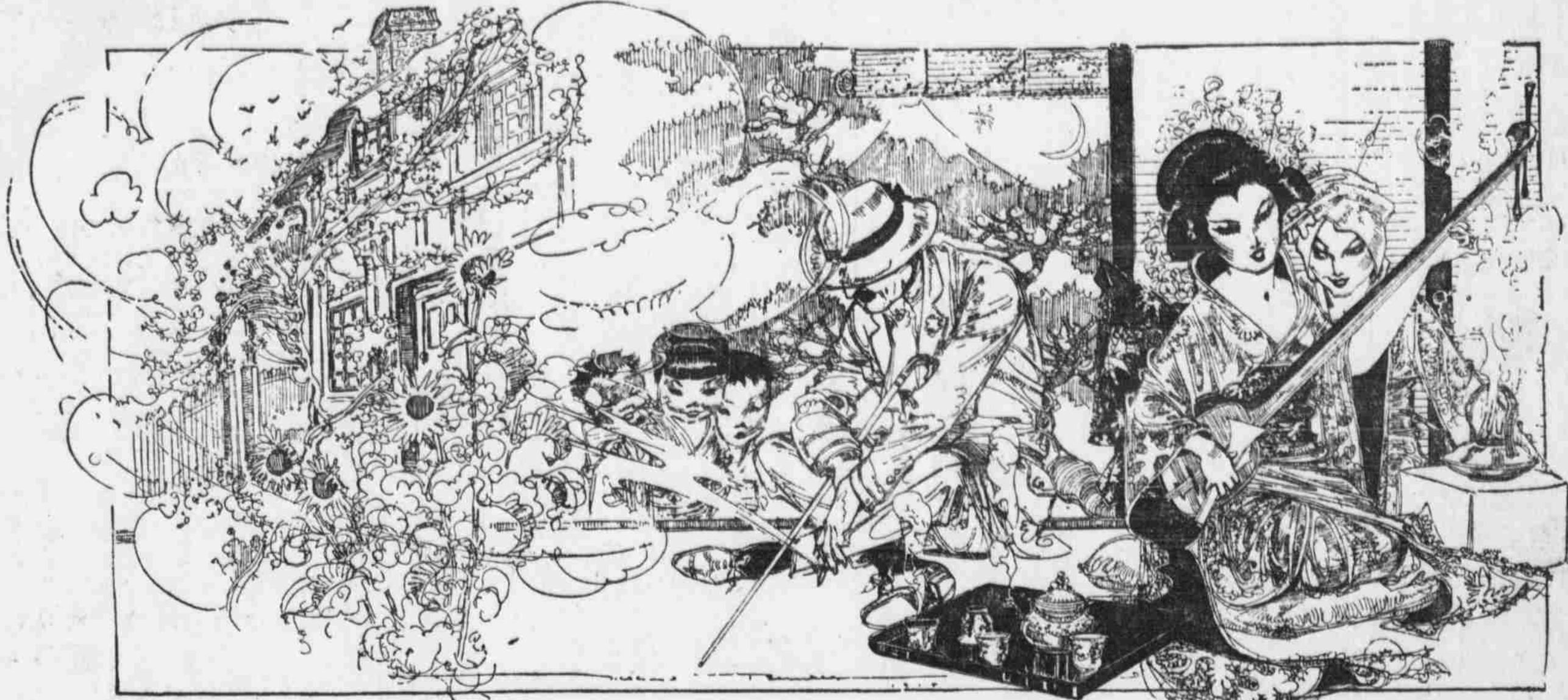
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Home

Poem by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

By Nell Brinkley

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The greatest words are always solitaires, Set singly in one syllable; like birth, Life, love, hope, peace. I ring the worth Of that dear word toward which the whole world fares— I sing of home.

To make a home we should take all of love, And much of labor, patience and keen joy. Then mix the elements of earth's alloy With finer things drawn from the realms above— The spirit-Home.

There should be music, melody and song; Beauty in every spot; an open door And generous sharing of the pleasure store With fellow pilgrims as they pass along, Seeking for Home.

Make ample room for silent friends—the books, That give so much and only ask for space. Nor let Utility crowd out the vase Which has no use save gracing by its looks The precious Home.

To narrow bounds let mirrors lend their aid And multiply each gracious touch of art. And let the casual stranger feel the part— The great creative part that love has played Within the Home.

Here bring your best in thought and word and deed; Your sweetest acts, your highest self-control; Nor save them for some later hour and goal. Here is the place and now the time of need— Here in your Home.

Two Sorts of Girls

By ADA PATTERSON.

One day's news contained two startling different angles of view upon woman. One presented her at her immemorial scene of labor, the wash tub.

The other showed a boy of her leaving a man upon whom a critical surgical operation was being performed, alone and unaided, to his fate. One showed her constructive, a builder. The other represented her as a destroyer, a tearer down.

Wellesley college girls are to take in washing the rest of the academic year, so ran the news. They will do this in aid of the college fund. A squad began work the other day in the basement of Lake House, a dormitory opened this fall close to the ruins of the college hall. The administration building burned last March.

The name of a junior who runs the ironing squad followed, and the red checked, blue fingered girls who hang out the clothes these early winter days, finished the paragraph. It was more interesting than any list of guests at a society function I ever read, because behind this wash girl record was a fine purpose, the builder's purpose.

Why did they wash and wring and hang out and iron, these girls who had probably never washed anything heavier or more soiled than their own dainty hands? Because their college was in need. It needed a house and there had been a fire.

The Rockefeller foundation had offered a gift of \$750,000 to restore the college buildings, but like all munificent things of life, it entailed much effort. The Wellesley girls are learning truly that something is never given for nothing. The Rockefeller foundation gift depends upon whether Wellesley and its friends can raise \$1,500,000. The huge sum must be raised before January 4. So the girls have determined to forget Christmas, to eschew sleighrides and to set all their energies at the wash tub and their corresponding ironboards and washlines until that sum is assured.

Bravo for the Wellesley girls. Blessings on their cracked fingers and calloused palms and scorched knuckles and split nails. Every one of these marks of toil will be beauty spots to eyes that see. They have learned the fine art of getting out of themselves. They have solved the problem of working for a united purpose. Wellesley's superb motto has fired their souls. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

It were unfair to them to call these girls an army of soldiers. The glory, if glory has ever existed in war, has been tarnished by blood stains to our fancy. Our souls sicken and our spirits faint at sound of the word army. We have ceased comparing life to a battle, for we know that battle is hideous and life need not be so unless we make it. But these volunteer washwomen are among the builders, the glorious builders of this world.

In painful contrast to this was a strike of the nurses at a Long Island hospital. Strikes may be necessary. Perhaps under some circumstances they are unavoidable. But while these nurses struck surgeons were fighting for a man's life around an operating table. The emissary of the striking nurses came to the door and called out the nurses. Two of them

went, but, to the honor of a third, he it said that she disobeyed the call. Answering that life was more important even than a strike, she went back and assisted the doctors in their difficult task. This action of deserting nurses seems on its face the most inhuman record set against womanhood since the female Borgias and De Medicis did their poisoning. There may be pleaded in extenuation of their act that the striking nurses were hysterical and and to that degree irresponsible. But, in greater degree of extenuation was the fact that one of their number had been summarily, and they believed unjustly, dismissed. Woman standing by woman is a cheering spectacle, but, woman standing by woman at

That Unhappy Girl

By ANN LISLE.

"I am an 18-year-old girl. I never have a bit of pleasure. My girl friends enjoy themselves, but I must always sit at home after a hard day's work. I am not allowed to even with girl friends. And this makes me the unlappiest girl in the world. What shall I do?" writes "Unhappy Eleanor."

From her letter I turn to that of "Lonely Jane," who writes that she is "the unlappiest girl in all the world," because the man for whom she has cared for two years is now tiring of her and beginning to show an interest in her 18-year-old cousin. And then M. K. C., who enters the ranks of "the unlappiest girls in all the world" because she is not popular with men, and next speaks the girl who bewails her fate because she can't afford to dress well, and so on down a long list of girls, no one of whom has a real heart-breaking sorrow.

A very clever man once said that only two things were unendurable—physical deformity and divorce—and that the people who met with either one generally managed to endure it in silence.

The point is that people who have great sorrows to bear are generally too busy enduring them or finding ways of mitigating conditions to waste any energy bewailing their fates. All the girls who shriek that they cannot endure their sorrows are too busy in their search for sympathy either to suffer very deeply or to make much sane effort to find a way out.

No one of the things that these girls claim single them out for unique and lonely unhappiness is vital. To be lonely, not to have friends, to be jilted by a fickle man, to fail to look stunning however stunningly dressed or to suffer from any social disappointment is only an unpleasant little incident that must be endured as a little pebble on the smooth path of life.

The important thing to do is not to sit around thinking how miserable you are over a trifle of this sort, for it sufficiently magnified through contemplation it will soon enough come to look like a real trouble. If any social trouble is proper for me to go out with him while he is in this predicament. Will you kindly advise me whether or not I should consent and whether it is proper for me to go out with him while he is in this predicament. You must not accept any attentions from a married man. It will hurt your reputation if you are seen with him be-

peril of life, even a mere man's life, is horrifying. The Long Island hospital nurses need to learn that there is a time and place for all things, even a strike. I am glad to know that some of them were dismissed; glad, too, that those who were permitted to return did so in tears and with apologies and a flood of promises as profuse as their tears. The man patient lived, but it was no credit to the twenty-five striking nurses. In their mood of furies they were destroyers. They were pullers down. They were what the world does not want, even as it wants and needs the laundry girls of Wellesley. Builder or destroyer, which are you? Which are we all?

Some of the Things She Could Do to Be Happy.

cause of the knowledge you have gained. If you have few friends, study ways of making other people happy instead of thinking how unhappy you are. Then you will soon enough come to be sought after.

If a fickle and faithless man deserts you for someone else, be duly grateful that you found him out without the sad experience of becoming his wife.

If you aren't attractive looking, study ways of making your health so good and your character so sweet that you will radiate wholesome and kindly charm.

If you are not stunning looking or popular, don't waste time on these non-essentials. Just make the most of the good points that you might develop if you were not longing for qualities that your nature does not in the natural course of things possess.

If you had a real agony you would probably be woman enough to bear it. Endure your smaller woes with fortitude and you will suddenly see that they are only pinpricks sent to cultivate your powers of endurance against the coming of the real stabs of life.

"Oh, a trouble's a ton—or a trouble's an ounce— And a trouble is what you make it; And it isn't how much you are hurt that counts— But only—how did you take it."

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Wait Until He is Free. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady 19 years of age, and about a year ago I met a gentleman. I immediately thought that I cared for him. This gentleman, as I found out later, was a married man, but was living apart from his wife and is now seeking a divorce, and as far as I can ascertain he is sure to get it in about two months or so. Last week I was visiting some friends out of town and I met him at that place, where he is living. All my heart was awakened and I cannot bear to be out of his company, for I am very sure that I love him, and love him dearly. He has asked me if I would marry him after he is free and I told him that although I loved him very much I would have to wait and find out at the end of two months whether I would consent. Will you kindly advise me whether or not I should consent and whether it is proper for me to go out with him while he is in this predicament. You must not accept any attentions from a married man. It will hurt your reputation if you are seen with him be-

Ravings of the Koresh Folk

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

"While reading your article I discovered the word Koresh, but could not find the meaning in my dictionary or three encyclopedias. Please give the meaning."—Inez Felix, Redwood City, Cal., R. F. D., San Mateo county.

A.—Cyrus H. Teed (deceased) signed to his name the word Koresh and wrote out a series of treatises and called the whole "Celestial Cosmogony, the University of Koreshanity or the Earth a Hollow Sphere."

The doctrine of Koreshanity is one of the most remarkable diseases of the mind ever encountered by skilled mentalists. The entire literature of mental maladies does not present anything to compare with this singular disease.

The cause of the disease has never been discovered. It consists of opposites; thus one suffering with this distressing complaint sees things exactly opposite from what they really are.

There is no cure known; for reason, the highest attribute of man is dethroned, and when reason is subverted permanently no cure can be effected.

To quote from Teed: "The earth is a concave sphere, the radius of curvature being eight inches to the mile, thus giving a diameter of 5,000 and a corresponding circumference of about 25,000 miles."

The entire Copernican astronomy, now based upon the most rigid mathematics and proved to be true in minute detail by predicting eclipses, transits, oppositions and conjunctions for centuries to come, and then beholding them take place to the minute and even seconds, is totally disputed by these diseased men. AMM:

"What does Koreshanity offer as a substitute for the gigantic fallacy of the benighted Copernicus? First, it offers the fact that in experiments carefully made by the Koreshan geodetic staff of Naples, on the gulf coast of Florida, the contour of the earth was proven to be diametrically the reverse of what is taught in the pseudo-science of modern times.

"The surface of the earth is not convex. It appears to be so because of optical illusion. The only geodetic survey ever made for the purpose of determining whether the surface on which we dwell

is convex or concave was made by the geodetic staff of the Koreshan Unity in the year 1877. In this survey was corroborated conclusively the testimony given in 1870, that the earth is a hollow shell about 3,000 miles in diameter and about 25,000 miles in circumference."

Literature, ancient or modern, does not contain the equal of this. Many thousands of surveys from the time of Eratosthenes of Alexandria, B. C. 250, until now, in 1914, have been and are being made.

Modern geodetic surveys began with Pickard in France in 1671. Then the most eminent mathematicians founded national geodetic societies. Arcs of the earth's meridians have been measured from Hammerfest to Austria. Europe was surveyed with microscopic precision; an accurate line eighteen degrees long was measured in India, and in the western hemisphere many more.

The United States government maintains the highest geodetic society in the world. The accuracy of measurement attained has awakened the admiration of the entire scientific world. These eminent geometers have measured great arcs with an accuracy down to millimeters, and levels above the sea with equal precision.

The most delicate pendulums have been oscillated in all parts of the civilized world; in jungles, on remote mountains, on islands, in distant seas, in the arctic, in oceans and in mines. The variations of gravitation, and therefore the exact shape of the earth, are known with micrometric precision.

And now mentally diseased men say all this vast mass of refined measurement made by men possessing the unconceivable power of high mathematics is of no account. And in face of absolute, proven and set truth say here in the twentieth century that the surface of the earth is concave and that all humans live inside of the earth.

Nothing can be done with these men because reason is dethroned. The time expended on them is worse than lost. And this is perhaps one reason why the editors of the three encyclopedias declined to waste white paper upon this Koresh disease.

No ravings of advanced paranoia can be worse; yet the Koresh people are numerous enough, even in the twentieth century, to support a paper. This fact in itself is astonishing to alienists and all brain-disease specialists.

Thus the human race, 1,216,000 times larger than the earth, is inside of the earth. A mere raving of pariahs.

And then the good folk in San Francisco, New York, Paris, London, Bombay and San Pedro, with Los Angeles, are now living inside of the shell of a hollow earth according to the vagaries and hallucinations of the Koresh folk.

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