

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Sailors of Feathered Race

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The romance of the sea is in the very name of the "stormy petrel," and the bird itself is one of the most interesting of the minor inhabitants of the earth. It is a great sailor, possessing the characteristic mark of the true mariner, which is the harder the winds blow, and the fiercer the rush of the waves becomes the more completely at home it seems to be.

The petrels are related to the albatrosses, but are smaller and owe their name to a peculiar circumstance—a play of the nautical imagination induced by their appearance on the water. They skim so close along the surface as to give the impression that they are actually gliding upon it. This suggests to some fanciful observer the thought of St. Peter walking upon the waves, and so the name of "petrel," meaning "little Peter," was bestowed upon the bird. This, at least, is the explanation of the origin of the name commonly given.

Petrels are also called by sailors "Mother Carey's chickens," and their appearance is regarded as presaging the near approach of a storm. The explanation of the origin of the name "Mother Carey" is as fantastical as that of the name petrel. It is said to be an old English rendering of the exclamation of Italian sailors upon seeing these ominous birds at sea: "Maria cara!" meaning "Dear Mother Mary."

There are about seventy-five species of petrels known, and they are widely distributed over the oceanic parts of the globe. In their habits they are almost as much marine animals as are fish, for they never voluntarily visit the land except during the breeding season, and the wildest storms cannot drive them off the ocean. They skim swiftly along the agitated surface of a tempest-swept sea, following the changing curvature of the waves, safely defying the breaking crests and the flying spume, and seeming to rejoice in the uproar of the elements.

In the darkness of a great storm, when ships' masts are bowed to meet the tossing waves and canvas is torn from the shrouds by the howling gale, the petrel will sometimes flit about a doomed vessel like a malignant spirit of the storm. Among sailors it is deemed to be a very unlucky act to kill one of these birds, even by accident.

The commonest species of petrel seen on the Atlantic is a little black bird, with white rump, about six inches in length. It will occasionally follow ships for days, picking up food from the refuse thrown overboard. It seems never to tire, however long it may be kept upon the wing. Owing to the extreme oiliness of its feathers they are impervious to water, and the bird can rest upon the undulating waves as lightly as a cork.

The stormy petrel remains a mysterious bird even when it visits the borders of the sea for breeding purposes. Its nests are always hidden among rocks close along the coast, and are very difficult of discovery, even by professional egg hunters. The more effectually to conceal their breeding places the petrels, when sojourning on shore, go out in search of food only at night, or in dark, gloomy and stormy weather.

The famous Selly Islands near the British coast, which have been the scene of so many ship tragedies, are a favorite breeding ground of the stormy petrel. Until recently it was thought that all the nests were contained on one site in the Sellys, but it has been found that they are much more widely scattered than any one had suspected, and the discovery is due to a voracious cat, which, being an inhabitant of the lighthouse on Round Island, where petrels were never seen on land, astonished the keepers by furnishing itself each night with a petrel for its supper. Investigation showed that the cat had found a breeding place of the birds on the island the existence of which was previously unknown.

"Nobody Home"

By Nell Brinkley

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"Nobody home!" Her heart looks red and warm like any other heart you might come across on the Sentimental Road, but it's only a bright red gumdrop with sugar crusted over to fool you, and gumdrops are hard eating—soft but tough. Here in her perfectly coiffed hair, which is never a minute behind the times in its fashion of lying on her head, there is nothing but an empty casket, bright enough, but unfilled save for the stray little hard thoughts, like bullets—thoughts of lace and feathers and the flare of a petticoat, and whether there is a tiny ghost of a line coming in the lid of one eye ("I must stop laughing if there is," gasps she) that go rattling 'round inside it.

If you listen close enough before you go so deep in love that you can't wade back until the storm's all over and you get slammed back onto the beach again, you can hear these little, little thoughts rattling loose behind the white forehead and the arching brows that she's so vain of.

Love knocks here, and kicks his toes until doomsday, for there's "nobody home." So the cynic says, sneering at the follies of fashion and the minds of maidens.

And while I think—oh small maidens who lean so to seeing themselves where their eyes and their thoughts linger—dark hair has nothing to do with gumdrop hearts and this case. She just happens to have it.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Not Wrong—but Dangerous. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl and am considered good looking. I am engaged to be married to a man now in Spain. In the meantime I am going about with a young man who spends his money on me, but I am afraid he is beginning to care for me. My mother knows I go with him, but she has also informed him of my engagement to this other man and often speak about it to keep it in his mind. I don't like to know if you think I am doing wrong? M. D.

What you are doing is not morally wrong—but it is not the height of loyalty to your absent fiancé, and it holds the possibility of danger for you and the young man who cares for you in spite of the fact that you are pledged to another.

Hard Times. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and for the last two months have been going out with a young man five years my senior. Of late he is quiet. This he attributes to his money affairs, as he is hard pressed. As I know him to be of a careful disposition, I cannot believe that he should always think of this, especially when in my company. Please give me your opinion in this matter.

Sympathy. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been in the company of a young man for about a year. I have learned to love him very much. He told me that he loves me. He left the city because of business and promised to correspond with me. His friends told me that business is very slow and that he feels very depressed. He has not written to me. Would you advise me to write to him? I. F. L.

Little Mary's Essay

By DOROTHY DIX.

Love is something that makes you feel all nice and purry inside. Love is like the measles—you generally catch it when you are young, and the worse it breaks out on you the sooner you get over it. Love doesn't hurt, though you may cry a good deal, for it seldom strikes in deeply, but when an old man or woman gets a bad case it generally proves fatal.



You can always tell when people are in love, because they go about with a tooth-powder smile on their faces; also they tell people all about their symptoms, which makes everyone hate them. My father says that he would rather meet a woman who had just undergone an operation in a hospital than a man who is in love, and he'd rather meet a raging lion than either one of them, because he would prefer being torn alive to being bored to death. My mother says that my father should not talk that way because once he was in love himself, and my father says, "Well, if I was I took the love cure that is called matrimony, and got over it," and when he said that my mother said he was a brute, and she rushed out of the room and slammed the door behind her that way that makes a door sound like it said "damn."

and, goodness knows, that's lucky for the woman or else there'd be lots more old maids. My father also says that love and liquor make a man see things that aren't there. My father says he's known men who saw pink elephants sitting on the

WHEN FLIES PLAY 'POSSUM

It is not only in the summer that the enemy of the fly should be busy, according to a bulletin just issued by the committee on pollution and sewerage of the Merchants' association of New York, but in the winter as well. "Kill the winter flies," is the burden of the committee's appeal, and it declares that now is the time to begin next summer's campaign.

"Most of last season's flies, having completed their life cycle, are dead," the bulletin reads, "but those hatched late have left their eggs in a favorable place for incubation in the early spring, and these eggs will survive the winter unless disposed of. They will hatch out during the winter in an even temperature.

"These winter flies will become the progenitors of next summer's countless billions. At the first approach of cold weather, the flies seek warmth and protection in houses and stables. From cellar to garret they hide in nooks and corners. Keep them out. If any succeed in getting in, kill them. "Don't trust the cold to kill them. Don't assume that they are dead when you find them lying on floors or window sills in unused rooms. They are 'playing 'possum,' and will revive when the temperature rises. "Clean up the house and give special attention to every out-of-the-way place where flies may lurk. Make sure there is nothing left which may harbor their eggs. One fly that survives the winter will be some of the parent of hundreds of millions next summer."

Love, and Its Effect on Men and Women

mantelpiece making faces at them, and men who, when they were in love, couldn't tell the difference between a red-headed, freckle-faced, cross-eyed living skeleton-sort of a woman and Lillian Russell. My father says that when a man's drunk he always wants to confide in you, and that he takes you by the buttonhole and holds you until he tells you the story of his life, and that when he's in love he does just the same way, only he tells you how wonderful and beautiful, and what an angel the young lady is that he is in love with. And my father says that when you see a man coming whom you know, who is either in liquor or in love, the only safe thing is to run the other way as hard as you can.

And my father says that after a man has been drunk he wakes up the next day with an awful head and a dark brown taste in his mouth, and he wonders why he did it, and my father says that after a man gets married he has about the same sort of a kaisensammer. Ladies do not get drunk, and when they fall in love they just cry on everybody's neck when they tell that they are engaged, and the spend their time writing letters to the gentlemen they are engaged to, and when the man leaves a clear stub on the ash tray they tie a blue ribbon around it and hang it on the wall.

Also they telephone a lot, and they have fits if the man has to go out of town on business, and they make everybody very tired, but all the other ladies say, "Oh, poor dear, let her alone; she won't feel this way after she's married." It must be awful nice to have somebody in love with you if you are a young lady, because he sends you candy and takes you to the movies, and don't never dispute what you say like a husband does. My mother says love is the greatest thing in the world, but I'd rather have an automobile. That's all at present about love.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I seen a piece in the paper yesterday," said the Manicure Lady, "that told how a old gent married a young woman lawyer that had won a case for him. The old gent had nothing but money, the story said, and I was just wondering, George, why it is that I have never saw such an opening. I have read about trained nurses marrying the rich old man that they had nursed back to life, and I have read about manicure girls getting hooked up before some justice of the peace with some old miner, and now along comes this story of the lady lawyer—and all this time I am patiently pointing finger-nails and listening the long day through to everything except matrimonial prospects."

"But you are so young," said the Head Barber. "Lay off on the sarcasm, George," snapped the Manicure Lady. "I know I ain't as young as a spring buttercup, but I've got a few years to go before I get into the wondering class, and I could have grabbed any one of a dozen mince-league husbands long before now; I want

a champion when I wed, George, a champion."

"You deserve one," agreed the Head Barber. "You have youth, intelligence and beauty. You are one girl in a million, and I have often hoped that when you do leave this job to be a blushing bride you will be leaning on the arm of a real corker. I wonder why it is that so many of them rich old men marry their nurses."

"They say that a married woman is a young man's slave and an old man's nurse," said the Manicure Lady. "Maybe that is the reason the nurses get the about-to-die-rich fellows. But it would be just my luck, if I was to turn-trained nurse, to find out that all the rich old men had died or got married, and then I would have nobody to nurse but emergency cases."

"Brother Wilfred is getting my goat a little lately. He don't say much at a time, but he is all the time throwing out little hints about the friends of mine that are getting married and settling down. Every time he hears about a girl friend of mine taking the lover's leap, he says something about the girl not being half as sweet as I am, I can't help wonder-

ing, when I hear him going along like that, if he thinks I am due to be a bachelor lady."

"There is many a girl who said 'Yes' instead of 'No' that wishes she was still a bachelor lady," said the Head Barber. "The reason you charming girls ain't married is because you are too hard to suit and too good judges of human nature. Your brother ain't got brains enough to kid you, girl, and don't let him think he has."

"George, you was always a great booster for me," said the Manicure Lady, "and the reason I like you so much is because you ain't got no strings to your friendship. But I sometimes wonder if I am letting my last best chance to get married slip by. You don't know how a girl like me feels about being left out in the cold after having given a dozen fairly good prospects the North Pole nod. Just think, George! Ten years from now I will be getting along toward middle age. But as President Wilson says, lots of things can happen in ten years."

"Yes," said the Head Barber, "and I guess he has found out that when a man is president lots of things can happen in one."

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