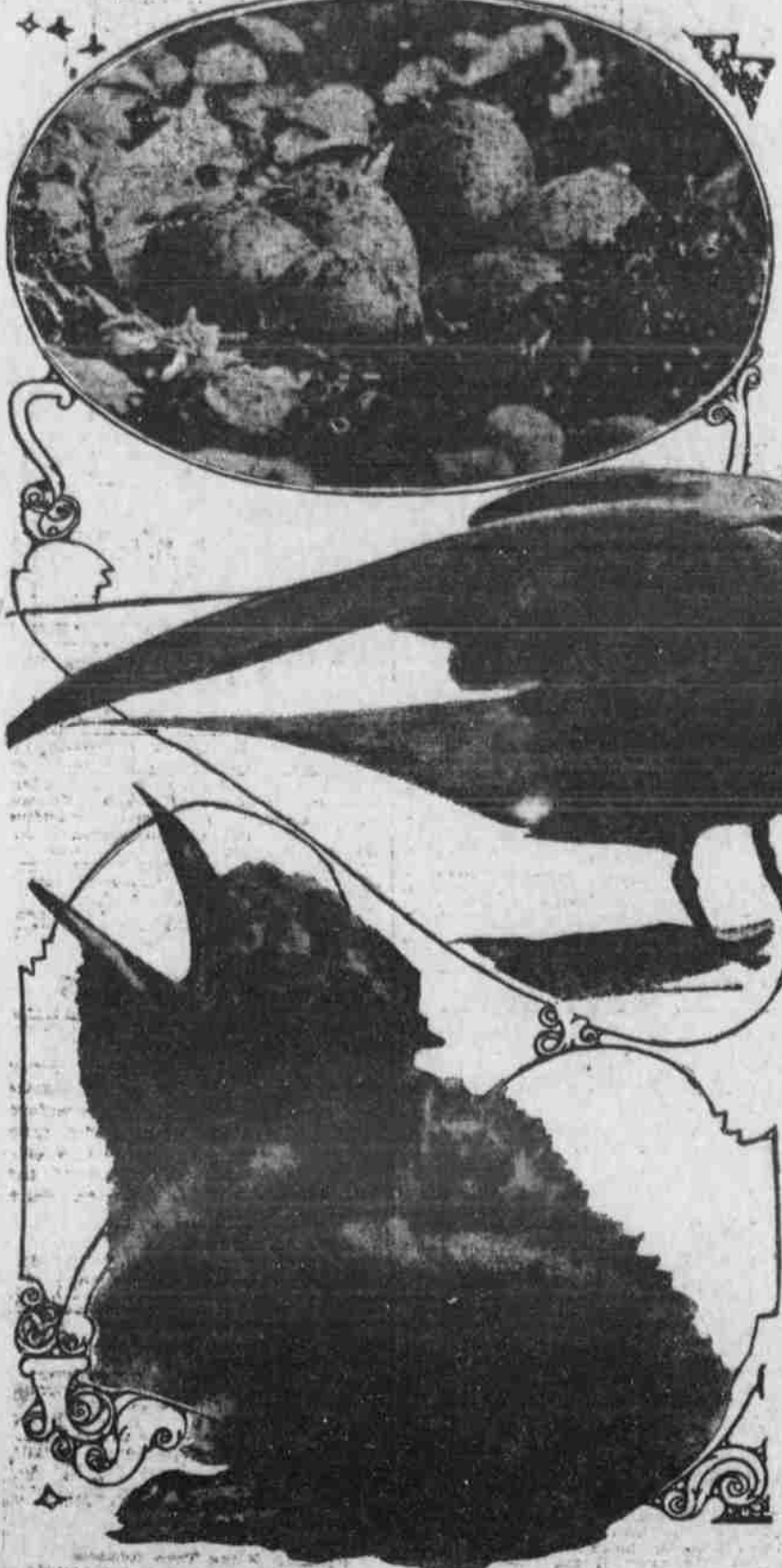


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Murder of the Birds



These pictures show the tern, or sea swallow, one of its young and its eggs. This beautiful bird has been made nearly extinct by the ruthlessness of hunters.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Among the interesting animals that man has succeeded in more or less completely exterminating without any real benefit to himself is the tern, or sea swallow, some remarkable photographs of which, made in England, are shown here-with.

They breed along the coast and often follow rivers and even reach inland lakes. Unfortunately for them, both their eggs and their plumage are attractive, and merciless hunting has almost driven them from the eastern shores of the United States as well as from those of western Europe and the British Isles.

"Let's Pretend"

By WINNFRED BLACK.

"Let's pretend," said the little girl, "let's pretend—and she sat very straight on the old stone wall. 'I'm Mrs. Van de Vere, and I have three automobiles and three maids, just to do my hair and make me pretty."



"And I have long golden hair, and every one thinks I bleach it, to make it shine so, but I don't, and my eyes are like blue stars and my feet are tiny, and I have saffron full of diamonds, and I go aboard on a private yacht whenever I want to, and my husband adores me and I have twelve children, every one a beauty, and—"

"Let's pretend," said the other little girl, "let's pretend I am beautiful, too, and rich and everybody is mad at me for having the most diamonds and pearls and things, and my husband and I have quarrelled, and let's pretend that I am going to forgive him, but he doesn't know it, and—"

"Toot, toot," said the little boy, shuffling along the red road and kicking up clouds of red dust. "Toot, toot, I'm an engine, a great big shiny engine, and I pull a load of coal up over the mountains—toot, toot, off the track, here comes the engine."

And the old shaggy dog lay in the sunshine and blinked and said not the least attention to the grand lady; in the checked gingham frock and the stubby shoes; or to the fine personage in a blue denim play dress, and two braids down her chubby back, or to the great engine that puffed right under her very nose.

"Let's pretend," How old do we get before we stop pretending? I wonder? What fun it is to pretend!

I know a man who is as honest as the day—his word is his bond—anywhere in the city where he lives, and he pretends, what, do you think? that he is a thief. He tells how much he made from the deal, and how he got the best of that bargain, and looks all around to see if every one bears him when he talks. He's pretending—like the little boy in the red dust. Why he angry with him?

Sometimes he must be tired of pretending and longs to look his friends in the eyes naturally and as he really is, but he can't. He has pretended too long—it's a pity, isn't it?

I know a woman who plays "pretend"—she has a husband who neglects her and she is always telling us all how devoted he is and how dearly he loves her.

One day I saw a great basket of lilies in her house, her husband sent them to her, she said. An anniversary, it was, I think, and I had seen her the day before at the florist's ordering the flowers herself. Yet when she told me how her husband had sent them and how good he always was her poor sad face lit up and she looked prettier than I ever saw her look in all her life.

I told her how pretty she was, and that it was no wonder that her husband adored her, and how we all envied her—and yes, why not, why couldn't I pretend too, if it made her happy and me happy too? Let's pretend—you and I, let's pretend—we're young and beautiful and admired. The man who once loved us loves us still; he doesn't show it very plainly, sometimes he acts as if some one else—but no, that's all nonsense, how could he when we still love him so?

Let's pretend the man you love doesn't do very well in business. He's faithful and honest and he works, but somehow some one else always gets in ahead of him. It isn't his fault, it's just luck—that it—luck that's against him. Who could succeed handicapped by bad luck? Let's pretend, state, let's pretend. Tell him that he's clever, tell him that he is ambitious, tell him that he works harder

to enjoy the gifts of nature as we have. One interesting fact about this home of English terns is that it is believed to be far older than the British empire, there being evidence that they have inhabited it from a time anterior to that of the arrival of the conquering Normans! The story of the terns serves to call attention to one of the most neglected parts of everybody's education. The man or woman who knows the bird is a rare avis ("rare bird") in these days, and that, too, when so much is said of the charms and wonders of natural history. Even in the country, there are only about half a dozen birds, such as the robin, the bobolink, the barn swallow, the bluebird and the sparrow that any person you

meet can tell you anything about. For most people birds are only birds. Yet if you will read such a book as Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selbourne"—one of the most delightful books ever written—you will be quickly convinced that the bird world is worth a great deal of attention, and that those who know nothing about it are as ignorant of some of the world's greatest charms as are those who do not know one star from another.

When you go into the country or to the seashore for your vacation, take a book on ornithology along, and make acquaintance with the many species of birds which you are sure to see. Study them with an opera glass and make photographs of them with your camera. Learn to distinguish them from one another not only by their plumage, but by their songs, their calls, their manner of flight, the character of their nests and the places they most frequent; watch their daily life and habits; follow them through the fields and into the forests—and don't shoot them. You will find in this way that a new source of interest in the world you live in has been opened for you.

One of the recollections of childhood that I should most regret to lose is that of the wonderful song of a thrush that I used to hear at sundown, ringing across the fields from some far-away hidden place, the sweetest sound I ever heard. I would leave my play and stop to listen in simple wonder. It was long before I found out the name of the bird that sang that marvellous evening song, which fascinated everyone who listened to it, and I never caught sight of the bird itself and yet it seems to me that I shall hear that melody as long as the cells of memory transmit their impressions.

And yet men endowed with the divine gift of human intelligence murder birds by wholesale; murder them for their plumage; murder them to get a new dainty for jaded appetites, murder them, most horrible of all, for the mere sake of killing; to see their delicate feathers fly from the impact of the shot, and their little bodies drop mangled upon the ground. And this is called—sport.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

There was a awful funny cappel came to visit Pa & Ma last nite. There naim was Mister & Missus Blume, I think there naim shud have been Gloom. They was both of them as sad as if the world was cumming to an end.

I knew that Pa didnt like them, becaus he is awful jolly moast of the time, but Ma sed that they was old friends of the family so they wud have to be entertained.

I was so glad to entertain them, Pa sed to Ma out in the kitchen, but they look so sad that I dont know what to do for their pleasur, unless I spank little Bobbie & make him cry. I have never did that yet, sed Pa, and I hate to start in now.

Oh, I guess they aint as bad as all that, Ma sed. Jest go out now & entertain them till I cume.

So Pa & me went out into the living room wile Ma was sitting sum late supper for the company.

Well, sed Pa to Mister Blume, I see that Matty won another game yesterday. He is doing pritty well for a poor old cripple that is all in, isnt he? sed Pa.

I do not pay much attention to the petty triumphs of a baseball player, sed Mister Blume. He may be a idol among the unthinking, but was Caesar a baseball player? No. He was a general!

Oh, I see, sed Pa, you want to talk about generals. Well, sir, I think that Napoleon was about the nilfist general that ever told his men to go & get drilled by bullets. He was a fair siled man, sed Pa. Wen his starving, frozen Grand Armees was blundering back from Moscow he cud look far enuff ahead to git out of it hisself, so he took six of the best horses & the best carriage & took a bee line for Paris, leaving his poor soldiers to git hoam the best way they cud.

Oh, yes, he was a inhuman man, sed Mister Blume. He waded to his triumphs thru a sea of blood, or blood, blood, blood. Then Mister & Missus Blume looked awful blue & sad.

General Thomas was a grate general, too, sed Pa. They called him the Rock of Chickymauga. If it had not been for him the army of the Potomac wud never have got to the sea with Sherman, sed Pa. I ought to know, Pa sed. I was one of the first officers to reach the sea. I got there ahead of Sherman, Pa sed. I was out taking a swim in the surf wen he got there.

Mister Blume looked at Pa kind of hard for a minute, but Pa didnt turn red. I turned kind of red for him, but Mister Blume wasent looking at me, so he didnt know that Pa was lying.

Well, sed Mister Blume, you may have been in that awful war, but wether you were or not, there were reely grate men in those days & the peepul reely loved them. Now we have no reely grate men. Jest ven we begin to think one of them is grate, up cums a inquiry & somebody produces a lot of canceled checks, & the grate man's naim is mud. The grate men are all moldering in there graves, sed Mister Blume.

Oh, the grate wimmen, too, sed Missus Blume. Oh, dear me, what is this world cumming to.

Oh, I think you must be a grate woman, I toald Missus Blume. Then she reely smiled & called me a dear littel man. It made me think of a littel vers I herd on the stage:

The wise man is wise in his wisdom; The fool thinks he is wise in his folly; But the high & the low, waverer you go Are all easy marks for a jolly.

Parents, Make Your Children Respect You

Begin While They're Young, or Your Task is Hopeless—Ancestor Worship is Not Half so Dangerous as Child Worship

By DOROTHY DIX

A Chinese scholar, who recently lectured in this city, says that a great deal of the late progress in his country has been due to the respect and affection in which young men hold their mothers, and that it is not surprising that Chinese children honor their parents, since they are taught to do so by means of the very first reader.

I wonder if it would be possible to borrow any of these Chinese first readers for use in American schools and homes?

We have spent a lot of effort and money in sending missionaries over to the so-called heathen Chinese. Here's



a chance for China to repay the debt and send over some first readers to hoodlum America.

While the good ladies in China, however, are holding cypher suppers, and church fairs, and sewing bees to raise the money for their missionary enterprise for our benefit, it may not be amiss for American parents to take note of the fact that the volume that is found so efficacious in instilling respect for parents in the youthful breast is the first reader.

It is not Differential Calculus, or Kant on Pure Reason, or any of the high-brow literature that a man peruses in his mature years.

Which is to say, that if you want your child to treat you with reverence and respect, you must instill those sentiments in him while he is young and not wait for him to acquire them when he comes to the years of discretion. Conduct is nine-tenths habit. Unconsciously we go on treating people the way we have always treated them, and the son and daughter who have run rough shod over their parents in their childhood continue to run rough shod over them in their manhood and womanhood.

We Americans are very scornful because the Chinese worship their ancestors, but ancestor worship is a much less dangerous religion than the child worship that prevails among us. It does a great-grandfather's spirit no harm to be prayed to, but it everlastingly ruins the child for its parents to know and knock their foreheads before it.

How other godlings act we do not know, but it fills the American brand with an insufferable self-complacency and self-esteem, and makes it a grinding tyrant who tramples its slaves into the dust. The modern car of Juggernaut is the perambulator, and millions of American parents cast themselves before it and let it crush out all of the comfort and happiness of their lives.

Practically in every family you know the children are the ones who must be obeyed. Their will is law. Their opinions decide matters. They have the best clothes. They go to places of amusement while the parents stay at home. The father and mother are merely upper servants to look after the children's wants.

And the children repay this attitude of their parents just as you would expect. They are insolent and overbearing, and selfish and disobedient, because they have been taught to be. They have been brought up, tacitly at least, to look down upon their parents and despise them. They have never been made to consider their parents, and it never occurs to them to do so.

The other day a prosperous looking

man entered a subway car with a much dressed up little boy about 6 years old. There was only one vacant seat and the child made a dart for it and got it. The man said, "Son, let father have that seat and you can sit in his lap." "Huh," responded son, "I got it first, and I'm going to keep it." And he did, while the man hung on to a strap.

Everybody round about looked balefully at the child and as if they'd give \$6 to have him turned across their knees in a good slapping position for about five minutes, but I thought there should be some sort of commission appointed to commit such parents to the asylum for the feeble minded.

For that man, and parents of his ilk, are not only raising up their children to be a heartbreak to themselves, but a curse to the community. It is these children who are brought up without any respect for their parents, or regard for others, and who are greedily intent on getting the best for themselves, who make countless thousands mourn by their inhumanity.

Of course, it seems to the adoring parents that it's cute for a tiny tot to defy them. They make a hundred excuses when Johnnie is impertinent to them, and Mary talks back when they dare to reprove her. They even think it funny when their child openly criticizes their ways, because they are so sure that when it grows up it will appreciate all they have done for it and the sacrifices they have made.

It is a fallacious hope. Unless you have established an authority over a child before it is 2 years old, unless you have bred respect and reverence in it

from its very cradle you will never get anything from that child but contempt. And it's really all you deserve, because you had your chance and you threw it away. The Chinese are an older and, in many respects, a wiser people than we. That's why the child's lesson in its duty to its parents begins in the First Reader.

There is no other feature in American life that is so pathetic and so altogether wrong as the relationship that exists between parents and children, and the fact that in the average family the father and mother are so afraid of their children that they dare not call their souls their own must make angels weep.

Often the parents have given the children at incredible sacrifices to themselves, advantages that they never had in their own youth, but instead of the sons and daughters being filled with gratitude and appreciation, they are ashamed of their father and mother, and correct them so often about their grammar and their manners, and their way of dress, that the poor old people go trembling before them.

It is for these young upstarts, without reverence for age or respect for their parents, that we need a hundred shiploads of Chinese First Readers. There can be no better education for boys and girls than to be taught to honor their parents, and the only time in life in which this lesson can be thoroughly learned is in early youth.

And this is something for parents also to remember—if you want your children to reverence you when you are old, you must make them respect you when they are young.

The Stream of Life

By JULIAN LAUFFERTY.

Unknowingly, unceasingly, still day by day they pass us by—Those friends whom we shall never know—comrades to whom our spirits cry.

A little child may shyly smile, a gray-haired man may kindly glance; But, smiling still, they pass the while, and life bears on its puppet dance.

Perhaps that girl with eyes sea-gray might be a comrade soul to me; That lad of spirit blithe and gay may hold to friendship's shrine the key. But still the stream of life flows by—flows by to some uncharted sea; A comrade spirit greets the eye, then sweeps away eternally.

With laggard step or joyful feet, at every turn throughout the day We pass, but we may never meet, for still convention holds her sway. Brothers and sisters all, they claim—perhaps, but 'tis a weary while Since man has dared, unknowing shame, to greet his fellows with a smile.