

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Hunting the Long Dead Mammoth

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There was a time anywhere from 50,000 to 100,000 years ago, when great numbers of mammoths ranged along the northern borders of Asia and America. At the same time forests of pine abounded in those latitudes, and these afforded the principal nourishment of the huge beasts. Owing to climatic changes, the pines disappeared, and this led to the extinction of the mammoths. The mammoth was a primitive form of elephant.



He was not, on the average, much, if any larger than the elephants of today, but he was provided with a double coating of fur and hair to enable him to face the Arctic cold, which he seems to have braved for the sake of the pines. Inside he wore a thick, woolly jacket of a reddish-brown color, and outside a coat of black, bristly hair, that hung in long, shaggy masses from his flanks. His tusks of ivory were, upon the whole, longer than those of existing elephants, and more curved, like a pair of huge fixed calipers, with which he could grasp and swing within his easier reach the pendulous branches of the pines.

The mammoth was known to some of the earliest races of man in prehistoric times. We are sure of this because pictures of mammoths, engraved on horn, ivory and stone, have been found among the relics of the stone age in Europe. These pictures show that not only was the artistic instinct developed very early in the history of man, but that even in that extremely remote time the artists understood their business astonishingly well, and had an admirable technical skill.

It was not until the discovery of the frozen bodies of mammoths, completely preserved in northern Siberia, that we were in a position to judge the accuracy of the representations of those gigantic animals that the early artists, with their rude tools, had made, and then it was found that they had hit off the distinctive peculiarities of the mammoth so well that their pictures could not for a moment be taken for representations of ordinary elephants.

It has generally been assumed that the mammoth was hunted and killed by early man. Whether he used its flesh for food is a question, but he certainly found its tusks useful for making implements, and as we have seen, he sometimes engraved

his pictures upon them. Ivory has always been a favorite material for human industry to work upon, and it was employed proportionately more in ancient times than it is today, partly because at present the supply, owing to the gradual disappearance of elephants, is falling off.

Since the discovery that large numbers of mammoths are embedded in the frozen marshes of Siberia and Alaska, the hunting of their tusks for the ivory market has become a profitable occupation. Mr. Bassett Digby, an Englishman, who has recently been hunting for frozen mammoths in Siberia, gives some new facts about them.

He refers to the curious fact that the woolly rhinoceros, "used to hunt around with the mammoth in those parts of the world," and that its remains are sometimes found with those of its hugher companions. The natives of northern Siberia, who believe that mammoths were a kind of gigantic moles dwelling deep underground, and which inevitably perished if they happened to tunnel out into the sunshine, think that the woolly rhinoceros was a big bird, after the style of the great roc described by Sindbad the Sailor, and they told Mr. Digby that the curved horn of the rhinoceros which he found was the "toe-claw" of the mighty bird.

There has been considerable dispute over the size and length of the tusks of the mammoth. Mr. Digby says the longest he ever saw measured twelve feet nine inches. He measured twenty or thirty, which ran from nine feet six inches to ten feet six inches, and a few from eleven to twelve feet. The most remarkable thing about these tusks, perhaps, is their variety and beauty of color. A few are a pure, milky white, but "these have come from many thousand years of cold storage, hatched from a carcass only recently washed out in a spring freshet."

Many tusks resemble, in color, stained mahogany, polished near the points. "There are blends of mahogany and white and mahogany and cream. There are bright blue tusks, tusks of steel blue—from soil rich in phosphate of iron—tusks of walnut and brick red." Mr. Digby even avers that sometimes combinations of tints are superposed until the surface of a tusk shows the blending of soft, fading colors representing the entire spectrum.

That the substance of these tusks should be perfectly preserved, even though the color is often changed, does not appear so wonderful when we find that, in most cases, the flesh of the animals is as fresh as meat from a cold storage vault, although their bodies have probably lain there from a time ten times as long ago as that when the pyramids of Egypt were built.

Paris Spring Openings

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Doucet's interpretation of the apron is shown on this blue serge model. Here the apron, of the material, is held up by a strap drawn through two eyelets. Below it the skirt hangs in irregular scallops. Quite as novel is the bodice with a one-sided effect accented by a black ball trimming and a large, red rose on the opposite side. A white linen vestee adds a mannish touch.

In this blue taffeta afternoon suit Callot has used shirred flounces of the taffeta to give fullness to a fourreau of tulle in the same shade. The jacket of the taffeta is longer than many of the spring models and more conservative in cut. Callot shows a few fuller skirts, similar to this model, and she also features the cleverly draped skirt.

Art of Keeping Well

By ELBERT HUBBARD

The art of keeping well is a matter of keeping busy. I am 85 years old. I have never been sick an hour—never consulted a doctor. My father is a physician.



He is 91 years old. My mother is 85 years old. Both are well, healthy and work every day. I was educated for a physician. A man should live to five times the length of time that it takes him to reach his maturity. He is physically grown at 28 years—five times 28 is 140, so I am told. Here is the recipe for living 100 years:

- First—Deep breathing in the open air with your mouth closed.
- Second—Moderation in eating; simple dishes; fasten on fruit every day; especially bananas.
- Third—Exercise at least two hours in the open each day, walking; working in the garden, playing with the children.
- Fourth—Sleep eight hours in a thoroughly ventilated room.
- Fifth—Drink all the water between meals you care to.

Sixth—Don't bother to forgive your enemies; just forget them. Seventh—Keep busy. It is a beautiful world, and we must and will and can leave it more beautiful than we found it. There are two classes of people in the world: Those who eat too much and those who eat too little.

Almost every one who has an unlimited quantity of food at his disposal over-eats. Fortunately, those in moderate circumstances who over-eat have to work, and this is their salvation. They absorb enough oxygen so that they burn up the slop.

God help the rich; the poor can work. The necessity of getting a job and holding it down keeps most of us fairly decent. Man needs opposition. When he has everything his own way he is in a very dangerous position. 'Tis then he makes a fool of himself, if ever.

The rich have a few diseases, with their other possessions, that are all their own. Bright's disease, cirrhosis of the liver, appendicitis, are all distinctly rich men's diseases. Appendicitis comes from overeating; lack of physical exercise and medication. Cirrhosis of the liver is distinctly the disease of men who use spirituous liquors who under-exercise and under-breathe.

Bright's disease is the possession of the rounder, the boozier and the man with a heart full of hate. It is a tragic thing to think that in the big cities of America thousands of school children are underfed. The child that has not had a good breakfast cannot study. Growing youth needs nutritious food. In the country and in the villages lack of food is only a phantasy.

In the big cities are found the two extremes: The people who over-eat and the people who are slowly starving. Meat once a day is quite enough for any one who works indoors. We should eat more fruit, salads, and less meat. Then we should breathe deeply in the open air and sleep in well-ventilated rooms. Fresh air is free.

No class in the world needs education so much as the wealthy. "Lord, enlighten them; the understanding of the rich should be the prayer of every person who works for social entertainment."

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" week by 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 desperately for June, and, learning of Blye's designs, vows 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 out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnaped by Blye and Cunningham. June escapes, tries sweatshop work and is discovered by her landlady.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE. In the Grip of Poverty.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"What did the doctor say?" asked Mrs. Sawyer anxiously, and the father leaned forward to listen.

"There's nothing the matter with him," reported the nurse, with a toss of her head, and she glared vindictively at the boy. She was a person with wispy hair, an upturned nose and small gray eyes and thin lips, and the lips had a sharp downward droop at the corners. "The doctor says it's temper."

"Temper!" Mrs. Sawyer half raised in her seat, and her eyes flashed with indignation, but the father laughed.

"That's a matter of training," he observed.

"Harry, come away from there, dear!" called the mother.

"The boy grinned engagingly.

"Harry!" The nurse's voice, it rasped like a saw file, and every one, even the quiet little figure over near the window, winced. "Didn't you hear your father and mother tell you to come away from there?" she screamed, and the boy kicked at her, his face turning scarlet, his lips pointing in an ugly square, his brows lowering viciously. The curly haired little girl rose out of the corner, where she had been contentedly playing with a discarded typewriter ribbon, and toddling over to the nurse, kicked at her with all her small might; then, her duty performed, she toddled back to her corner.

"Mary," expostulated Mrs. Sawyer, in distress, "you should not jerk the child that way. It only enrages him."

"He won't mind any other way, Mrs. Sawyer," retorted the nurse, her eyes flashing angrily. "You never see the children or you'd know how bad they are!"

"Betsey!"

"Great Scott!"

The little girl looked up at her father with a radiant smile, but as he rushed toward her she scrambled to her feet and ran, holding something behind her back. It was an ink bottle. He took it from her, and she screamed with all the strength of her lungs. The anguished-looking nurse was a sight to behold. Her face was sticky with brown chocolate candy, the purple stains from the typewriter ribbon were all over her white dress, and the blue ink was on her hands. She smeared some of it on her face and in her curly hair as she cried:

"My, oh, my!" half moaned Mrs. Sawyer. "Why is it that child is always so mischievous?"

"Dirt just comes natural to her, Mrs. Sawyer," confidently explained the nurse. "Harree!" Her teeth gleamed, and she made a dash for the boy.

He was swinging on the letterpress

again, and the water pan was tilting. He jumped to elude her, and the water spilled over a pile of mortgage blanks.

"You little demon!" screamed the nurse and made a clutch for him. Almost he escaped, but she caught him by the collar, and shook him.

"D—n it, go to blazes!" yelled the boy

in a perfect fury of temper.

There was a dead silence, in which Mrs. Sawyer felt the blood slowly leaving her face. Her husband was shocked into numbness. The quiet little figure in the corner near the window scarcely breathed.

Elizabeth Sawyer suddenly buried her

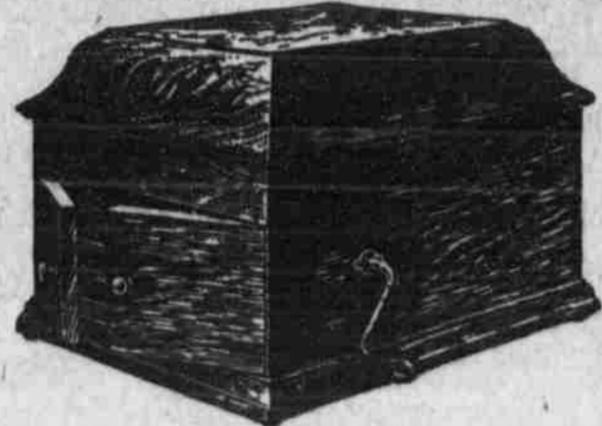
face upon her arms and sobbed, but she raised her head in an instant. With a pale, set face, she walked over and took the baby in her arms.

Sawyer had drawn the boy to him very thoughtfully, but now he thrust his hand in his pocket and produced some money.

He counted out some of it and gave it to the nurse.

"You needn't blame me!" flared the nurse. "I didn't teach him to say those things. The boy has a nasty temper. The doctor said so."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



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