

# The Home Magazine Page

## When Mastodons Were Kings

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Among the remarkable exhibits to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History, on the west side of Central park, New York City, are gigantic skeletons of mastodons and mammoths, which lived in a way, the ancestors of the elephants. It is an education to stand beside the towering bony frames of these mighty creatures of the past, and think of the vast changes which have come over the earth during the hundreds of centuries that have elapsed since they lived on our planet. There is positive evidence that man was already a dweller on the earth in the days of the mammoth and the mastodon, but they have gone into extinction, while he not only remains, but has made enormous advances in his physical and mental development and the conditions of his life.

In a certain way the mastodon stands typically for prehistoric America, and the mammoth for prehistoric Europe. Mammoth remains have been found in America, and within the area of the United States, and similarly, mastodon remains have been found in the old world. But, broadly speaking, the special home of the mastodon, so far as his relics show, was in this country, while that of the mammoth was in Europe and Asia.

The relations of the cave men of Europe with the mammoth have been clearly revealed by archaeological explorations, and pictures of the huge beast, drawn by the hands of men who met him, have been found in the prehistoric caverns of France. The discovery of the frozen bodies of mammoths in the icy marshes of Siberia has enabled us to compare these drawings made by our ancient forebears with the real forms of the creatures that they were intended to represent, and the likenesses are found to be astonishingly distinct.

Evidently these early men, clad only in skin garments and armed only with spears and darts, pointed with flint and staghorn, were not afraid to encounter these immense beasts in hand-to-hand conflict, and were able to slay them. To kill a mammoth, however, they must have employed other means than the rude weapons just mentioned. Probably they used some kind of trap, as the natives of Africa did in capturing elephants before the white man came with his guns. The details of their drawings show that the cave men understood the anatomy of their gigantic game.

There is very little doubt that early man met the mastodon in America just as he met the mammoth in Europe, and the evidence is no means so abundant. The first human inhabitants of this continent left but insignificant marks of their presence, compared with the innumerable traces of their possible contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic. This arises largely from the difference of local conditions. It so happened that in those parts of Europe, particularly France, where men and mammoths met, extensive, dry caverns existed, forming primitive man and secure dwelling places for primitive man, and here they dwelt for relatively large settlements and for many successive generations. On our side of the ocean there were no centers of population comparable, for instance, with the valley of the Vézère in France, with its bordering caverns and rock shelters, which furnished a kind of natural metropolis for the cave men. The prehistoric Americans were, evidently less settled in their habits.

But the mastodons assembled in chosen places if the men did not. They seem to have had a predilection for marshy places, in which, with their huge, unwieldy bodies, they became helplessly mired. The skeletons of mastodons were first found in ancient swamps west of the Hudson river in New York. The mystical Cotton Mather believed that the tooth of one of the monsters, found in 1706, which weighed nearly five pounds, belonged to one of the giant men of the early days, mentioned in Genesis. He calculated the height of the giant at twenty-five feet, on the basis of a supposed thigh-bone seventeen feet long!

There is a place, some twenty miles south of St. Louis, Mo., called Kinnowick, where bones representing several hundred mastodons have been discovered, at the foot of a bluff near the junction of two little streams. It seems probable, says Frederick A. Lucas, the director of the American Museum of Natural History, in his book on "Animals of the Past," that, in the days when the streams were larger the spring floods swept down the bodies of animals that had perished during the winter, to ground in an eddy beneath the bluff. "Or, as the place abounds in springs of sulphur and salt water, it may be that this was where the animals assembled during cold weather."

The cause of the extinction of the mastodons and mammoths remains to be discovered.

## The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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**Synopsis of Previous Chapters.**  
John Amesbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a 3-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stilliter, agent of the interests, far into the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the seclusion of a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who has just quarreled with his adopted father, wanders into the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stilliter. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted procurer, but is able to win over the woman by her peculiar hypnotic power. Here she attracts Freddie the Ferret, who becomes attached to her, and a big clothing factory, where she goes to work, she exercises her power over the girls, and is saved from being burned to death by Tommy. About this time Stilliter, Barclay and others who are working together decide it is time to make use of Celestia, who has been trained to think of herself as divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her is to Blitumen, a mining town, where the coal miners are on a strike. Tommy has come there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the men when he spurns her. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the houses, and Barclay, Sr. Mary Blackstone, who is in love with Tommy, tells him the story of Celestia, which has discovered through her jealousy. Kehr is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stilliter's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stilliter professes himself in love with Celestia and wants to set her for himself. Tommy urges her to marry him. Mary Blackstone bribes Mrs. Gundorf to try to murder Celestia, while the latter is on her campaign tour, traveling on a snow-white train. Mrs. Gundorf is also hypnotized by Celestia and the murder averted.

### THIRTEENTH EPISODE.

"Once more for luck," said Celestia, with a kind of awful grimace, "make it a baker's dozen, thirteen, now she's dead. Now she can't help anybody any more. You're sorry now and frightened, aren't you? Well, perhaps, they won't catch you. Nobody saw you come, nobody will see you go. But, of course, poor Celestia will be found murdered and there will be a great hue and cry. And if they find a woman hiding in the woods with a wild, hunted face, and bloody hands and a bloody knife in them, they'll know just what to think. So slip into the bathroom there and get the blood off your hands and off the knife. The left-hand tap is the hot water. Hurry! There is no time to lose."

"So Mrs. Gundorf hurried and hurried and washed and washed and Celestia stood firmly by and looked on.

"It is curious that it doesn't all come off, but there was such a lot of it. Try the pumice stone, try that little attrite, it's for removing ink stains. I'm afraid it's no use, you'll always see those spots on the hand that held the knife. You'll really have to go now. Someone is sure to come, and you'll be caught."

She accompanied Mrs. Gundorf, now quaking with terror, horror and remorse, to the rear platform of the car.

"You'll hide in the woods at first," said Celestia. "Do you see that star? Follow it, for an hour—then you'll wake up. But you will remember that you have murdered an innocent person. There will be blood on your hand to remind you. If there was another, or others who set you on to do this thing, you can report to them that the thing has been done."

"Tomorrow, Celestia, dear," whispered Prof. Stilliter, "when your work is done,



Freddie the Ferret Smashes Prof. Stilliter in the Face.

when you have spoken to the people, you are to go back to that heaven from which you came. Now that you are beginning to doubt your divine nature, your usefulness is over. But the heaven to which you are going is not what you think, my blessing! It will be a heaven on earth. I shall be in it with you. Tomorrow you are to be married. Say that you are glad."

Celestia's lips parted, and in a voice cold and without emotion, she said: "I am glad."

"You will say that you wish to go for an automobile ride in the forest. At 6 o'clock there will be a motor ready and waiting. You will enter this, refusing to be accompanied by anyone, and you will do exactly what the driver tells you. I have planned our elopement for tonight, but there was a difficulty about the license."

He bent over her as if to kiss her, but something at the very last moment seemed to restrain him.

"Sleep now, darling," he said; "the other sleep, the sleep of nature that makes us all over again between days."

He tiptoed out, closed the door to her stateroom behind him, locked it, turned and received a smashing blow in the face. He gave a grunt of fear and pain and heard his eye-glasses smash to pieces as they hit the floor of the car.

For a long time he had been in the habit of carrying two spare pairs in leather cases, one in each of his waistcoat pockets; he now reached for one of these and it was knocked from his hand, as he strove to ward another blow from his face—after the blow had landed.

Guarding his face and head with one upturned arm and elbow, and breathing fast with fear and excitement, Prof. Stilliter sought and found the door of the car, and succeeded in placing it between himself and his assailant. Then he groped with both hands, and in his blindness bumping from side to side of the brightly lighted passage, he turned and fled.

Meanwhile Freddie the Ferret, picked up the broken pieces of Prof. Stilliter's glasses and threw them into a cuspidor. Perceiving the leather case containing the second pair lying where it had fallen, he picked it up, and after a moment's hesitation opened it, slipped the glasses into his pocket (he thought there might be a reward offered for them), snapped the heavy case shut, and laid it in a prominent position on the center table.

Then he began to wonder what everything was all about anyway. He himself had no business in the observation car without invitation; but he had an ex-

cellent excuse. He had almost missed the train, had just managed to swing on to the rear car, and since he was one to whom no simple lock offered any difficulty, had let himself in. He had been on the point of passing through the train to his own quarters forward, when it had seemed to him that it would be a glorious thing to stand guard all night before Celestia's door like one of those knights of old of whom he had just been reading in a book which, according to Freddie's judgment, was half glory and half animosity.

There was only one light burning very low in the observation car. Freddie turned this out and started to stand guard in front of Celestia's door. After a while he moved further off and sat guard, and then slept. Then he heard something stirring and without thinking, for he was still half asleep, attacked that thing, and as he would have said himself, "made a monkey of it."

Discovering now that his victim had been Prof. Stilliter, who had only come, probably to fetch a magazine or something of that sort, Freddie was in mortal terror. It would have comforted him greatly could he have known that Prof. Stilliter was equally frightened.

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## False Prophets of Astrology Do Harm to Weak Minds

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Do you believe there is anything in the theory of the effect of astrology on human lives? Do you believe that a man or woman is utterly doomed to have a horoscope which is to be cast and to endeavor to live by it to the end of his or her life? And if you do think so, can you explain how it is that an astrologer who knows absolutely nothing about his client can give an accurate account of his past life, his personal characteristics, his future, and so on? A year ago I had the opportunity of meeting a man who claimed to be an astrologer. He was a very young man, and I do not wish to make the mistake of taking this thing too seriously, and yet the wonderfully accurate manner in which all my past life is described makes it almost impossible for me not to believe in it.

I hope this will not seem too foolish and trivial a matter for you to answer. It is far as to the vital importance which comes at a time when things seemed particularly discouraging and objectionable.

L. J. N.

These men were respected and oftentimes provided with all the necessities of life in order that they might pursue their studies uninterruptedly.

It is a misfortune that all men and women who represent the sciences today do not realize the influence for good they might exert upon the evolving mind of the race.

No human being has a right under the name of an ascetic or a modern scientist, to plant a seed of fear and despair in another mind.

Here is an extract from an "hourly guide," sent to a friend recently by one of these widely advertising astrologers: "Sunday—Bad aspect at 4:30 a. m.; fortunate aspect 6:28 a. m., indicating improvement; 6:46 p. m., bad aspect; look for trickery in other and impediments in your affairs.

"Monday—Doubtful aspect at 2:35 a. m.; very beneficial aspect at 2:36 a. m., having a very good effect upon your constitution; 10:45 a. m., brings circumstances making you irritable; you may possibly lose something; avoid dangerous places, especially where machinery is in motion.

"Tuesday—Bad aspect at 4:42 a. m.; very lucky hour at 4:19 a. m.; avoid quarrels and arguments; avoid fire and be careful in using sharp instruments; be cautious during the entire forenoon; accidents liable to happen.

"Wednesday—Very unfortunate day all through; look out for robbery and expect enemies.

"Thursday—Nothing of importance till 9:34; then surprising changes will occur.

"Friday—Be very careful during the entire evening; you may be followed by

strange persons with evil designs, etc., through a whole month.

Now it chanced that I was in the same house with the lady during the whole period of the time indicated (a month), and not one event occurred as predicted by the hourly guide. There were no "robberies," and no indication of "trickery," and no accidents. Neither did the surprising changes occur. "The strange persons on Friday were dear intimate friends who called on me."

Fortunately the woman was not of a nervous temperament, and she was possessed of good common sense. Possessed also of a faith in God and her own soul, these hourly hints from the occult world did not unsettle her mind or nervous system as they might easily do with the average woman.

I believe in a great stratum of divine

truth in astrology; but I believe in very few astrologers; just as I believe in the great truth of the creed of love taught by Christ, but I believe in very few of those who attempt to translate His words.

And I believe the immortal soul of man is greater than the stars; and if we keep our minds tuned to the thought of our divinity we will be able to "overcome secret enemies," to be protected from "robbers," and to turn whatever occurs to our ultimate good.

Instead of consulting your "hourly guide" every ten seconds of the day, take a half hour and sit alone with God and your own soul, and think of the words, love, trust, peace, good will, serenity, usefulness, gentleness, benevolence, happiness and wisdom.

Say that all of these are yours and that only good can come to you.

Do this for one-half hour daily, and you will need no hourly bulletin of misfortunes.

The kingdom of heaven is within; seek it first, and all other things shall be added.

By this half-hour given absolutely to communion with the source you will be strengthened and enlightened so that whatever events are written in the stars for you will turn to good results.

But, if you live in a continual atmosphere of fear and allow yourself to be imagined evil is about you from 6 a. m. to midnight your perceptions in intuitions will become dulled and your will power paralyzed. You will be no more than a broken shutter blowing in the wind.

I am greater than star or sun. For I am a portion of One—the One. Part and parcel of that great cause I will be ever. I am I see.

When Maker and Moulder of systems are one.

Who goes God-hunting and looks within is guided ever away from sin.

Who knows he is one with the primal power.

Will find direction from hour to hour. And out of evil shall good be wrought. By one who patiently bore all this thought: "I am greater than star and sun. For I am a portion of One—the One."

## What to Use and Avoid On Faces That Perspire

Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must perspire—must expel, through the pores, its share of the body's waste material. Certain creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing, especially during the heated period. If more women understood complexion, there would be fewer self-ruined complexions. If they would use ordinary mercerized wax they would have healthy, actually absorbent skin, also unclogging the pores. Result: The fresher, brighter, under-skin is permitted to work its way out. The excruciating new complexion gradually peeps out, one free from any appearance of artificiality. Obtain a cube of mercerized wax from your druggist and try it. Apply nightly like cold cream, for a week or two, washing it off mornings.

To remove wrinkles, here's a marvelous, effective treatment, which also acts naturally and healthfully. Dissolve 1 oz. powdered saxolite in 1/2 pt. witch hazel and use as a wash lotion.—Advertisement.

## The Meeting

By JANE McLEAN.

It was a lady that I met,  
All scarlet-gowned and fair,  
Who made me all my pain forget  
With perfume from her hair.

She bore a goblet to her hand  
Brimmed deep with ruddy wine;  
Her eyes I could not understand,  
But, ah, her smile was mine!

"Give me to drink," I languished sought,  
"From out the chalice rim";  
Instead her own cool hands she brought  
My fevered sight to dim.

"Who are you?" starting back, I cried;  
She smiled and said, "I came  
From that land where men's souls have died,  
And Polly is my name."

## Advice to Lovelorn

By SEABTOS FAIRBAX.

Be Honest with Him.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: Where I am employed there is a gentleman who pays much attention to me. I do not care for him, but I am not sure I do not care. He is a fine man, about 32 (I am 29), and he has told me repeatedly that he loves me. I think he would make an ideal husband for any one who likes him. My people like him, I have been told I would make a mistake to think of giving him up. He is now earning \$2 a week, with bright prospects, and has already figured out with me that he could live comfortably on that amount.

DIXIE.

To marry a man you do not love is to do him a grave injustice and to cheat yourself of your chance of real happiness. If you like him well enough to be afraid of hurting him, be brave enough to save him the greatest possible hurt—which having a mercenary and unworthy wife would mean. Tell him of your indifference. He may be able to conquer it by devotion. If he is not, do not marry him because he is eligible and there is no other man on your horizon. Wait—your are only 20, and life and the possibility of real love and its supreme joy lie ahead of you. Don't sacrifice your chance for them.

## Parents and the Child..

The Mental Pains of Little Ones as Inflicted by Careless Elders

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

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Children have a right to the care-free existence proper to their age. Parents who think that they recognize this fact feel that in granting to young creatures such toys, comrades and amusements as childhood craves they are discharging their duties along this line.

But there are still other things necessary to make childhood the happy time it should be. One of these is freedom from worries that are outside the province of youth.

Children are supposed to be, as a class, heedless little creatures. But they differ in temperament as much as do their elders. Some small boys and girls have a capacity for suffering that would appall their parents were its existence recognized. And one of the strangest things about children is their reticence.

One would think that the trustful youngster would go to the mother with every imaginary or real worry. On the contrary, children keep most of their most poignant distress to themselves. They may complain of physical discomfort or pain, but of their spiritual and mental sufferings they say nothing.

One child told a lie and underwent torments of conscience, remembering that he had told it to his mother and had stuck to it with such obstinacy that she believed him. His pride prevented his retracting it. Moreover, his dearest loved mother had said to him: "I know you are telling me the truth, darling. Were I to learn now that you had lied I think it would just about kill me."

He was only 7 and took her statement literally. In the daytime he could quiet his conscience with the assurance that everybody once in a while told a fib. But at night, alone in the dark, he would brood over that lie, and each letter of the fearful word was a great black capital.

The knowledge that his mother trusted in him added to his agony. Again and again he would start out of bed, determined to go to her room and sob out his confession. Then the words, "Were I to learn now that you had lied to me I think it would kill me," would recur to him and he would creep miserably back into bed. His mother was not strong. Suppose his confession were really to kill her. Then he would be a murderer!

Does it all sound ridiculous and senseless, oh, wise and sane grownups? Of course it does, but let him who has forgotten the imaginations of childhood scoff at it. Not until this poor nervous little boy was man grown did he tell his mother of what he had undergone when hardly more than a baby. Together they laughed over the episode. But once it had seemed a tragedy to the small sufferer.

Another child heard her father say that when his ship came in he was going to take his wife around the world.

It was all in fun. But the child believed it. Little did the father suspect how anxiously she listened with dread unspoken for news of the ship which would take her parents from her and banish her to a boarding school.

As little pitchers have big ears, let us be careful what we pour into them.

## Do You Know That

If camphor is put into places frequented by mice it will completely drive them away.

In the last 1,000 years the sea has encroached 224 square miles of land from England, and every year the loss is increased by about 1,000 acres.

Other names for the lady-bird, in various parts of England, are the fly-golden, Bishop Barnaby and God Almighty's cow.

When marching on Timbuctoo, some years ago, General Joffre received a sting from a poisonous insect which led to the permanent flinching of his left eye.

It has been said that the only two words in the English language with the vowels in order are "abetominas" and "facetious," but others could probably be found.

## ECZEMA CAUSED INTENSE ITCHING

Began With Small Watery Pimples. Spread Around Feet. At Night Restless From Scratching.

## HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"I was afflicted with eczema on my toes for two or three years. It began with small watery pimples and caused intense itching. Soon it began to spread around my feet. Sometimes my stockings would rub my feet when I was walking, and then my feet would hurt very much. At night I would be restless because of scratching my feet when I was asleep.

"I used Salve and Ointment, but without success. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment which soon gave relief and in a short time I was completely well." (Signed) Mrs. Elizabeth Jacobs, 831 S. Clay St., Troy, Ohio, Jan. 5, '15.

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