

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

When Mastodons Were Kings . . .

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Among the remarkable exhibits to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History in Central park, New York City, are the gigantic skeletons of mastodons and mammoths, which were in a way the creators of the elephants. It is an education to stand beside the towering heavy 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, and probably had fought with 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 forefathers 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 a trap, as the natives of Africa did in capturing elephants before the white man came with his guns. The details of the 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, but the evidence is by 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 met mammoths met, extensive, dry caverns existed forming admirable and secure dwelling places for primitive men, and here they made relatively large settlements and dwelt 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 abundantly mired. The skeletons of mastodons were first found in ancient swamps west of the Hudson river in New York.

There is a place, some twenty miles south of St. Louis, Mo., called Kimmewick, 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 Frederic A. Lucas, the director of the American Museum of Natural History, in his book on "Animals of the Past," that, in the days when floods were larger than the spring floods we see today, 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.

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Best Tailored Type Ideas Reach Here Via England



A picturesque hat (shown above) is with black shadow lace brim. The crown is of black satin and foura trimming in the back. (To the left)—A three-piece costume of taupe Georgette crepe and velvet has a Cossack jacket with characteristic belt and high collar. And on the right is the Prince George tailor-made, which draws its inspiration from the masculine habiliments of a past age.

By GERMAINE GAUTIER.

Although Paris holds the palm for the creation of robes and manteaux, it is via England that many of the best ideas for tailors find their way into substantial and practical form.

The French themselves recognize the fact that as the English lead in the world of sport, it is logical that the tailored type of garment should be of English persuasion, made of British fabrics and cut and put together with all the expert workmanship and careful regard for detail of finish that characterizes the masculine suit. Not pretty in the feminine sense, to be sure, but exceedingly smart if the cut be correct and the right sort of woman does the tailor made.

A brand new tailor-made model is called the Prince George. It is adapted from the sort of suit worn by the first gentleman of Europe before he became regent for his father George III., of England. It is elegant in its simple lines and, moreover, permits the use of a little waistcoat to accentuate the note of masculinity and at the same time to feminize the garment by permitting the employment of easily striped or flowered stuffs.

The coat is longer than that of the usual suit. It might, indeed, be called a tailored redingote, except that it has a more austere dignity and greater distinction. Perhaps this is due in a measure to the fact that it was Beau Brummel who was mainly responsible for the evolution of the old-time garb of knee breeches, silk hose, lace-frilled coats and fussy attire generally, to the beginning of modern dress for men, and the main inspiration for street clothes for women.

Beau Brummel was more elegant in tastes and habits than his royal pal, Prince George, but the name of the latter stands for royalty, and that of the Beau for frivolity and foolishness. However, in the day when Brummel flourished the title "Beau" was held in more esteem than at present, and the man upon whom it was bestowed needs must have brains, tact and gracious deportment to sustain the role.

To return to the modern tailor-made, it may be stated that the French have adopted the ideas originated across the channel and have added thereto certain inimitable touches that have made the Anglo-French composition acceptable to women the world over. The French believe in the softening influence of embroideries, articially and discreetly used for fur, velvet and above all, the vivifying splashes of color—French to the last degree.

This season certain of the Paris couturiers have developed demitalleres in velvet and in silk plush. They have

shown a marked preference for dull, rich red, dark brown and black. The lines are distinctly close-fitting and the silhouette is reminiscent of the year 1870 and thereabouts.

Such a model hails from the French capital, made of Burgundy plush, trimmed with bands of fur. The skirt is masculine in that it is plain and unpretentious save for its great width.

The coat is cut off squarely in front, at the waistline, the fur border beginning on each side thereof, and continuing about the hem. The fur reappears in eholer form about the neck and finishes the sleeves. It is a model that might be adopted with equal becomingness by the young girl or by the matron on the sunny side of 40, and therefore presumably fair but not fat.

One cannot refrain from speaking of the three-piece costume, which has grown so amazingly popular during the last few weeks and which gives promise of a big vogue during the demi-season and the early spring. The three-piece

Anita Stewart's Talks to Girls

No. 2—Careers Real and Imaginary.

By ANITA STEWART.

Whose wonderful work in "The Goddess" and "The Million-Dollar Bid" was the sensation of the moving picture world. Copyright, 1915, International News Service.

Practically every girl I know is earnest, and no matter how good a home she has she wants to leave it.

Everywhere I go girls beckon me up into a corner and talk to me about rapid "career" and fame, and their own lives, and the joys and freedom, and having one's own litchkey, and all that sort of piffle until I've got what that funny Mr. Tad calls an ear full.

And, mind you, nearly all of these girls are rich girls, with fine homes, and stacks of good clothes, and automobiles, and they've never done a thing in their lives but amuse themselves and have fun.

They seem to think that for a girl to go out into the world and make her own way is just some sort of ripping name—something that you can accomplish between times when you are not having a perfectly mad time at picturesque Bohemian resorts.

They think, poor little dears, that all that a woman writer does is to sit down in an idle moment and dash off something over which publishers fight and for which she gets a fabulous sum.

They think that the business woman saunters into an office along toward the middle of the day and is taken out to lunch by her fascinating millionaire employer, who proposes to her over the coffee.

And when it comes to being an actress they picture that as a grand round of applause and flowers and champagne suppers after the play.

Home was never like this, and so it's no wonder that fluff-headed little girls want to rush into a thing that looks so good from the outside, but is, in reality, so hard on the inside.

Believe me, girls, a career as you think it and a career as it is are no more alike than a setting on the stage is like the real thing. The woman who achieves any kind of a career, who even makes a living for herself, does it through such labor, such weariness, such sacrifice, such a crucifying of every taste and inclination as you have never even imagined in all your soft little lives.

It seems to you very wonderful to be a moving-picture star. It does to me, too, for I love my work and am willing to pay the price it exacts, but if you imagine it a bed of roses you have another guess. And then some more.

How would you like, for instance, on a bitter cold winter day, with icicles hanging to every twig, to go forth clad only in diaphanous garments, through which the wind whistled and the cold bit, and spend six hours at a stretch riding on a slow-moving donkey?

Yet, that is what I had to do when the famous film for "The Goddess" was being made, and when I got back to the hotel I was so nearly frozen that I had to be lifted down and carried into the house and rubbed with alcohol to restore the circulation.

In that same film, clad only in goddess raiment and with sandals on my feet, I had to climb a mountain, and I went sobbing—thru the rain and the cold until my tears washed off my make-up.

Another time in the "Million Dollar Bid" film I was on a yacht that was wrecked in the bay by being run down by another boat, and I was thrown out in the water. This reel was made about Thanksgiving time and the water was so cold when I jumped in that it simply paralyzed me, and I would have been drowned except for the professional

model comprises a skirt, blouse and coat. Usually the blouse is of some semi-diaphanous fabric with yoke and sleeves, unlined and touched up with metallic embroideries. The skirt may be of velvet, satin or fine cloth, but of whatever material it must match the coat in color and the coat.

The latter must be of sufficient length to reach to the top edge of the satin or cloth of the skirt where it joins the diaphanous material forming a yoke extension of the blouse.

In style the coat is sometimes an adaptation of the Cossack model, or of the peasant smock, or of the fatigue coat of a military officer. For, despite all that has been said against encouraging the war spirit through the frivolous realm of dress, the designers, both foreign and home talent, cannot resist the temptation to use the dashing lines and gay trimmings of modern warriors—or such as they were before stern realities of war effected a change in material garb.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Let Matters Rest.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Several years ago my brother was obliged to leave the country. On account of poor health he returned about a year ago and lived in a remote section.

It used all my means to try to buy his freedom, but being unable to obtain an unconditional agreement, he was again forced to leave the country. In order to keep him and his family supplied with funds I went to live with his family.

A short time ago my brother died of a tropical fever, and his estate cannot be available for his family for some time. His family has no other channel to look to for support, and I find myself their sole mainstay.

Previous to the death of my brother a young lady I esteem very much de-manded an explanation which I was loath to give, and our friendship was broken.

A relative has now broached the subject of marriage to my brother's widow to me, and in view of the duty and responsibility I have already assumed, this subject is not desirable.

I occasionally meet the young lady in question and feel awkward. In a sense of justice I know an explanation is due her.

If you are planning to marry your brother's widow it would be far kinder to the girl for whom you once cared for you not to reopen the situation by offering her any explanation. If you do discuss your family affairs with her you naturally suggest to her mind the idea that you feel a rather deep interest in her. Since nothing can come of this interest, don't suggest to her mind that

she means so much to you that you now want her to understand the matter you wish to maintain.

Evidently You Are Jealous.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young man for several years, and during that time we have loved each other dearly. About a year ago, however, and for some reason he was attentive to another girl.

A couple of months ago he asked to see me to explain his actions. He did explain some, but with regard to the other girl he said he had a reason for acting as he did, but he told me to trust him.

Now I feel that the tales I had discredited before are true. Kindly advise me what to do. Shall I give him up? I still love him.

It appears that you do not trust the man you love. There are two courses open to you: either accept him as a friend who is free to have girl friends other than yourself and of whom you have no right to be jealous, or have a clear understanding with him and ask him to explain to you just what his attitude in the matter is. Probably your own impatience urges you to settle the matter—and if you are ready to accept whatever comes, either love declared or a separation, have a plain talk with him. But if you are, on a basis of friendship, why not wait for time to prove him, and in the meanwhile make outside friendships and cultivate an interest in other men?



A simple but charming picture of Anita Stewart.

life saver we always carry along for such emergencies.

And, on the other hand, many is the time I have thought that I would certainly die of heart prostration when, through long, hot, muggy days we made thrilling moving pictures of snowstorms in August in a studio where the temperature was above the boiling point, and I had to be appropriately dressed in seal-skin.

That's just a little bit of what I have to go through as the price of my career, and I have friends who are writing women and business women, and I know that they buy their success just as dearly as I do mine. There is no easy success. It all comes as hard as death.

If girls know how much work, how much sacrifice, how much grit and endurance it took to achieve any sort of a career, more of them would be satisfied to just stay at home and be a comfort to their parents, or happy wives to good men. But they've been misled into thinking that the business career was nothing but just beer and skittles and no work or worry. No wonder they want it.

We moving picture people are always being censored and every film has to be

passed on to see if it will hurt the morals of the young.

Let me tell you that what we need is to have somebody censor those magazine stories in which some young country girl recites "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" at the church concert in such a thrilling manner that some manager who happens to be in the audience rises up and offers her \$1,000 a week to be his leading lady, or some school girl sits down and takes pen in hand and writes a novel that publishers struggle to pay a million dollars for.

It's such idiotic and impossible stories that set girls' career-mad. Take it from me, girls, the finest career you can follow is just to be a nice girl, and when the time comes a good wife and mother.

Gave Him a Shin Dig.

Fond Mother—Were you fighting with the beanbrough boy?
Her Clarence—He struck me, mamma.
"Did you strike him back?"
"No, mamma; you told me never to do that."
"That's right, my son. What did you do?"
"I kicked him in the shin."—Youngtown Telegraph.

Good Health as a Business Asset

By CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University.

Modern life is dynamic, not static. It is largely, perhaps too largely, competitive. It exerts force. The demands made on it and the demands which it makes, within two generations, have increased fourfold. The strain to which one is subjected is constant and mighty. The crises through which one passes are intense. The fit survive, the unfit perish.

For bearing one's part in this competitive struggle, for doing one's work in the gay and world, for making one's self fit, good health is an absolute necessity. This necessity is most apparent in the character and nerve of the modern executive, in business or politics. The business executive has been largely created in modern times—created by immense and complex industrial processes. His rewards in money and in other satisfactions are large. For his services good health is a primary requisite. His success depends on soundness of judgment, on energy, on patience, on tact, and, above all else, on a certain staying power which must hold good and strong beneath all strains and in all crises.

I notice that the most outstanding railroad officers in America have large necks and heavy shoulders. The same characteristics are found in the members of the House of Commons. Good health, embodied in staying power, seems to spring from neck and chest.

One should have enough of health to burn, and yet never burn it; enough of health to carry one over crises, and yet crises should never be courted; enough of health to stand the daily racket, and yet disturbance and annoyance should never be invited; enough of health to give an impression of reserve power, and never use up the reserve.

For evidences of any lack of good health one should be on the alert. Nervousness, undue anxiety and irritability are among the signs.

"I must take a vacation," said my friend. "I sit cross too easily." It is a happy condition that many industrial and mercantile concerns are keenly alive to the physical soundness of their associates. Health is communal, and not simply an individual matter.

This precious asset may be conserved and increased in five ways:

First—By proper food, enough and simple.

Second—By proper sleep, eight hours at least.

Third—By proper exercise, an hour a day at least in the open air, in rapid walking or riding or golfing.

Fourth—By one day of rest each week, a rest day which shall not mean lassitude and idleness, but downright change of one's thinking, doing and interests.

Fifth—By an avocation carried on with one's vocation. Each avocation should help the vocation, the vocation the avocation.

These suggestions make the five-pointed star which stands over the cradle of sound health.



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