



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Bringing Up Father

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Mysteries of Science and Nature

Horses and Camels Lived in Frozen North, Once a Mild Tropical Region, and Believed to Have Been the Original Home of Man

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Hardly have the eyes of the world been opened, as never before, to the fascinating mysteries of the South pole and its wonderful surrounding continent than its great rival of the north makes new claims upon our attention.

One of the strangest problems that science has to face is that presented by the fact accumulating evidence that in former times, possibly before man had developed his present physical form, a mild, if not a tropical, climate prevailed in those vast northern regions which are now buried, most of the time, under snow and ice. There is even reason to think that this strange condition may have existed up to the very pole.



The period generally fixed by geologists for the existence of this state of things within the Arctic circle is what is known as the pleistocene (from the Greek pleistos "most" and kainos "recent," the meaning being that it was the most recent period of the great tertiary age). Any attempts to fix in years the distance of that time from ours is merely guesswork. It has been said that history reckons by years and geology by ages. It may be that the pleistocene lasted a hundred thousand, and, perhaps two or three hundred thousand years.

Anyhow, in pleistocene times animals and plants, some of which are extinct, and others of which are now found only in temperate or tropical regions, existed, apparently in abundance, in the polar regions of the north.

The latest discoveries concerning these vanished inhabitants of a land that has now become frigid and inhospitable relate to camels and horses. The presence of the camel in Alaska, not as a curiosity in a traveling menagerie, but as a regular inhabitant of the land, is astonishing to think of. We know the camel as a desert animal, a lover of the Sahara, with its waterless expanses of wind-driven, sun-blasted sand, but here he appears, dwelling before the two-legged animal that was to become his master had been introduced upon the planet, in a region which, in its present condition, would be almost as inappropriate a place of residence for him as the moon would be for man!

But he has left his fossilized bones there, and science has discovered them. We cannot contradict such evidence.

Then, too, the horse existed in Alaska in that same strange age. Its remains have been found in so many places that it is impossible to conclude otherwise than that horses ranged freely over immense expanses within the Arctic circle, where now the sub-soil is a frozen mass that never melts. At that time great varieties of luscious grass must have existed there at nearly all times of the year, for horses do not store up food to last through long, pitiless winter.

ages about the same poles, and must have begun to so turn when it was yet plastic, or molten, for it has bulged at the equator, just as any mass of that kind must do under the influence of centrifugal force.

A more probable hypothesis is that the change of climate has been caused by elevations and subsidences of the earth's crust. The presence of horses and camels in Alaska has been ascribed to the former existence of a great "land bridge" connecting Asia with North America. Horses did not exist in America at the time of its discovery, and camels never inhabited this continent, except in pleistocene times.

In view of the facts that I have been reciting, one cannot but think of the strange theory, which has been strongly advocated in the past, though never accepted by science.

That the original home of the present inhabitants of our hemisphere, and, perhaps, of the whole human race, was around the North pole, from which they were driven by climatic changes. If that were so, then what is now the Arctic ocean must have been a land "flowing with milk and honey," in the old scriptural sense.

Duke of Monmouth

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

Two hundred and twenty-eight years ago the princely bluffer, known in history as the Duke of Monmouth, lost his head in Tower Hill.

It is hard not to sympathize with any one found fighting against the marble of such a man as James II, but in this instance it is almost impossible for us to throw up our hats for Monmouth. History loves to keep its laurel wreath for the man who, whether winning or losing, maintains his courage and self-respect, and goes down, if he has to, with his flag a-flying.

Landing at Lyme, in Dorset, Monmouth, raised his standard of revolt, proclaimed himself king and began gathering an army. The battle clash came at Sedgemoor, and Monmouth's force was annihilated.

And then the real character of the man began to show itself. Instead of trying again, or trying, at least, to get away with his honor bright, he wrote a begging letter to James, begging to be allowed to see him. When taken to London and ushered into the king's presence, he got down on his hands and knees and crawled to him like a whipped cur. James was a pretty small man himself, but he had sense enough to despise Monmouth's pusillanimity, and he indignantly ordered him to prepare for death. The executioner, after five or six ineffectual attempts, finally succeeded in depriving the rebel of his head-piece, and the revolt was over until Dutch William should come.

And then began the making of the blackest and most lamentable page of English history. James sent out against the poor peasants those brutal fellows known as "Kirk's Lambs," demons whose atrocities cannot, at this day, be put into print. And on the heels of the "Lambs" came the infamous Judge Jeffreys, one of the meanest men that ever disgraced humanity.

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

Expert Advice from Mollie King on the Cure of the Eyes



A "bouquet group" of Mollie King's pictures.

By LILLIAN LAUBERTY.
Most of us realize what a wonderful illumination for the face is afforded by a beautiful pair of eyes. And yet, either because we are lazy or have a touching faith in Providence, we do absolutely nothing to conserve and preserve the health of these hard-working members of our bodily organization.

But I have found a little girl who seems to feel that she owes something to these good friends who do so much for her. "There is nothing more beautiful than beautiful eyes—and the prettier they are the harder they have to work," said little Mollie King, of the Winter Garden "Passing Show of 1913."

One naturally says "Little Mollie," because the simple little white shirtwaist and white felt hat so earnestly bespeak youth in the flush of her beginning career, and Mollie King's whole eager manner and girlish desire to please make "Little and young" come trooping to your mind when describing this clever girl.

When I have just one beauty secret for my eyebrows," went on Miss Mollie with a regular little-girl-dressed-up-like-a-lady air of secrecy. "I have the cutest little brush for my eyebrows. It is like a baby's tooth brush. If there are such things. And with that I patiently brush my eyebrows in just the shape I want them to go. I like the little half circles, but you could train your eyebrows into crescents or any set of curve you felt was most becoming."

"And how about your mind and body disposition? I feel sure you must have more 'beauty secrets' to help you again succeed so early in life," said I. "Let's see," meditated Miss Mollie. "I think to be simple, and have a sweet manner and not to get a 'swelled head' are the best things for a girl to remember. You know any young girl who wants to get ahead in the world has to know she can't mix work and play—but has to keep up with the procession. You mustn't begrudge others their success—but must really win your own for yourself—and not make any enemies on your way to glory. Everyone has a chance, you know—and other people getting ahead does not keep you from getting there too."

"And then if girls would get the athletic habit, I am sure they would not have to worry about getting thin. Tennis and swimming and dancing for the summer and plenty of ice skating in the winter will keep your flesh down and your cheeks plump—and athletics help the other eye treatment too. You know beautiful eyes are my dream of loveliness, and outdoor exercise to keep the system in trim and the blood racing along in a healthy stream will brighten those healthy eyes I have told you how to acquire."

And Mollie King's advice certainly sounds as if it were worth following—doesn't it?

Let Your Mother Know.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16 and deeply in love with a man eleven years my senior. He often asked me to go to a show, but I refused. Do you think I will lose his affection by not accepting his invitation?
X. Y. Z.

Let Your Mother Decide.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man with whom I have been keeping company for quite some time. We have broken off friendship for a while, and my mother strongly objects to his return. I love him. Can you tell me what is best to do?
Mother always knows best, particularly

when the girl is very young, which I am judging in your case. If he is worthy of you he will wait. Believe me, my dear, if he is the man set aside to be your mate he will not be easily discouraged.

Not if it is Worth While.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and deeply in love with a man eleven years my senior. He often asked me to go to a show, but I refused. Do you think I will lose his affection by not accepting his invitation?
X. Y. Z.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16 and deeply in love with a man two years my senior. For six months he took me home from school, and after I was graduated he expressed his love for me. He has given me a ring. The only thing that makes me hesitate is that we are of a different religion. Your mother should know of your love affair at once. Not only because of the difference in religion, but because of your extreme youth.

Give Her a Chance

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I am 20," writes a young man, "have no bad habits, and for eight months have been in love with a girl of my own age. I have always given her as good a time as my salary would permit. One day I went to her place of employment, opened the door quietly to surprise her, and found her in the arms of a man who I know to have brought dishonor to at least two young girls."

"I have learned since that she has frequently gone to places of amusement with him. When I told her of his true character she admitted it, but said he was a good spender, and, as she was not engaged to me, I had no right to object. I love her with all my heart and would not see any trouble befall her. Should I stand aside and let her pay the price?"

"That would be wrong were you only friends, and an unpardonable crime since you love her. She pleads that she is not engaged to you, and you have no right to object. Seek an engagement, and give yourself the right! The girl is going headlong to ruin, and a diverted interest may save her. She is not wicked; she is foolish. She is concerned only for the good times the present may bring. Make for, by the power of your love, see that there are better times in the future. Give her the interest that every girl longs for—the hopes, the dreams, the all-enveloping satisfaction with one's self and life that center around an engagement ring. Induce her to change her place of employment; you surely have women friends whose amusements are unquestionable and whose influence is for good. See that they make her acquaintance, and that she is thrown in with them. Teach her the difference between the real and the shadow. Never find fault with what she has done, or murmur on the degradation from which you hope to save her. Treat her as if you trusted her.

The Temper Curse

By DOROTHY DIX.

The real problems of life are not the big problems, nor are its tragedies the great sorrows of existence. The confusions that nobody can answer are offered by just little everyday complications, and the things that break our hearts, and wreck homes, are not great sins, or afflictions, but small, miserable, morbid worries and anxieties that blot out the sunshine and take all the joy out of life for us.

As an example of this I submit the case of one of my correspondents. She is a good, conscientious woman, married to a good man, and they have had a happy home. Recently, however, the woman's mother has died and she had to offer the shelter of her home to a young sister, a beautiful and talented girl of 20 years, who has the temper of a volcano.

The girl has nowhere else to go, for although she is amply fitted by her abilities to support herself, she can keep no situation because of her uncontrolled temper and tongue. To have to support her is a burden on her sister, and the worst feature of it is that the girl has made a peaceful and happy home such a storm center that it is wrecking it, and the woman's husband is very naturally threatening to send the sister away.

The poor wife and sister is between two fires. She fears the worst for her sister if the girl, young and beautiful and headstrong, is deprived of all guardianship and restraint, and ever of shelter, and at the same time she feels the injustice of sacrificing her husband and her home to the girl's tantrums, and she asks what she had best do under the circumstances.

I side with the husband. I think that there is nothing else in the world in which the most of us show ourselves so cowardly as in the craven, meachin' way in which we give into people with tempers and let them ride roughshod over us. Before a red-headed temper and a venomous tongue we are all arrant cowards, and that is why the possessors of temper don't try to control them.

Among my acquaintances there is a certain child who holds the world's championship for crying. She shrieks and shrieks until she maddens everybody about her. Not long ago, scolding her for once in a smiling mood, I said: "Mabel, why do you cry so much?" She looked at me in round-eyed amazement and calmly replied, "Why, if I don't cry, how would I get anything I want?"

That is the philosophy of the individuals with high tempers. They know that the balance of us are so terrified at the thought of their raging that we will give into them without an argument; that we will walk on eggs to try to keep from ruffling their sensibilities, and that we will put up with any injustice or imposition rather than go through a scene with them.