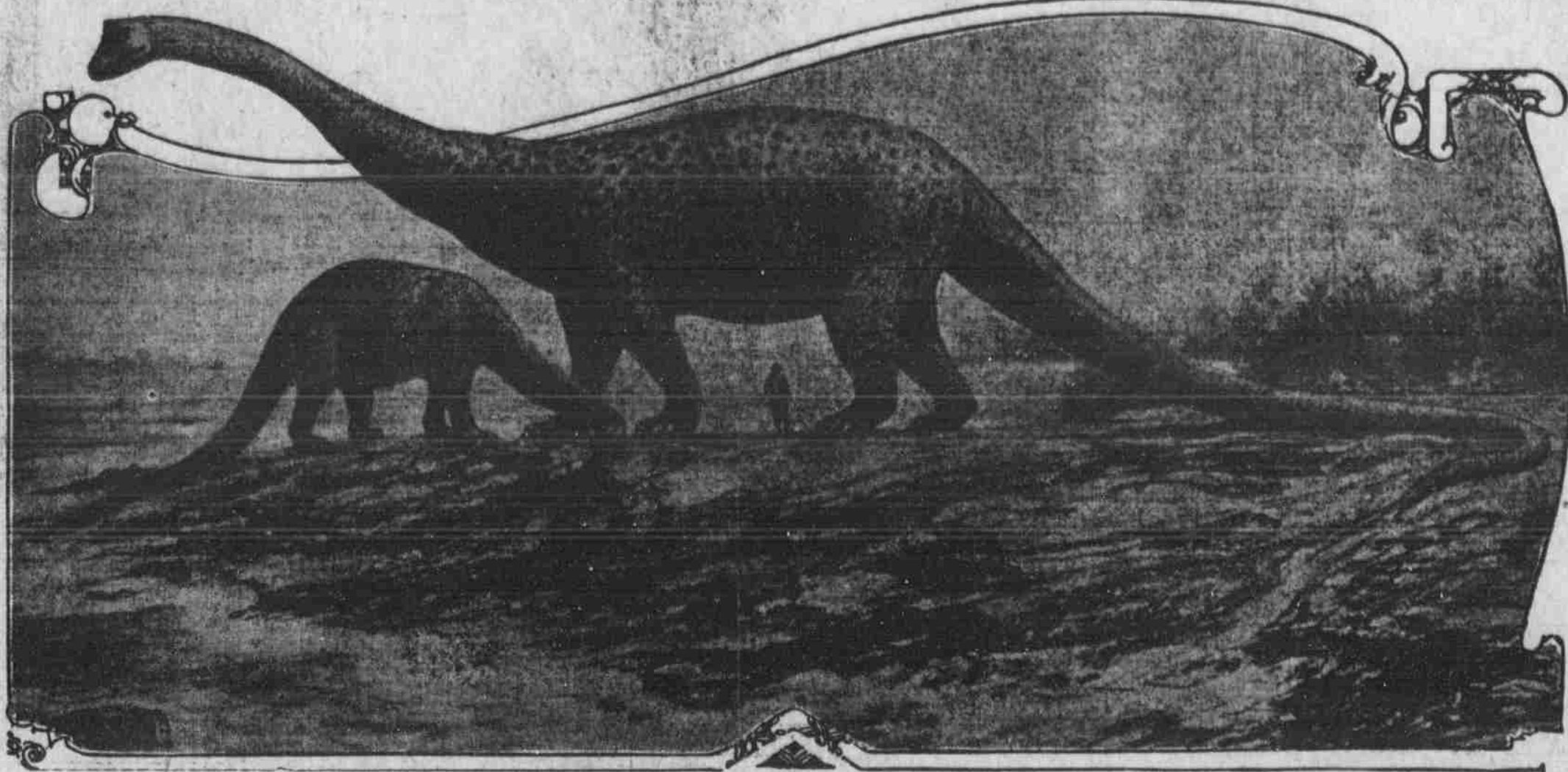


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Greatest Land-Dracgon Ever Known

Newly Discovered Gigantosaurus That Roamed Africa Many Ages Ago



Here is an astonishing photograph of the humerus of Gigantosaurus Africanus, the most prodigious creature that has come to light. Our special artist has now reconstructed the great land-dragon, and has set by it a man and Carnegie, to emphasize its enormous size. Recent discoveries have revealed in Africa remains of a land-dragon whose length measured some 160 feet. The monster was discovered by German savants at Tendaguru, in German East Africa. An almost complete skeleton was obtained. The cast of the upper arm-bone, or humerus, now at the British Museum of Natural History, South Kensington, and descriptions of the rest of the skeleton show

that this colossal beast was a near relation of Diplodocus Carnegii. Now, Diplodocus was just eighty-four feet long, and stood eleven feet high at the shoulder. His arm-bone measured just three feet three inches long. The arm-bone of the new giant, Gigantosaurus Africanus, was as long as the whole leg of Diplodocus; it measured now just seven feet one inch, but during life it was certainly some inches longer, for no allowance has been made for the gristle which must have capped both ends. It may be that Gigantosaurus will lose something of his glory, at any rate as far as his length is concerned, for it is assumed that he was a long-tailed dragon, like his American cousin. He may not have been. In height Diplodocus was nowhere; his eleven

feet at the shoulder is far eclipsed by the twenty-two feet of his rival. Naturally, it is difficult, not to say dangerous, to dogmatize on the theme of the habits of Gigantosaurus. He lived during that remote period of the world's history during which the lower cretaceous rocks were formed; a period which antedated the birth of man by several million years. We shall probably be not far from the truth in regarding him as an aquatic, or, at any rate, an amphibious creature. That he was a vegetarian is shown by his teeth, and that he was dull-witted is proved by the ridiculously small size of the brain-cavity, less than would hold a man's fist. A man is placed in the drawing (under Gigantosaurus Africanus) merely for the comparison of size.

## LESSONS IN UNNATURAL HISTORY

BY DOROTHY DIX



A fish is a small, moist, unpleasant-looking body, which is equally at home in the water and cold storage. It is also the father of lies, and full of ptomaine poisoning and temptation to tell terradiddles.

Fish are found in all parts of the world, but their favorite habitat is a cold and clammy plate, where they are discovered surrounded by a white sauce that tastes like bill-stickers' paste. Few people have the hardihood to remove them from this environment, though occasionally you may observe an intrepid and foolhardy adventurer attempting the feat at a 60-cent table d'hote dinner.

In appearance the fish is somewhat unprepossessing, being lacking in profile and having a mouth that resembles that of a socialist orator. But it has a lovely, sinuous, straight front figure that atones for its facial defects. It is also possessed of a high moral character, being calm and collected, and little given to temperamental impulses.

The habits of the fish are most exemplary. The males of the species are always on the water wagon, while the lady fishes are so industrious and so averse to race suicide that they fill the heart of Colonel Roosevelt with approval and delight.

The chief characteristic of fish appears to be their sense of humor. They are the great practical jokers of the animal world, and they like nothing better than a day's sport with a man with a \$250 outfit, whom they will josh into sitting for hours at a stretch in a humped position that gives him the cramps, or else they will string him along for miles through a shallow stream without giving him anything to show for his trouble but a cold in his head.

There are a great many different kinds of fish. The most common variety is the One-I-Caught-But-Could-Not-Land. This species is extremely large, about the size of a sperm whale. It is also exceedingly game, and is only caught after the most brilliant maneuvering on the part of the fisherman. The chief peculiarity, though, is its shyness, for it is observable that this paragon of the finny tribe is never hooked except when a man is fishing alone.

The next most familiar variety is the fish that a man actually does catch. This variety is a small, insignificant, meanly creature that his wife doesn't think worth while cooking. It is extremely expensive, a little hand-caught fish not three inches long frequently costing from \$300 to \$500.

Among other well known varieties of fish are the sucker, which abounds in Wall street waters; the goggle-eyed perch, who infests the sightseeing automobiles and rubbers up at the tall buildings; the lobster, which flirts around the bars of the Great White Way, and the clams, which are plentiful along Fifth avenue.

Women, who are great fishers of men, and frequently make big catches, find that the most effective bait to use is a combination of good looks and flattery. Almost any kind of a fish, especially an old one, will rise to that bait.

How fishing comes to be classed among sports instead of among cruel and unusual and inhuman punishments is a mystery no one has ever attempted to solve. It must simply be set down as one of the vagaries of human nature that a man will leave a nice, cool, clean, comfortable office and spend from \$10 to \$100 to sit on the end of a broiling pier, holding a dinky little pole with a silly little line, attached, fishing for a fish that hasn't been in that vicinity for ten years, and then he will return home with a blistered neck, every muscle in him aching, and brag about the fun he has had.

As has been said, fish are found in all parts of the world, but the finest varieties are to be discovered at your butcher's. Also, you will find that that is the cheapest place at which to fish.



## American Herodotus

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Very important in our country's annals is September 16, for on this day of the year 1823 was born Francis Parkman, our most brilliant historical writer, the man who well deserves the title of the "American Herodotus."

Parkman was born in Boston, and after a full course at Harvard and a course at law traveled for a considerable time in Europe, after which he returned to America to prepare himself for the work that was to make him immortal—the story of the rise and fall of the French Dominion in America.

Impression that they make upon us remains with us forever. The best investment that any young man or woman can possibly make is to put a few dollars into the works of Francis Parkman. In every sense of the word it would be a paying investment. The period with which Parkman's histories deal is one of the most important in the annals of the race. Issues and principles of supreme consequence to the future of mankind were at stake, and it is all told by Parkman in a way that is at once and the same time thoroughly reliable and thrillingly interesting.



### Resinol heals itching eczema

DON'T stand that itching eczema one day longer. Go to any druggist and get a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap. Bathe the eczema patches with Resinol Soap and hot water, dry, and apply a little Resinol Ointment. The torturing itching and burning stop instantly, you no longer have to dig and scratch, sleep becomes possible, and healing begins. Soon the ugly, tormenting eruptions disappear completely and for good.

Prescribed by doctors

You need never hesitate to use Resinol. It is a doctor's prescription, that has been used by other physicians for the past 15 years in the treatment of all sorts of skin affections. It contains absolutely nothing that could injure the tenderest skin. Trial order free. Write to Dept. V-5, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

## Ella Wheeler Wilcox

On the Nation's Workers—Labor Unions Should Instill the Religion of Kindness Into the Daily Relation of Toilers.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX  
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The well-being of our whole nation depends upon working men and women. Without labor, capital would be useless; without labor, the home, society, ships, trains, pleasure, charity, duty, would all be words and homes would be devoid of meaning. Were all the riches of the earth to suddenly vanish, were all the gentleness and the society people and the kings and rulers and the pleasure makers to be swept away, the world could still go on, and there would be no comfort and no prosperity.

Men and women would be able to eat, drink and be merry; to marry, to rear children, to travel and to perform all the various offices of daily life. But were all these gentleness and money kings, and imperial rulers, and the pleasure makers and seekers, to remain, and the world's workers were to be swept away, what awful misery would prevail. Trains and ships would cease to move; the home and the hotel would become desert places, and no pleasure on earth. Therefore it should be the aim and object of all leaders of religious thought to try and give such teachings and such prop-

hecits to this important part of our world as will awaken in each mind a truer ideal of brotherly love and human sympathy, and which will try to do away with the petty and quarrelsome and unworthy spirit which mars the ranks of labor today, and which interferes with the happiness and comfort of tens of thousands of human beings. Unless the working men and women are showing one another courtesy, good will and making an effort to do as they would be done by, of what use is their religion? The fear of doing some duty which belongs to another, and the great desire to show a spirit of independence, rather than a spirit of helpfulness toward fellow workers, is everywhere prevalent today. The greater their privileges, given by the employers, the less kindness do they seem to feel toward one another. Even in the homes where but two maids are kept, one a working housekeeper and cook, the other waitress and chambermaid, discord often prevails, because the one is exacting or the other inconsiderate. And just in proportion as the staff increases in numbers, so does the discord increase, because of this fear of being imposed upon or being asked to do some duty by a fellow toiler. A man servant who has been, perhaps, years in some home will find a new-comer haughty and impertinent, when trying to portion out his duties, because the newcomer is filled with the modern idea of being "as good as the next," and imagine the head man is putting on airs. Often the head man is the offender. In every department of labor this unfortunate feeling is found, spoiling conditions even where the employers have tried to make them ideal. It is all the result of lack of real religious principles. Clergymen and priests have failed to present a religion of human brotherhood to this great and important part of our republic—the laboring people—a religion which necessitates the daily and hourly practices of the common virtues of kindness, courtesy and good will toward one another. All religions are represented among the working people of America. Protestantism, Roman Catholicism, Lutheranism, members of the Greek church, the Jewish tabernacle, are all to be found among our daily toilers, in domestic service, in the shops and factories and hotels.

### SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't stay gray! Here's a simple recipe that anybody can apply with a hair brush.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and abundant. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of "Wyle's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get this famous old recipe which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, feverish, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well known down town druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and abundant.

private homes, shops or factories, in their relations with one another. Capital cannot misuse or maltreat labor as labor is mistreating labor every hour of the day, in every village, city and country place in America. Since it has become the custom to specialize work, and with the increase of wages and the decrease of working hours, the spirit of intolerance between working people in various departments seems to grow with astonishing rapidity. Labor unions and the progressive spirit of the day have awakened the mind of the general public to the rights and the privileges of labor. And labor itself has grown to realize its necessity to give good work and good will in return for its shorter hours and larger wages. But it has utterly failed to grasp the meaning of brotherhood in its hourly relations one with another. It ought to be the effort of every religious teacher in America to awaken the hearts of the working people to a better understanding of this practical phase of spirituality. If you are a laboring man or woman, stop and ask yourself, are you treating your fellow workers, whether in factories, shops, hotels or homes, just as you would like to be treated? Are you treating them as well as you treat your employers? And do you not know of innumerable cases where labor is mistreating labor, if not in acts, then in selfish and jealous and envious thoughts and words? The true religion lies in being kind.

## A Talk to the Engaged Girl

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

What shall a girl say when she receives an engagement ring? Well, now, what do you think of a question like that? Who gave you the ring, little sister, and what did you think when he gave it to you? Do you love him, were you so happy you could scarcely breathe? Well, then, why didn't you say so, and be done with it? What shall you say, how shall you act; is this proper, is that right? The heart is the best judge when it comes to things like this. What have you done to your heart-frozen it up solid, reading a lot of stuff about what is "the proper thing" and "what isn't done," and who ought to speak first and who must never, never say a word though the whole world be laughing in the balance? Etiquette—what etiquette is there about being engaged? What do you think you'll do when you come to die—ask some one to read an etiquette book to tell you how to shut your eyes and bid farewell to this vain world? When they put your first baby in your arms, how in the world will you know how to act unless some Mrs. Grundy is there to tell you? What! Shocking! Oh, yes, of course, babies are dreadfully shocking, aren't they, and so is life and so is death and

## Villainous Cooks

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The man didn't like the way his steak was broiled and he called the cook in and said so, and the cook, being a western man and of high spirit and very sensitive pulled his gun and shot the complaining man dead.

This happened in St. Louis the other day. The cook is in jail, grumbling a good deal about the meals they serve there, they say. The man who complained is buried. I wonder if some one won't put up a monument to him. He deserves one if man ever did.

decently cooked meat, not one vegetable that tasted like anything but an imitation. Peas! What, were those peas, those little bright green bullets they served with that they called roast lamb? Beans! Those pallid strings? Corn! What withered thing on a cob? Beef! Where did you get it? Chicken! What did it taste like? Veal! Oh, spectered horror of pale misery. Pork! Well, yes, that does look like an old-fashioned pork chop when you take a microscope and look it right straight in the face. But what, oh, what did the cook in his hand-lash fury do to it?

Pie! Leather and stewed fruit. Cake! You could taste the cotillions before you got a chance to cut it. Ice cream! That was fairly decent, though if you want far enough south, that began to taste of hair oil, in some mysterious way. The mountains—fresh trout, the best vegetables in the world—routed in the cooking, absolutely cooked to death, or left half raw—what is the matter with our cooks, who are they, and what are they, that they make us suffer thus?

Why are there no little inn-pleasant, homelike stopping places where you can get a chop and a potato, and a salad and a bit of cheese any hour of the day or night and find it good and savory, too? You can find such everywhere in the civilized world—except in our glorious country. Here we must either go to some crowded hotel, where we have to undergo for dinner and sit and order French things that we don't want or go to a frowny family hotel and starve. I knew a woman who had a little mountain place. She served good meals, well cooked—old-fashioned things, fried chicken, hot biscuit, melon, preserves, pickles and hot coffee. You couldn't get the automobiles away from her door, though it was miles and miles from everything.

This summer we went there to eat, and remained to—sleep. The porch was there, still shady, still fragrant with delicate white flowers; the well bubbled sweet and cool and fresh, but the woman was sitting on the porch in a swinging chair, with her hair marcelled in the fashion of the year before last, and in the kitchen was a Chinaman, and in the office was a demon boy, who wrote menus from something he'd read in a book. The Chinaman served things all looking just alike and tasting just alike, as if some frowny hen had laid eggs in the range and somebody had poured tomato catsup in to sweeten the oil-ugly, and the woman will wonder when fall comes, why the place is no longer popular, when she went and paid a Chinaman and a boy to run it so "swell," too.

One good steak, one baked potato, one slice of sweet home-made bread, one pat of fragrant butter, a glass of milk, an old-fashioned chocolate layer cake and some sliced peaches with real cream. Why, we'd have motored fifty miles to get them. Where have they all gone, the good old American dishes we all like—apple pie with cheese, crumbly crust, soft cheddar, ginger bread warm from the oven, soft ginger cookies—out of the old blue jarrah bread with a deep crust, raisin bread, made with plenty of shortening, peach cobbler, chicken pie, cornbread—why can't we ever get any of these things any more, why must we always have a "menu" and a lot of imitation things that nobody can even pretend to like?

What must you say when you and he stay up all night watching for the dawn to tell you whether she's going to live or not?—the little girl who both love so dearly. What must you do when somebody tries to take him away from you and your heart is breaking and you don't really know whether he cares or not. What are you, little sister, anyhow; a girl's real live girl—or, just a make believe, cut-out of some fashion paper with bits of feet that couldn't walk an honest step to save anybody's life and they hands that couldn't put a biscuit into shape if the fate of a nation depended on it? What must you say—why, say what you think, say what you feel, say what you mean—and stop thinking about it, that's all.