

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Mystery of the Mound Builders

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If you are looking for an intellectual occupation for your leisure hours, something at once fascinating and useful, take up the subject of American archeology. We have got on this continent an ancient, untraced and unwritten history, the solution of whose mysteries will, some day, win fame for the discoverer of their key, and afford pleasure and satisfaction to millions of readers.

When white men came here they found in the territory now constituting the United States, no inhabitants except a few scattered thousands of red men, unrelated to any of the peoples of Europe. The red man had no history. Their traditions concerning their own origin were cloudy and uncertain.

But, after the whites had begun to settle and develop the country, they found, without searching, many strange footprints on this new continent, of which the Indian could tell them nothing, except that they had not made them. It became evident that at some time in the past, the country had been inhabited by people capable of achievements beyond capacity of the savage Iroquois, Algonquins and other Indian tribes which the European invaders found in possession. But a curtain was drawn over all that earlier period, and the imagination alone could picture what was behind it. That curtain has never been removed. Some writers belittle the importance of its concealments, other, perhaps, exaggerate them. None can deny their intense interest.

As to the nature of these footprints of a vanquished people, an idea may be formed from the statement that they consist mainly of artificial structures of earth and stone, sometimes of vast size, many of which look like fortifications, while others were plainly burial mounds, or monuments, and a few bear a mysterious character, presenting details which suggest that they were intended as religious symbols.

A most remarkable example of this kind is the celebrated "serpent mound" in southern Ohio, in which the unknown builders piled up a winding mound several hundred feet long, imitating the form of a gigantic coiled serpent, or dragon, with extended jaws.

Below Wheeling, on the Ohio river, there is a pyramidal mound, 900 feet in circumference and seventy feet in height, comparable in cubic content, as has been remarked, to some of the pyramids of Egypt, although it contains no masonry, and was simply heaped up by man's strength, without, as far as the evidence goes, the aid of any kind of machinery. It must have required the labors of thousands of men, continued, perhaps, for many years.

This mound when explored with cuttings was found to have a vault in the center, containing two human skeletons, one without ornaments and the other encircled with hundreds of ivory beads. In another vault between thirty and forty feet above the first, was another skeleton, among whose ornaments were copper rings and bracelets.

In Ohio alone, it has been estimated, there are more than 11,000 prehistoric structures, consisting partly of stone and partly of earth. Many of them are enclosed which may have been fortifications. Often the remains of clusters are found within the circumvallations, which, in some cases, rise to a height of twenty-five to thirty feet above the surrounding land. The area included in the walls varied from ten or twenty up to fifty acres. The outlines of the enclosures are symmetrical, generally circular or elliptical, and sometimes forming regular polygons.

A certain degree of cultivation on the part of the builders is indicated by the copper and earthen vases, sometimes of attractive form and decoration, and the carefully carved pipe-bowls that have been discovered in, and in the neighborhood of, the mounds. There is abundant evidence that the mound builders worked some of the copper deposits of the Lake Superior region. More than 80,000 of these stone tools used in digging out the native copper have been found scattered about their abandoned pits. There is one instance of an enormous "nugget" of pure copper got out by the prehistoric miners, which proved too unmanageable for them. It weighed six tons, and originally may have weighed considerably more, for they have hacked off masses from the corners and carried them away.

Many archeologists maintain that the mysterious people who performed these things and left the monuments that we have mentioned, were the ancestors of the Indians themselves. Others think that they must have been a different race. It is undeniable that, although the Indians, after the white man came, constructed nothing comparable with the prehistoric remains around them, they showed a tendency to the performance of similar works. This is clearly shown in the story of the great Omaha chief called "The Blackbird," who, in 1802, was interred in a huge mound erected on the summit of a great bluff overlooking the Missouri river, and, by his own orders, was seated beside his favorite war-horse, killed to accompany his master, in order, as he said, that he might overlook his ancient domain and behold the boats of the white men as they came up the river to trade with his people.

Do You Know That

All the kings of Prussia have been called Frederick or William.
Linden trees in Germany have their equivalent in the British lime.
Justice of the peace as a title, was first conferred in 1506.
King Albert of the Belgians was born in 1835.
Coffee derives its name from Kaffa, a district of East Africa, south of Abyssinia.
Alsace-Lorraine has a population of nearly 2,000,000.

FLOWERED BATISTE will be a favorite material for little girls' summer frocks, and combined with ribbon and lace makes charming little afternoon dresses for the girl of twelve or fourteen.



Sim fourteen demands dress models all her own, for she is at that difficult age to dress—"the betwixt and between age." A simple afternoon frock that suits her admirably is this one of blue flowered batiste. The waist and skirt, almost have been cut from the same pattern but for the sleeves of the one. The empire waist line is suggested by a ribbon girdle of yellow taffeta, tied snugly beneath the loose folds of the batiste. It becomes an undergarment in the back, where it is allowed to flutter in the "streamers" so dear to the heart of a little girl. With this frilly dress goes a wide hat of corn-colored straw, trimmed with a single blue rose.

Pity Man Who Cannot Take a Joke

By WINIFRED BLACK

The National Association of Plumbers, in convention assembled, has instructed the invested officers to take vigorous measures to abolish the practice of making jokes on plumbers.

The Irish societies protested against the "Pat and Bridget" joke long ago.

The Jews are writing letters to the theaters asking managers not to allow any one to make fun of anything Jewish. You Yonson has risen up and protested against the Ole Giesen play-an-try. Can't somebody get us a convention of mothers-in-law and have the delegates sign a round robin of indignation about the mother-in-law story?

Miss Polly and her "Pals" ought to be "aroused" to Pa's wrongs, and the brides of the country should organize to defeat the Machiavellian sophistry of the humorous writer who dares to make fun of their blights.

Let's all hold conventions everywhere, and denounce everybody if a soul on earth ever dares to smile again.

What rubbish it all is! As if it ever hurt any one who was worth hurting to be laughed at in friendly fashion once in a while.

If we'd followed out this strange idea that there is something wrong in a joke, what on earth would have become of the world?

We should have had no books and no plays at all.

If Uncle Josh Whitcomb wasn't a joke then I've never seen one, and yet New England seemed to bear up under it somehow.

Colonel Cah'tah of Cah'tahville—what would you call him, a sermon or a dog-ology? And yet it seems to me that Old Virginia has managed to get along pretty well under the strain of the Colonel Cah'tah smile.

What was Uncle Sam when he started but a joke, or John Bull either, for that matter?

What if the United States government should suddenly boycott every newspaper that dared to print a cartoon of Uncle Sam. Would our nation be any bigger or any finer or any more powerful?

If the British government should suddenly decide to seize every ship and destroy every mail car carrying a funny picture of John Bull everywhere in any

sort of publication, what would we do? Think more highly of England because it could not bear a good-natured laugh, or look at each other in incredulous disapproval?

What's the matter with a good hearty laugh once in a while, even when the joke is on us? It is a sure test of character—the laughing test.

Ebony of the man who can never take a joke on himself or his neighbor or his family or his accent or his favorite fads.

He'll play a sorry joke on you some day as sure as the world.

What do you love to remember about your mother—sometimes?

The way she hunted for her spectacles when she was wearing them on the top of her head; her old little habit of thinking that she could make a foreigner understand English if she only talked loud enough?

Her trick of forgetting things that she didn't want to do and always remembering to remind you of the things you wanted to forget?

You've laughed at mother about these things a hundred times, and she pretended to be a little cross, but laughed with you after all, and you loved her all the better for being funny and unreasonable and impractical once in a while, just because it made her human.

What did the master plumbers think they were going to accomplish by "discouraging" the joke about the plumber's rates and the plumber's assistant?

There has never been anything particularly funny to me in a plumber's bill. I think I should pay it quite as cheerfully if I could manage to laugh over it a little.

And I never really loved the Irish till I had learned a few Irish bulls by heart.

But, tit, my sensitive friend, why are you so concerned about a few smiles more or less?

Laugh with the world and the world will soon stop laughing at you.

Get mad about it and you'll be laughed at to the very end of time.

In-Shoots

Immodest fashions easily reconstruct the modest girl.

As a rule, the human phonograph does not change the records often enough.

Natural coarseness makes criminals of some men; others run for office.

It is difficult to keep patriotism and religious fervor up to the high pitch all of the time.

When it comes to the matter of postponement, tomorrow is as far away as the next century.

Motion of Our Solar System

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

A letter from Eureka says: "How has it been determined that our solar system is traveling northward at a rate of twelve miles per second?"

This fact has been determined by means of one of the most remarkable laws in the entire history of science, Doppler's law of light. Stand by a railroad track and listen to the approach of a rapid train. As it approaches the bell or whistle will increase the pitch of their sound, and instantly lower the pitch or tone after it passes or recedes. When coming more waves enter the ear and less when it is departing.

Light consists of the action of waves on the retina of the eye. Our earth and sun, all bodies of the solar system, are moving to a point in the celestial vault, not far from the star Vega in the constellation Lyra and, of course, receding from the opposite point of the sky. Waves entering the slit of the spectroscopy from the northern stars are compressed, i. e., more enter per second and are dispersed toward the violet end of the spectrum, less enter from the southern stars and are dispersed toward the red.

Now, exalted mathematics, based on the laws of light, determine the extent of dispersion of waves toward the red or violet for each decrease or increase of motion of light emitting bodies, and the amount actually found by experiment confirmed the mathematical formulas. A proof that modern mind is expressing at a very exalted rate.

Question—"If a cell battery contains positive and negative poles, do these poles emit negative and positive ether waves when disconnected?" (2) "Would these waves be absorbed by a similar cell, the negative of which is coupled to a transformer and the terminal of the transformer acting as one point of a spark gap causing a spark to be produced?"—Richard E. Park, 135 Elm street, San Francisco.

BATTLESHIP FLEET NOW IN NEW YORK for two weeks' celebration and review. This is the Battleship New York.



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Answer—Poles of cells of batteries of any kind, galvanic or storage, do not emit waves expanding in ether. Only terminals of high-pressure electro-static machines, Leyden jars, condensers of any form of induction coils, or high potential apparatus of any pattern can cause disruptive discharges across air gaps in between. Electricity must be stored in condensing apparatus or stepped up by induction coils on other high-pressure devices, in order that it may burst forth from knobs on any kind of terminals as miniature lightning. Each disruptive discharge from such apparatus sets up a wave in adjacent space. And these waves are selected out of this space by

wireless telegraphic and telephonic devices. (2) If cells do not emit waves, of course there can be no absorption by nearby similar cells. For cells send out currents of electricity—not disruptive lightning. In fact, all currents flow silently and at a very low potential. Thus a Daniell cell sends out a current on its circuit at a pressure of only 1.06 volts. Powerful noiseless currents flowing into powerful induction machines can be stepped up to potentials of hundreds of thousands of volts, with miniature thunder at instants of discharge, with the sending out of rapid waves. If not, then we could not have any kind of wireless transmission or selection.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Wilfred met a gent the other night that is the editor of a religious paper," said the Manicure Lady. "The two of them seemed to get along grand, I guess, because the editor told Wilfred to write a little poem about leading a good life. He gave Wilfred the check for the poem in advance, and now poor brother is worried to death, because he ain't used to writing anything like a sermon, and goodness knows his daily life ain't no running brook by which to go by. He asked father last night to give him some idea, but the old gent was just as much up in the air as Wilfred, so brother finally wrote this little poem. He says he don't think he has earned the check, but it sounds all right to me."

"It was only a three-dollar check. Them weekly papers don't pay much for poetry, and Wilfred said that he figured he had gave them \$5 worth. Maybe he has, but I don't know enough about poetry to know. The main fault I can see is that the part about being good sounds kind of faint hearted, about the way Wilfred would act if he was starting out to be good himself. I don't suppose it makes much difference, though. People are going to be good if they want to, without reading no poetry telling them ways to get off. I never heard none of my goodness from reading verses about it. It was always a sort of utility with me."

"I am good some of the time myself," said the Head Barber, "and I guess all the good part of me is what I learned when I was a kid. My mother used to keep me pretty straight, and when her talking to me didn't do any good, the old gent knew where some willow switches grow, and he was there powerful with them. So it wasn't very hard for me to be good."

"I always feel better after I have did some good deed, George," declared the Manicure Lady. "A kind of calm feeling comes stealing over me, and I seem like I was being lifted up above the earth. I think doing good is like riding in a aeroplane—they both take you above the mean things of life, and you seem to fit away on fleecy clouds through them blue heavens. There comes that old wart to have his nail did. He never gives me no tip, so I never give him no attention. Watch me fix him up with a couple of bangnails."

"TO MY PEOPLE"

Being the Transcript of a Message given by Celestia, known to many as "The Goddess," and the Maiden from Heaven.

LET me come into your hearts. Do not refuse me entrance. Draw close to me and listen, (You will listen) to my words whispered in your ear. I am talking to you and for you mainly. And I am come to tell you that all shall be well for you.

You may wonder why I talk to you like this—my very being here may amaze you. But there are reasons more than you know. All around you I hear voices shouting that you are lost in spirit and mind. So mistaken—what mistakes!

I say that you are good, essentially and at soul. And I know in my heart of hearts whereof I speak.

Are you troubled now even so lightly? Does your conscience gnaw? Does some petty or great misdeed recur to your imagination?

Oh! that just by reading these words, you might feel the gush of deepest emotion, such as prompts me and will make me powerful to save you.

I am brought from my heavenly home for you and to encourage you. All my years (maybe thousands) I have been waiting for this opportunity to comfort you. And I come now, not as a preacher or an Evangelist, not as a sermonizer or a lecturer, not as a writer or a player. Like my patron saint, Joan of Arc, I am here to fight the forces of evil.

Let me come into your life, your everyday existence. Let me accompany you to your shop or your office or into your kitchen. I have so much to say to you, that I am flowing over with it. I have so much to promise you, so much to give you, that all your worries and sorrows will melt away.

I have a light that dispels all darkness and it is Truth. I have a wand that causes all anguish and mourning to fade into nothingness and it is Faith. I have a magic lamp that brings your heart's desire to you, and it is Hope. I will present all to you, if you will take them.

Oh! Do not turn me into the wilderness, for you will find the wilderness yourself.