# MAN APPEARED 400,000 YEARS AGO

## Skull Discovered in Trinil, Java, Considered Proof of That.

The sketch shows how scientists think Trinil man—sometimes known by the more resounding title of Pithecanthropus Erectus—and Neanderthal man must have looked. So scientists have arrived at these conclusions from careful study of the skulls and other bones found.

**Secrets of Science.**

By David Dietz.

Man, as we have already said, emerged the ruler of the earth at the close of the great glacial period which closed the Age of Mammals.

So let us take leave of the geologists and paleontologists now, and see what those scientists who devote their time to the study of man—the anthropologists and archeologists—have to tell us about the beginning of the human race.

The record of the beginning of man is unfortunately most obscure. It is not surprising to find it so.

Fossils are found in sedimentary rocks. These rocks, it will be remembered, were formed under water.

Consequently they are rich in fossils of sea life and fossils of amphibians and reptiles which lived in marshes. Fossils of mammals which lived in dry regions are scarce. Naturally there would be few fossil remains of man.

The earliest record of man consists of stone and flint implements found in layers of rock which were formed at the start of the ice age which closed the Age of Mammals.

These are roughly hewn hammers or hatchets, so shaped as to be held in the hand by their tops. Scientists have named them eoliths.

But no fossil remains of their users have ever been found.

The oldest fossil was found in Trinil, Java. The top of a skull, some teeth and a thigh bone were found.

The creature is referred to as Trinil man, but he was only a sort of walking ape-man, anthropologists believe.

Trinil man lived 400,000 years ago, scientists believe.

The next fossil is one found in Heidelberg, Germany. This was a jaw bone. The creature is referred to as the Heidelberg man. But he, too, was only a sort of walking ape-man. The stone implements, however, which date back to this period, show great progress over the implements of the day of Trinil man. Progress was being made.

The third fossil was found in Piltdown, Sussex, England. Piltdown man dates back 100,000 years ago.

Then 50,000 years ago, a more passable creature made his appearance. He was the so-called Neanderthal man.

There is evidence that he lived in tribes or families throughout much of Europe.

Neanderthal man, however, probably could not walk erect or hold his head entirely erect. He had a brutish appearance and a most underdeveloped chin.

But he lived in caves, understood the use of fire, made stone and wooden instruments, and built traps to catch the big beasts of the time by digging trenches and covering them over with brush.

Then about 25,000 years ago, as the great ice age came to an end, true man emerged.

## Three Irish Bulls.

That form of howler known as the Irish bull has never been really peculiar to Ireland, but there has been no other historic maker of such blunders whose renown equals that of the Irishman, Sir Boyle Roche. It was he who during a Parliamentary debate made probably the most famous bull of all bulls, when he asked in all seriousness, "Why should we put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity, for what has posterity ever done for us?" When the question was greeted by a roar of laughter, he thought he must have been misunderstood and went on to explain, "I assure the House that by posterity I do not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after them"—an explanation which did not restore the gravity of his colleagues. In the course of later debate he asserted earnestly:

"It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker, to give up not only a part but if necessary even the whole of our constitution to preserve the remainder."

It is not commonly known that this famous Irish blunderer was in his earlier life an officer in the British army and fought in America against the colonies during the Revolution. An American, in looking over an old scrapbook recently found a bull attributed to him antedating his better-known Parliamentary achievements. It is a characteristic utterance, giving expression to his wrath at the American rebels. He denounced them as "these ungrateful cubs, swelled with presumptuous eagerness to fly the parent nest, who snarl with bared fangs and slavering jaws at that mother country without whose sheltering wing they must have perished in their infancy!"

**The Calf Has His Day.**

The Bull—"I hear the prodigal's returned. Ain't you scared?"

The Fatted Calf—"Not me. The boss turned me loose and I butted the prodigal off the premises."

## The Button Box.

I call it my jewel box.
For is it not filled with gems rarer
than those of Ali Baba's caves,
Or fruiting on Aladdin's under-ground
trees?
There are tiny diamond crystals to
great turquoise clasps;
Onyx, emerald, chrysoprase,
Ivory, amber and amethyst,
Porphyry pearl and jade,
Heaped in profusion, confusion.

I dip in my hands
And sieve the bright stream through
my fingers.
Their value is more subtle than that
of precious stones,
Returning a wealth of bright memories
From the dusty coffers of the past.
This sea-green jewel held the cuff
Of a gown that was silvery satin.
This smooth rosy oblong of coral
Brightened a soft summer smock.
These tiny pearl seeds from the waist
of Little Boy Blue—
Long, long ago!
These rubies shone brave on the vest
Of Prince Charming at the Government Ball.
These cat's eyes in sockets of silver
Watched from the top of a bonnet,
Victoria keeping her Jubilee.
And here they are tumbled together
In sweet democratic disorder,
Holding the glow of the past
In their undying embers.

My button box is an heirloom,
A jewel case of laughter and tears,
Brave gleams from the pageant of
years.

—Lloyd Roberts.

## What is Pathology?

Logos is really the Greek for a word or discourse, and so came to stand for science, and all our "ologies" are sciences of something or other. In the same language, "pathos" stood for suffering and so, in time, for disease; thus pathology really means the study of science of disease.

In one way, therefore, we can say that since every doctor is interested in disease, he must be a pathologist—and indeed as a student he had to take his course in the subject—but actually the term has become narrowed down to certain aspects of disease. It has, for instance, in practice nothing to do with the cure of disease or with its treatment, but confines itself purely to the scientific effects. The pathologist is, in fact, the research worker of disease.

# "COPY" EVERYWHERE

"There is copy in every man you meet, and, as a journalist on this stair says, when you do meet him you feel inclined to tear it out of him and use it yourself."

"What sort of copy?" asked Bob.

"They should write of the things they have seen. Newspaper readers have an insatiable appetite for knowing how that part of the world lives with which they are not familiar. They want to know how the Norwegians cook their dinners and build their houses and ask each other in marriage."

"But I have never been out of Britain."

"Neither was Shakespeare. There are thousands of articles in Scotland yet. You must know a good deal about the Scottish weavers — well, there are articles in them. Describe the daily life of a gillie: 'The Gillie at Home' is a promising title. Were you ever snowed-up in your saw-mill? Whether you were or not, there is a seasonable subject for January. 'Yule in a Scottish Village' also sounds well, and there is a safe article in a Highland gathering."

"These must have been done before, though," said Bob.

"Of course they have," answered Rorrison; "but do them in your own way; the public has no memory, and, besides, new publics are always springing up."

"I am glad I came to see you," said Rob, brightening considerably; "I never thought of these things."

"Of course, you need not confine yourself to them. Write on politics if you will, but don't merely say what you yourself think; rather tell, for instance, what is the political situation in the country parts known to you. That should be more interesing and valuable than your individual views. But I may tell you that if you have the journalistic faculty you will always be on the lookout for possible articles. The man on this stair I have mentioned to you would have had an article out of you before he had talked with you as long as I have done. You must have heard of Noble Simms?"

"Yes I know his novel," said Bob; "I should like immensely to meet him."

"I must leave you an introduction to him," said Rorrison; "he wakens most people up, though you would scarcely think it to look at him. . . When I went off for my holidays last summer I asked him to look in here occasionally and turn a new cheese which had been sent me from the country. Of course, he forgot to do it, but I denounced him on my return for not keeping his solemn promise, so he revenged himself by publishing an article entitled 'Rorrison's Oil-painting.' In this it was explained that just before Rorrison went off on a holiday he got a present of an oil-painting. Remembering when he had got to Paris that the painting, which had come to him wet from the easel, had been left lying on his table, he telegraphed to the writer to have it put away out of reach of dust and the cat. The writer promised to do so, but when Rossison returned he found the picture lying just where he left it. He rushed off to his friend's room to upbraid him, and did it so effectually that the friend says in his article, 'I will never do a good turn for Rorrison again.' "

"But why," asked Rob, "did he turn the cheese into an oil-painting?"

"Ah, there you have the journalistic instinct again. You see, a cheese is too plebeian a thing to form th subject of an article in the "Scalping Knife,' so Simms made a painting of it. He has had my Chinese umbrella from several points of view in three different papers. When I play on his piano I put scraps of paper on the notes to guide me and he made his three guineas out of that. Once I challenged him to write an article on a straw that sticking to the sill of my window, and it was one of the most interesting things he ever did. Then there was the box of old clothes and other odds and ends that he promised to store for me when I changed my rooms. He sold the lot to a hawker for a pair of flower-pots, and wrote an article on the transaction. Subsequently he had another article on the flower-pots; and when I appeared to claim my belongings he got a third article out of that."

"I suppose he reads a great deal?" said Rob.

"He seldom opens a book," answered Rorrison; "indeed, when he requires to consult a work of reference he goes to the Strand and does his reading at a book-stall. I don't think he was ever in the British Museum."

Rob laughed.

"At the same time," he said, "I don't think Mr. Noble Simms could get any copy out of me." — From "When a Man's Single," by Sir James M. Barrie.

## "An Order of Finnan Haddie, Please."

Why is a smoked haddock a "finnan haddie?" Lots of people have wondered why, and not many of them have ever learned the answer to the question. "Finnan haddie" has all the ear marks of a Scotch phrase, and so, to be sure, it is. All the finnan haddies originally came from Findon, a little fishing village in Kincardine, Scotland, not far from Aberdeen. The village is so small that you cannot find it on most maps, but it has long carried on a thriving business in catching and curing fish, principally haddock. The people of Findon — which is pronounced "Finnan" by the Scotch folk of the east coast—early learned how to salt and smoke fish rather better than their neighbors and came to have a special reputation for their product. So "Finnan haddie," which was originally just a haddock, smoked and cured at Findon, has come to be the name of that kind of fish wherever produced. It is a great compliment to the little Scottish fishing hamlet. The Findon folk learned to do one thing better than anyone else, and their fame has gone abroad through the world. That is the true road to fame, whether you paint pictures, or make automobiles, or build ships, or cure fish, or do anything whatever worth while in this busy and critical world.

## "Heaven Help Those," etc.

A little girl, grieved because her brother had set a trap in the garden for sparrows, prayed that none should be caught. Next morning, however, there was one in the trap. Her faith was sorely tried, but she continued to pray. Still sparrows were caught. Night ofter night she went to bed hoping that the sparrows would escape. Each morning she was moved to tears as she saw other birds imprisoned. Then one night, after offering her usual petition, she looked up at her mother and said, "I know my prayers will be answered to-night."

"Why are you so sure, dear?" the mother asked.

"Because I smashed the trap before I came in to bed," was the reply.

**Japan's Need of Silk.**

Japan's need for large quantities of silk is due to the fact that it is widely used for clothing of men as well as women.

The Danube flows through countries in which fity-two languages and dialects are spoken. It is 2,000 miles in length.

Thomas Hardy, novelist and poet, who has just completed his 86th year at his home, Maxgate, Dorchester, England.

## The King's Understudy.

Owing to the number of public and social engagements the King has to keep, it often becomes necessary for him to be represented by a deputy.

The man who represents the King, be he prince, peer, or commoner, becomes for the moment invested with kingly rank. He must be addressed as "Sir," no one must sit down in his presence, and he takes precedence over all others at whatever function he may attend on behalf of King George.

A good deal of ceremony is gone through in appointing a person to represent the King. In the first place, the chosen person is informed by the Lord Chamberlain that it is the King's desire that he shall represent him at such a place at a specified date and hour, and the representative—unless he happens to be a member of the Royal Family—is given a printed form, signed by the Lord Chamberlain, authorizing him to represent the King at that particular time.

At all public functions attended by the King, a reception committee must be appointed to receive him, and the same ceremony must be accorded to the King's representative.

The reception committee is instructed by the Lord Chamberlain that His Majesty will be represented by So-and-so, and a request is made that "all arrangements suitable for the reception of the Sovereign will be properly carried out." After the ceremony, the King's representative must send in a written report to the Lord Chamberlain, stating if he was received in a proper manner, and the names of the persons who received him.

When attending any ceremony in London, the Kings' representative is provided with one of the Royal carriages, but no outriders are sent. Nor is he ever accompanied by a military guard, unless he is a member of the Royal Family.

**Pa Knows.**

"Pa, what is selectivity?"

"Taking what you get and bragging about it, son."

**Watch Made of Wood.**

A watch that keeps accurate time has been made by a Russian entirely of wood except the spring.

If you wash new silk stockings in cold water (no soap) before you wear them, and each time you take them off, they will wear twice as long.

## Searching the Sea Bed for Broken Cable.

A marine cable undergoes many processes of preservation before it is laid on the ocean floor, yet a break does occur sometimes, with the result that trans-Atlantic communication is interrupted.

It is at such a time as this that what might be called the "cable ambulance" dashes off at full speed to render first aid.

Delicate instruments quickly locate the position of the break, and the repair ship comes to anchor. Then huge grappling hooks, some of them capable of sinking to a depth of over three miles, are lowered to the ocean bed. At the same time buoys are posted to mark the ends of the cable.

Th coming of night is not allowed to interfere with the repair work, for brilliant lamps illuminate the sea for a considerable distance around.

Both skill and patience are required when lifting the slimy cable from the acan bottom. Sometimes, just as the cable is being hauled on to the decks it breaks and drops back into the depths.

The crew of the repair ship risk their lives a score of times. Only a few months ago, when the finishing touches were being put to a cable under repair, a furious storm broke out.

The ship was tossed about madly. The wireless aerial was torn from the masts and flung into the sea, where it became entwined in the propellers. The masts were snapped off like twigs and to all intents and purposes, the ship was doomed.

A few hours later, however, the storm abated, and the gallant crew set about getting their ship in order, then returned to complete the task of repairing the cable.

**With More Than a Grain of Salt.**

Sunday School Teacher—"Lot's wife evidently didn't believe she'd be punished if she looked back."

Advance Pupil—"No, she must have taken the warning with more than a grain of salt."

## Leather from the Sea.

Sharks are of some use in the world, after all!

Their value is in their hide, from which many every-day articles are made.

Some of the things we get from this deadly fish include shoes, wallets, bookbindings, and fancy articles. Shoes made from shark leather give quite as good service as those produced from other leathers.

Shark leather is also useful for upholstering motor-cars, and for making attractive handbags.

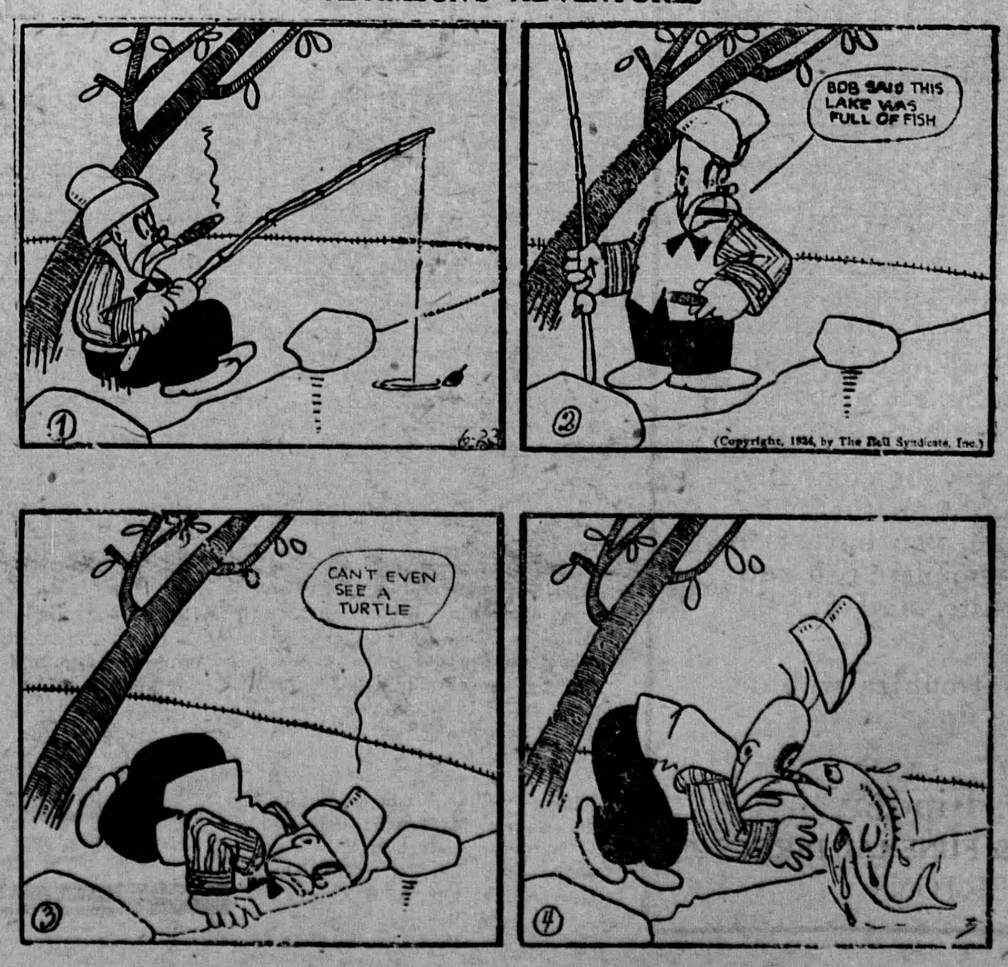
So useful, in fact, is this dreaded sea monster that only a short while ago a company was formed, its object being to obtain sharks for their great commercial value.

Not only will the shark be made to serve a purpose in the manufacture of leather articles, and the other things mentioned above; from him the company hopes also to produce oil, animal fodder, glue, dyestuffs, polishing materials, and even fertilizers.

## Moon and Sun.

On the way home
The setting sun, orange-gold,
Hangs, a splendid sphere,
Above the jagged edge
Of the purple mountains.
High in the pallid east
A disc like polished platinum
Drifts toward the zenith.

What if the day
Is westering on the slope,—
If thoughts and fancies
And silver recollections
Hang high and dazzling fair?

—Heloise M. B. Hawkins

## ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES