

HOPE TO REPRODUCE CAVEMAN'S VOICE

Scientists Told Recent Invention Makes Reconstruction of Types of Resonance Possible

By Associated Press
Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 28.—A possible insight into the qualities of primitive speech, through the application of a recent invention in acoustics to the remains of prehistoric skulls, was suggested by Prof. Mark H. Liddell, of Purdue University, in an address prepared for delivery before the American Anthropological Association today. Recent investigations, he said, had made it possible to learn the fundamental qualities of speech sound which conditioned all language. Urging a careful measurement of the remains of the human resonance organs as they appear in the palatal arches and nose cavities of prehistoric skulls, he said:

"The time may come when the physicist, with such data at hand, can reconstruct the types of resonance that such remains would give out when the skull of the anatomist has been invoked to supply the missing parts."

Professor J. H. Huxley, of Yale University, in a paper written for the American Psychological Association, another of the organizations meeting with the American Association for the Advancement of Science, criticized too great dependence on intelligence tests. He warned particularly against a tendency to estimate by the difference between the standing of an individual in intelligence and in school tests, the extent to which he was taking advantage of his school opportunity.

The Daily Novelette

The Mixed-Up Pilgrims
By H. IRVING KING

TELL the truth, Arabella Wilcox was a very pretty girl, and a very nice girl in every way, but she was not what is called "intellectual." She was bright enough, as far as that went, but her brightness lay in other directions than "book learning." She could

make huckleberry pies the best you ever ate and her apple dumplings were a dream. The art of cooking and the science of housewifery fascinated her; but for all other arts and sciences she had little aptitude and less liking. Her father having made much money and there being many servants in the house, the exercise of her domestic talents was greatly restricted. Mrs. Wilcox, being bent on society, had dragged Bella in with her, and Bella had been a social success from the hour of her debut.

So Arabella got along very well until she met Rex Hamilton. Hamilton was the catch of the season. But, alas! he was "literary," had written a book and talked literature, and all the girls had a terrible time studying up in order to be able to talk with him on anything like passable terms. Arabella had met Hamilton several times, and had she not been so afraid of his literary attainments—and his habit of showing them—would have greatly enjoyed his society.

As it was, she was constantly on guard to foil his attempt to talk books with her and only saved herself on several occasions but cutting short conversations which were otherwise exceedingly agreeable to her. Mr. Hamilton, she thought, was delightful, but between him and her she realized was a great gulf fixed—her absolute ignorance of literature. She was sure to make some awful break

if she talked with him for any length of time; she was sure to expose her ignorance—and then what would he think of her?

"Why did I cut literature so at school?" she asked herself remorsefully. So it was with very mixed feelings that she heard her mother say one day, "Bella dear, Mr. Hamilton is going to drop in to tea this afternoon. Be sure and show him that your father and I did not waste our money on your education. It cost enough, goodness knows! Hamilton is a great catch and very literary. He's written a book they say. Your father and I never had the early advantages you have had. But we want to show Mr. Hamilton that, though we may not be literary ourselves, perhaps, we have a daughter who is."

"But, mother," cried Bella aghast, "I am awfully rusty on literature. I never was any good at it, anyway. You know I wasn't. Oh, dear, I am sure to make some horrid blunder if I am forced to talk about books with Mr. Hamilton. Don't ask me for I can't."

"Can't?" cried Mrs. Wilcox. "And you a graduate of the Melton Mowbray School for Young Ladies? I am ashamed of you. You must, Hamilton is always wanting to talk about you every time I meet him. What do you mean, ungrateful child? Do you want to die an old maid, with such a chance as Hamilton before you? There, go

along with you and be sure you do as I tell you."

Her mother's baroque only added to the trepidation with which Bella met Mr. Rex Hamilton at the tea table that afternoon. And her trepidation grew into absolute horror when, in spite of Bella's attempts to keep the conversation in channels leading as far as possible away from the rocks of literature, Mrs. Wilcox obstinately and resolutely sent the current running back to the subject Bella was trying to avoid. And, not content with that, the fond mother openly boasted to Hamilton of her daughter's great proficiency in matters literary until Bella, seeing escape impossible, boldly plunged in and struck out recklessly in the perilous waves of bookish conversation. She did fairly well for awhile, but becoming more and more bewildered by the torrent of belles lettres with which Hamilton overwhelmed her, she ventured too far and was lost.

Some woman sitting near by was recounting a tale of a little journey she and some of her friends had recently made. Hamilton turned to Bella with a smile and said:

"Quite like the Canterbury Pilgrims—were they not?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Bella, and should have let it go at that, but she must needs add, "I have not read Chaucer's 'Pilgrim's Progress' for years."

The sudden pause and quick look of Hamilton told her at once that she had made a "break" and, in her confusion, she blurted out: "Oh, I mean his Childe Harold's pilgrimage, of course."

Hamilton, well bred as he was, could not repress a smile. Bella, blushing to the roots of her hair, rose hastily and said: "You really must excuse me, Mr. Hamilton: I must go and speak with Mrs. Witherspoon—" and walked over to one of the women guests. For a whole week Bella refused to go anywhere that she was likely to meet Hamilton and declined to see him when he called—as he did several times. Finally she received the following note from him:

"My Dear Miss Wilcox—Why should some mixed up, no account, pilgrim stand between me and a young lady I sincerely admire? If you are not

thoroughly conversant with literature it is because you have never had a competent instructor. Will you let me be that instructor?" The next time Hamilton called Bella received him.

And do you think they entered there and then upon a course of literary study? They did not—they found other things to talk about. And before they were married, which was the following June, Bella gave Hamilton clearly to understand that having mixed those

pilgrims up, they could stay mixed up all of her. Mr. Hamilton has stopped writing books which don't sell and is adding to his fortune by speculating in oil. He will eat no apple dumplings but those of his wife's making.



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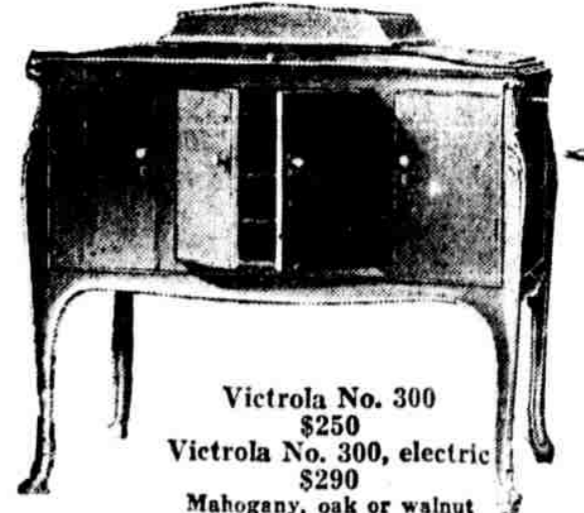
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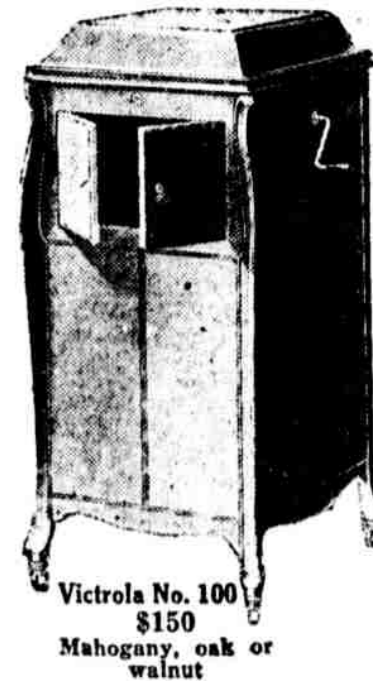
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