

Difficulties of a Scientist

He Narrowly Escapes Hanging

By F. A. MITCHEL

Professor Dibbley was in his room in University hall examining some theses of students on the antiquity of man when a sweep entered and deposited a box. When it was opened it was found to contain a lawbook and a letter.

Professor Dibbley dropped the letter and snatched up the book.

"Thank heaven, the teeth are preserved," he remarked as he flashed his eyes on them, and, taking up a microscope, he brought it to bear on every tooth, every protrusion of the bone.

There was a knock at the door—several knocks before the professor heard any of them, so intent was he on his treasure. Finally he bade the knocker enter. Professor Hollister came in.

"Hollister," cried Dibbley excitedly, "what do you suppose Bowers has sent us? The jaw of a prehistoric man. They've struck one of those caves that abound in Europe and have added one jawbone—the first discovered in America—to the world's collection of relics of the men of the old stone age."

"What race?"
"Very like the Neanderthal."
"How do you know?"
"By the teeth. They are all in place."
"Let me see, where do you archaeologic gentlemen place the Neanderthal man?"

"He flourished at least 25,000 years ago, probably further back than that."

"You'll have to go out there and examine the cave yourself. We must report the matter at once."

"There are explicit directions as to the location of the cave," replied Dibbley, "taking up another paper which he had not noticed."

Professor Dibbley reported the find and the same evening was on a train speeding westward. So long as he was in a car under the care of the conductor and the porter, with a dining car next forward from which to draw food, the professor was all right. He was so engrossed in bones and stones—the students called him Archie, which they considered an abbreviation of archaeologist—that he was utterly deficient of the common affairs of life. A facetious sophomore asserted that he must be of the canine species himself. He was so addicted to bones. But when Professor Dibbley was put out of the train in the Rocky mountains to shift for himself he was like a child who had not learned to walk. There were a few houses near the station, and before one of them a horse, saddled and bridled, stood without a master. A rough looking man came along, and the professor asked him if the horse could be hired. The man gave him a glance such as a cat would give a mouse and assured him that it could. A brief interview followed, at the end of which Dibbley gave the man \$5 and took the horse on which to ride to the cave.

The professor mounted the beast with difficulty and set out on a jog trot, stopping occasionally to hold his directions up against his glasses. He had difficulty in following them, and, meeting a girl of the country mounted on a mule, he appealed to her for information. An interview ended in her offering to show him the way.

"What y' gonn' thar for?" she asked.
"That cave," said the professor, in the beginning remembering that he was talking to ignorance, but soon forgetting it, "contains the bones of a man of great antiquity, at least 25,000 years."

"That beats the old feller in the Bible, don't it?"
"Several races occupied Europe successively," continued the professor, "some of them being hundreds of thousands of years."

"Lord, save us! What kind of lookin' things was they?"
"Something like an ape, small facial angle, heavy protrusions over the eyes. But the latest race of men who lived in the stone age were not so unlike modern civilized men as might be supposed."

"How old was they?"
"They are placed by archaeologists at 10,000 to 15,000 years."

"Geewillikins! Was the women that old too?"
"Of course."

The girl looked sidewise at the professor pityingly. She wondered how a person with an upset brain had been permitted to get off by himself to talk about people thousands of years old. Presently there was a sound of horse's hoofs galloping behind them. The girl turned and saw a horseman coming hickety split. When he reached the two wayfarers he reined in. They heard an ominous click and the words "Hands up!" The professor turned and looked at a ferocious party covering him with an immense revolver. The girl spurred her horse between the professor and his enemy and made signs to the latter to desist from shooting the former, who didn't know enough to put up his hands when told to do so.

"What is it, Mart?" said the girl.
"What is it? Why, he's tuck my horse."

She appealed to the professor, who explained that he had hired the horse from its owner.

"That story don't go down nobow," said the man. "You're on my horse, stranger. This is the fifth case o' hoss stealin' in these yere parts in the last three weeks. Now we've got on to who's doin' it there'll be no more of it. Reckon you'll dance whar the grass is too short."

The girl cast a glance at the professor, who had not the faintest conception of what they all meant, then a meaning glance at his captor, tapping her head with her finger, indicating that the horse thief was not in his right mind. Then, riding up to Mart, as she called him, she said in a low voice, not to be heard by Dibbley:

"He's gonn' to Hutton's cave, he says, to hunt for the bones o' people thousand o' years old. That's evidence enough that he's went daft."

Mart concluded to ask the professor a few questions himself:

"What ye expect to find in the cave?"
"A treasure worth more than millions of dollars."

"What kind of a treasure?"
"The bones of a man who lived when the plains down there were covered by an ocean."

"That'll do, Sal," said the interrogator to the girl. "I don't want to hear any more. But we can't let a feller like that go browshin' about by himself. Come, my friend, to the professor. You'll have to go back with me."

"I can't do that," replied Dibbley. "I've come all the way from New England to examine this find, and I beg of you not to interfere with me. I didn't know the horse was yours."

Dibbley begged so hard that Sal set about persuading his captor to let him go to the cave, which was but a mile distant.

"I got to humor them lunatics," she said aside to Mart. "If you don't they're liable to hurt themselves."

Mart yielded to please her, and the three went on to the cave. The escorts watched to see what Dibbley would do.

Dibbley had brought some digging utensils with him and began to make a hole in the floor of the cave. Removing some earth, he picked out flints. The watchers, supposing them to be stones and seeing the professor put them carefully in a bag, saw confirmation of their theory that he was crazy. Besides, the excavator was constantly talking to himself, using the words neolithic, paleolithic and such other unintelligible names.

What the professor discovered or what he might have discovered is not to be definitely described, for the patience of the two lookers on was soon exhausted, and they concluded that he should be confined in a place where he would do neither himself nor any one else harm. They compelled him to leave his work and return with them to the place where he had paid a man \$5 for the use of another man's horse.

Unfortunately persons who had recently lost horses were waiting Mart's return, and they were not prepared for the line of defense the professor's attendants were about to give them. An angry knot of men were talking about the loss of their horses when the captive was seen coming, between Mart and Sal. When the party reached the station there were frantic cries of "Hang him!" "Shoot him!" "Kill him!" mingled with uncomplimentary remarks. Mart, who had become convinced of Dibbley's insanity, attempted to argue with the crowd, but failed. They all said that, having recovered his own horse, he was inclined to forgive the crime that had deprived others of their horses.

Meanwhile the professor had come down from the age of primitive man to his own tragic situation and was trembling like a leaf. Then Sal rose to the occasion and proved that a woman may be a valuable legal advocate.

"Men," she said, arguing from the rostrum of a horse's back, sitting straddle, "ef you'd 'a' seen and heard what we seen and heard you'd be convinced of this yere little feller's innocence. He's as crazy as a loon. He said while he was talkin' that we was all the sons and darters of monkeys; that there was times when everything was covered with ice, runnin' like water; that kangeroos was cavortin' around bigger'n any house in this yere place; that sometimes the sea was a splashin' agin' Table mountain; that there was men on earth before the Injuns."

He went into Hutton's cave and was a diggin' there, throwin' up dirty stones and puttin' 'em in his bag, 's if they was silver spoons. If them things don't prove him crazy there's nobody crazy, and they'd better tear down the madhouses."

"How about his stealin' Mart's horse?" called a voice.

"I'll tell you; he's not only a lunatic, but a fool. He got tuck in by some one that he give a fiver to fur the use o' Mart's horse to go to the cave to hunt for the bones of a man 25,000 years old."

"I'm the party as tuk his fiver," said a man. "I knowed him for a tenderfoot right off, but I didn't think he was so soft as to pay me for ridin' Mart's horse. Here, Mart, take yer money."

This addendum to Sal's speech convinced the crowd that the stranger was not only mad, but half witted, and their anger was turned to sympathy. When the next train passed, going east, they put the lunatic on it in charge of the conductor with instructions to turn him over to the authorities at the terminal.

Before reaching it the professor had convinced the conductor that he was sane. But his narrow escape from hanging deterred him from going back.

Later it was determined by a conclave of scientists that the jawbone of a Neanderthal man had belonged to a negro.

KEYSTONE PARAGRAPHS

The third mysterious fire in three months on the Diamond Coal company property in Fayette county occurred at the tipple of the mine formerly owned by the Peoples Coal company, on the outskirts of Brownsville, destroying the top of the tipple, the engine house and the endless chain tipple service, entailing a loss estimated at \$5,000. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

When a sealed freight car was opened at the Seventh street yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Pittsburgh a man believed to be Robert Young of Allentown, Pa., came to the door and said, "Give me something to eat," and fell to the floor of the car, unconscious. He was taken to the Southside hospital. The car left Allentown ten days ago.

German peace proposals caused a decided drop in flour quotations in Pittsburgh, 25 cents a barrel being lopped off the price which is now quoted at \$5.50 or a decline of \$1.30 a barrel, from the extreme high point. It was the general opinion that there would be a drop in the price of all foodstuffs, in the event of European peace.

The strike of motormen and conductors employed by the Allegheny Valley Street Railways company, was called off after having lasted seventeen months, according to announcement of the executive committee of the strikers. During the strike the street car men have operated jitney buses to handle the traveling public.

Mary Goda, seventeen, a domestic employed in Swissvale, received word from Whiting, Ida., saying her godmother was dying and wanted Miss Goda to come to her bedside immediately so she could make the girl her heir. Miss Goda left for Idaho. The estate is valued at \$1,000,000.

Opposition to the Adamson eight-hour law and to the government's attempt to fix the wage scale or establish working hours for any class of labor without applying the ruling to all classes of labor was voiced at an executive session in Philadelphia of the Pennsylvania State Grange.

Following the action of the H. C. Frick Coke company, W. J. Rainey, the Washington Coal and Coke company and other independent operators in the Connellsville region announced wage increases approximating 10 percent, effective at once. About 5,300 employees are affected.

Despite the fact that it is in the heart of the bituminous coal district, Altoona is confronted with a coal famine. The condition is attributed to the fact that operators are shipping most of their coal to highest bidders and particularly to munition plants.

Announcement was made by officials of the McClellin-Marshall company, Braddock, that on and after Jan. 1, 1917, the employees would be paid on the bonus system. The company guarantees an increase of 7 1/2 percent. Over 3,500 men are affected.

Charles J. Mayer, aged fifty-eight, treasurer of Cambria county, died in his home at Johnstown. He was director and vice president of the National bank of Johnstown and a member of the boards of directors of the Memorial and Mercy hospitals.

Notices posted at the H. C. Frick Co. plants in the Connellsville district announced that, effective last Saturday, the employees of the company will receive a wage increase of 10 per cent. Nearly 25,000 men in the Frick employ are affected.

The first coasting fatality of the season occurred in Johnstown when Donald, aged six, son of John W. Yeager, died at the Mercy hospital as the result of injuries sustained when his sled collided with an automobile truck.

Because of the increase in the cost of paper and other materials the Erie Times and the Erie Herald, afternoon newspapers, announced that the price of papers will be raised from 1 to 2 cents a copy, effective Jan. 1.

Mike Kisocky, a prisoner in the county jail at New Castle, became violently insane, and, procuring a mop handle, beat "Jim" Hennessy, a fellow prisoner, into insensibility before he was overpowered.

The large Masonic temple at Jersey Shore, near Williamsport, was destroyed by fire of unknown origin. The loss to the lodge and storekeepers occupying portions of the structure is \$90,000.

John G. Henderson of Aspinwall died at his home from blood poisoning. Henderson's hand was scratched about a week ago and infection set in.

By an honor roll established in the schools at Derry, Professor James C. Bryson has induced 163 boys to "swear off" smoking cigarettes.

Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania asked for the resignation of A. Nevins Pomeroy, superintendent of public printing.

Charles Wolfe, aged ten, of near Pottsville, was killed instantly while coasting on a hill, when he ran into a touring car.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

From Emory to America. The transformations that take place in a name as it passes through different languages can only be accounted for by carelessness in transmission. One would scarcely expect the name of Emory, the name of a pious Hungarian prince of the eleventh century, who was made a saint, to take the form of Emory in Italian and of Emory in English. The name in German, but little changed from the original, is Emmerich. This obscure Hungarian saint has been a person of consequence in this world, for from his name has come that of this great continent. In the fifteenth century, in the Italian form of Amerigo, it was bestowed upon an Italian navigator surnamed Vesputi, and this continent, by a still further mutilation of the name, came to be known as America. When King Stephen of Hungary was choosing a name for his son he could scarcely have imagined that the name chosen was to be the parent of the word America and that poor old Christopher Columbus was thereby to be despoiled of a recognition that is far from being compensated for by the term Columbia.—Indianapolis News.

Both Were Envious. It was in Cleveland, and the day was hot. The Mastodons had just finished their parade, and Charles Frohman, perspiring and wearing the abhorred silk hat, entered the box office of the opera house on Cleveland avenue. Sitting in the treasurer's seat he saw a sturdy lad fingering a pile of silver dollars. He slipped them in and out with amazing dexterity. Hearing a noise, he looked up and beheld young Frohman with the tilt backed on his head. The boy's eyes met. Into each came a wistful look.
"I wish I had that silk hat of yours," said the boy at the window.
"I wish I could do what you are doing with that money," was the response of the envious one.
Such was the meeting of two men who afterward became dominant figures in the theatrical world. The boy with the dollars was A. L. Erlanger.
—Charles Frohman, Manager and Man.

Milkmaids in London.

At one time it was a common thing to see milkmaids in Fleet street. London milkmaids of past days were usually strongly built Irish or Welsh girls, mostly Welsh, but how long ago it is since one rodded in Fleet street it is difficult to say. Yet only a few years ago a milkmaid actually practiced her calling in the open in central London. Two cows were attached to the "milk fair" in St. James' park, near Spring gardens, and a tumbler of milk "fresh from the cow" was a popular beverage. The "fair," which was held by a family descended from the original holders of an old privilege granted by royalty, was abolished by order of the office of works.—London Chronicle.

Not Draconic. Of the unconscious humor of witnesses the following is not a bad example:

Magistrate—I understand, then, that after heckling the candidate the defendant became very violent and abusive?

Constable—Yes, sir.
"And so," continued the magistrate, "you used drastic measures to remove him?"

Constable—No, sir; I used my club.

Greased Ribbons. Crushed ribbons should not be ironed; it makes them shiny. Dampen them and then fold them smoothly and tightly around a rolling pin or empty bottle. This will remove slight creases. There is nothing for very bad creases but to iron them.

The Difference in Dogs. You can keep a real fine dog in food at an expense of about \$10 a month, while a real sorry dog can get out and make a living for himself.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

No Initiative Wanted. Rich Man—My daughter, sir, has never wanted for anything. Poor Sutor—Then for heaven's sake don't make her begin now! She wants me!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mocking Him. "Fortune will smile on you some day, my boy."
"Maybe so, dad, but just at present she's giving me the laugh."—Detroit Free Press.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Hot Applications For Pain. Pain and a tight feeling in the chest are greatly relieved by an application of turpentine-spirits of turpentine—a few drops sprinkled on a piece of hot flannel which has been wrung out of hot water. It is difficult, however, to wring flannel out of boiling water without scalding the fingers. The best plan, therefore, is to hold the flannel by the corner, drain for an instant, then put it in a towel lengthwise. Take each end of the towel in the hands and twist in opposite directions. This will wring the flannel almost dry, yet leave it very warm. The turpentine application is also an excellent remedy for pain in the abdomen, especially the colicky kind of pain caused by catching cold.



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Projects in France.

Mayors are appointed in France in much the same way as in England, but the prefect is a permanent government official, with infinitely greater power and of much more importance. He is the supreme head of a department—of which there are eighty-six—and it is his duty to see that the laws passed in Paris are carried out properly in every commune of his department. He has control over the police and even over the military should their services be required in an industrial or political dispute. He sees that the taxes are collected, and every public improvement scheme is submitted to him in order that he may decide by whom the cost should be borne. The post of prefect is well paid and often leads to higher things. For instance, M. Paul Cambon held three prefectures before he was given a diplomatic post.—London Spectator.

"A Thief of Health."

"The man who coughs or sneezes in your presence without covering his mouth with a handkerchief is a thief," the bulletin of the St. Louis health department says.
"He is a thief of health and comfort," continues the bulletin. "Of course he does not know it, and he does not mean to injure his friends and companions, but he does that very thing every time he coughs or sneezes without protecting his mouth and nose with his handkerchief."
"Watch the people who are afflicted and take note of how few persons use a handkerchief when sneezing or coughing. They scatter grip germs in offices, workshops, stores, and within twenty-four to forty-eight hours thousands of persons are infected. Nobody seems to think it worth while to use a handkerchief."

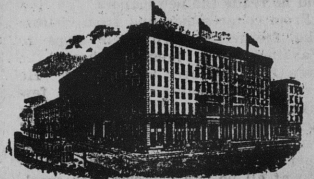
Conclusive.

On one occasion Herr Steinitz, the famous chess master, was discussing political economy with a distinguished professor in England, and the Malthusian theory came up. After the usual arguments the veteran chess player thus wound up the controversy: "It's all nonsense what they say. You tell me a poor man has no right to have a large family. You say his doing so is not honest, is a positive injury to his country and to humanity. I tell you you are wrong, and I'll prove it. My father was a poor man—a very poor man. My father was an honest man—a very honest man. Well, he had thirteen children, and I, Wilhelm Steinitz, the chess champion of the world, I am the thirteenth!"

Gamest Fighters.

Sparrows are proverbially pugnacious. Sometimes a tree will be a sparrow battleground, and for ten minutes it will be as lively as a dog fight. Probably the finest fighter in the world, quadruped or biped, is the gamecock. He is a match for anything his size in the world if he gets a fair field and no favor. He is as quick as a flash of lightning, and his spurs are terrible weapons, quite as effective as a pair of bayonets, and used much more scientifically and forcefully.—London Telegraph.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



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The favorite route for motorists is the Great National Highway, formerly known as the National Pike. It winds from the east through Cumberland and down into Pittsburgh by way of Brownsville, entering the main part of the city right at the

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