MICKIE SAYS—



Scientific Account of "Missing Link" in China

Scientific measurements of sinanthropus, the pre-human creatures whose skulls were discovered near Peiping, show them to have been "the most primitive type of human being yet discovered," according to Prof. G. Elliot Smith, distinguished British anthropologist.

These measurements were reported by Dr. Davidson Black of the Pekin medical college, one of whose Chinese students made the discovery. Months of work were necessary before the two skulls could be cleared of rock accretions and put in condition for exact measurement. One was the skull of an adolescent boy and the other of a woman.

The boy's skull, Professor Smith says, is more primitive than that of the celebrated pithecanthropus, the Java ape man, who thus far has been the earliest known representative of the human species. The measurements show, the British authority holds, that the brain of sinanthropus was still little specialized, while that of pithecanthropus already had became quite set, marking him as near the end of an evolutionary line.

Thus it is probable, the Chinese pre-human was much closer to the direct line of descent of modern man.—Detroit News.

Colonists Simply Had to Have Warming Pans

Whatever luxuries the Colonists thought they could dispense with when they reached the New world, it was certainly not the old warming pans.

They were common in England, with their varied ornamentation, during the Seventeenth century. Some of them were adorned with scrolls of foliage, or in the case of the finer examples the brass cover was cut through in perforated openwork. Dashing cavaliers, gracious ladies and flowers were of iron fitted into wood, but the best pieces were mounted with brass. The usual diameter of the pan was 14 inches.

The Colonists no doubt brought their warming pans with them as they came over and sent for a new style with their various orders to England, as they did with most everything else. But, of course, it should be taken into consideration that the warming pans were very serviceable and not so easy to wear out.

Where Druids Camped

Six miles from Etaples, on the way from Boulogne to Amiens, France, lies old and quiet little Montreuil. Old, yes, the Druids had a camp there where "The Green Place" is now found. Gray stones at the bottom of the rampart towers were put there by the Romans, for only a mile away Caesar sailed to conquer Britain. Where the Hotel de France now stands once stood the castle of the Century Knight Holgand. Then the sea vanished and left it inland. Chaucer and Sterne tell us about it as they saw it. For a time Napoleon chose it as the base of his operations to invade England and during the war it was general headquarters for the British forces, and it is again old, quiet Montreuil of the tourists.

Chief Justice Hughes In Tribute to Red Cross

One of the finest tributes ever paid the American Red Cross and its membership was that by Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, on the occasion of the fiftieth birthday anniversary of the organization on May 21 of this year. Mr. Hughes said:

"The American Red Cross represents the united voluntary effort of the American people in the ministry of mercy. It is the finest and most effective expression of the American heart. It knows no partisanship. In the perfection of its cooperation, there is no blemish of distinctions by reason of race or creed or political philosophy.

"However we may differ in all things else, in the activities of the Red Cross we are a united people. None of our boasted industrial enterprises surpasses it in efficiency . . . It moves with the precision and the discipline of an army to achieve the noblest of human aims.

"The American Red Cross is not only first in war but first in peace. The American people rely upon its ministrations in every great catastrophe. It has given its aid in over a thousand disasters. When, as we hope, war will be no more, still the Red Cross, in the countless acts of relief and rehabilitation, will continue to function as the organized compassion of our country."

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HOW THE BEVERLY GIRLS CARRIED ON

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service.)

THE exterior of the Beverly mansion was one of solid and stolid magnificence. It was a double house, red brick, Georgian, with a beautiful example of fan-light over the white doorway and a side garden that was walled in by red brick overgrown with ivy to about the height of a man.

The street on which stood the Beverly mansion was also one of rather solid and stolid magnificence, old families in old homes, whose children and grandchildren, and in one or two instances, great-grandchildren, had been born under the same roof.

It was the sort of street from which the closed carriage and the pair of spanking bay horses had departed reluctantly, as it gave way to the automobile. It was as if the double row of locust trees which shaded it, had attempted to form a barricade, shielding the quiet avenue from the encroaching glare and hurry of the growing city.

The Beverly sisters, Linda and Wanda, had been born in the house they occupied. They were an example of great-grandchildren having been born into the same house that had been occupied by their forebearers. It was a quiet, austere household now, the entire lineage including the girls' parents, having died out. There were only the two of them now, pale-haired, pale-eyed, rather pale-mannered girls, with the slender wrists and ankles that bespoke good stock, and the repressed and careful bearings that bespoke good breeding.

There was a portrait of the two girls, done fifteen years before when they had been fourteen and fifteen, seated on a stone garden bench, a small lap dog between them. It had been painted during the last year of their parents' lives and an effective pair the girls presented. It is true that the bill for that painting still continued to come at regular intervals, even during the fifth year following the death of the paternal Beverly. But then, so many bills continued to arrive at all too close intervals.

What had happened was the not unusual predicament of the heirs to a supposedly large fortune, finding that their inheritance had been a myth.

Except for the elaborate home in which they continued to dwell, by untold scrimping and sacrifice, the Beverly girls were practically penniless. It was a cruel fight to keep up appearances in that top-lofty looking mansion. There were no servants, not even a gardener. It was inevitable, of course, that people should know that the Beverly girls had not inherited the large fortune that had been expected. But no one in town, and miraculously no one on that pretentious street, knew to what extent these two girls secretly struggled to keep up the pretense of even semi-affluence.

One by one, certain art objects of value had disappeared from the house; paintings, silver, ivories and bronzes. It was said in the neighborhood that the peculiar thing about the Beverly girls was that although they went about socially practically not at all, they seemed to sleep the greater part of the day. That was true, but for a pathetic reason. It was after the shades of night had fallen, that Linda and Wanda ventured to do the house and garden work which there were no other hands to carry on. Under cover of darkness one could wash windows, scrub steps, scour the beautiful fan-light over the entrance, weed and spade and dig in the garden.

The Beverly girls were workers, all right; they beat rugs out of windows, painted cornices, and even, one spring, painted the entire length of pergolas and trellises in the garden without ever being detected in the act of manual labor.

The degree to which they were old-fashioned and pathetically snobbish, never dawned upon these two girls. They had been bred in an atmosphere of artificial gentility. They knew no other standards.

There was one annual ritual, however, which amounted almost to a legend, which the girls performed at any sacrifice. It usually meant long, weary hours of needlework, which they secretly sold to the Woman's exchange, and the sacrifice of more objects of value from the household, but every spring, come what might, regular as clockwork, the girls added a bit to their lovely rock garden, and called in the services of landscape gardeners for the extension.

The Beverly rock garden was known as the finest in the state. On those rare occasions when the Beverly girls had guests, they served them tea in it, as their parents and grandparents and great-grandparents had done before them. It was the one luxury in their lives and it cost them dearly. It may tax the credulities, but it is actually a fact that many a night the Beverly girls, after they had concluded their day's work in the darkness, went to bed hungry. But in all the lean years, the rock garden never suffered. New and precious species of roses climbed its walls each year. Orchidaceous plants especially imported, thrived in its crevices. What an ironical situation it was! The pair of pale, rather pretty girls, going to bed to sleep off hunger, while under their very windows, rare and beautiful plants and flowers were manufacturing perfumes.

One year, however, the rock garden accomplished the miracle of actually bringing into the empty coffers of the Beverly girls a little income. The landscape gardeners, in reality a struggling young farmer and his brother, who had taken up this work as a side line, and whose services came cheap, proud of their results, had succeeded in interesting the editor of a garden magazine. The Beverly girls received the sum of one hundred dollars for permitting photographers to take pictures which were ultimately to be published in a magazine.

It was part of the conservatism in which these girls had been born and bred, that their sensitive natures should shrink from even this vicarious publicity, but the young farmer huskies, local boys with ambition, were eagerly insistent and the prospect of the one hundred dollars so welcome, that finally they gave in.

The beautiful rock garden of the Beverly mansion was published far and wide, guests came to drop in more frequently after that for the privilege of taking tea to the sound of the little waterfalls and for the lovely perfume of roses and magnolias. Indeed, as the girls whispered ruefully to one another in the secret reaches of their room, practically all of the one hundred dollars had gone in meeting social expenditures that had come with the public celebration of their garden.

The Beverly girls, as the years marched on, were growing tired; bone-tired, heart-tired, soul-tired. The struggle was too much. It was one thing to walk out every afternoon as they did, down the broad, beautifully-scoured, front-stone-steps and along the quiet lane of their sedate avenue, and out into the city, where they were known and respected as the "Beverly girls." It was quite another matter to creep back into that cold, bleak house of empty larders, servantless servant quarters, fireless fireplaces, climb into scrubbing clothes, scour into midnight and then creep hungrily, as often as not, into beds whose sheets and pillow cases had been washed and ironed by the girls themselves.

One day something really quite thrilling occurred. The mayor of the town approached the sisters, requesting that on the city's birthday, when a great local celebration was to be staged, they throw their beautiful garden open to the public. The city would insure them against damage, and since the old Beverly mansion was really one of the landmarks of the community, it seemed fitting that on this anniversary occasion, its famous gardens should be open to the citizens. It was a tribute both to the social position of the Beverly girls and to the lovely old mansion itself. The sisters were moved and impressed and gladly consented to the undertaking. Consequently, part of the elaborate festivities of the birthday celebration of the city was the free inspection of the Beverly rock gardens. Men, women and children filed through the gardens by the thousands, all during the day. Refreshments, served by the city, were to be had in the beautifully painted pergolas. Sun danced on the flanks of the darting goldfish in the Beverly ponds. The populace applauded the scene of idyllic loveliness.

It was remarked, however, that the Beverly sisters were not among those present on that day. The house stood open, inviting those who would, to enter, but somehow, it was not the sort of interior to beckon. There was something cold, austere and homeless about the inside of the Beverly mansion. It seemed more of a relic, a historic place, than a home.

No, the Beverly girls were not present. This is where they were: They were off in a neighboring town called Andulsia, in the act of being married to the farmer brothers who were their landscape gardeners.

The Beverly girls never returned to the Beverly mansion. They presented it to the city.

No longer do they have to creep back into a cold, bleak house of empty larders and fireless fireplaces; their new home is no relic, no historic place, but a house of cheer and hopes and plans for the future. No more do the sisters walk out in the afternoon along quiet lanes and sedate avenues to be nodded to and pointed out as the strange and respected "Beverly girls." The days of converting precious old art objects into money are gone; the struggle of secretly laboring under cover of darkness, washing windows, scrubbing steps, weeding and spading, is done. The Beverly girls are farmers' wives.

They live on a truck farm five miles outside the city limits. Their rock garden now is a truck garden. They still scour and sweep and dust and clean, but out in the open sunlight now, through long, busy days that are happy days.

Decorative Symbols

The dove and the star have been used in church decoration and architecture from a very early period, and their symbolism may be variously interpreted, according to the conception of the artists. The dove represents the new principle of Christianity—its two wings the love of man and the love of God, compassion and contemplation, or active and meditative life. It also stands for the Holy Ghost and the soul. The radiation star is the star of Bethlehem and therefore represents Jesus Christ. Stars without the rays are often used to represent the saints.

Growing Film Markets

The Far East and Africa seem to be going movie crazy, and have opened up a fine market for American motion picture equipment. For a time Germany had cut in on the American trade, because of lower-priced equipment, but with the advent of the talkies and the necessity of installing new apparatus for their showing, the market for American output has been given new life. Last year 4,180 projectors were exported from this country to a total value of $805,000. Asia, Africa and Oceania took nearly one-third of all the shipments.

Not Much to Take

Jean had not had very much experience with doctors, so when her mother told her that one of her cousins, a doctor, was coming for a short visit, the child was delighted.

"What will she do, mother?" asked Jean.

"Oh, you'd better be careful," warned her older sister. "She'll take your pulse."

"Oh, well," replied the child after a moment, "mine doesn't have very much money in it anyway."

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New Currants	12½c lb.
New Citron	27c lb.
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California Budded Walnuts	25c lb.
Paper Shell Almonds	25c lb.
Large Washed Butternuts	16c lb.
Cranberries	12½c lb.
Large Fresh Cocoanuts	5½c each
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