

# MOST ANCIENT DRAWING OF HUMAN FACE



WHAT is declared by its discoverers to be the oldest known depiction of a human being has just been unearthed in France. It is the rude figure of a man engraved on a prehistoric monster's bone. According to those who dug it up it is at least 15,000 years old, dating back to the so-called Aurignacian age.

They are right in their contentions and the message drawing was actually made by an artist in his prehistoric "studio," it materially strengthens the theory that our ancestors, instead of possessing the ape-like skulls of the type found at Neanderthal, Spy, and La Chappelle-aux-Saints, were creatures with skulls resembling that found at Pitdown, England, last year, declared by some to have had a brain development greater than that of present-day man.

This remarkable discovery was made on October 3 last in the cave of La Colombiere, beside the River Ain, in southern France, by Dr. Lucien Mayet, professor of human paleontology at the University of Lyon, and M. Jean Pissot of Poncin, a town close to the cave. The official report of the great find was read to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. Douville and summarized at length in L'Illustration.

The cave of La Colombiere is situated on the right bank of the Ain, about 20 meters above the present level of that river, between Poncin and Neuville-sur-Ain. As long ago as 1875 a scientist, Mr. Moyret, called attention to it as having been inhabited in prehistoric times. Ever since numerous investigators have visited it. They conducted their investigations so assiduously that the level of the cave formed during the Neolithic age—comparatively recent, in the eyes of geologists and anthropologists—was dug away, also the contiguous level of the earlier Magdalenian age. This lowered the level of the cave by 75 centimeters and brought to light rich fields of Neolithic and Magdalenian relics.

But the richest find of all was yet to come. Beginning last May, the latest investigators began to dig deeper into the soil forming the floor of the cave, and after they had penetrated about one meter further down they found a stratum of fine gravel, showing unmistakable signs of dating from the still earlier Aurignacian age. This proved to be a veritable treasure trove.

In it were uncovered the "studio" of a prehistoric artist, containing a number of different sorts of engraver's tools, pieces of mammoth, rhinoceros, and reindeer bones, pieces of stone ready for engraving, and stones and bones with engravings already cut into them.

One of the latter represents a horse of a remarkably finished type; another shows a bison, still another a wild sheep. But the prize of the whole collection, the prize which, it is confidently expected, will make this an epoch-making find in the annals of anthropology, is the piece of mammoth's bone on which is cut the figure of a human being. This, in the words of those who have unearthed it, "is the first document representing, in engraved form, the man of the Middle Quaternary age, the minimum age of which is 15,000 years."

As those who delve into the remote history of our race are aware, picturings of himself by prehistoric man are extremely rare. He delighted in drawing and carving the strange beasts which he saw about him—bisons, reindeer, mammoth, horses and the like—but when it came to giving us an idea of what he looked like himself he was strangely coy.

Especially rare are depictions of man in the form of drawings or engravings. Rude carvings of human beings, dating far beyond the dawn of history, have been dug up—at Villendorf, in Austria; at Brassempouy, the Laussel cave, and the grottoes of Grimaldi in France and other places. Owing to this paucity of first-hand information, reconstructions of prehistoric man from the various skulls and bones found at different times have been largely a matter of conjecture. It has been a case of every one guessing for himself, legion. One group of savants, endeavoring to build up our remote ancestor from the famous relics found in the Neanderthal, near Dusseldorf, Germany; at Spy, in Belgium, and at La Chappelle-aux-Saints, in France, have shown us something materially strengthening the Darwinian theory that man is descended from the ape. Another group, basing its deductions on the "man" reconstructed from the Pitdown skull, has endeavored to prove that prehistoric man, from whom we are descended, never became so bestial as the possessors of the Neanderthal-Spy-La Chappelle-aux-Saints skulls, and that the latter belonged to a branch of the race which gradually degenerated until it finally became extinct, while the other and superior branch kept on improving until man as we know him was gradually evolved.

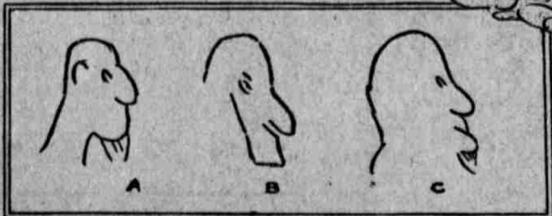
This latter theory, it is expected by the discoverers of the prehistoric "studio" in the cave of La Colombiere, will be greatly bolstered up by what they have brought to light. To begin with, the best known depictions of human beings of a similar sort—notably the sculptured forms of women found at Azil and elsewhere in France, as well as the sketches of the human face unearthed in the cave of Marsoulas—were produced in the Magdalenian age, according to the theory generally accepted by Frenchmen, and, therefore, are supposed to be much more recent than anything dating from the Aurignacian age.

Granting, then, that the pictures in the cave of La Colombiere really date from the Aurignacian age—and the report read by M. Douville shows pretty conclusively that they do—and that those similar to them discovered up to now are of a more recent date, the character of the work done by the cave artist of La Colombiere is such as immediately to rivet the closest attention on it.

For the "man" here shown, the man of the



A FEEDLE WITH THE ENGRAVED FIGURE OF A HORSE



PREHISTORIC DRAWINGS FOUND (A) IN THE GROTTE DES FEES, IN THE GIRONDE; (B) IN THE FONT-DE-GAUME CAVE, AT LES EYZIES, DORDOGNE; AND (C) THE DRAWING JUST DISCOVERED IN THE COLOMBIERE SHELTER.

Aurignacian age, bears a most striking resemblance to him of the Magdalenian age, supposedly a much more developed individual.

Compare this man of La Colombiere with the middle one of the three human faces from the cave of Marsoulas, shown on this page. He has the same respectable skull development, much more like that of the possessor of the Pitdown skull than that of the ape-like "Neanderthal man" and his congeners. The nose, it will also be noted, is very similar to that of the Marsoulas man, likewise the heavy chin.

So much for the contentions of the Frenchmen who have made this remarkable find. Backed up though they are by good arguments, it is not likely that they will be swallowed without a struggle. On the contrary, they will probably be the cause of still another controversy to add to the already stormy annals of anthropology. For there is undoubtedly another side to the question.

First, as to the pictures just found of La Colombiere. In spite of the fact that those similar to them—including the human faces of the cave of Marsoulas—are generally ascribed by Frenchmen not to the Aurignacian but to the later Magdalenian age, others think them productions of Aurignacian artists. If this latter theory is accepted, the "man" of La Colombiere is simply one more to add to the scanty gallery of Aurignacian depictions of human beings. Even if he proves to be that and nothing more, he will be accounted a precious find, but naturally his value will not be so enormous as those who have found him and those who share their views would have us believe.

Second, as to whether the "man" of La Colombiere proves that we are descended from the Neanderthal-Spy-La Chappelle-aux-Saints race or the race represented by him of the Pitdown skull.

There, too, matters are by no means as easy as they look to the sanguine Frenchmen. Plenty of learned men who have studied the subject of the descent of man are of the opinion that man may be descended from neither of these interesting groups they contend that both of these races may have become extinct and that mankind sprang, possibly, from some race which appeared later.

The latest news from abroad shows that the man of La Colombiere has already set learned tongues to wagging against each other. Already Messrs. Mayet and Pissot, the savants who found him, have a hornet's nest about their ears. In London Mr. J. Leon Williams, writing in the Illustrated London News, has placed himself on record as a foe to the belief that he of La Colombiere is the earliest picture of a man. Mr. Williams' idea is that we have to do here not with a faithful delineation of the human form but with a caricature. He writes:

"As Messrs. Mayet and Pissot say, the drawing is very clear, especially the face and upper part of the head. The back of the head and the neck do not seem to me very well defined in the photograph.

"The discoverers speak of this drawing as having none of the characteristics represented by the Neanderthal, Spy, or La Chappelle-aux-Saints skulls. In their opinion, the head resembles the fossil skull of Chancelade. They say:

"The head is large, the forehead round and prominent (bombe), rising slightly obliquely. The face is long, as though pulled out from below upward, and is distinctly projected forward; the chin is prominent, and has a short beard indicated by small lines; the nose is long and very thick; the eye is indicated by two curved lines, and has an indefinable expression."

"In this detailed description it is quite evident that Dr. Mayet and M. Pissot believe that we have here something in the nature of a realistic drawing of Aurignacian man. This is confirmed by their further statement that we have not previously found any engraved figures that teach us anything definite about the exact form or contour of the human face of the Aurignacian or Solutrian periods, and that this want has now been filled by their discoveries.

"With these statements and conclusions I find it impossible to agree. At least two other engravings of the human face have been previously discovered, one in the Grotte des Fees in the Gironde, and the other in the Font-de-Gaume at Les Eyzies (Dordogne)."

"I think it will be clearly seen that the great interest in this new discovery lies not in the be-



THE ACKNOWLEDGED AURIGNACIAN MAN



FAMOUS COLOMBIERE SHELTER, SCENE OF NEW AND REMARKABLE FIND OF DRAWINGS



HUMAN FACE ENGRAVED ON PART OF THE SHOULDER-BLADE OR PELVIS OF A MAMMOTH BY A MAN OF THE AURIGNACIAN PERIOD

lief that it is unique, but in the fact that it is not unique. It is a matter of the deepest interest to find in these three drawings certain identical conventions. The general shape of the head, nose, and chin is the same in all of them. The way in which the mouth is placed is the same in the two which show the mouth, and what our discoverers speak of as the "indefinable expression of the eye" is produced by identical lines in all three engravings.

All of this suggests several things, among which we may mention that the Colombiere drawing can hardly be means to represent any particular individual; it is hardly possible that it was intended as a realistic production. It may be a rude outline effort, such as a child would make, or it may be a deliberate convention with a meaning of which we are ignorant. If the drawing from the Font-de-Gaume cave was made by the artist who drew the figures of bison and other animals on the rock walls of that cavern, then there is something curious and mysterious in the fact that the drawings of the wild animals are wonderfully realistic, while the one intended to represent a human face is vastly inferior to the others.

"We have probably not yet quite fathomed prehistoric man's ideas and intentions in all this work. Another proof that this Colombiere engraving cannot be intended as a realistic drawing is seen in the photograph and outline drawing of the skull of the Combre Capelle man. This is generally accepted as the typical Aurignacian skull. But by no possible arrangement of the soft parts around that Aurignacian skull could we produce a representation of a face resembling any one of the conventionalized prehistoric drawings shown."

## FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Because he did not mention women in his recent address on "The City of the Future," Brand Whitlock, mayor of Toledo, O., was taken to task by Mrs. Frederick Nathan after the lecture.

Mr. Whitlock, who is soon to resign to become minister to Belgium, appeared in the Hudson theater under the auspices of the League for Political Education, of which Robert Erskine Ely is director. He talked about the type of the city of the future to come, but not once did he refer directly or indirectly to any part women may take in the administration of the future city's affairs.

"What do you mean by leaving women entirely out of it?" demanded Mrs. Nathan, when she could get close enough to the speaker to attract his attention. "Of course women will be a factor in the future city."

"Why, why," stammered the lecturer, "I forgot all about the women. Didn't I say anything about them?"

"No, you didn't," replied Mrs. Nathan. "Well, of course, I meant to, for they will be included in municipal administration," was Mr. Whitlock's answer.

"And he stamps on all his letters 'Votes for Women,'" Mrs. Nathan remarked later. "I know it because I have had many nice ones from this suffragist mayor who is interested in much that interests us women."—New York Herald.

## SOMEWHAT SO.

"Is this article of yours about the underworld exposure?"

"Well, in a way."

"What do you mean by in a way?"

"It's all about a volcanic eruption."

## AFTER HIS FASHION

By HAROLD CARTER.

Professor Singleton sat crouched over his microscope. To the observer he would have seemed to be studying only a tiny spot of jelly upon a slide. The professor, however, was looking into a thickly populated world. The drop of jelly, like the world, was round, and within it several millions of the spiranthea Jacksonii were putting on wings.

This transformation of the spiranthea, which identified them with another species hitherto believed to be separate, had never before been witnessed.

Singleton was forty-two. A rich man, he had devoted himself for years to his scientific investigations. Of late, however, ever since his marriage, the year before, to a charming society girl, who had devoted her whole care to his welfare, he had insensibly been drawn away from his hobby. That he had shamefully neglected Mary did not occur to him. He lived for his researches. Mary lived for him. She had abandoned all her old friends, except the Streets. George Street and she had been great friends before her marriage, and surprise had been felt that she had chosen the professor.

For two whole days and a night Singleton had bent over his microscope. He had not slept; he had eaten there, sipping beef tea and hot milk which his wife brought him. Now at last he was to be rewarded. Spiranthea was undoubtedly passing from the larval into the pupal stage, and from that into the full-fledged imago. Ten generations had died while he sat there; ten had been born, and the tenth was accomplishing what every scientist had denied.

Suddenly Professor Singleton heard George Street's voice in the next room, and Mary's answering. There was nothing strange in that, except for the tone and the hour. The hour was midnight; the tone low and impassioned.

"An old man," Street was saying. "Mary, you have tied yourself for life to one who can never appreciate or understand you. Your life is one long sacrifice."

"I know it," answered Mary, ever so softly.

The professor's heart was thumping against his ribs. He had loved his wife devotedly, after his fashion, he



The Hour Was Midnight.

had even secretly thought of retiring from science to devote his life to her; but scientist though he was he was also a human being.

Then in a moment he had forgotten, for he saw a curious movement among the animalcules in the jelly drop, and his eye was glued to the glass again.

"A shameless self-worshiper," Street's voice continued. "He lives for himself alone."

"No, there you do him an injustice," Mary responded. "He lives for science."

"And, like a Moloch, it immolates its victims upon its altars. You are the victim, Mary."

Professor Singleton sat bolt upright in his chair. For a moment he had forgotten his researches. He looked around him. His eye fell upon a Malay kris hanging upon the wall, which a friend had sent him from Borneo. It was long, with a keen, jagged edge, waved like the edge of a bread knife. If such a weapon as that were plunged into a man's heart now—

The professor's eye returned mechanically to the microscope. The spiranthea was emerging from its pupa. Undoubtedly this proved his contention. The existence of a winged form among such microscopic creatures would revolutionize biology. He had proved it. A little longer—half an hour of watching—

"How long will you suffer in this way, Mary? You are fifteen years younger than he. You have made a ghastly error—but why should it ruin your life?"

"It shall not," Professor Singleton heard his wife whisper.

The professor rose noiselessly out of his chair. He took down the kris with trembling fingers. Once it was in his hand he felt a strange strength which seemed to flow into his fingers from the steel, into his blood, renewing its power. His muscles quivered as he bent his arm. Then, holding the weapon, he hesitated.

He seemed to realize in that moment that all his future was at stake. On the one hand was his treasured science. If he left the microscope for ten minutes the conditions might never again recur and all would be wasted.

On the other—well, he was a man after all.

The voices seemed louder now and shamelessly indifferent. Professor Singleton crept stealthily to the partly opened door. The room beyond was in darkness. His foot creaked upon the boards, but neither seemed aware of his presence.

"I love you," he heard reiterated through his maddened brain, and he was standing in the room now, and still the sounds continued. They seemed to elude him, traveling from corner to corner. The professor lunged forward, his outstretched hands encountered a soft object with flying draperies, and with a yell he thrust the kris upward, turned it, and thrust again. Then he fell senseless upon the floor.

Morning—a quiver of sunlight—voices in the room. He opened his eyes, to find himself lying in bed in his own house, and his wife bending over him.

"What is it? Where did you come from?" he muttered, half unconscious.

"Hush, dear!" Mary whispered. The tragedy loomed in his mind, but dimly, curtailed off by the black unconsciousness from which he had emerged.

"You have been ill, dear," said Mary. "George Street. Where is he?" he asked.

"George? My dear, don't you remember that he sailed for the Philippines a month ago—three weeks before you were taken ill?"

"What did I do? I killed someone?"

"You were found lying upon the floor of the living room. You had taken Mr. Humphreys' kris and dug a hole in the armchair. You must have lain there for hours before I came home and found you. I thought you were in your laboratory."

That reminded him. "The microscope!" he exclaimed. "I must go. How long have I been ill?"

"About a week, dearest."

The professor sank back groaning. A week! Fifty generations of the spiranthea must have been born and died, and there would be years of patient work before he could renew the conditions which had existed before the illusion dragged him from his chair.

He remembered all now: George's departure, Mary's absence that evening at a neighbor's house. The voices had been born of his own conscience, and, weakened and overstrained, he had heard them externally. Unless—unless they had been sent by some beneficent power to aid and warn him.

"Mary," he said later that day, "when I get well I think I shall give up my researches. Let younger men take up the work. I have done with them."

He saw the tears in her eyes. "I'm a selfish old beast, my dear," he added. "But—I think I'm putting on wings now."

But only the professor understood. (Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

## HIS JOB A THANKLESS ONE

German Emperor Thinks His Efforts Are Misunderstood by His Subjects.

The fourth volume of the speeches of Emperor William, delivered from 1906 to 1912, has appeared, its 324 pages crowded with addresses and toasts on all kinds of subjects, sustaining his reputation as the greatest royal speechmaker of the era.

Among the most interesting and characteristic passages in the collection is the following, says an exchange:

"The world belongs to the living and the living know best. I will tolerate no pessimists; whoever is not ready to work may drop out and, if he wishes, hunt up a country better suited to him.

"I am an optimist through and through. I want to progress. I should be delighted if people only understood what I am trying to do and would give me their support. We are bound to consider every man honest until he has proved the contrary. This is the principle on which I have always dealt with every one with whom I have to do. The results are occasionally bad, but one mustn't be disheartened by that.

"We (monarchs) are always in a thankless position, since no one credits us with any independence. If I 'pull off' something successful every one asks: 'Who put him up to it?' and if I fall the word is 'He didn't understand how to do it.' "Confidence in God gives self-confidence, and self-confidence gives the determination to accomplish that which you have set as your goal.

"Until wars cease our army will be the rock of bronze on which peace is founded. Our army is here to maintain for us this peace and to assure to us the position in the world which belongs to us.

"My first and last thought is given to my army and navy."

## Why He Chuckled.

The elderly stout man in the fourth row was attentively following the pastor's sermon.

"Let us then," said the exhorter, "break the bonds of custom and throw off the shackles of self, and acknowledge our debt to life's fundamental lessons. Let us deduct from the year's balance sheet those obligations which we are morally bound to assume."

At this point the stout man suddenly chuckled and slapped his leg with considerable force.

After the sermon he was overtaken by the pastor.

"You seemed greatly pleased with one section of the sermon," he said.

"Yes," replied the stout man. "What you said reminded me of a ripping new scheme for beating the income tax."