LIFE EXTENSION BULLETIN

4 IN 1 --- D. M. S. & B.

PROF. BAILEY NOTES Black Alkali GREAT DEVELOPMENT



Chemically Valued, Man Is Said To Be Worth But

scintillating bits of research close with the comment:

"The whole collection is worth 98c, and things are three times as high as they used to be."

—D. M. S. & B.—

CORRECTED BY D. M. S.

or Palos Verde Hills, between Redondo and San Pedro, Los Angeles Harbor.

By GILBERT ELLIS BAILEY, Ph.D.

Chemically Valued Man Is of D. M. S. & B. Lime.

D. M. S. & B. for Chickens

Ninety-Eight Cents

Mere man got an awful wallop along side the well-known chin bone when an organization of Los Angeles women (name deleted) dus into the archives of science and produced the following:

"The ingredients of a man, plus water, include enough:

"Fat for seven bars of soap.

"Lime to whitewash a chicken coop.

"Iron for a ten penny nail.

"Phosphorus for 2200 matches.

"Magneelum for one dose.

"Potassium to explode a toy cannon.

"Sulphur to rid an average sized dog of fleas."

And to add insult to injury, these scintillating bits of research close with the comment:

"The whole collection is worth see and things are three times as

D. M. S. comes to you as a plant food, a fertilizer, with a lineage that extends back 500,000 years.



Artist's Conception of the Cause of the D. M. S. & B. Fossil Beds-Palos Verdes Hills.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW IS When Smith Left Home, and How He Got Out of the D. M. S. & B. FOSSIL BEDS

By LANGDON SMITH
When you were a Tadpole and I was a Fish
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We aprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrain fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even theu.

Mindless we lived, mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rift of a Caradoc drift
We slumbored side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot sands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into life again.

We were amphibians, scaled and tailed, And drab as a dead man's hand; We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees, Or trailed through the mud and sand, Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet, Writing a language dumb, With never a spark in the empty dark To hint at a life to come.

And happy we loved, happy we lived,
And happy we died once more,
And our forms were rolled in clinging mold
Of a Neccomian shore.
The acons came and the acons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past,

Then light and swift through the jungle trees. We swung in our airy flights, Or breathed in the baims of the fronded palms in the hush of the moonless nights.

And oh, what beautiful years were those, When our hearts clung each to each, When life was filled and our senses thrilled in the first faint dawn of speech.

I was thewed like an Aurochs bull And tisked like the great Cave-Bear, And you, my sweet, from hand to feet, Were gowned in your glorious hair. Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave, When the night fell o'er the plain. And the moon hung red o'er the river bed, We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I broke a shank from the woodland dank And fitted it, head and haft. Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn, Where the Mammoth came to drink, Through brawn and bone I drove the stone And alew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes, Loud answered our kith and kin; From west and east to the crimson feast The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone
With rude and hairy hand;
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
And the age of sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
in a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight in the mellow light
We sit at Delmonico's.
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—
(Continued on Last Page)

lacks poetry and romance or that the common things of life make no appeal to the imagination, I commend this passage from Nuxley's lecture "On a Piece of Chalk":

Thus there is a writing upon the walls of cliffs at Cromer and whose runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient seabed of the chalk sea was raised up and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said, but "the whirligg of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and tooth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north paddled about where birds had twittered among the top-most twigs or the fir trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but a length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant, and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

ACTUAL ANALYSIS

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dec. 24. 1921.

Acid Insoluble (including Potash)

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SYNTHETIC FORM OF ABOVE

NOTED SCIENTISTS SEE SPECIMENS FOUND AT LIME QUARRY

Torrance Lime and Fertilizer Company Heartily Commended by Prof. Bailey