BONES OF EARLY MAN AND BEASTS FOUND IN HILLS

UNCOVER MARINE REMAINS TEN FEET DEEP AT FERTILIZER AND LIME QUARRIES

They went back 1,000,000 years yesterday in digging down ten feet on the property of the Torrance Lime and Fertilizer Company at their quarries on the O. S. Weston Ranch South of Lomita. Dr. C. L. Edwards, head of the nature study department of the Los Angeles schools, L. E. Sandos, chemical expert, and S. Maus Purple, general manager for the company, spent the morning examining and appraising the various bone, shell and rock specimens as they came up in the course of a series of excavations which promise to be among the most important made in Southern California.

Although undertaken solely for commercial purposes and with a view of placing on the market the 5,000,000 tons of the highly valuable decomposed marine shell lime on the tract owned by the company the excavations have produced marine remains covering a period of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 years before this era and have also yielded a portion of an immense pelvic bone believed to have been part of the most gigantic animal that ever walked the earth.

In those ten feet of lime deposit is packed the recurring drama of 1,000,000 years. There was the bed of the ocean as attested by innumerable shell and fish deposits. There in the course of tens of thousands of years great sharks battled falling locked in the death embrace to the bottom of the sea. There after the waters had vanished and vegetation had sprung up, were large trees, portions of the forest remaining petrified amid other relics older by hundreds of thousands of years.

PASSED INTO GEOLOGY

There, in tens of thousands of years the imperial elephant, standing over fourteen feet in height and probably three tons, went down to his watering place, failed on one bright day or one dark night to watch his step and bogged one foot in a lime pit, struck out in anger with another foot, and his trunk got those caught also and passed out of life into geology.

However, before the elephant had perished in the mire the saber-toothed tiger pounced upon him, sinking his twelve-inch teeth into the helpless victim. Relinquishing his grip when satiated, he dropped contentedly toward what he thought would be solid ground, only to sink into the same pit with the elephant and to join that immense creature and the sharks and the infinitesimal shell forms in furnishing a story book which would be opened with pick and shovel some day any number of thousands of years later.

BONES TELL TALE

And the great wolf, too, prowled and fed there, and perished there also, as his bones, along with those of the rest testify. Then, almost yesterday it seems, in contrast with the far-reaching records in the pits a famished and desperate man came roots. A tiny stream trickled out to quench his thirst for a few weeks then, as the heat grew, it began to grow less.

Day by day he grew more alarmed as his water supply kept shrinking. With only crude tools—perhaps it was less than 5000 years ago or it may have been shortly before the coming of the white men to this continent—he hit upon the frantic idea of digging back to the source of the strem. And so he tunneled in, painful foot by painful foot, using a clumsy, heavy shale scraper, not unlike a large arrowhead in shape.

In this way he tunneled several yards, growing weaker, no doubt and losing hope. Finally he must have come to within a few inches of a considerable body of water. Perhaps he heard it or felt it seeping through the rocks. But that was the trouble. He was no longer digging through the debris of 1,000,000 years. He had come to solid rock and he never got beyond it. They found traces of him too yesterday, a few bones mingled with those of the shark, the tiger and the wolf, his heavy spade a little ahead of him.

The company in its operations is now taking out and making ready for market ten tons of the lime deposits every hour. Scarce a shovelful but runs back eons in the history that it relates and scarce a shovelful that does not carry within itself fertilizing power sufficient to bring to luxurient growth vegetation which, in the course of another 1,000,000 years may be found petrified into immortality alongside the bones and relics of men of this time.

The very dust of those thirty acres swarms and writhes with life and in the moonlight one can almost see the long-tusked imperial tossing his defiant trunk at the moon, or hear the wild scream of the thirsty tiger, or catch the echo of the sighing of that frantic fool tracing water to its source.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"WHIST."

MANY persons, in seeking the derivation of the name of the popular card game, have come to the conclusion that it originated in any one of the popular ejaculations calling for silence or attention—the Latin "s," the German "hist," or the Scotch "whist." This explanation sounds logical, but there are others who as stoutly maintain that the name was derived from the fact that trumps "sweep" or "whisk" the board, a contention which is supported by a study of at least three of the languages which enter into the ground-work of English.

Thus, in German, we find "wisch," meaning a "mop." In Danish, the equivalent of the verb "to wipe" is "viske" and in Scotch it is "wiska"—all of which bear a striking resemblance to the English "whist." Another form of the same word may be found in the term "whisk-broom," meaning a broom which whisks or flecks or wipes particles of dust from clothing and the like.

"Whist," therefore, instead of signifying silence or attention, takes its name from the use of the trump-suit and naturally dates back to the days when the "no trumps" declaration was unknown.

(Copyright.)

IN THE land that is silent forever,
asleep in the star and the sun.
Where noiseless wanders the river,
where voiceless the rivulets run.
Where men are not cultured nor clever,
where wealth is not wanted nor won,

Where the world moves in musical measure,
where aureate daffodils nod,
Where Nature gives freely her treasure,
her tree and her bloom and her sod,
With only an acre of azure to curtain the presence of God,

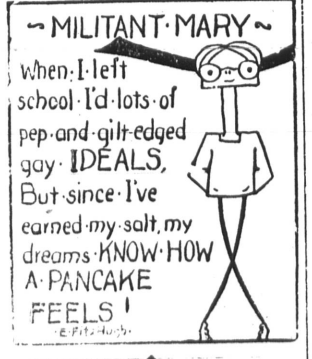
I have heard in the stillness of slumber,
have heard in the nearness of night,
When the tasks of the day that encumber
lie hard on the sense and the sight,
A lorelei singing her number, The City, her song of delight.

I have heard, and have come at her calling,
have followed her glow in the sky,
I have come where in dirt she was sprawling
and beckoning men such as I,
I have come to her creeping and crawling,
her love and her laughter to buy.

She has opened her door at my coming,
has opened her arms at my tread;
Around her the roses were blooming,
the passionate roses of red;
Around her mad music was humming
and music the words that she said.

About me went white arms and slender—for such had an Antony died;
I gazed on her womanly splendor; I drank of her lips, and she sighed;
I looked in her eyes that were tender,
I looked in her eyes—and she lied.

(Copyright.)



OIL DERRICK BLOWN DOWN

During last Friday's terrific wind storm, the oil derrick on the Redondo Blvd., West of Torrance was blown down across the road and for several hours traffic was blocked. The fallen derrick was naked around until a passage across the street was cleared.

EDISON COMPANY BUILDING MANY NEW POWER UNITS

Preliminary installation of the generating machinery in the 40,000 horsepower hydroelectric generating plant of the Southern California Edison Company on the Kern River has progressed to the bringing into service of the first generating unit.

Today the 20,000 horsepower capacity of this first unit was put onto the lines and augments the generating capacity of the Edison system to that extent.

This new generating plant is situated on the Kern river about nine miles from Kernville, and makes the third hydro-electric plant of the Southern California Edison Co. on that stream.

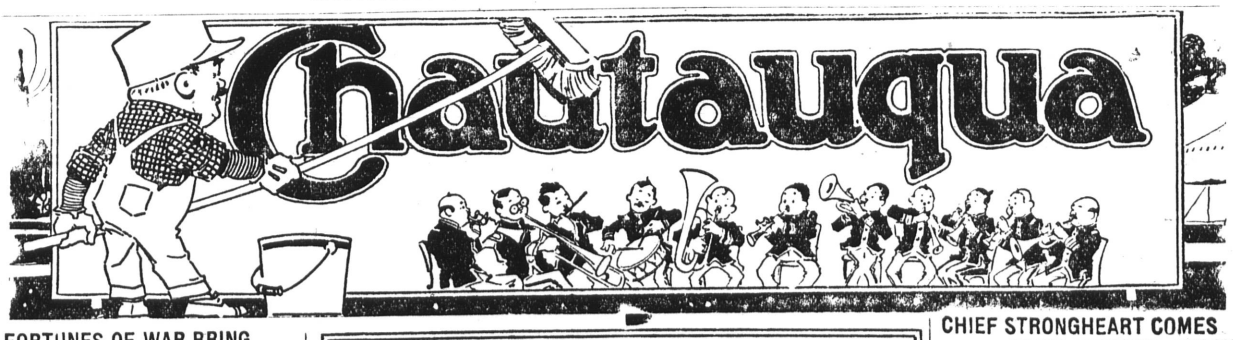
The water which drives the machinery is obtained by the erection of a diversion dam which crosses the Kern River at a width of 200 feet and at a height of 25 feet, which diverts the stream through a series of thirteen miles of tunnel and pipe line, dropping it on the turbine under an effective head of 860 feet.

The bringing in of the first unit today marks the second big addition to the hydro-electric resources of the Edison Company during the present year. An addition of 20,000 horsepower was brought in on January 28, when the third 22,000 horsepower unit was put into service at the Big Creek No. 2 plant.

This new hydro-electric development is a part of the company's great program of developing 750,000 horsepower within the next fifteen years, or as much sooner as conditions will permit, and the demand requires at an estimated cost of two hundred million dollars.

With the completion of Kern River No. 3 plant, and the installation of the second unit with a capacity of another 20,000 horsepower, this plant will have a full capacity of 40,000 horse-power. Yet another plant on Big Creek to be known as No. 8, with a capacity of 30,000 horse-power, will come into service some time during the fall, thus bringing the new hydro-electric development of the company for the year 1921 to 92,000 horsepower.

It is believed that these large additions will obviate a power shortage during the present season, and place the company in a position to take on a considerable amount of new business, subject, of course, to careful provision for the necessities of its present consumers.



FORTUNES OF WAR BRING VIOLINIST TO AMERICA

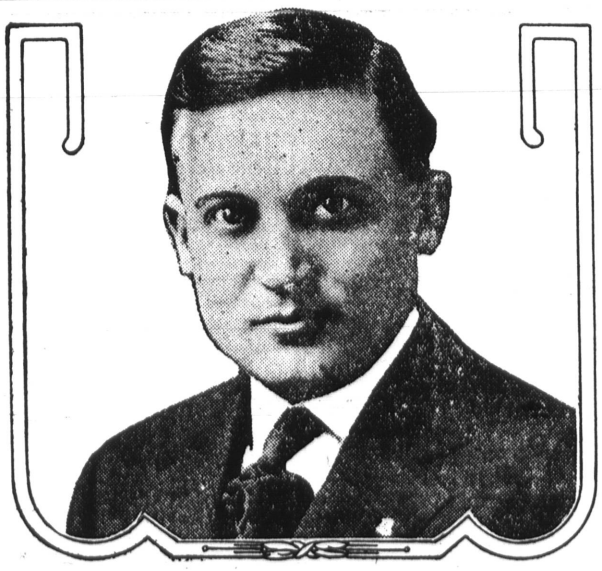
Chautauqua Presents Prominent French Artist, Mlle. Lucile Collette

Mlle. Lucile Collette, the sensational French violinist, is one of the most notable artists ever presented on the Western Chautauquas. The fortunes of war brought her to America and her success here was instantaneous. The Montreal Gazette in speaking of her

recent appearance in that city said, "She is a brilliant violinist somewhat of the Kubelik type, although with a much more brilliant and masculine tone." She is now under contract with one of America's leading phonograph companies. She has appeared in the East with Ethel Leginska, Graveure, Martinelle, Botta, Rothier and many other great artists.

Life Story Reads Like a Romance

Mechanic Two Years Ago—Editor, Author and Prominent Chautauqua Lecturer Today



The story of E. B. Fish reads like a romance. Two years ago he was a machinist on Government work in Everett, Washington. Today he is the editor of "Labor and Industry," the author of one of the best known books on industrial relations, and a public speaker who has few equals in the entire West. He performed a heroic work in the Northwest in his fight on the "reds" and radicals.

In the words of a Texas paper "He is a human dynamo, a dealer of sledge hammer blows, a gushing fountain of torrid eloquence—undoubtedly the most popular lecturer on our 1920 program. 'The best lecturer I have ever heard' was the general comment."

CHIEF STRONGHEART COMES FROM FIGHTING STOCK

Grandson of Chief Standing Rock, Who Was at "Custer's Last Stand."

Chief Strongheart, noted Indian lecture-entertainer who appears at Chautauqua on the fourth afternoon, is proud of his ancestry. He is the son of Chief Running Elk, who served as scout for General Howard in the Nez Perce War, and the grandson of Chief

Standing Rock who fought at "Custer's last stand."

The Chief is an interesting character. He served as a scout on the Mexican border and was the first Indian to volunteer his services to Roosevelt when the Colonel was trying to raise a division of rough riders. He has been on the screen in three big productions and appeared on the legitimate stage under Belasco in "The Heart of Wetona."