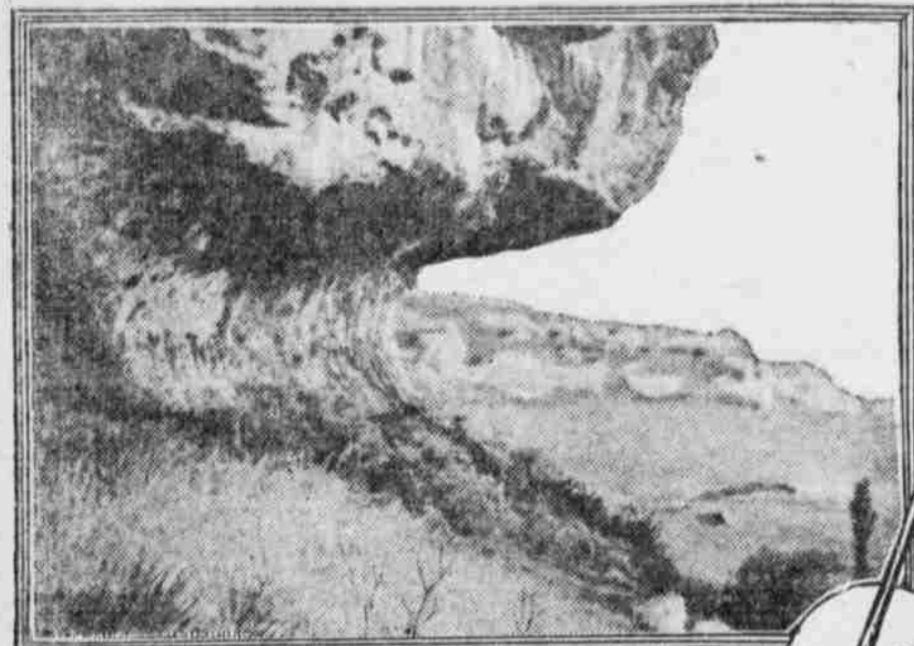
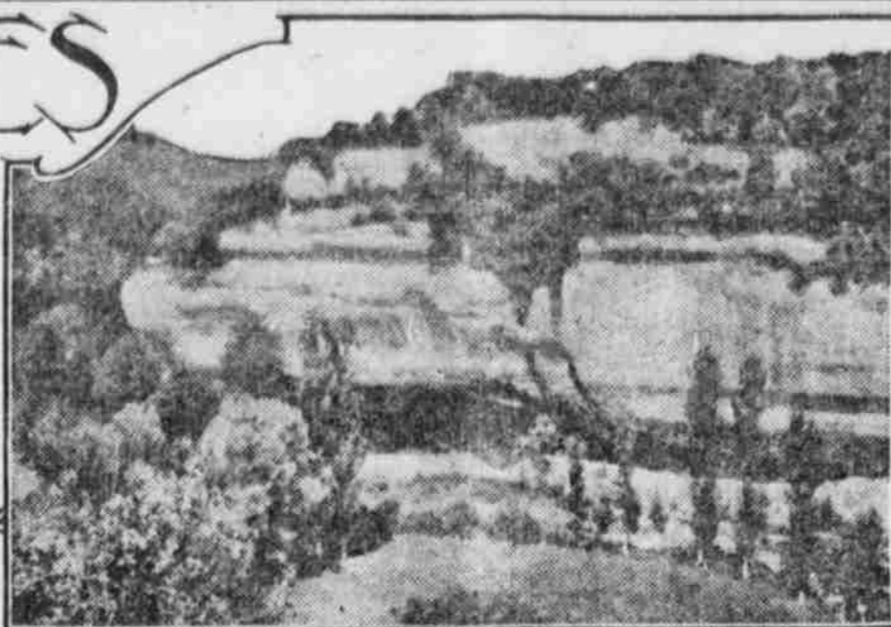


EUROPEAN CAVES and EARLY MAN

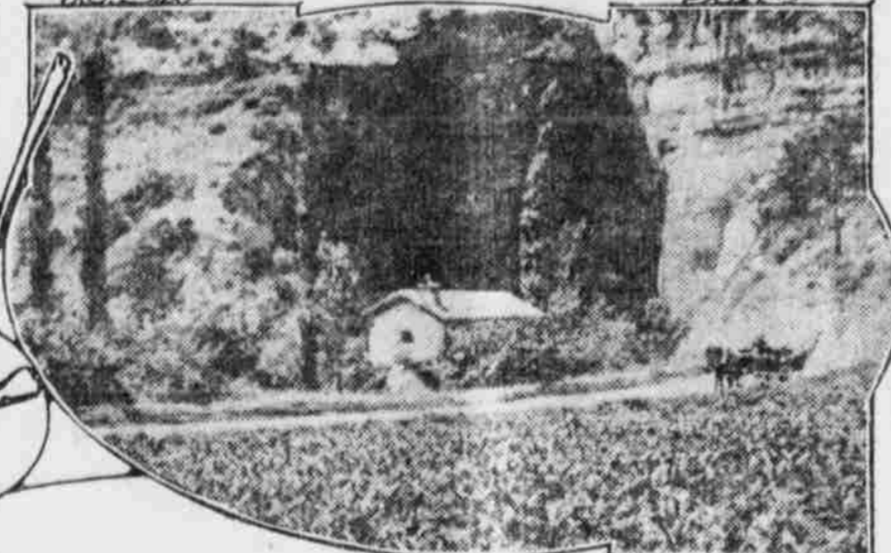
By N. C. NELSON
FROM THE AMERICAN MUSEUM JOURNAL



INDENTATION IN LIMESTONE CLIFF TO SHELTER EARLY MAN



GROTTE D'ENFER



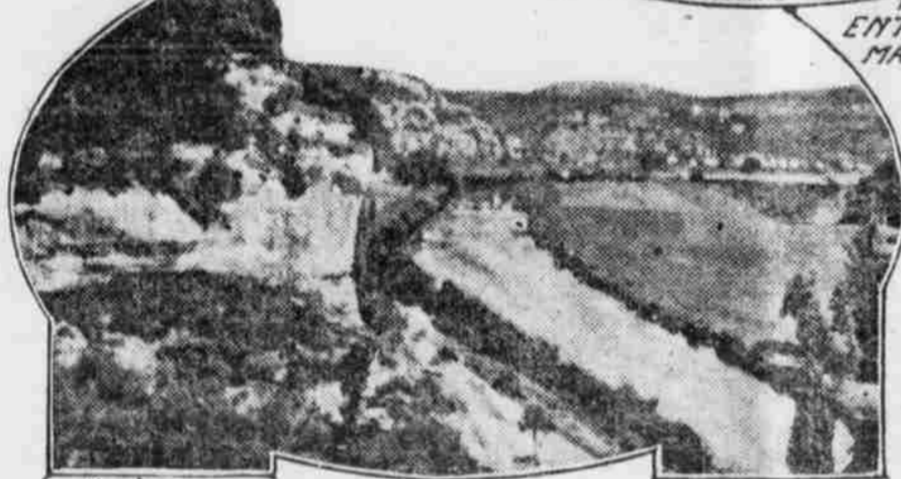
ENTRANCE TO THE MAS D'AZIL CAVERN

HERE are recorded at the present time for the southern two-thirds of Europe, including Mediterranean Asia and Africa, no less than four hundred paleolithic stations, that is, places where remains of one kind or another have been left behind by early man. This man was primarily a hunter and his chief center of activity appears to have been what is now southwestern France and northeastern Spain, although Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, England, and to a lesser degree other countries, came within his range. This apparent distribution may be deceptive, however. Many of the stations are out in the open, as for example on the valley terraces of the Thames and the Somme; but the majority of the sites, especially those of later times, are sheltered in some way. The shelter may consist merely of an overhanging cliff, it may be a grotto yawning on the mountain side and it may be the far interior of a cave. This latter type of site is relatively easy to find by making a deliberate search while the location of an ancient camp or workshop in the open country is the result only of chance. It is conceivable of course that these roaming, migratory hunters returned seasonally to the natural shelters, but on the other hand, it is possible that many of them built huts—some of the geometric cave paintings suggest that they did—and unless these huts stood in very close proximity to some sheltering cliff, all traces of the spot and its relics would be lost. Hence, we may properly take for granted that hundreds of archaeological stations will remain undiscovered, in consequence of which our notion of the actual strength of the population at any given place during these early millenniums of human existence must continue imperfect, if not inadequate.

As need hardly be stated the presence of natural habitations depends ordinarily on a high relief or a more or less mountainous topography. Caves are most abundant in volcanic regions as in the western United States, or in limestone areas such as Kentucky and adjacent commonwealths. Shelters are notable features of steep-walled valleys or box-canyons and our own cliff-dweller region affords the best example of them and their utilization. In Europe the most famous cave groups are located in the lower French Pyrenees and their Cantabrian extension in northern Spain, while the equally famous shelter region includes short sections of the Vézère and Beune valleys at Les Eyzies, in the French department of Dordogne. Both regions are wonderfully picturesque and impressive, and barring some alterations in the flora they have not changed much in general appearance since the arrival of paleolithic man. These caves and shelters are all in limestone formations and are the results chiefly of mechanical erosion. Some of the caves, especially those of the lower altitudes, are still in process of making, while others, well up on the mountain sides, are very ancient—in fact, were in their old age when man first entered them.

Roughly speaking, the shelters proper, that is the overhanging cliffs and the wide open grottoes were the homes of paleolithic man and therefore naturally furnish us with important data concerning his physical make-up, his practical ability, and the general nature of his everyday life. The caves, on the other hand, served him mainly as galleries for a remarkable series of paintings, engravings and carvings, which in a measure reveal to us his mental attitude toward life. The caves, it must be understood, were exceedingly dark and damp, ordinarily unfit for habitation, except possibly as temporary retreat during the hard winters, and contrariwise, the shelter walls, having been exposed for thousands of years to the weathering elements, could not have preserved for us either paintings or delicate engravings that may have been made upon them. There are several somewhat qualifying exceptions to these sweeping statements however. For instance, the Gargas cavern, near Montrejeau, France, and likewise the Altamira cave, near Santander, Spain, appear to have been occupied for protracted periods, although in both cases only very close to the entrance. On the other hand, some of the shelters such as Cap Blanc, near Les Eyzies, France, have preserved, mainly through accident, a fine series of high relief sculptures. But as a general thing the camp sites are in large half-open shelters, usually facing the sun, while the entrances to the painted caves face in any direction, and for the most part are very small and inconspicuous. At Castillo only there is the perfect combination—a large, sunny grotto, which was occupied periodically throughout most of paleolithic times and which served besides as the vestibule to a considerable cave, famous for its mural art.

An examination of the various Dordogne shelters, coupled with a study of the changing types found in them, is most instructive. Nearly all of the stations here are at the base of the high cliffs that hedge the narrow valleys on one or both sides; but in a few instances the relic-bearing debris lies on an eroded ledge some distance up the face of the protecting wall. Almost within



VÉZÈRE RIVER, ITS FLOODPLAIN AND CLIFF WALL

earshot of Les Eyzies are a series of stations which taken together furnish data on human history practically from Acheulean times to the present day. These stations begin with the old obscured shelter of La Micoque, include the partially ruined shelters of Upper and Lower Laugerie; another ledge-shelter that served old-time brigands as a rendezvous and also as a fortress to defy the English in 1410; still another ledge marked by ruins of what looks like some old baronial chateau; and end up finally with the more or less well-kept houses of the modern peasant. These houses often stand on several meters of ancient relic-bearing debris and seem to cling in an infantile sort of way to the overhanging cliff in spite of its cold, damp nature. Some distance up the Vézère, at the Rock of St. Christopher, where the last houses have been removed, there are over four meters of debris dating from neolithic to present time, and the adjacent cliff is marked by several series of parallel holes, cut for the insertion of ceiling beams, precisely as we find them in our own Southwest. Some of these holes are high up the cliff, but others are below the surface of the accumulated debris, which is itself below the high-water mark of the river. With all this evidence suggestive of continuous occupation, it is not to be wondered at that some students profess to see among the local inhabitants a number of individuals that resemble the physical type of paleolithic man.

A visit to the painted caves is the experience of a lifetime; but while it is an adventure bound to excite more enthusiasm than the examination of the shelters, it is less instructive and certainly less convincing. It is also an undertaking fraught with some difficulty and disappointment, except perhaps in such cases as Altamira, Niaux and Font-de-Gaume. The painted and incised representations on the cave walls are seldom so plain and striking as one might infer from the superb reproductions in the published reports, and to make them out the visitor must take time. In this effort to decipher, he is most ably assisted by Prof. Emile Cartailhac of Toulouse, who has given a good part of his life to the study of paleolithic art and who as present guards nearly all the Pyrenean caverns. In Spain and in the Dordogne country, however, local guides must be taken, and as these are not always competent, the student who would profit by his opportunity must prepare himself beforehand in regard to what is to be seen and then insist on being shown, or he may not see much.

The last cave to be discovered, and also the most beautiful, is the Tuc d'Audoubert, located on the estate of Count Begouen, near Saint-Gérons, France. This is perhaps the most difficult cavern to explore. But to risk passage in the improvised boat that the visitor must sail in order to reach the interior, and to crawl on his stomach along muddy passages that are really too small for a full-grown man, and finally to receive innumerable bumps on his head from pending stalactites is not too much to pay for the privilege—which, as it happened, was accorded the Museum's representative as the first American—to see the wonders inside. Ordinarily, the natural wonders of the caverns are more or less discolored with mud, but here is gallery after gallery of bewildering forests of pillars and pendants and posts—all a pure white and glittering as if studded with myriads of diamonds. Here and there the stalactites hang in large sheets like folded draperies and by placing a light behind them the translucent substance flashes up in colors of green and rose too beautiful to be described. No fairy palace was ever more adorned! You are led along devious passages, stepping again and again in lakelets of invisibly clear water, and when on dry footing you are warned to move circumspectly for fear of obliterating some ancient human footprints that are faintly visible under the thin coat of stalagmite which covers the clay floor. Bones and skulls of the giant cave bear and other animals lie all about, cemented in place. Finally, near the extreme inner end of the cavern, comes the real object of the la-

borious journey, viz. the representations of two bison (male and female) modeled in clay. The figures, which are about two feet in length, are propped against the sloping side of a rock which rises from the floor, and in front of the animals on the floor there are some tracings as if the artist had here sketched and improvised before beginning his real work. About twenty-five feet away in a low side chamber is to be seen the place where the modeler scraped together the clay of the floor and kneaded it. Two or three worked rolls of his material still lie there. The whole thing looks as if done a week ago, and yet the bison has been absent from the locality probably for thousands of years.

The least suggestion of skepticism is in keeping with the general impression that the visitor retains from the painted caves. It is a most baffling experience. When the investigation is confined to the stratified deposits everything is beautifully simple. Art objects have a definitely ascertainable place in the series and go back to Aurignacian times. The cave proper is of the same general style as that of the stratified refuse and must of course be of the same date; moreover, the animals represented are in nearly all cases either extinct or absent from the region. And yet almost all the mural figures in the caves are within reach of the hand. In other words, the caves have undergone no particular changes since the artist did his work. Not a few of the paintings, and especially the finer engravings seem as fresh as if done yesterday. In the Pindal cave is the representation of a fish incised on the wall and the visitor who examines it closely would swear that he could make a line exactly like it with a lead pencil, but with Professors Breuil and Obermaier standing behind him he says nothing. And how did paleolithic man manage to get about in these caves? It is unsafe to move ten steps in them without a light. It is true that a very few stone basins have been found that may have served purposes similar to the Eskimo lamp, or the artist's right-hand man may have carried a torch; but there are no signs of such torches or of carbonization on the walls in the vicinity of the paintings, although smoke spots made by modern lamps and candles held too close are abundant enough. The conviction that this cave art is not so old as some would have us believe seems irresistible.

HE WAS SILENCED

Said She—After all you must admit that women are better than men.

Said He—Oh, I don't know. The good book doesn't say anything about seven devils being cast out of a man.

Said She—No, of course not; he has every one of them yet.

SIMILAR, BUT DIFFERENT.

Mrs. Graspit—You are always growling about the household expenses, yet you used to say that I could make a dollar go twice as far as you could.

Graspit—And so you can, my dear. You make it go so blamed far that I never even get a glimpse of it again.

TWO WAYS OF EXPRESSING IT.

"Oh, don't worry about such trifles," said the Indianapolis girl. "Just keep a stiff upper lip and you'll come out all right."

"But," protested her fair cousin from Boston. "It is a physical impossibility for me to maintain a strict labial rigidity."

FEMINE "SHORT AND UGLY."

"You say Mrs. Gadders and Mrs. Plimly exchanged the short and ugly word?"

"That's what they did."

"Shocking! Was it 'har'?"

"No, 'Cat.'"

IN POULTRYVILLE.

"I love that chicken," said the young red rooster, "but she gave me the frigid claw."

"Oh, well," replied the old brown hen, "that was probably the best she could do. Her mother was a cold storage egg."

IN THE LIMELIGHT

MARCUS SMITH'S CREDIT



Senator Marcus A. Smith of Arizona takes great pride in the means by which he built up a line of credit back in the days when he was a struggling young lawyer in Tucson.

Shortly after he began living in Tucson, Smith fell in with a pleasant chap from Boston named Stebbins, and another man named Charles Leach, from whom he could borrow money, and by that means he contrived to live until he could get a foothold in his profession. He would borrow \$100 from Stebbins and promise to pay him back on the first of the month. When the debt was due he went to Leach and borrowed enough to pay off Stebbins and square his board bill. The next time he would get money from Stebbins to pay Leach, and so on. He never failed to pay promptly on the first day of the month, and in that way established a great line of credit. He could borrow almost any amount from either Stebbins or Leach. After his law practice gave him enough to run by his own steam, and he no longer needed to borrow, he still kept on borrowing from Leach and Stebbins for several years and paying them back right on the dot. Why did he do it? Simply for the purpose of advertising his credit.

Senator Smith had a law preceptor back in Kentucky who gave him a bit of advice that he has followed through all these years. The professor said: "Avoid cultivating too much sense of humor. Don't crack jokes, but look serious. If you are trying a case that seems funny to you, remember that to somebody it may be a tragedy. Above all things, as you go through life, be solemn; be as solemn as an ass."

So Marcus Smith has abstemiously avoided jokes and japey.

WHEN KENYON COMPROMISED

Years ago Senator William S. Kenyon of Iowa was running for county prosecutor on the Republican ticket. His Democratic opponent had the backing of a man who was not only the leading Democrat in the community but also had a beautiful daughter. Kenyon was extremely fond of the beautiful daughter, and that made complications. For Kenyon feared that if her father opposed him in politics he might get the habit and oppose him in other and more serious ways. Moreover, the daughter was one of the dutiful kind that shared her father's view that to vote anything but the straight Democratic ticket was wicked. One day when Kenyon went to call he found the daughter in tears. She confessed reluctantly that she had had words with her father. It seemed that father had refused her a favor—refused to scratch the ticket to vote for a certain young man who was running for prosecutor. With that encourage-



Kenyon went to the daughter's father and effected a compromise by which the father agreed to give Kenyon his daughter, but absolutely refused to yield his suffrage. But Kenyon, by way of making the thing complete, went ahead and beat father's candidate for prosecutor, anyway, after which both he and daughter laughed at father right heartily.

FRANCE'S NAVAL HERO



Admiral Boue de Lapeyrere, commander of the French naval forces, is as popular in France as is Admiral Jellicoe in England. He entered the French navy nearly forty years ago, and from the outset of his career he displayed marked ability.

One of his early commands was in China, when he obtained distinction at the battle of Foo-Chow. His flagship led the attack against the enemy, and the personal courage he displayed made him the hero of France. Since then he has successfully conducted several diplomatic expeditions in the Baltic and the Mediterranean.

It has always been the policy of Admiral Lapeyrere to accompany his fleet in the fighting line. He is not a believer in arm-chair commanding. He prefers to personally give his orders from his flagship to directing affairs from land through the agency of wireless. This means that he must face serious risks, but the French admiral is quite ready to encounter any danger for the sake of his country. He has spent many weeks cruising in the Mediterranean since the outbreak of the war.

Admiral Lapeyrere is the same age as Sir John French—sixty-two. He is a well-set, handsome man, with a head of thick gray hair and a neatly trimmed beard.

LLOYD-GEORGE'S STAND-BY

Miss Olwen Lloyd-George, the daughter of the British minister of munitions, is her father's "right-hand man," assisting him in public duties and ministering to his comfort and health in his home.

The minister is a man of highly nervous temperament and occasionally he has to have a day in bed, where he receives his private secretaries and attends to the routine of business. At such times his daughter assumes full charge of his room, allows the secretaries just as much time as her father's strength will allow and then politely but firmly ends the day's work.

When he is in good health the two are companions for long walks or at golf. In the summers Mr. Lloyd-George has been fond of going with his wife and daughter upon camping excursions, living out of doors and cooking the meals in Gypsy fashion. He returns from such holidays with his nerves much strengthened. But this summer Miss Lloyd-George has had more than her usual duty in watching over her father, as he has not been able to take a prolonged rest.

His daughter is a wholesome-looking girl, with a highly intelligent face, and is the "apple of his eye" to her father.

