

ANCIENT SKELETON OF PIGMY IS FOUND

Pleistocene Period Man, 200,000 Years Old, Belonged to Dwarf Class.

Los Angeles, Cal. Special: The skeleton of what appears to have been a prehistoric pigmy, less than three feet in height, is on its way today from the asphalt beds of La Brea to the Smithsonian institution in Washington. If the genuineness of the find is verified there, the La Brea skeleton will take place in the history of the anthropology as the first remains of an antediluvian man found on the North American continent.

"To my mind," said Director Frank Daggert, of the Museum of History, Science and Art, under whose direction the excavations have been carried on, "there can be no doubt that these bones are those of a man. To what geological period he belonged must be a matter of conjecture now. Only careful researches yet to be made can determine the truth."

Indications are that the skeleton belongs to the pleistocene period, roughly placed at 200,000 years ago. First was found the skull, last Friday, and since then the remainder of the bones, said to be in an excellent state of preservation, have been scraped from their casing of asphalt with the most minute and painstaking care.

Nearly was the trunk, still erect, of a tree, the summit of which was overlaid by 20 feet of asphalt. Close to the tree trunk were the bones of a mammoth bear of a species already classified as belonging to the pleistocene period.

Scientists of the University of California have contended that North America and Asia were at one time joined, and that geologically speaking the backbone of the continent is the Aleutian islands. Across this neck of land, they believe, came the eophippids, the little two-toed progenitor of the domestic horse. The find at La Brea, if it proves what it seems, will strengthen their contention that there was once an interchange of life between the two continents.

The Creative Impulse.

John Burroughs, in the Atlantic. The creative impulse does not itself know the next step it will take, or the next form that will arise, any more than the creative artist determines beforehand all the thoughts and forms his inventive genius will bring forth. It is the impulse or the inspiration to do a certain thing, to let himself go in a certain direction, but just the precise form his creation will take is as unknown to him as to you and me. Some stubbornness or obduracy in his material, or some accident of time or place, may make it quite different from what he had hoped or vaguely planned. He does not know what thought or incident or character he is looking for till he has found it, till he has risen above his mental horizon. So far as he is inspired, so far as he is spontaneous, just so far as he is in the world with which he deals plastic and fluid and indeterminate and ready to take any form his medium of expression—words, colors, tones—affords him. He may surprise himself, excel himself; he has surprised himself in the world beyond the control of his will or knowledge.

Great Issues in Little Things.

All Heaven—her beauty, brim to brim, Her crowns, her songs of Seraphim— Was in that little kindly deed That troth a brother in his need.

All Hell—its fang and serpent hiss, Its treason and its last abyss— Was in that little careless sneer, He struck a brother like a spear.

—Edwin Markham in January Nautilus.

Thanksgiving Day.

For all the gracious gifts in harvest fair In things material, whose goodly share I richly prize, For man's abundant wealth that lies in sight, And for the sense of power and of might, With which to meet a foe, and fight the fight, My thanks arise.

But for the richer gifts of love and peace That bring the soul a sense of sweet release, From pressing care, For mercies shown; for greater growth of soul; For light when clouds of deadly dark despair To point the way to some more lofty goal And lead us there;

For broader human sympathy, for fears Of Brotherhood to ease another's fears, And cheer his way;

For seeing eyes, and shoulders, fit to bear The burden of our wrongs in despair, And right good will to help them in their care, When times are gray;

For men of heart and soul inclined To honors of a lowlier, meeker kind, With grace endowed;

Who seek all dire injustices to mend, To guide the hopeless to some hopeful end, Not this alone, but all my days I spend In gratitude!

—John Kendrick Bangs

SOCIETY LEADER'S PLAY TO BE STAGED

Mrs. Lars Anderson, society leader of Spokane and Washington and wife of the former United States ambassador to Japan, has written a play which will be produced in a Boston theater on January 12. It is called "Every Boy" and is designed to portray the different senses, passions and emotions that actuate the average boy's life. A Boston newspaper has furnished the words and music for the musical parts of the play.

The Andersons are among the wealthiest and most exclusive society people in America.

A STERLING NOVEL OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST

The MILAUNDERS

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Author of "THE DAY OF SOULS, MY BROTHERS KEEPER, etc. etc."

Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued).

Meanwhile Harlan pluggued away. He seemed more reserved, but still his genial self. He picked with the girls of his set along the river; the High street young people wandered in and out of his mother's home at informal summer dances, and played tennis on the lawn, and ate ice cream of evenings, and flirted on the veranda much as they had done when he was 16. Nothing was changed, only he was no longer a man's work. Much like his father, people said. From his office window Harlan could see the judge live in town behind old Dutch, the him to the rail and walk slowly under the maples to the court house steps, speaking gently to every one, bowing and smiling time courtesy to the women, patting the dogs—a fine, upright, beloved figure of a man. That was what he should come to be, doubtless, a sturdy, unfeeling, clear minded American of the best period.

And once as he watched the court room windows with the June sweetness straying in, he thought of that evening when John Lindstrom's hoarse and despairing voice cursed his father and the law. He felt that even now the hurt of it was on his father's mind, and that the hurt growing with what to him was slowly coming to think of Lindstrom. He had defied society, cut himself off, a religious fanatic, in his patch of corn land in the pocket. Only last week, a shotgun under his crimped arm, the faint quarry worker hunt running the line for the diversion dam and forbade them further entry. Harlan remembered that he had heard Marryat, the good natured sheriff, telling his father that he would have to give out the little friendly talk with John. The somber quarryman was a "bit off" maybe. Taken his children out of school, forbade them to mix with the town boys and all that. The judge had not answered. Harlan knew in his heart there was a grief and an outrage he would not reveal. People had whispered that John had become an outlaw from the day Judge Van Hart put the taint of the jail on him.

Then to Harlan's mind the thought of Lindstrom brought the memory of another summer—the long quiet evenings when he had met Aurelle in the hills. It seemed that he must have been desperately sorry for her to love her so. That was it—her pathos and all the magic of the summer. Now he heard her discuss about the verandas by the nice girls he knew—her notoriety, the laughable idea of her going on the stage! And backed financially by the McPetridge boys! It seemed to Harlan, as he and the girls talked of it in the back rooms and over their ices, that all that was cheap, unworthy, grotesque, utterly apart from all he had known, had come to gather about Aurelle.

"Imagine!" said Elise Dickinson in a group about his mother's porch one evening. "A traveling man who came in papa's store yesterday told me that Aurelle Lindstrom was being billed in a stock company as the \$100,000 prize beauty—and was wearing diamonds! I don't suppose they are real!"

Mrs. Van Hart was watching Harlan. She was thankful that none of the younger set had ever known of her son's summer infatuation. Now Harlan's firm lips closed as coldly, his square jaw set as hard as his mother's had done the night Aurelle was dismissed. The mother's placidity was unruined. "As real, my dear," she murmured, "as her beauty prize. As an advertisement for the newspaper she was undoubtedly a success, however. But the diamonds—were those the ones she used to run the livery stable still her maidens?"

Ever so carelessly! But Harlan's jaw set more doggedly. She had stung the last refuge of his pride. The McPetridge boys—and Aurelle!

And the story of those diamonds wandered over the town and grew and grew. First a mere gossip, then a neck-lace after that. Harlan's playmate, the druggist, told Wiley Curran of Hen McPetridge clothing Aurelle in diamonds out of the exploitation of his doubtful oil speculations, and Wiley called him a liar. The News lost another advertising contract right there.

Wiley told Aunt Abby about it that night at supper. She looked curiously at his drawn face. "Wiley, I don't believe it. That girl's as good as gold. And good girls don't sell their virtue, Wiley—they give it away, maybe, because they love. And Aurelle doesn't love Hen McPetridge—the twins just amuse her. Her letter shows that."

And the old lady waddled to the sewing circle that night to hear what she could hear, to defend what might be defended. There was need. Aurelle was the daughter of scolded letters before half the missionary boxes were filled that year, and the Shakespeare club was done with its critical study of Desdemona's story. Aunt Abby was unable to counteract the Shakespeare club's disquisitions, for the Shakespeare club was composed almost wholly of High street ladies. And Shakespeare club gossip, though covert and well bred was as deadly. The Rome Shakespeare club held itself aloof. The Earlville Women's club was busy with civic programs. Every time the Rome Shakespeare ladies had a paper on Twelfth Night or Lear, the Earlville women had a protest to the city council about street lighting or the saloons and the shade trees. As the Mercury Journal said: "The Women's club was the liveliest booster in the burr."

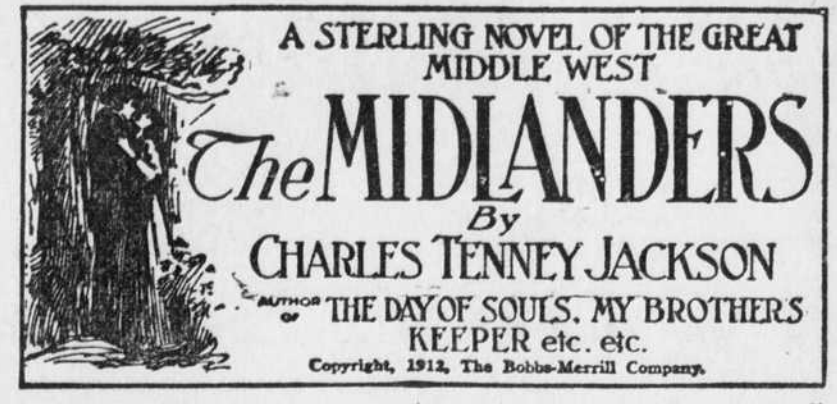
The Rome women never boasted anybody except Shakespeare or Ruskin, or the intellectual development of Europe, or the court of Louis XIV.

There were two persons in Rome who were silent about that gossip concerning Aurelle. Harlan, lounging in Wiley's shop as of old, after the day's arduous reading state exchanges and handling the editor or notices, never asked of her; nor did Wiley relate of her letters. Apparently their friendship drifted back to the old affection, yet there was this one reserve.

Wiley would look up from his job and find Harlan's serious face turned to him in a study. Harlan was easily the best dressed man in the county; even the drummers about the Elks' club in Earlville, or the Hotel Metropole, were no more punctilious as to business garb. At Wiley was in his shirt sleeves and well linked sleeves at that. Invariably they drew at each other with summer laziness: "Hot, isn't it, Harlan?"

"Bucking hard?"

"Some dinky line fence case Donley turned over to me. Justice court. Term



is closed, and dad is off to the St. Lawrence vacation.

"Make a note of it. Farmer caught a big catfish—70 pounds—at Ellick's ford Thursday. Dig up a squib about that!"

Harlan lazily wrote out the copy; it was the old high school habit to help Wiley get out the News personals. Also to give the editor about his major "Worst country sheet in Iowa, Wiley—worse and worse!"

"I know. But still able to squawk occasionally." Wiley was distributing type as Jim Mims was fishing. He kicked the job press into a heap, and then did the printer's work under the impression that he was getting both tasks further advanced somehow or other. "Still able to make Old Thad cuss. Even if his Retail Merchants' Association is doing its best to head off all my advertising. Thad can round up the county to put through his Sin creek steal, but still the News can call attention to it."

Harlan stirred: "Still you praised my argument before the board."

"That was you, son. But as to the creek division, every one of those poor devils in the pocket will be drowned out."

"They haven't a sign of title. And every property owner on the north side will benefit."

"You're hurting your political chances, Wiley."

"I know. But I can't help that. The under dog gets me, Harlan. I been one, myself. I have to fight for 'em! I'd like to see you, Wiley, consider whose land is benefited, or who has the title at law. I'm only thinking of those people who fought floods and droughts and stumps to make themselves their little corn patches and their little children alive on them down there. The News—his hand patted the splintered old type case fondly—"It's always fought that way, somehow! It's never right—it's always wrong. Ask any of the law abiding, respectable people in town and they'll tell you so."

Harlan smiled. "Here on the start of your primary campaign, you're making enemies of your home people. And I want you to succeed, Wiley. In spite of Hall being a friend of father's—and everything. I hate greed and oppression as you know, Wiley."

"That's it—only! It's hard to go against one's class, isn't it? Hate oppression, hate wrong—only except one's privilege, one's class, one's tradition. Why, right here between you and me, Harlan, the whole problem which confronts the courts—the courts—he checked himself, and hotly—"Harlan, come on over to Earlville to dinner with us Sunday night and meet this McBride, the chap who's organizing the soft coal miners. He's behind me in this fight against Hall. I want you to meet him."

"McBride, the man who defied the supreme court last year and went to jail for it?"

"Yes, I'm glad he did. He made a lot of people stop and think—and that's what we're after."

The judge's son smiled tolerantly. "All right. I'd like to see him. I'm curious. But his friendship won't help Wiley any."

Wiley smiled in turn. But thus it came about that Harlan and Arne Vance came over to the 75-cent table d'hôte dinner at the Hotel Metropole to meet Mike McBride. The dining room of the Hotel Metropole, all exclusively new and Earlville, with a tapestried wall of stiff necked steppes, gorgeous dogs in four colors climbing a fence; while over a bulging and lavender hill dashed a motor car, the cloud of dust and the ladies' veils forming a perpetual perfume in five more colors which, with the Hunt club dogs and the riders' coats, made the picture of General Parsons above the Parsons house mantle over in Rome, seem old and faded. You would understand at once that he belonged in a town which had an interurban, and an Elks' club, and pressed its trousers, along with other cocky modernity. But neither Arne Vance nor Wiley T. Curran let on to being impressed, for they had dined in number of the best, the best and multi-colored cafes of ambitious western cities. And Harlan, on his first visit to the Metropole, looked about with a smile and then at McBride as he stirred his demi-tasse—even the girl waiters said demi-tasse—now in Earlville.

"This is a live wire town," McBride was saying, "and when it gets through laying out parks and boosting factories it's going to go after you fellows every morning. You've run the county so long." He was a short, thick, red-browed man to whom one would rather break disagreeable news over the telephone. His fingers were hard and stubby, and he dug sugar out of the pocket and dumped it into his demi-tasse without so much as a glance at the dogs done in four colors. He went after local affairs like a man who could assimilate more significant facts in a week than all the best people of the county could discover in a lifetime.

"That county ring has run things ever since the war, and long as the tax rate wasn't too high the business people didn't growl, and Tanner fixed every board to suit himself—and hogged all the county seat. State labor is eight with the county seat. He's a good man, this Tanner. I like his method—he gets things. But we ought to get him. A live grand jury would smoke him out in no time. And a district attorney who'd throw the gaff. The one you got is a crook."

"I agree," murmured Wiley—he felt too amiable after his 75-cent occasion, with dogs in four colors, to be the zealot. "New blood is needed. But there's some good men on our side the creek, also."

"Skunk!" quipped McBride.

"Sinsinawa."

"Call it Skunk. Then we'll get down to brass tacks. I always wanted to talk with some of you fellows from the county seat. State labor is eight with the governor in this progressive fight. That's the reason I'm down here. I'm here until this district is organized by the Delroy crowd. The governor wants Fairchild's seat in the senate, and he wants Jim Hall's scalp in congress, because he thinks Hall will get the old crowd's support for it if Fairchild can't win out. So he and his people are going to put Curran over and I'm with 'em. I ain't no reformer, but I ain't going with 'em. But first we ought to clean up this county."

Wiley mused. Arne, his black eyes snapping, listened as if a fresh breath

had come somewhere out of a fighting world. Harlan wondered rather satirically why an outsider should come down here and talk like a man of authority.

"The Catholic vote in them new mines where the Poles and dagos have come in, it'll be for Curran," went on McBride. "Father Doyle gives it to me straight. All that's good. And this new Earlyville contracting company, which is sore over Tanner gobbling all the work, is going to unload on the old ring. Ain't any reform going to get far unless some one expects to clean up something. Take it from me. We're going to elect Curran."

Harlan had listened more acutely. He had begun to resent Wiley's polemical success. McBride was worse than he had dreamed. His father's ideals of politics had not encompassed such brute truth. McBride turned his blue eyes under their red brows directly on him.

"Are you the man they're talking of for district attorney?"

Harlan stared at him incredulously. The easy ingratiating standards of his father's sort of men around the court house, even the rustic geniality of the country lawyers he felt equal to, but this ruthless analysis and militant directness of the man of new conditions jarred him. He still stared at McBride.

"Come over," rasped McBride, "we can put you over this year. I hear you'll do—Vance, Curran, here—put it up that way."

Harlan turned to them with a laugh. Since when had Arne and Wiley and a few unknowns took it to themselves to parcel out the county offices? These audacious rebels without authority, without organization? It was actually humorous!

"We want to trim this crook—Tanner—and an honest district attorney can do it."

Still Harlan was silent. He knew that secretly his father deprecated Thad Tanner. And Jewett, the prosecutor, was not invited to his father's house. Still this did not keep Jewett out of office. His father was a good man. But here was a different road—the fighting road of the new order.

"How about it?" pursued McBride.

Harlan smiled at length, complacently on the labor man. "No, thanks, McBride. I think I'll stick to the law yet a while. He was thinking how funny it would be to tell his father of the trio sitting in the badly new dining room of the Metropole, plotting against that ancient and honorable thing—Winnetka county politics. It had not been rippled since James G. Blaine.

"If you young men are needed," went on McBride, "instead of going off to Canada and the cheap lands, or to the cities, you ought to be right here making your fight. There's big chances—rough knocks and big chances."

"You're wrong," retorted Harlan quietly. He was conscious of Wiley's look upon him, appealing, sorrowful—and of Arne's subdued belligerency. They had apparently been talking of him to McBride—the strongest young man in the county!

"So here, we need you"—there was a flash of menace in McBride's tone. "You'll make a name, too, cleaning up that crooked board. Go after your courts, too. They're not right. Here's this man, Lindstrom, they tell me about—some crazy over religion. The quarry man who lost an arm and then his damage suit against Tanner on a technicality—and then was sent over to a contempt charge. Why, your court made a criminal right there!"

Wiley gave Harlan's face a turn as ugly red. McBride went on: "Here the court wrecks a man over some holier-than-thou tradition of the law. That's the stuff the courts hand out."

Harlan was on his feet. His clenched hand shot across the table near McBride's face. "See here—the judge that made that decision was my father!"

"McBride stared back: 'Your father?'"

"Yes! And no man can speak that way of him!"

There was silence through the beaming and tapestried room. Arne and Wiley sat back. There was nothing else to do between man and man. McBride, the older, the rugged powerful figure; and Harlan with the anger of a young dog, fair, handsome, towering over Wiley.

"You take that back!" roared Harlan. McBride slowly relaxed. He watched the other uneasily.

"Apologize!"

McBride sat father back on his chair. A slow smile crept into his face as he looked up at the youth.

"Young man, I was raised on a slag pile in Pennsylvania. I never saw the sun shine except Sundays and the time my father was killed, until I was 24. It seems to me, I've been hungry so very long for my life that sometimes now it ain't natural to eat. You can't know in any manner of means what that's like. I'm a rough man and I work with rough men, but I know a man when I see one. Sit down."

"Apologize!" said Harlan.

McBride looked long and grimly at him. "Well," he growled, "if your father raised you to stand up like this with the fighting blood hot in you—I guess I'm wrong. Now, if that's an apology, I take it. If it ain't—to hell with you!"

Harlan stood quivering. "Sit down, dumb," whispered Wiley. The room was dumb. Even the waiter girls knew who young Van Hart was.

(Continued next week.)

NOTHING TO BOTHER WITH

Possibly Uncle Cal Clay's Rebuke to Pastor May Have Had Something Behind It.

Booker T. Washington told at Tuskegee a Christmas story.

"Old Uncle Cal Clay," he said, "invited the pastor to eat Christmas dinner with him. The parson accepted, and the spread was magnificent—sweet potatoes and celery, cranberries and mince pie, plum pudding, and a turkey so big and yet so tender that the parson had never seen the like before."

"Uncle Cal," the parson said, as he spread the pink cranberry sauce on a great, pearly-white, succulent slice of breast, "Uncle Cal, where did you get this wonderful turkey?"

"Pawson," said Uncle Calhoun Clay solemnly, "when you preached dat wonderful Christmas sermon dis mawnin', did I ax you whah you got him? Nuh, no. Dat's a trivial matter."

Quite Natural.

"What fad have you on hand now?"

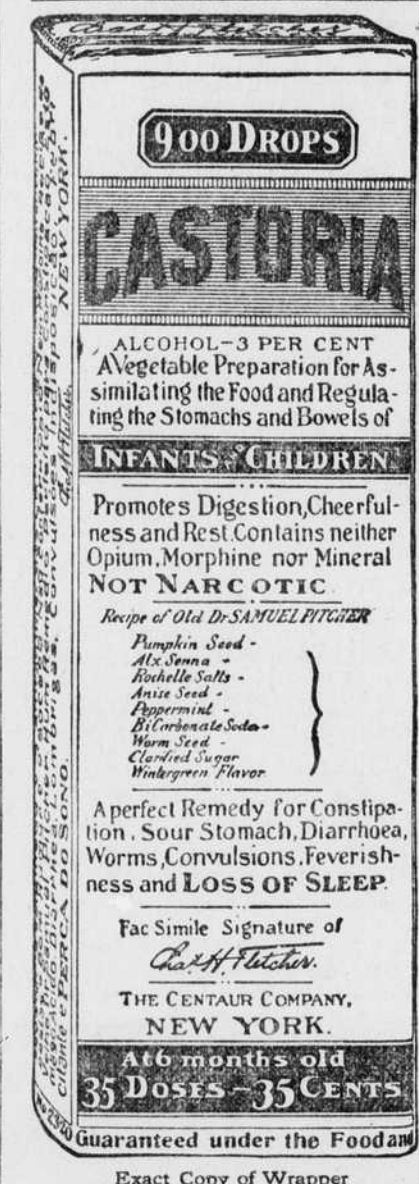
"The most appropriate one to have on hand—palmistry."

COLDS

An up-to-date remedy for colds. That is what Peruna is. In successful use over 30 years.

Colds are caught in many ways: Ily ventilated rooms; rooms that have direct draughts; crowded rooms; damp houses; stuffy school rooms; offices ily heated.

A dose of Peruna at the right time, at the first symptom of cold, before the bones begin to ache, before the sore throat manifests itself, or the cough, or the discharge from the nose, just a dose or two of Peruna before these symptoms begin is generally sufficient. But after the cold is once established with the above symptoms prominent, a bottle of Peruna, or maybe two, will be necessary.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Hooper

In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT
VEGETABLE PREPARATION FOR ASSIMILATING THE FOOD AND REGULATING THE STOMACHS AND BOWELS OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL LITCHNER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb Sals -
Anise Seed -
Sage -
Bitter Melon -
Castor Oil -
Wheat Germ -
Water -

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Wm. D. Hooper

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food Law

Exact Copy of Wrapper

Dangerous Pastime.

Wilkins—Did Jones break anything when he threw a kiss to the tall blond?

Bilkins—No; but she cracked a smile.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes guarantee satisfaction. Adv.

And He Did.

When Shimmerpate arrived home an hour later than usual he was nibbling a clove.

"I stopped in a concert hall for a few moments," he observed. "The music was intoxicating."

"That's right!" exclaimed his better half. "Blame it on the music."

Drive that cough from your system. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops will surely help you—5c at all Drug Stores.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compelled a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

Deposed Shah of Persia.

From the Detroit Journal.

Sudden illness seized one Kazan, an oriental merchant in Berlin. A Christian physician was called to the Moslem's house, and was hidden to address the merchant as "Your majesty." This merchant was Mohammed Ali, who until 1909 was the despotic shah of Persia. The successor of Cyrus and Chosroes and Nedir Shah and scores of other glittering tyrants had lived unknown in the German capital for nine months.

What brought down the great king of 9,000,000 people to such ignored lowliness? Kings and politicians of many nations may note the answer: He refused to be ruled by the people!

That and nothing else deposed Mohammed Ali. When the people first demanded a parliament and he granted it the world thought him a sensible shah. He suddenly turned away from the people of the past, and abolished the parliament. He held out even

200 Farms Absolutely Free

We will give away FREE of charge and without restrictions as to improvement or settlement 200 farm tracts of from 5 to 40 acres in Palm Beach County.

\$1,000 an acre is often made on similar land from winter vegetables alone and fortunes in grape fruit and oranges. This is the land of three crops a year, below the frost line; 365 growing days. The last day for registration is April 30, 1914. Low excursion rates March 3rd, 17th, April 7th and April 21st.

Write for full particulars to Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Lake Worth, Florida

Strength and Beauty

Come With Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

This is a blood cleanser and alternative that starts the liver and stomach into vigorous action. It thus assists the body to manufacture rich red blood which feeds the heart—nerves—brain and organs of the body. The organs work smoothly like machinery running in oil. You feel clean, strong and strenuous instead of tired, weak and faint. Nowadays you can obtain Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery Tablets, as well as the liquid form from all medicine dealers, or trial box of tablets by mail, on receipt of 50c. Address R.V. Pierce, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. Pierce's Great 1008 Page Illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent FREE, Cloth Bound for 31 One-cent Stamps.

