

WHO IS WHO NOW

CANTRILL, PLAIN FARMER

"I'm no lawyer, and I'm no orator. I'm just a plain farmer from Kentucky, but here's what I think."

In this wise James Campbell Cantrell, congressman from the Seventh district of Kentucky, began a speech that produced one of the most sensational climaxes that have been staged in congress for a long time.

Congressman Cantrell, long, lean, and lanky, is a Democratic member of the rules committee of the house. But, unlike the other Democratic members of that body, he did not vote for the majority report recommending that the "leak" on the president's note be indefinitely put out of the way.

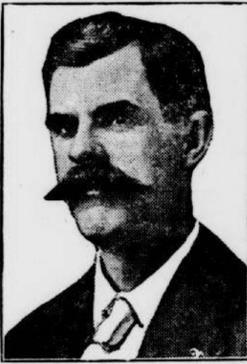
What he said was sufficient to disrupt the Democratic majority completely and to stampede the entire house into overthrowing the majority report of the committee.

It is true that Mr. Cantrell is no lawyer, but he was brought up in the atmosphere of the law. His father, James E. Cantrell, was the judge who sat in the trial of Caleb Powers.

He hails from the richest blue-grass section of Kentucky, and is a real farmer. Ten years ago he was one of the chief organizers of the tobacco growers of his state, and figured prominently in the exploits of the so-called "night riders."

Farmer Cantrell has a mind quick to grasp the essentials of any situation and a logic, however roughly spoken, that is usually invincible.

He is a fighter through and through, and doesn't know the first sensation of fear. He showed that when he defied the leaders of his party and forced them to accept his views.



The Stray Guest

By Augustus Goodrich Sherwin

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"Mister, I'm hungry."

Martin Brill had just come out of the retail salesroom of a great baking establishment. He had a large, but light package under his arm; two pounds of crackers. He had a small parcel in his coat pocket: ten cents' worth of common, plebeian sausage.

A man with his coat collar turned up and looking like the average person out of work had hailed him. Neither had Martin an overcoat.

"Why, I'm hungry, too," he replied in his usual bright, happy way. "I don't live but a square from here. Maybe you're in want of a shelter, too, eh, my friend?"

"I am just that," answered the stranger.

"Come along, then, if you're not too dainty. I've just spent my last dime, but I've got enough coal for the little stove to last till Saturday night. My room rent is paid. You look sober and respectable. Come along, you're welcome."

"You're a good man," said the stranger with a nod, and they walked on together.

"You see," rattled on Martin, as cheerily as if they were bound for some banquet, "I have to buy close. Twenty cents—well, I went to a butcher shop. I didn't order a pound of sausage, but ten cents' worth, and the butcher cut me off a fair foot of the roll. I bought broken crackers, just as fresh as those baked with them, only a corner off here and there,



"Here's a Mystery—or is it Mischievous?"

broken and disfigured, but crisp as all can be. I can brew a cup of coffee. Here we are—does it suit you?"

"But how about yourself tomorrow?" suggested the stranger.

"Oh, I'll manage to pick up the day's feed. There's snow to shovel, coal to carry in, wood to split. I'll manage. Tell you, friend, I've seen dark times the last month, but—never say die! Come in."

Martin led his invited guest up a dark stairway and lit a lamp. The room was sparsely, but cleanly furnished. There was a double bed with coarse but warm blankets, a table, chairs, a small stove, and in this a fire was soon going.

"Light housekeeping!" observed Martin, with a ringing laugh. "Now then, set to."

Martin ate like the hearty, healthy man he was. The other barely nibbled at a few fragments of the food. Martin observed this, but attributed it to a distaste for the coarse fare and said nothing. Then they sat chatting.

"You're pretty poor, aren't you?" observed Martin's guest, who called himself Lester.

"No, I am the richest man in the world!" declared Martin, promptly and with vigor. "I've got a girl to think of—wife, some day, for she's true and patient and has faith in me. I left the old town with a little capital six months ago. I lost in my first investment. All right, I'll keep straight on till I've done what her father insists I must demonstrate; good behavior always, strict attention to business. I'm rich in Elsa Wardell's love. It's a glory that irradiates my life."

Martin shared his bed with Lester that night. The latter left him with a warm expression of gratitude. Martin started out to earn his daily bread. He came home at nightfall well satisfied with the two dollars he had earned assisting a family to move. He treated himself to an oyster stew on this particular occasion. He started in to tidy up, to come across a small memorandum book that had evidently fallen from the coat of his guest of the evening previous. Martin opened it casually. He gave a puzzled start.

"Why, what's this?" he ejaculated in a surprised way—"my name, my doings, tab on 'em since I came to the city. Here's a mystery—or is it mischievous?"

A series of entries told of how Martin had come to the city and bought out a small store. Later he had learned that it had been sold to him by a set of sharpers, acting as agents for a poor widow lady who never got the money. Honest, whole-hearted Martin promptly put the woman in possession of the store, pocketed his loss and without a grumble at fate went cheerfully on his way, doing the best he could.

An item told of his dividing his little stock with the poor and distressed, of his care for the weak and unfortunate, of his pure, true life, a man among men in his moral and humane standards.

The memoranda cited his trials and

misfortunes. There were many details of instances where he had not disdained the hardest labor to keep his head above water, and all the time never departing from the courage, energy and sterling moral principles of a man strictly devoted to his duty.

There came a knock at the door just as Martin had completed traversing the queer chronicle.

"Come in," directed Martin, and Lester entered the room. He eyed Lester critically, and, in a way, unobtrusively.

"I lost something here last night," spoke Lester.

"Yes, I have just found it," replied Martin instantly, and with not much cordiality, for his suspicions had become aroused. "Here it is."

Lester looked embarrassed as he took it. He drew out his watch and glanced at it. Martin was amazed. This pensioner, this mendicant had displayed a fine gold timepiece scarcely comporting with his alleged poverty.

"Wait a minute," directed Martin. "I glanced over your memorandum book. Naturally I am rather curious as to its rather complete history of myself since I came to the city."

"Yes," nodded Lester, and rather confusedly, Martin fancied, and his head inclined toward the hallway as though expecting somebody.

"Why?" projected Martin bluntly.

"Well, to tell you the truth," spoke Lester after a slight pause, "I was hired to gather up the information."

"Then you confess to being a spy?" challenged Martin.

"Don't put it that way to a person who has been interested, more than that, benefited by contact with one of the best men he ever met, and that is yourself."

"Who hired you, and wherefore?" pressed Martin with insistency.

"I—you shall know in time. Ah, you shall know now!" added Lester in a tone of relief, and as the door again opened he stood aside to reveal a new comer—the father of Elsa Wardell.

The old man was genial, eager, friendly. He advanced and grasped the hand of Martin with warmth.

"Didn't expect me?" he cried. "Well, Elsa made me come and I was glad to. My boy, I put you through a tough ordeal to try you out, didn't I? Well, you've been true blue all through it and never flunked. It isn't making a fortune easy that spells success. It's the spirit of dauntlessness that laughs at bad luck and brings out the real gold that is in a man. You're coming back home with me, Martin."

"What for?" inquired Martin.

"To become my son-in-law and to start in business, where Elsa wants you, and I, too, I've been watching you, young man," with a meaning glance at Lester. "I'm not afraid of the future of a man like you. Don't you understand?"

"I thank you," responded Martin in a voice almost unsteady with intense emotion. And realized that the pathway he was to tread—and not alone—would be illumined with the full radiance of perfect love.

Flowers and Pictures.

"Don't stand a vase of flowers in front of a picture; let it make its own picture," was the advice of an interior decorator who counted a bowl of blossoms to be as decorative, against a wall, as would be a framed picture.

"A vase of blooms or branches should be as carefully 'composed,' and placed with as direct reference to its background, as is the painting," she continued. "All too often a spray of flowers is thrust into the wrong vase (to bring out its beauty) and then stood up on a cabinet, a shelf, or atop of a piece of furniture, where its outlines are entirely lost, by being shown against the broken lines of other objects. The lines and colors of flowers and flowering branches are very beautiful, and they should be given a simple, neutral background, where their full value may be displayed. A jar of roses, exquisite when placed against the soft gray of a plain bit of wall, will lose all its charm when stood on a table with a lamp of one color beside it, books of other colors behind it, and curtains of still other shades in close proximity.

"Treat each bowl of bloom as a picture, and frame it with a harmonizing set of neighbors, leaving its background clear to show it off to the fullest advantage."—Christian Science Monitor.

Coral Cutting.

Although Venice is a center of tourist trade in coral and shell cameos, coral itself is neither gathered nor worked there. The manufacture is confined to Torre del Greco. Polishing coral in quantities is an interesting feature of the work. It is placed in a small bag of strong raw linen, together with crushed pumice stone and the bag is shaken in a special tube with a hole for drainage under a small column of water. When the coral is well pumiced it is washed and passed into a clean bag. Instead of the pumice the "pulimento" (red or white) is used, and the former operation repeated, first without water, then with a little, and finally with much water, when the coral has become brilliant. What the "pulimento" is the inhabitants of Torre del Greco, while so proud and jealous of their industry, have never taken the trouble to find out, as, indeed, what the "acqua ossigenata" (hydrogen peroxide) is, which is used to change the color of the coral, black when extracted from the sea, to red. As for the "pulimento" it is not different from that which the jewelers use to polish precious stones.—Cleveland Leader.

Russ That Won.

The subway crush was at least as bad as ever, if not a bit worse than usual, as two husky fellows stood dangling from straps.

"You don't look any too well," said one. "Just what was that illness?"

"Oh," said the other, "he said it was smallpox, but that doesn't seem possible, inasmuch as I was in bed only 12 days. Anyway, I feel less like a cured man than I'd like to. Today at the office I had all of the symptoms of my first attack."

One by one the three men sitting within range of the voices got to their feet and sauntered toward the vestibule. The speaker and his friend sat down.—New York Herald.



FROCK WITH THE NEW EMBROIDERY. CREPE DE CHINE WITH BLACK VELVET BANDS.

Sketch sent from Paris by Drecoll of spring gown in biscuit-colored gabardine, banded with the revived primitive embroidery in several colors. The skirt has a trousered effect at the side, and the sash is tied in front.

This sketch, sent by Drecoll of Paris, shows a new spring model in pearl gray, with a half low chemise of rose georgette crepe. The bell-shaped sleeves show the new undersleeves of white chiffon.

HEM OF THE SKIRT TO BE NARROW

Prediction for the Spring and Summer That May Be Made With Certainty.

SLENDER LINES BELOW KNEES

Another Point to Be Noted is That Old-Fashioned Muslins Are Coming In Again—Brilliant Designs Will Be a Feature of the New Models.

New York.—Nearly a decade ago there was a kind of barrel skirt which grew too successful for the fastidious woman to continue to wear. It is possible that you remember this; the top of it was shaped like Dutch trousers and the fulness was gathered into a wide hem that hugged the ankles.

When the Indian shawls came into high fashion last September, as parts of gowns, they were accepted only by a few conservatives. The introduction was a dismal failure, although it had been attended by high hopes and much enthusiasm. The people who introduced the idea, both dressmakers and milliners, stood in the forefront of originality. For instance, Jenny of the Champs Elysees gave herself wholeheartedly to employing the Indian shawl in various ways for day apparel; and yet, she who has so few failures in her short, brilliant career, did not put it over.

Women who owned these shawls rushed to the shops and dressmakers with them and were perplexed because they could not sell them. The truth is, the market was overstocked; genuine cashmere shawls were too expensive to cut up into an experiment, but the shops and dressmakers over here found that they could import paisley shawls from Great Britain, giving as little as \$5 for some of them.

So the idea in itself failed, but its suggestiveness to fabric makers is now bearing fruit. Rodier instantly put the pair, the palm leaf and the Persian tree into his new materials for spring and summer, and, therefore, we shall wear muslins that show these designs.

Another forecast for spring is that we shall be bordered as though we were a state on the map. Most of the new materials have ornate borders, and when the weaver has left them off, the dressmaker supplies them. In these deep edges will lie most of the artistry of thin gowns, and even frocks of satin and chiffon will be framed in with bands of brilliant colors, to keep in the picture of the hour.

Coat With Many Buckles.

Trench coat is, perhaps, the most appropriate name for a sand Bolivia coat, the fulness of which is held in by a narrow belt, fastened with a silver buckle in front. Fairly large patch pockets are at the sides. Slightly above the breastline there is another narrow strap, fastened with a silver buckle, reaching from armhole to armhole. The fullness of the sleeves is held at the wrist by straps and buckle. The skirt of the coat is fairly full.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

A Logical Conclusion.

"Did you really call this gentleman an old fool last night?" said the judge severely.

"The prisoner tried hard to collect his thoughts. 'The more I look at him the more likely it seems that I did,' he replied.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Safe.

"The people are laying for that egg maginate."

"Yes, but so are the hens."

Weak, Fainty Heart, and Hysterics can be relieved by taking "Renovine," a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00. The Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it never giggles at plumbers.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR SICK STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach Misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Diapepsin, for this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—you stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food.

Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

A Tale of Trieste.

The Italians are fighting to get back Trieste. How some of the inhabitants of that city feel toward their Austrian masters is shown by the following story: A traveler went into a church there and noticed among a large number of votive offerings a silver mouse.

This, he was told, was presented by a lady whose house had been overrun with these little pests. After her gift to the Madonna, the mice entirely disappeared from her place.

"You don't believe that yarn?" remarked the skeptical traveler.

"Of course not," replied the scribbler, "or we should have made a silver Austrian long ago."

WOMEN SUFFERERS NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness and may be despondent and irritable.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, restores health to the kidneys and is just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a fifty cent or one dollar bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

Not Served There.

The applicant for cook, in a story told by the Ladies' Home Journal, was untidy and insolent in appearance.

"Don't hire her," whispered Jones to his wife; "I don't like her looks."

"But," remonstrated his wife, "just consider the reputation for cooking she bears."

"That doesn't matter," said Jones testily; "we don't want any she-bears cooked; we don't like them."

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

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WISCONSIN'S PRIZE GIRL



Wisconsin, one of the most progressive of the states, has come forward the last few years with more new ideas regarding government and agriculture than almost any other state. To be a prize winner in any of these lines in Wisconsin you have to get up in the morning and keep going all day.

The champion farmer girl of the state, so adjudged at the state fair, is Miss Helen M. Hatch of Lake Geneva, and the list of her accomplishments sounds like the list of accomplishments of that most desirable of mortals, a good housewife.

These are some of the things she had to do to win the championship: She had to make her own cap and apron; she had to name 20 different kinds of cloth; she had to put up one can of carrots and one can of peaches; she had to bake a loaf of bread; she had to make a tin of baking-powder biscuit, the sort you used to eat at teatime with honey when you went visiting with your mother. She had to prove she can darn and patch. She had to make garments for herself out of whole cloth and make them well.

Miss Hatch also won the prize as "Miss Agriculture" in the big parade at the fair, in which she wore a costume of alfalfa, trimmed with goldenrod.

MAN WITH PERFECT BRAIN

Thomas J. Abernethy, now half through his senior year at Harvard, has learned that he is mentally perfect.

The expert who tested his mentality and gave him 100 per cent was no less an authority than the late Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, who made the test last spring and announced the result only a few days before his death.

It surprised Thomas J. Abernethy, '17, who was adjudged perfect, as much as it surprised anyone. The college records show that he has been only an average student. He says himself, "I have just about broken even on grades."

If Abernethy has not taken advantage of his natural endowments in college, he will start on the more serious "use of life aware of his extraordinary mental equipment, or aware at least that his mentality was labeled "AI" by one of the world's greatest psychologists. Abernethy specialized in romance languages, having had the idea originally that he might go into business in South America. He now plans to enter the canning business with his father in his home town, West Pembroke, Me.



LYAUTEY, MILITARY GENIUS



The new French minister of war is described by Stephen Lausanne, formerly editor of Le Matin, Paris, as follows: "As for General Lyautey, the new minister of war, in all France the premier could not have found another man so splendidly qualified to handle the big problems of the war office. He is a genius at organization, and I do not think I exaggerate when I say he is perhaps the greatest organizer that the French army has ever known.

"For the last five years, General Lyautey has been governor of Morocco, and in these five years he brought the Moroccans from a state approaching savagery to quasi-civilization. He is a great master of efficiency, and combines all the qualities of a great general with those of a great business man.

"General Lyautey is a native of Lorraine. He had a little home not far from Nancy, and when the Germans made one of their raids upon that city in the early days of the war General Lyautey's home was among the first to be looted and subsequently destroyed. He is between sixty and sixty-five years of age and is a member of the Academy and the one member who has yet to make his presentation speech to his colleagues.

SCRAPS

North Carolina has three negro normal schools.

Factories yearly pay \$140,943,000 in wages in California.

England's paper box trade employs 80,000 workers.

Bacteria are killed by a pressure of 8,000 atmospheres.

The Hell Gate bridge, now nearing completion, cost \$30,000,000.

A state-owned paper mill is being advocated in Minnesota.

A public auditorium seating 4,200 is to be built in Louisville.

A California man made \$1,100 out of an acre of celery cabbage.

Los Angeles county has the largest olive grove in the world.

Mexico City is 7,415 feet above sea level. Its death rate has been high.

A toy exhibition in France has attracted much artistic discussion.

For hotels and similar places a new motor-driven machine will wash and sterilize 1,800 drinking glasses an hour.