

OUT-OF-ORDINARY PEOPLE

MEDICINAL PLANT SPECIALIST



Interest in the sources of our drug supply, stimulated by the European war, has brought into some prominence one of Uncle Sam's most useful woman employees, Miss Alice Henkel, a botanist of the bureau of plant industry, who has made a specialty of investigations of medicinal plants. Miss Henkel's work has had a widespread influence through the bulletins she has written. These, nine in number, have been among the most popular bulletins issued by the department of agriculture. In fact, they are in such demand that many reprints have been made of each, and they are classed among the "best sellers" of the office of the superintendent of documents.

One of the most popular bulletins deals with weeds that are used in medicine. Miss Henkel's pamphlets have been used as reference books by many of the leading pharmaceutical colleges and dealers in crude

drugs, and have been widely quoted not only in the pharmaceutical press of this country, but also abroad.

One example of the far-reaching influence of her work, which holds special gratification for Miss Henkel, came to her recently in a letter from a small mining town of Pennsylvania. She was told by the writer, a young man who had become a cripple in a mine explosion, that after reading her bulletins he decided to follow the business of collecting medicinal plants to sell to drug firms, and find out if he could become self-supporting. He said that he had been successful and was able to make a small amount of money—enough, at least, to keep his mind off of his condition and lift him out of the helpless class.

OLLIE JAMES' START

When Ollie James, the giant senator, had finished the high school at Marion at the age of sixteen, he sought a position as page in the Kentucky senate chamber. His immediate state senator promised him a place through the good offices of the lieutenant governor.

When the legislature assembled young James presented himself. The lieutenant governor declared he had forgotten the matter entirely and had appointed all the pages.

"But," said he, "I find, in looking them over, that they are a lot of spindly-legged weaklings, scarcely able to carry themselves. There ought to be one page strong enough to lift heavy records and newspaper files."

"Come and look my candidate over," said James' representative.

When the lieutenant governor had a look at the giant youngster outside he gasped.

"Show the governor how strong you are, Ollie," said his senator. Whereupon Ollie James picked up the lieutenant governor in one arm and his senator in another and trotted upstairs with them.

"Heavens!" said the presiding officer, "make a place for the boy? Make two places for him!"

As soon as Ollie James was installed he organized the pages of the senate and house and established them at once as a power in the legislature. This was the beginning of a career which has already progressed to a leading place in the United States senate.



ADMIRAL OF THE AIR



The rapid expansion of the British naval air service in the war has made necessary its reorganization and it now is under the direction of a flag officer. For the important post of "director of air service" Rear Admiral Charles Lionel Vaughan-Lee was selected, and the British public has had to learn about another notability of whom it knew little or nothing before the great conflict began.

In navy circles, however, Rear Admiral Vaughan-Lee has been well known as an officer of scientific attainments. Born in 1867, he served as a midshipman in the Egyptian war of 1882. Like Carden and many other sailors of his generation, he first learned the necessity of putting cotton wool into his ears at the bombardment of Alexandria. After becoming a lieutenant he devoted himself to torpedoes, and went to work with his head as soon as he got the chance. He has great ability and thoroughness, but despite his elaborate learning in the strict science of his profession, he has always kept himself pliant and tolerant towards the new idea.

EMDEN RAIDER'S ROMANCE

Captain-Lieutenant von Muecke, one of the heroes of the Emden, has written a pretty love story into the concluding chapter of his adventurous experiences, having finally returned to Germany and at Bremen led to the altar his old sweetheart, Fraulein Carla Flnke.

It was the end of the journey which began on November 10, 1914, when Captain von Muecke reluctantly started homeward, escaping with other members of the crew of the Emden when their boat was sunk in the Indian ocean by an Australian battleship after the Emden had destroyed more than 70,000 tons of British shipping.

Muecke and his men, who had been sent ashore at Cocos island to destroy the wireless station there, were marooned when the Emden fought her last fight. Seizing a schooner, they sailed via Java for 2,000 miles before they reached Arabia. Thence they made their way overland to Constantinople. At the Turkish capital Captain von Muecke's services were needed at once by the commander of the German squadron, Admiral von Usedom, and the wedding at Bremen had to be postponed until recently.



PLAINS ILLIUM



KURDS ON THE PLAIN OF TROY

CANNON awakening the echoes over Ilium's plains, where the allies have been trying to pound their way beyond the Dardanelles, stir many legendary memories of this historic battle region and bring to mind the oddest contrasts. Here, where now modern ordnance is hurling its messengers of destruction, Homer's heroes waged their spectacular, single-handed combats, while admiring armies grouped themselves around to watch. It is a far cry from the romantic siege of Troy to the terribly impersonal battle of today. Yet the old walls of Troy must bring some sort of inspiration to the soldiers fighting in their shadows, soldiers of the allies or of the Turks. Excavated Ilium, near one of the present war's great battlefields, is described in a communication to the National Geographic society by Jacob E. Conner.

The Trojan walls are still in evidence; those same walls that defied the onslaught of Agamemnon and Menelaus, of Ajax, Nestor, Diomed, Ulysses and Achilles, to fall at last by stratagem. They remain as a ruined and abandoned stage minus its paraphernalia, whereon was played so many centuries ago an insignificant little drama compared with modern events, but it was a drama so big with human interest divinely told that the world has never known its equal.

Wars in these crowded times are for gain, but in the youth of the world, if we take the Iliad literally, men could afford to fight for an ideal. Hence the Homeric warfare was a beautiful, a poetic pastime, seriously resulting to some happy few, who were thenceforth rewarded with immortality in song.

Troy Well Worth a Visit. As the theater of the world's greatest epic poem, Troy deserves a visit any year, every year. In the thoughts and emotions it revives and stimulates in the aroused sense of indebtedness of all subsequent literature and art it richly repays a visit. The classical student will leave it in a daze of meditation upon things more real to him than the actual things he has seen and touched.

On the site where the German savant, Schliemann, unearthed Homer's Troy, nine layers of old-time cities were found, one above the other. They were built, destroyed, and forgotten here during the more than 5,000 years that civilization has lived upon the products of the fertile valley. The topmost layer contained the remains of the Roman city of Ilium; two Hellenic villages were found directly beneath it, which flourished here between 1000 B. C. and the Christian era. The sixth city from the bottom was identified as Homer's Troy. The bottom layers contained the remains of prehistoric settlements, unimportant villages that have escaped every memory except these few, uncovered, decaying stones. In the second, or burnt city, probably 800 years before the time of Troy, was found a considerable mass of buried treasure, silver jars, gold daggers, and wonderfully wrought diadems of gold. Describing the country around Troy, Mr. Conner continues:

Yonder is the summit of Mt. Ida, where the gods in solemn conclave so often sat, where "cloud-compelled Zeus" sometimes "thought two ways to his mind at once," or else ended all debate with a nod that shook high Olympus and caused the heavens to reverberate and glow with the flash of his thunderbolt.

Famous Rivers Only Creeks.

Away over yonder, skirting the ridge of Ilium, is Simois' stream, or should be; but the bridge across it shows upon our approach that modern Simois is no more than a creek. Worse than that; following its attenuated course, less than a mile downstream, we discover that it ends in a morass instead of the Scamander as of yore. And the latter stream is scarcely less disappointing, for it is no more dignified in size or appearance. In fact, their sluggish currents united can scarcely boast of banks except at occasional intervals, for both streams are now only broad swales merging with the

adjacent plain, with no continuous current toward the sea except in seasons of high water, if such are ever known. And such beautiful plains! They were well worth fighting for, gently undulating as they retreat from the former river course, and most home-like, cultivable places for peaceful abode. Little round oak trees are studded about the plain in solitary, independent fashion—oak trees resembling apple trees in size and periphery.

Behold the ruins at last! A long, low ridge, some four or five miles in length, ends abruptly like a promontory projecting into the sea, above which it rises about 30 feet. The ridge is the so-called "Hill of Ilium," the sea is the flood plain of the Simois and the Scamander, historically known as the plain of Troy, and the promontory, with its crown of ruins, is Troy itself. You walk around the ruins and make the surprising discovery that if the walking were good you could easily do it in ten minutes. Astonishing! Is this all there was of Troy, and did this little stronghold withstand a nine years' siege and still remain unconquered by force? Impossible! The whole hill of Ilium may have been fortified and to some extent populated; otherwise how was the garrison provisioned? Unpoetic details like these never troubled Homer, so why bother about them?

Within sight, almost, of Tenedos, the island base of the attacking allied armies, and within sound and reach of the big guns, the old ruins are watching over the present fighting, a greeting from the days of the first great western siege to the greatest siege of modern times.

Sounds of Desolation. You proceed a little farther in Aras to a large circular place, once imposing. Every house in it presents the same blighted aspect. There is no urban stir! but in the brief intervals of the deafening cannonade can be heard one sound—blind, and curtains fluttering against empty window frames, and perhaps the idle, faint banging of a loose shutter. Not even a cat walks. We are alone—we and the small group of staff officers who are acting as our hosts. We feel like thieves—like desecrators, impiously prying . . .

Continually came the hollow sound of things falling and slipping within the smashed interiors behind the facades. And then came the sound of a baby crying—for this city is not, after all, uninhabited. We saw a woman coming out of her house and carefully locking the door behind her. Was she locking it against shells or against burglars?—Arnold Bennett in Saturday Evening Post.

A Large Order. "He shared his umbrella with her on a rainy day and now they are married."

"That's the way it goes," replied the cynic. "I have no doubt he started out merely with the idea of keeping her dry for a few minutes and now he'll probably have to keep a roof over her head for the rest of his life."

When Death Supervenes. Indicating that the old and the young are most subject to the call of death, the Springfield (Ill.) survey of the Russell Sage Foundation shows that in 1910 in that city 140 infants died to each 1,000 infants less than one year old, 67 died to each 1,000 more than sixty-five years old and only seven died to each 1,000 from twenty-five to forty-four years of age.

Glad Tidings. "It must have been a glorious moment for Isaac Newton when the apple hit him on the head as he sat under the tree." "Yes," replied Farmer Cornatossel. "He not only discovered the law of gravitation, but he found convincing evidence that the fruit crop for that year was not a failure."

New Zealand has only one town with a population of more than 100,000.

Her Reason. "What do you suppose made Fanny refuse that young real estate man who asked her to marry him the other day?" "Oh, she got offended the way he proposed." "Why, what did he say?" "Oh, he asked her for a refusal of her hand."

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Fine for Her. "Of course, Mary, I might as well tell you we are vegetarians." "That'll be fine, ma'am. I lost my last place for burning the meat."

Going It Too Hard

We are inclined nowadays to "go it too hard;" to overwork, worry, eat and drink too much, and to neglect our rest and sleep. This fills the blood with uric acid. The kidneys weaken and then it's a case of backache, dizziness, nervous spells, rheumatic pains and distressing urinary disorders. Don't wait for worse troubles. Strengthen the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Wisconsin Case

Frank M. Wells, Park Falls, Wis., says: "I was all crippled up with rheumatic pains in my back and limbs. I had to use crutches in getting around a d at one time, I couldn't walk. Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up all right and I have had no serious kidney trouble since."



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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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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.

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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.—Adv.

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Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver.



Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

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