

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

DR. WILSON FOR GOVERNOR



That the scholar in politics is to be a factor in American public life has been prophesied, and to some degree exemplified, for several years. But for the first time in the history of the republic the head of a leading university has been offered the nomination for governor of a state and has signified his willingness to become the candidate.

Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, is both a scholar and a politician, in the higher sense of the latter word. He knows life not only from books, but he has been a practicing lawyer, and in various ways has come more into touch with the great public of working men and women, probably, than any other head of an American institution of learning.

To the observer of politics who is not "on the inside," as an expressive phrase puts it, the proposed nomination of Doctor Wilson, so far as the press dispatches have reported it, may be a provocative of mild curiosity. It is said in the dispatches that Doctor Wilson has been told he can have the nomination, by "a dozen or more prominent New Jersey Democrats at the Lawyers' club in Manhattan." A previous dispatch has informed the public that Doctor Wilson is to be the Democratic candidate for president of the United States in 1912. "If a combination of Wall street and political interests can make him so." In both announcements there is nothing relating to the wishes or the feelings of the great common people who are supposed to compose the Democratic party. Yet the selection of President Wilson very possibly may meet the enthusiastic approval of the voters of the Democratic party, when the question of fitness is considered.

President Wilson's strongest interests, it is said by those who know him well, are in government and politics. This, perhaps, is natural to him as a Virginian, for that commonwealth has been the mother of statesmen since the foundation of the republic. In college debates and essays he showed his bent early. He learned early also the value of being a good public speaker, and assiduously practiced until he became a ready debater and an accomplished orator. Later he learned to speak with grace and fluency on post-prandial occasions.

IS FATHER OF AVIATION



The real father of aviation is Octave Chanute, an engineer of distinction, who is now in Paris, after having submitted to a serious operation. He has had an interesting career. Born in Paris in 1832, he came to this country with his father in 1839 and studied engineering. His first and the most important appointment that he ever received was that of chief engineer of the Elevated Railroad Company of New York, founded in 1865.

Mr. Chanute drew up the plans of the famous elevated air Third, Sixth and Ninth avenues, which, at their opening to traffic in 1875, were considered marvels of engineering skill, and which, for the last 25 years, have been of incalculable advantage to the uptown population of New York city. This vast enterprise took up all his time for ten years.

It was not until 1890 that his thoughts were directed toward navigation of the air. It was then that the experiments of Lillenthal and Vercher attracted his attention, and the monoplane gliders which they used appeared to him out of the proper equilibrium. He thereupon set to work experimenting, himself in 1891, and 1892 with his son.

The gliders they used were biplanes, and this is the only invention that he claims in aviation. He says that it seemed to him just as simple to try to fly with two superimposed planes as with a single one, and the stability would be immensely increased. The idea was very simple, indeed, but somebody had to think of it.

Thus at the age of sixty, in company with his son, he began to practise flying without a motor. Later on, of course, it was realized that light motors were absolutely necessary.

Chanute, who was then well advanced in years—he is now 78—tired of the experimental work and turned over his apparatus to the Wright brothers. They followed along the lines he had laid down and he kept in touch with their work constantly. It was to his early experiments and afterwards through his advice that they succeeded in making a flying machine—the first which ever made a free flight with a passenger.

MAJ. CARSON GOES ABROAD



Maj. John M. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures of the department of commerce and labor, who has been selected to go abroad to look into the general trade conditions and opportunities for American manufactures, up to the time of his appointment as chief of the bureau of manufactures in 1902 by President Roosevelt, was one of the ablest newspaper men of the Washington contingent and chief of the Washington bureau, created after the consolidation of the Philadelphia Times and the Philadelphia Ledger.

He was the first president and one of the founders of the Gridiron club and again its president in 1905. He is also a member of the Army and Navy club and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. He began his newspaper career as a "devil" in a printing office in his teens and afterward became a compositor. Later he served as a newspaper reporter.

From May, 1861, until June, 1864, he was an officer of the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment. After the war he resumed newspaper work in Philadelphia until 1873, when he became night editor of the National Republican, and in this city. In 1874 he established a connection with the New York Times and the Philadelphia Ledger as their correspondent in Washington.

In 1877 he became chief of the Philadelphia Times bureau, and remained in that position until 1882, when he again became the manager of the Philadelphia Ledger bureau, which position he held until the consolidation of the two papers in 1902, when he became chief of the Washington bureau.

When William D. Kelley was chairman of the ways and means committee of the house of representatives, Major Carson was its clerk, and in that position assisted in the formation of the tariff bill of 1883 and the McKinley bill of 1890.

His reputation is national and the esteem and regard in which he is held is deep and wide.

BRAZIL'S PRESIDENT HERE



The visit of President-Elect Hermes Fonesca of Brazil to this country affords an opportunity, according to American diplomats, for solidifying the friendly relations now existing between the two countries.

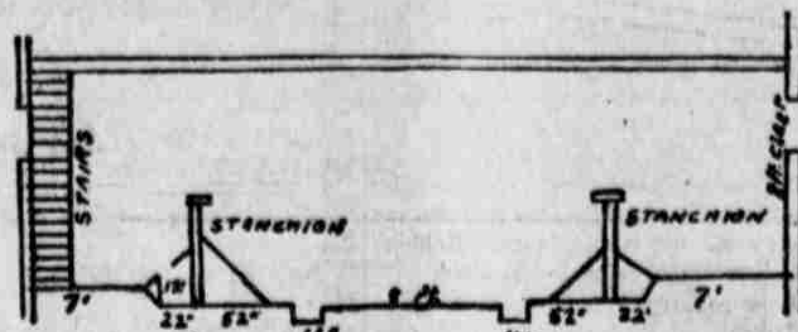
The program for his entertainment, as arranged by Charge d'Affaires Silva of the Brazilian embassy in Washington and representatives of the state department, included a visit to Beverly, the summer home of President Taft and to Valley Forge, Pa., the summer home of Secretary of State Knox. Receptions in honor of the distinguished visitor were placed on the program for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Washington and Pittsburgh.

It was the desire of the nation's guest to study the enterprises of these and other big cities. On account of his own accomplishments in military organization it was planned to take the Brazilian to West Point and Annapolis to inspect the army and navy schools.

It was expected, when the plans were made, that the conferences to be had with President Taft and Secretary Knox would be fruitful of much good bearing on the relations between Brazil and the United States, and it was hoped in diplomatic circles that they would result in the United States being a powerful ally in South American affairs, the republic of Brazil.

IMPORTANT ESSENTIALS IN COMFORTABLE CATTLE BARN

Light, Ventilation, Warmth and Convenience Are Among Factors That Go to Make Stable Paying Investment.



As the putting in of the crops is completed farmers will be repairing and remodeling and otherwise improving their cattle barns, many will be building new ones. The average cattle barn is not usually laid out for comfort, and without comfort the dairy cow will be far from doing her best. Convenience is also a most important factor in those times of high-priced farm hands.

Light ventilation and warmth—also convenience—are the essentials in a cattle barn. Windows of ample size must extend on every side and end. The barn should be at least 35 feet wide, and length to accommodate what stock is expected to be kept.

So-called mangers are to be avoided. The cows face the sides of the barn, and for purposes of ventilation and general sanitation, this is the only way a stock barn should be made.

The general construction of the floor plan is shown in the illustration with details of measurements. The driveway is 8 feet wide between the cows. This is two inches below the general level of the stalls. A gutter, six inches below the driveway and 8 inches below the stalls, is 16 inches wide. This must be watertight to re-

tain the liquids. The stalls vary from 45 inches to 54 inches from the edge of the drop to the stanchions to fit cows of different length. A space of 22 inches is left for a feeding place. A slope rise of 12 inches forms all the manger needed, a space of 5 to 7 feet is left in the front for feeding. The slope partitions should come to within 14 inches of the gutter. The partitions in front should be between every other cow. This allows a water supply for every two cows to drink from. The platform should have a slope of 1/2 inches to the foot to drain the liquid to the gutter.

The best stanchion is the swing-stanchion fastened at the top and bottom with a chain that allows about two inches of play back and front. For ventilation a space is left in front of the cattle, under the breast-girth (3 feet high), and partitioned off three feet high and three feet wide, so that cold fresh air can pass to the stable from the floor above to second story. These boxes may be 15 to 20 feet apart. Over these openings slide doors control the inrush of the cold air. The air escapes through the roof. These openings serve for throwing hay down to the feeding alley before pitching to the cows.

SECURE STAND OF POTATOES

Potato Grower Should Take Stock of His Success in Work to This Point in Season—Moisture Is First.

(By C. L. FITCH, Colorado Agricultural College.)

This is the time for the potato grower to observe what sort of a stand he has secured, to take stock, as it were, of his success in his work to this point in the season.

In the first place, moisture is necessary. A potato may sprout, but will not root unless it touches damp soil, and if the season and atmosphere be very dry, growth will be backward, even with moisture beneath. The potato ground should have been filled with moisture before plowing, and the moisture held there by stirring the surface shallow, as with a harrow. If, however, the moisture be not there, the potatoes must be cultivated, ditched and irrigated, and then harrowed lengthwise, as soon as horses can be used.

A heavy rain following planting is a great damage, because it sets the soil of the tuber bed and will damage the shape of the crop. Prolonged rains will rot the seed. The best stands are secured on fields that were plowed in good condition, lightly harrowed, quickly planted, and that then happened to secure one long, gentle shower, followed by warm weather.

Examine the hills that come up last, after the run of the thrifty plants. You will find three causes for these

tardy arrivals: Some were in a pocket of dry earth of a field not properly and promptly leveled and harrowed; others will be found growing from very small seed pieces—pieces perhaps broken from the others by the planter; but the most of the runty plants will be found coming from rotten or rotting seed pieces. Thus, moisture, good-sized seed, and sound seed are necessary to a vigorous stand. The best crops are secured in years when the seed stays sound until digging.

And back of all is the planter, and the right size of even cut seed for it to handle. Seventy-five per cent. is a fair stand; 95 per cent. is far more profitable. Your planter should not miss more than three or four per cent.

Record Onion Crop.

It is claimed that Charles Volz of the Mission community, Mission, Tex., holds the world's record for profits from intensive farming. He recently sold his Bermuda onion crop on 24 acres for \$12,982. Deducting the expenses of planting, cultivating, harvest and marketing, the crop left him a net return of \$9,083. The onion yield from these 24 acres filled 22 cars. The product was shipped to northern and eastern markets. The land could have been bought ten years ago for one dollar an acre.

The First Creamery.

So far as known, the first creamery built in the United States was at Middletown, N. Y., in 1863, the second at Binghamton, N. Y., that state. The creamery business was for a good many years confined to that part of the country. Not until about 25 years ago were any built out through the west.

SHROPSHIRE EWE OF QUALITY



The Shropshire ewe, shown in the illustration, owned by George McKerraw & Sons of Wisconsin, is remarkable for quality. She was champion at the 1908 International at Chicago and is considered by many judges one of the very finest animals ever exhibited, says American Agriculturist.

She is well developed, with a broad back, short legs and compact fleece.

If a man does not know how to prune a tree, he can do with safety at least cut out all the suckers and keep the ground free from weeds and underbrush.

A Colonist of Canaan

By Izola Forrester

The Southwestern flier drew up at Canaan Junction. It never stopped, merely slowed up long enough to throw out the mail sack, and give the curly-headed boy in the express car a chance to call hello to Nell.

But today it stopped, stopped while one man swung off a sleeper, and the porter dropped a suitcase and grip on the platform beside him.

The man left behind was young, so young that he had outgrown his years, and there was a latent, careless strength, mixed with awkwardness about him that reminded one of a cub.

Nell took one look at him and caught her breath sharply. She knew him in an instant, but there was a bare chance that he had forgotten her. It had been four years, and four years is a lengthy stretch when one is 17.

He set the suitcase down under the ticket shelf, and went back to the water bucket.

"It's hot enough down here, isn't it?" She watched him drain the tin cup a second time before she answered: "We don't mind it much."

"I suppose not. I came from the north. Don't suppose you know anybody here named Acton?"

The girl's hand closed tightly over the package of letters she had drawn from the mail sack. Her back was toward him. But her voice was steady and natural.

"No, I don't." "You'd be pretty likely to know, handling all the mail, and so on, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I would know. I know the name of everybody in this town!"

"Except mine." He came over to the ledge and leaned one elbow on it, smiling in at her cheerfully. She did not answer.

"Maybe he's using a different name." He went on, presently. "He had



She Knew Him in an Instant.

plenty of cause to change it, the Lord knows, when he started down this way. I know he's here all right, and I'm going to find him."

The telegraph instrument set up its call, and she sat down to answer it. When she rose her face was flushed slightly, and anybody well acquainted with Nell would have surmised that she was on the war path. Jopman, the town nearest the state line, was asking about Colonel Acton Canaan Junction again stated that the party was unknown there.

"Is there a chief of police here in town?"

"Chief of police!" She flashed a startled glance at him. "No. There's a constable. He's the undertaker, too."

"Nice, handy combination," he laughed. "You people down here in this small, new town certainly economize on public offices. Thanks, I'll hunt him up. Goodby."

"Goodby." She watched him as he went along the road towards the main street, his long, easy strides kicking up a flurry of dust behind him.

The whistle over at the factory was blowing for noon. She caught up the telephone receiver and called a number.

"I want to speak to father, please. Is he there? Well, wait. Give him a message. Tell him to come over to the depot right away. Tell him to come around by the river road, not Main street. I want to show him something there."

Then she waited. It seemed hours before she caught sight of the dear old figure, swinging along the river road, his gray felt hat well back on his head, his gray mustache and imperial giving added distinction to the fine, gracious face. The tears rushed to her eyes as she watched him, but she controlled herself, and met him with a smile.

"Sit down and rest a minute, honey. You've got 20 minutes. They—they've wired for you to come down to Alcazar. It's some committee meeting, I believe." She turned away, and bent over a time table, so that he should not see her tell-tale eyes. "You can make the 1:10 local, dear. And—don't bother about coming back tonight. I'm sure they need you down there."

"In a rush, aren't they?" laughed the colonel, wiping off his forehead.

"Guess it's about their new town hall. It consists of four flags on a center plot at present, with a geranium bed in the middle. I suppose I'll have to go. Be all right, won't you, Nell?"

She nodded and smiled. It was 15 minutes now. She watched the road to Main street every now and then, half expecting Fate to play her a trick and send the long-limbed stranger back again. It wasn't wrong. She told herself over and over again, it wasn't.

A hundred suggestions and plans swept through her mind as she listened to him chat of the new town hall at Alcazar. Then all at once there was a dead silence, and she turned quickly. The colonel stood in the center of the little depot, his hands clasped comfortably under his coat tails, his lips pursed up for a whistle. And he was looking at the suitcase under the window ledge, a suitcase with the owner's name written boldly across it. "J. P. Dexter."

Nell leaned her hands on the desk and waited tensely. She had forgotten to hide the suitcase.

"Well, honey girl, the cat wouldn't stay put, would it? And you going to all this trouble just to try and save your dad from himself." The colonel spoke very calmly, very reflectively, almost with a glint of humor in his blue eyes, as he saw the look on Nell's face. "When did Jack Dexter get here?"

"Father, listen." She put both hands up on his shoulders and leaned her face against his chin. She was just about on a level with his chin. "You must take this train. Surely, when you know you're in the right, it doesn't matter what other people think. They don't know for sure that you are here yet. The night operator said you were, but I know he isn't certain. I can turn Jack Dexter away. He didn't know me at all. Think of them sending him down here to bring you back, the boy that owed everything to you."

"He had to do his duty if they sent him. I certainly wish it had been some one else. I always set a heap by Jack. He's a right fine boy. Studied law with the judge after we left, Nell. I understand he's prosecuting attorney."

From the bridge came the whistle of the 1:10. She was on time to the minute. The ticker was calling the Canaan operator, and she went to it, the tears streaming from her eyes. As the local pulled in the colonel stood in the doorway and swept his broad-brimmed felt hat off in a general salute.

And the 1:10 pulled out without its extra passenger.

Somebody came hurrying along the platform and into the depot. "I can't locate him yet, but I'm going to stay over—" Jack Dexter stopped short and whistled softly under his breath. The colonel held Nell close to him, and smiled.

"How are you, boy, how are you?" he said, heartily. "I can't offer you my hand, because, you see, they're both engaged. I'm mighty glad to see you again, Jack. Just take your suitcase right over to my house, sir, and we'll have a good dinner before we start north tonight. He put up one hand as Jack started to explain, and shook his head warningly. "No need for explanations, I understand the situation thoroughly. I don't want to disturb Nellie here, with any of the details."

"But, Colonel Acton," Jack exclaimed. "You don't know what I'm after, sir. I came down to let you know that that indictment is squashed flatter than a pancake. The whole city is writing to welcome you back, if you'll only come. The president of the bank confessed to the full amount, swore he had made a scapegoat of you, sir, and then gracefully committed suicide. It was the wisest thing he'd done in five years."

"Well, now, that's too bad," the colonel said, regretfully. "He need not have done that. I was comfortable down here. It's home to Nell and myself. In fact, we feel rather responsible for the future of Canaan. Mighty fine of you to come down and let me know, Jack, though; mighty fine."

"I wanted to be the first to tell you, sir," Dexter's hand gripped the colonel's closely. "A crowd of the newspaper boys were after your trail, but I knew you'd be in the same place where you left word we could find you if you were wanted."

The colonel smiled in a pleased, comfortable fashion all his own.

"We keep our word, we Actons," he said. "Don't we, Nell?"

"I can hardly say that," she faltered. "I—I didn't tell the truth to Mr. Dexter when he asked me if I knew you. I just couldn't. I don't know what he must think of me."

"Think of you?" gasped Dexter. "I think you are the bravest, truest, bluest—"

The colonel coughed and glanced at his watch.

"We will all lunch in honor of the occasion over at the hotel, sir. Jack, just give my little girl your arm along Main street. I'll lock up the station and carry the suitcase until the next train comes along. No, sir, I can't permit it, as my guest, you will allow me to have my way." Jack hesitated still, looking down at the berry suitcase, and the colonel gave him a delicate poke in the side. "Ladies first, sir, right about face—forward, march!"