

# PROMINENT PEOPLE

## GOVERNOR STUBBS OF KANSAS



an intimate acquaintance with one feature of railroad affairs, the cost of new lines.

A big man physically, Stubbs has a face that is often boyishly emotional, though it can change into granite hardness when his fighting spirit is aroused. His talk is homely and direct. He frankly admits that he is ambitious to go high in politics. He has hardly any "book learning," and he does not pretend to have any. He has been, however, a very good friend to the state's educational institutions and appreciates education.

Stubbs began his political career in 1903 by going to the legislature. In 1904 he became chairman of the Republican state committee and remained such for four years. He nominated Edward Wallis Hoch for governor, after Hoch had refused to accept the nomination. Stubbs hired two good talkers to use the long-distance telephone from Topeka on every farmer in the state who had a phone in his home. It cost a good deal of money, but Stubbs was satisfied with the result. "They wouldn't have worried about a letter," he said, "but when they got a long-distance call they knew that meant something."

## CARDINAL GIBBONS AT 76



was invested with the insignia of cardinal. Cardinal Gibbons presided at the third national council of the church, held in Baltimore in 1884. He has written books and pamphlets on religious subjects and is noted for his charitable work.

In the course of a general conversation with the cardinal recently, the subject of divorce came up and he at once opened up on it with all his batteries. The evils of divorce are ever uppermost in his thoughts. "Divorce is a canker which is eating into the very vitals of our life," he said in the interview, in which he also urged young men to enter politics. "Society—our whole civilization uprears itself upon the sanctity of the home and the unity of the family. When you attack the family you attack government itself. And government to protect and perpetuate itself must expunge from its statutes the criminal divorce laws which the best of our life abhors."

"I pray for the time when men and women may be persuaded to understand the seriousness of marriage. Regardless of religious convictions, they should understand that they are entering upon a contract which is not of a day or a month, but of a lifetime. They should know that they must bear and forbear. The husband cannot pull one way and the wife another. They must pull in the traces together."

## WILL GIVE AWAY MILLIONS



are to be great indeed if all that is promised of the Rockefeller Foundation shall be carried out.

October 1, 1901, Mr. Rockefeller married Abby Green Aldrich, daughter of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island. The marriage, which took place in Providence, was a great society event, and was attended by 1,000 guests. The gifts were valued at \$700,000. Three children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller.

Gradually the younger Rockefeller has been relinquishing his responsibilities as a director in large corporations. As a Sunday school teacher Mr. Rockefeller has been an utterer of many precepts for the guidance of his fellow young men. He has advised against living beyond one's means, against borrowing money on friendship, against drinking anything intoxicating, against shirking humble work, against discontent because of poverty, against sourfacedness, against timidity and several other things that have been the subjects of platitudes and homilies since religion began to be associated with morals.

There is nothing original in his remarks, though they undoubtedly are the outpourings of a sincere, if conventional, mind. His Sunday school class, naturally, has been filled with young men eager to learn the way to success.

## WEDS A JAP WAR ADMIRAL



years ago. Admiral Grinnell entered the United States navy at an early age and rose to the rank of lieutenant.

Just before the Chinese-Japanese war Japan asked for an American naval officer in helping to build up and organize its navy. Grinnell was made the choice of the navy board. He was given the rank of rear admiral by the Japanese government and remained in its employ for several years in an advisory capacity.

## WAGON BED CONVERTED INTO DIFFERENT USES

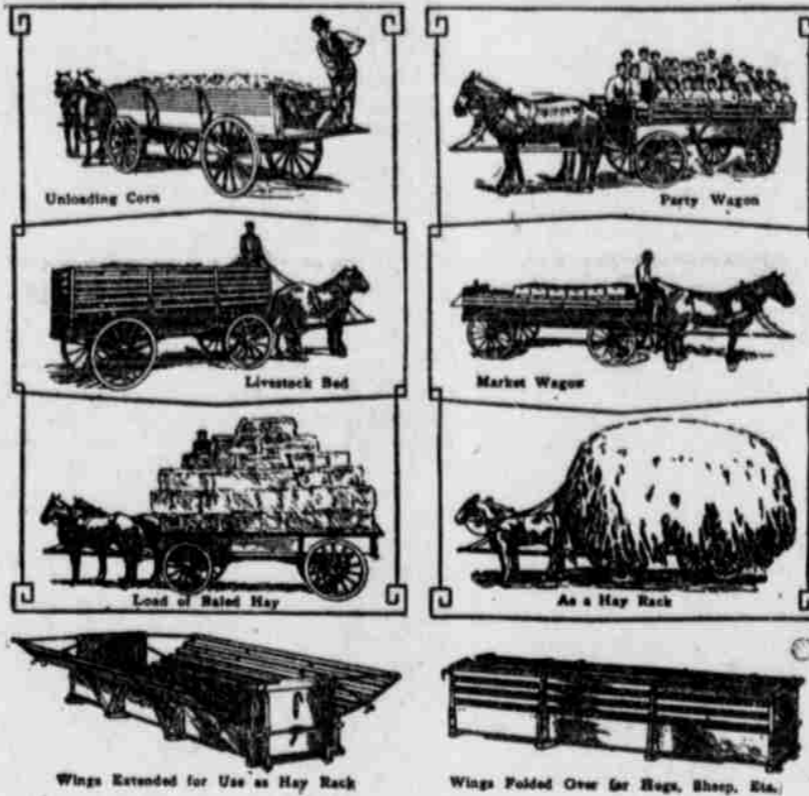
Agriculturist Has Often Found It Hardship to Be Obligated to Buy or Build Number of Vehicles Required on Farm.

A convertible wagon bed which can be changed into 15 different kinds of bodies for different uses around a farm, without adding to it or taking from it a single piece, has been designed and is undoubtedly the most radical improvement made in farm wagons for a decade, says Popular Mechanics.

In a few minutes it can be transformed from a hay rack into a wagon for carrying live stock, and with equal quickness it can be converted into a vehicle for carrying a large number of passengers who can be provided with

The agriculturist has often found it a hardship to be obliged to buy or build a number of wagons for the multifarious requirements incident to the operation of a farm. The wagon that could serve to carry boxes or crated vegetables and berries to market would not be of any use when buying time came around. When it was necessary to carry calves or live stock, still another wagon must be called into service.

While reapers, threshers, and other farm implements have been continually improved, the farm wagon has re-



A Wagon Bed of Many Uses.

comfortable seats along the sides for picnicking, etc.

The remarkable versatility of the new wagon bed is secured by hinged malleable iron pieces attached to the sides. These support two folding sections on each side. The strain which is put upon these pieces when heavy loads are placed on the wagon makes it imperative that they should be of strong, dependable material.

mained practically at a standstill. Perhaps the fact that the automobile has made such wonderful progress has served to overshadow the humble beast of burden and his reliable wagon. Old Dobbin may be a second rate now, but he will continue for some time to fill his particular sphere of endeavor with a faithfulness which the motor car cannot always be relied upon to give.

## RIDDING FARM OF GRASSHOPPER

Favorite Remedy, Recommended By Colorado Agricultural College in Arsenic Bran Mash.

(By S. ARTHUR JOHNSON, Colorado Agricultural College.)

In spite of the fact that a great deal of work has been done by experiment stations on grasshoppers, no royal road to control has yet been found. Each attack has to be considered on its own merits and relief sought through the most promising channel.

One of the favorite remedies is arsenic bran mash. This is made by mixing one pound of white arsenic with 25 pounds of bran. The arsenic is so near the color of the flour in the bran that it is not easy to tell when the mixing is well done. To overcome this difficulty, the arsenic may first be collected by adding a little dry paint.

After the bran and arsenic are well mixed they should be moistened with water. Put in just enough to make the particles stick together. This mixture should be scattered where

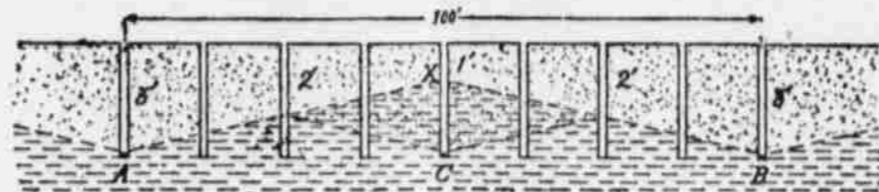
the grasshoppers are thickest. If the insects are invading a garden or potato patch, it is well to scatter the bran mash about the borders. In the fields of alfalfa or grain, the bran should be scattered where the grasshoppers congregate on ditch banks and dry places. All the insects will not find and eat it, but many will and often the crop can be fairly well protected. The writer has never used this preparation against young grasshoppers, but some farmers state that the crops may be completely protected by its use, while others claim that they will not eat it.

Of course, it will not do to scatter his substance where chickens will be likely to pick it up, and none of the mixture must be left where domestic animals are apt to get it or be fed from the vessel.

### Good Exercise.

There is no harm in pigs rooting if they are in a field where rooting will do no harm. Pigs can secure much feed by rooting and the exercise will do them good. Where troublesome roots infest the soil they will often eradicate them if allowed to do so. The fattening hog should not be allowed to root, as the exercise consumes too much feed and energy.

## TILE DRAINS IN CLAY SOIL



drained soil

undrained soil

soil undrained when drains are 100 feet apart, but drained when they are 50 feet apart

The illustration shown herewith is from a bulletin of the Ontario Department of Agriculture and shows how the water table of the soil depends on the location of drains. If in a field that is underdrained three feet deep a number of holes are dug it would be observed after a heavy rain that in those nearest the drains no water would remain. In the hole situated half-way between the drains at C would hold considerable water for a few days.

In a clay in fairly good condition it will be found that the slope of the water table is about 1 foot in 25, in loam 1 foot in about 33. The illustration represents a clay soil with drains A and B 100 feet apart. Wells are dug 12.5 feet apart. At the end of 48 hours after a heavy rain the water will stand about as indicated by zig-zag lines, in a gradient of about 1 in 25, and hence will be two feet deeper in the centre well than at either drain. Hence if the drains are

three feet deep there will be three feet of drained soil over A and B, but only one foot at X. Capillarity and soil resistance to water flow play an important part in holding the water highest half way between the drains, and the gradient 1 in 25 represents their combined strength in clay, hence after this gradient is reached drainage becomes very, very slow, and the water table stands in this irregular shape until lowered by evaporation from the soil and plants. But during the months of April, May and sometimes June, when the rains supply at the surface all the water needed for evaporation, none is drawn from below for this purpose, hence during the early months of growth the water stands as indicated by the dotted line AXB. Consequently root development is hampered at X, as 1 foot of soil is not enough. There are two ways to remedy the defect, either to dig A and B deeper or else put a drain at C half way between.

## After Fifteen Years

By Clarissa Mackie

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Melvin Taylor and Adella Scott had lived next door to each other all their lives, yet they had not spoken for 15 years.

Adella, forty now, with a powdering of white in her brown hair, was sitting in the old grape vine swing, swaying idly to and fro. Her soft eyes were fixed on the toe of her small shoe as it lightly touched the green turf.

Overhead the April sky was cloudless; around her was growing grass and young springing flowers.

In her heart was a great yearning for happiness—a renewal of the joys that had belonged to her girlhood; he dreams, the ideals that were hers before the awakening.

From the other side of the dividing lilac hedge came the fragrance of tobacco and the sound of men's voices, growing nearer.

"Women are naturally stubborn," Melvin Taylor was saying in a disagreeable tone. "If May has quarreled with you, Walter, you might as well give her up now and be done with it—no matter how deeply you repent. What apologies you may offer however humble yourself, take my assurance she will not forgive you."

"Rubbish!" retorted Walter Stone, laughing. "May and I have had a disagreement, but I know we shall make it up—who knows when—perhaps today! As for the rest of woman-kind, they are all like May, I do believe—sweet and forgiving—only some clumsy brute of a man like you or me—"

"I've had my experience," interrupted Taylor brusquely. "I was engaged to marry what I believe to be



Swaying idly to and fro.

the sweetest girl in the world. We quarreled a week before our wedding day—15 years ago. I wrote a note begging her to forgive me—"

Their voices died away as they passed beyond hearing, and Adella still swayed to and fro in the grape vine. Now her face was white.

So Melvin Taylor had made overtures of peace and she had never known it. She, too, had written a note to him and hidden it in their true lover's postoffice—a cup-like hollow in the old apple tree that grew in the lilac hedge.

Day after day, 15 years ago, she had gone to the hollow—but there was never a letter; and her wedding day had come and gone and she had never seen a bride. Invitations had been recalled, presents returned and bridal garments hidden from sight, while Adella picked up the dull threads of every-day life and learned to meet Melvin Taylor now and then and greet him with a cold little inclination of the head.

With a sudden impulse she left the grape vine swing and sought the old apple tree. The lilac branches had grown unpruned until their smooth green stems quite hid the cup-like hollow.

Adella stood on tiptoe and thrust her little hand into the old letter box. The hollow was empty save for a few dead and crumpled leaves and a gathering of moss. Just as she withdrew her hand her fingers were caught in a warm, strong grasp.

With a faint cry of alarm, Adella tried to jerk her hand away, but in vain.

"Who is it?" demanded Melvin Taylor's voice from the other side of the hedge.

"Release me at once," commanded Adella angrily.

"Oh!" There was enlightenment in his tone; but the grasp only tightened its hold.

"If you have the faintest instincts of a gentleman," began Adella after a while.

and then: "I placed a note in here 15 years ago," he began lamely.

"Well?"

"I never received a reply," he said gruffly, his hold on her hand tightening cruelly.

"You are hurting my hand," she said with a little cry.

"You hurt my heart 15 years ago," retorted Melvin stubbornly.

After a long silence Adella's voice came faintly over the hedge. "I, too, placed a note there—15 years ago and—"

"And?" queried Mr. Taylor.

"I never received a reply to my note."

"The—dickens!" Mr. Taylor whistled softly. "I never got it, Adella! Do you mean to say you never got a note from me the day after—after we quarreled?"

"I never received any word from you," Adella's voice was tremulous now, as she added: "If you will release my hand—"

He relaxed his hold reluctantly, and Adella slipped down in a crumpled heap in the soft turf at the foot of the apple tree.

"Go, Adella," he said gently. It is too late for me to offer you any apology for my long silence; I wrote you a letter, asking your forgiveness and I placed it here in the hollow—I believed you were hard and unforgiving when I did not receive any answer and I grew more angry with you, instead of seeking an explanation. Your little note, as well as mine, was probably taken by some marauding catbird to build his nest in the hedge. I think I shall go away now—I have been such a fool I want to seek the uttermost ends of the earth to try and forget my folly!" His voice regained its bitterness.

There was a long silence after that. "I am here, Melvin," said Adella. "May I come over?" he asked in a strange voice.

"Yes," she said softly, but not so softly that his eager ears did not catch the longed-for words.

Presently he was beside her, the old boyish smile on his lips, the old lovelight in his eyes, the old happiness in his face.

Adella flushing rosy, leaned for support against the apple tree and her downcast eyes dared not meet his questioning ones.

"Will you forgive me, Adella?" he asked holding out his arms.

"If you will forgive me, too," she said sweetly, turning a radiant face up to him.

And then she came to him, all her sorrows stilled, all her happiness restored ten-fold because of the pain she had endured.

Overhead the April sky was cloudless, underfoot the green grass was starred with dandelions; there in the shade of the beloved old apple tree, Adella's youth came back to her, with happiness and love and all the old ideals.

### High-Priced Biberon.

Ten thousand guineas were given by C. Wertheimer, at the sale of the late Baron Schroeder's collection at Christie's a few days ago, for a sixteenth century biberon of carved rock crystal mounted with enameled gold. It is made in imitation of some fabled monster which its designer may have imagined to be a sea serpent, but the body of which, lost in a series of flutings, resembles more closely that of a water fowl. The crystal neck and body is mounted with enameled gold, and is poised like a wineglass on a crystal stem, also mounted very beautifully in gold and enamel. The lid of the biberon is surmounted by a statuette in enamel of Neptune sitting astride a Triton, and in this, as in every other portion of the decoration, the work is of unsurpassable delicacy. It is thought to have come from the hands of Daniel Mignot of Augsburg, who made it for the Emperor Rudolph II.—London Graphic.

### Light That is Ideal.

For interior illumination it is of decided advantage to have the rays of the lamp directed up to the light colored ceiling and then reflected below. This makes a light which is almost ideal, but in lamps designed for street illumination this is not to be desired, for such rays are lost entirely. The members of the New York section of the Illuminating Engineering society recently had their attention called to a new device which has been invented by Dr. Clayton H. Sharp of that city, who has devised a reflector consisting of a pair of parabolic mirrors arranged to throw the rays in the direction of the street, so that all the light will be used to the best advantage. The claim is made that instead of having the streets lighted in spots, as at present, a continuous degree of illumination is provided.

### Field Spiders of Maine.

Walking through the pastures of Dresden the Gossiper found many small deep holes in the earth which he supposed were those of field mice. Instead, however, he learned that they were made by great spiders with bodies beautifully marked in black and gold and half as large as hens' eggs. A bite from one of these field spiders would make a man remember.—Kennebec Journal.