

**THE WHITE HOUSE FAMILY**

Thomas Woodrow Wilson, president-elect, comes of that stock which has been described as the most vigorous physically, the most alert mentally and the most robust morally of all the strains amalgamated in the development of the American character—Scotch-Irish.

His father was Joseph R. Wilson, a son of Judge James Wilson, who came to this country 105 years ago from Ireland and settled in Philadelphia. Judge Wilson was an editor and publisher and established the Western Herald at Lisbon, O., to which state it was a logical journey from Philadelphia on an Ohio river steamboat.

It was in Ohio, then, and at Chillicothe, that Woodrow Wilson's father, Joseph R. Wilson, married Janet Woodrow June 7, 1849. His father was a Presbyterian minister and the Woodrows were Scotch Covenanters. Woodrow Wilson's father was first a professor of rhetoric at Jefferson college and later professor of chemistry at Hampden-Sydney college in Virginia. He left college work for the ministry and in 1855 became pastor at Staunton, Va. It was there that his son who was named Thomas Woodrow Wilson was born December 28, 1856.

Woodrow Wilson's father and his family moved to Augusta, Ga., in 1858, and from then until the time came for him to go to Princeton as a student, his home was in the south. He can dimly remember the outbreak of the civil war. He saw little of the suffering or privations that it brought, however, for Augusta was fortunate in being removed from scenes of bloodshed and never was it invested by an army. One of Woodrow Wilson's early memories is in seeing Jefferson Davis, then a prisoner, riding by on his way to Fortress Monroe. After early training at Davidson college, Davidson, N. C., Woodrow Wilson entered Princeton in 1875 a member of the famous class of '79.

When President Wilson goes to live at the White House March 4, 1913, he will be accompanied by a charming wife and three accom-

plished, interesting daughters. Each has some definite accomplishment, they are fond of entertaining and of entertainments, and without being absorbed in society will give White House social functions renewed interest. There will be nothing super-serious about it. There will be plenty of humor, plenty of fun, and those who want to keep up at a White House reception had better brush up their wits.

It is quite widely known by this time, perhaps, that the three daughters in the Wilson family are Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, 26 years old; Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson, 25 years old; and Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson, who is just twenty-two.

A visitor to Mrs. Wilson's home recently described her as a little above the average height, slender, almost girlish, yet rounded and graceful; her eyes soft, yet sparkling with animation; a complexion that would make a boarding school miss envious, and hair brown and wavy.

Margaret, the oldest, has a rich soprano voice which is being cultivated. Mrs. Wilson declares Margaret inherited her voice from her father.

Jessie Woodrow Wilson, the second girl, is named for her Scotch grand-mother and her father. She is an artist of ability, but her whole ambition lies in sociological work.

"I must confess," Mrs. Wilson said recently, "that it came as a shock to me when Jessie took up this work. For, you see, it is all so different to the way of life of the girls of the south and my youth. But I appreciate the change in the views of young women that has taken place and I am not so old-fashioned as to believe that girls must be bound by tradition."

Jessie is, perhaps, the most brilliant of the three daughters, though all are clever. She was graduated from the Women's college in Baltimore, and on her graduation day Doctor Wilson delivered the baccalaureate.

The third daughter, Eleanor Randolph, is studying at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. If Margaret inherited her voice from her father, Eleanor inherited her artistic ability from her mother, for Mrs. Wilson paints landscapes in oil that have been honored with approval by many of the best painters and art critics in America. Every year the Wilsons form a part of the art colony at Lyme, on the Connecticut river.

Originally Mrs. Wilson devoted herself to portrait painting, but in recent years she has taken up landscape work.

Mrs. Wilson told how in bringing up her girls she had followed her own theories.

"Up to the time they were 12 years old they were educated entirely at home," she said. "I am a strong believer in the family influence, and so I took personal charge of their early education. Even when they were only 5 and 6 I used to read to them the Odyssey and translations of the older classics. I felt that if they were to acquire a proper appreciation of literature they could not begin too early."

"I was always a great reader and would pass whole days in my father's and grandfather's libraries. Until comparatively recently I never read anything of a later period than Dickens. But I must confess that I do like detective stories."

"The happiest life for a woman," added Mrs. Wilson, smiling happily, "contains three elements—a husband with whose tastes you sympathize, your home and your children. I've often said—and I'm sure my husband, practical theorist that he is, agrees with me—that husbands and wives reach their truest and noblest

development when they are complementary to each other. That's the way I feel about my husband. I want him to feel that I am always at his side."

When she speaks of her husband, Mrs. Wilson's fine eyes light with enthusiasm and her conversation proves her splendid grasp of big, social and political topics.

"I want others to know my husband as I know him. You know my husband's ideals and mine have always been supplementary to each other. I have the greatest confidence in his ability to render practical the theoretical ideals which he holds. I have such great confidence in the clearness of his vision that I have frequently accepted his ideas on subjects about which I had no opportunity for personally inquiring into."

Besides her taste for literature and art, Mrs. Wilson is devoted to gardening. "Not making things grow," as she explained, "but in laying out and planning gardens." While she was mistress of Prospect, the official residence of the president of Princeton university the gardens attached to it were made over and improved under her direction until they became a mass of flowery glory that attracted visitors from far and near. One of her regrets in leaving Prospect was that she had no longer a guiding hand in the care of its gardens.

Of her first meeting with Mr. Wilson, then a student at Johns Hopkins, Mrs. Wilson said little. She was married to the young lawyer—he had already practiced one year—at the old hour in which she was born.

"Doctor Wilson never had any taste for the practice of law," Mrs. Wilson said, "and he early determined to become a teacher of it. But his ambitions were political. However, he found that he could not go into politics and be a free agent, owing to his lack of means at that time, and rather than have his hands tied in any manner he resolutely gave up his ambition. Neither did he want to become an educator, and he has often laughingly told me how when he was a student at Princeton he would look out the window, and seeing one of the professors pass would declare that he never would become one of them."

President-elect Wilson has paid much attention to outdoor sports. He usually goes abroad during the summer and on his return passes the remainder of the vacation season at his summer home in Connecticut. While abroad Mr. Wilson has usually passed his time in the lake district, England, playing golf, walking and bicycle riding.—Wichita Beacon.

**HON. E. S. JOHNSON**

Whether or not Hon. E. S. Johnson is finally declared elected next governor of South Dakota all must admit that the campaign he made was a wonderful one. Starting with the assertion that he was more interested in the success of the national democratic ticket than he was in his own, he lent every endeavor to that end both in his personal work and in the activities of his headquarters. The unselfishness of it appealed, as did also the sterling qualities of the man, and voters by thousands in every section of the state scratched their ballots to put an X before his name and to vote for the national ticket for which he fought so hard and so cleanly.

Other things, of course, contributed to his wonderful vote getting, notably the treachery of the bull moose movement in the state as initiated at Huron—but Johnson was able to profit by every advantage that came to him as few men could have done. Because of his personality, his ability and, most of all, his record, he was able to

unite and use to the fullest every particle of opposition to Mr. Bryne or the party he represented and to combine it into an organization that has wiped out a normal republican majority in this state that was believed to be too large to overcome.

It was a big thing to do and it was done fairly and in a big way. It marks Mr. Johnson as a big man and he will and must be considered in the big public affairs of South Dakota and of the nation from this time.—Yankton Press and Dakotan. (Rep.)

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