

DEATH CALLS MRS. WILSON

Following are Associated Press dispatches:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 6.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the president of the United States, died at the White House at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Death came after a brave struggle of months against Bright's disease, with complications.

The president was completely unnerved by the shock, and his grief was heartrending. He bore up well under the strain, however, and devoted himself to his daughters.

The end came while Mrs. Wilson was unconscious. Her illness took a turn for the worse shortly before 1 o'clock in the afternoon and from then on she grew gradually weaker.

Kneeling at the bedside were the president and their three daughters. Dr. Cary T. Grayson, U. S. N., and a nurse were in the room, and just outside the door were Secretary McAdoo and Francis B. Sayre, Mr. Wilson's sons-in-law, and Mr. Tumulty, his secretary.

Both houses of congress adjourned when Mrs. Wilson's death was announced, and for a brief time the wheels of the government practically stopped while everyone paid respect to the loss of the president.

HOPE VANISHES

The beginning of the end came this morning, when Dr. E. P. Davis, of Philadelphia, who had been called in for consultation, realized that the time for hope had passed. He took the president into the red room of the White House and there, in a broken voice, told him the truth. Mr. Wilson's face blanched, but he bore the shock well. He was informed the end was only a question of hours.

Mr. Wilson then took his daughters, Mrs. W. G. McAdoo, Mrs. Sayre and Miss Margaret Wilson, aside and told them of their mother's condition. Until then they had thought there was hope for recovery.

From that time on the president and his daughters remained constantly at Mrs. Wilson's bedside. The president held his wife's hand and the three daughters were grouped nearby. Until she became unconscious Mrs. Wilson frequently nodded to one or the other and smiled cheerfully.

EXACTS A PROMISE

During the day Mrs. Wilson spoke to Dr. Grayson about the president, whose health she thought more about than she did of her own.

"Promise me," she whispered faintly, "that if I go you will take care of my husband—" It was the same touch of devotion which she had so many times repeated, her constant anxiety having been that the president might not worry about her nor be disturbed in his official tasks.

The president returned to the sick room after the last conference with the doctor, his three daughters leaning on his arm. Francis Bowes Sayre and Secretary McAdoo and Secretary Tumulty stayed outside the door. Mrs. Wilson lapsed into unconsciousness, but rallied. By 1 o'clock she began to sink rapidly. She could still recognize those about her, however, and looked cheerfully toward them with the same sweet smile that will linger long in the memory of the many who knew her. It was a characteristic expression of sweetness which officials and their families, as well as people in the slums whom she had befriended, had learned to love.

SINKS INTO LAST SLEEP

At 2 o'clock Mrs. Wilson was still conscious, but her strength had almost departed, and a few minutes later she sank into the deep sleep of unconsciousness from which she never awoke. For three hours the

president and his daughters gazed longingly into her eyes in the hope that she might speak to them again, but she could not.

The sun was casting its long shadows from the Potomac to the south grounds, coloring the fountains, gardens and elms.

There was a hushed stillness in the upper apartment. All eyes were turned toward the southwest corner of the house.

Just at the hour of 5 death came. The president and his daughters were in tears. Secretary Tumulty walked slowly to the executive office, his head bowed. Quietly he announced to the correspondents that the end had come.

A pall of gloom settled over the executive mansion and the offices. Presently Dr. Grayson, his face haggard and worn from day and night vigil, came to the offices. There was an impressive silence everywhere. Secretaries, attaches, clerks and servants seemed overcome. Vice-President Marshall and members of the cabinet and the leaders in congress were notified. Both houses promptly adjourned. The flag on the White House was dropped, gates were closed and the silence of death spread over the White House for the first time since 1892, when Mrs. Benjamin Harrison passed away.

CONDOLENCES POUR IN

Members of the cabinet, justices of the supreme court and members of the diplomatic corps telephoned their condolences and sent cards. From many humble homes came flowers, as Mrs. Wilson had made many friends in the slums of the city in her endeavors to help the friendless and poverty stricken. She had told the president this morning she would more cheerfully "go away" if the bill for the improvement of the alleys was passed by congress. A word to the leaders from Secretary Tumulty and the measure was adopted in silence by the senate and soon reported to the house, where it will be passed tomorrow. She learned that the measure would be law in another day or so and expressed satisfaction. She had become deeply interested in the social welfare of the community and had worked always without seeking the aid of the president. It was the strain of this, the duties of entertainment and the kidney trouble which became chronic last autumn that sapped her life. Mrs. Wilson took an active interest in the career of her husband, in the contests in congress over legislation, and the numerous official duties with which he is burdened.

RELIED ON HER JUDGMENT

Throughout life she had been his constant helpmate and companion. Her clear judgment on political affairs and broad views of educational questions had been a source of gratification to him for years.

With her help he wrote his books and on her judgment he relied. Her devotion to him, according to those who have known the family intimately, was of remarkable depth. Her one thought was of him. Every morning and every evening during her illness she cautioned Dr. Grayson not to tell the president if she had spent an uncomfortable hour. Her anxiety was that he should not be disturbed. However painful her suffering, it was her one aim to keep the president from being affected by her condition.

But the president watched her sorrowfully for weeks and realized that she was slowly growing worse. He spent every moment he could by her side, and if he was not there she constantly calling or speaking of him.

Mrs. Wilson was a woman of simple ways, possessed of a naive, magnetic manner. She had a faculty of putting her guests promptly at ease and was a charming hostess. She was ever democratic and modest in her tastes.

ILL SINCE LAST MARCH

Mrs. Wilson had been ill since last March, when she fell in the White House and strained her spine. She practically recovered from that injury, but in the meantime kidney trouble set in and gradually she grew weaker.

About two months ago her condition began to grow serious and two weeks ago Dr. Grayson became alarmed. Noted specialists were called in and trained nurses were kept in constant attendance. She continued to grow worse, however, until serious sinking spells came on Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Wilson was 50 years of age, and when she came to the White House was in robust health. Always a home lover, she nevertheless immediately assumed the arduous duties of the wife of a president. She took an active interest in public affairs and frequently received delegations calling on the president when he was too busy with other matters. Even during her last illness she frequently asked to be informed of the events of the United States and of the world.

SERVICES AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10.—While flags drooped at half mast throughout the capital today and thousands of men and women gathered in the wide avenue before the closed gates of the White House grounds, the first service was held over Mrs. Wilson's body in the east room.

In accordance with Mrs. Wilson's wish, the service was of the simplest character. There was no music; only the reading of a few verses from the Bible, a prayer by Rev. Sylvester Beach, of the church which the Wilson family attended during their years in Princeton, N. J., and a benediction pronounced by Rev. J. H. Taylor, at whose church the president has worshipped since he came to Washington. Less than 200 were present. Besides the family, there were a few intimate friends, the members of the cabinet and their wives, the committees from the senate and the house, headed by the vice-president and the speaker, and the employees of the White House.

Chairs were placed before the casket for the president and the family; behind them sat the senators; in the third row the representatives, and behind them the White House employees. When the benediction was said all the company rose while the president and the other mourners withdrew from the east room. The services had taken about a half hour.

The members of the cabinet, all of whom were accompanied by their wives, with the exception of Secretary Houston, left first. Mrs. Houston was ill and unable to attend. The cabinet officers did not go to the railway station and neither did the committees of congress, who filed out in two and disbanded outside the White House grounds.

The casket was borne from the White House by six members of the city police force, who for many years have guarded the home of the president. There were no honorary pallbearers.

Few saw the funeral party pass on its way to the Union station, where the train awaited it for the journey to Rome, Ga., where the body of Mrs. Wilson was taken for interment. The drive was made over less frequented streets and only three closed automobiles, bearing the president and a dozen relatives or close

friends of the family, followed the hearse. With in the station a crowd had gathered that taxed the great structure to its limits. Outside thousands more braved a drenching rain to stand in silent sympathy. Passing through a lane walled by humanity the casket was carried to the waiting train. On it rested a single wreath, the last gift of the president and his daughters.

FLORAL PIECES NUMEROUS

Close behind walked the president with a secret service agent beside him, followed by his companions, walking three abreast. At the train they halted as the casket was carried into the car and stood in silence until the president's three daughters and sons-in-law arrived. The members of the family then entered the private car in which the casket had been placed. Tonight as the train sped southward they shared the sad vigil. Other members of the party rode in special cars, and a baggage car carried parts of the hundreds of floral pieces.

Among the flowers at the White House were many elaborate designs. Washington florists were called upon as never before. Orders came by cable and telegraph from every part of the world. Scarcely a capital of the world or a city of the United States was unrepresented. Only a small part of the flowers could be sent with the train, the remainder will go to the hospitals of the city as Mrs. Wilson's last gift to the sick and suffering.

AT REST IN GEORGIA HOME

Rome, Ga., Aug. 11.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the nation's president, was buried here today at Myrtle Hill cemetery. Rain fell in torrents while the casket was being lowered into the grave, which is beside those of Mrs. Wilson's father and mother, almost within sight of the house in which she lived as a girl.

Although thousands of visitors came to Rome today to do honor to the memory of Mrs. Wilson, a Sabbath-quiet prevailed. The special force of police, augmented by members of the Georgia national guard, found little to do beyond warning traffic from the streets through which the procession moved. It was exactly 2:30 p.m. when the presidential special arrived, and a few minutes later the casket, covered with gray broadcloth and bearing a single wreath of flowers, was lifted from the funeral car by eight of Mrs. Wilson's cousins and borne to the hearse.

CHURCH BELLS TOLLED ON ARRIVAL

As the train steamed into the station, church bells throughout the city were tolled. A wide space had been cleared about the station and the thousands of people assembled there stood back respectfully. Those who bore the casket were: Edward E. Brown, Atlanta; Robert M. Hoyt, Wade C. Hoyt and Nathan Hoyt, Rome; R. P. Axson, Savannah; Randolph Axson and Edward T. Brown, Jr., and Frank C. Gebreath, Atlanta.

The president, followed by Secretary and Mrs. McAdoo, Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, Miss Wilson, Professor Axson and other near relatives and members of the party quietly left the train and entered their carriages. The procession then moved through black-draped streets to the First Presbyterian church.

More than 800 relatives and friends of the Wilson and Axson families already were gathered in the little church, which Mrs. Wilson used to attend when her father, the Rev. Edward S. Axson, was pastor there. The church was draped in black, with intertwined wreaths of white flowers. On one wall was a white marble tablet to the memory of Mrs. Wilson's father. Flowers were piled high about the catafalque.

As the president entered, following