

Builders Waiting for Cheaper Lumber

are surely destined to a long spell of inactivity, for with the Government zealously pushing timber conservation and the population constantly increasing all hope of lower prices long ago vanished. Even though prices are not going to be any lower, the prospect that confronts the home builder is not nearly so dubious as some manufacturers of substitutes for lumber would have you believe. The quality of lumber we handle these days is far superior to any we ever had. It's smoothly finished, steam kiln dried and most of it ready for nailing into place without a particle of hand work. This means a big saving to you, as hand work is expensive. This is only one feature in favor of building today. If you want others come in and let us show you some actual figures and the kind of lumber we handle.

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WOODROW WILSON

The Story of His Life
From the Cradle to
the White House

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

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CHAPTER V.

Still Studying Law and Politics.

WAR and reconstruction had reduced the number of students at Charlottesville to 328 in the session of 1879-80, but war and reconstruction had not lowered Virginia's lofty standard either of scholarship or of honor. Wilson's life here was in many respects a repetition of that at Princeton. Here, too, he immediately took his place as a leader. Study was rather more necessary than at Princeton in those days. A man had to work to pass his examinations. Still there was a gay set as well as a steady set, and Wilson had friends among both.

Sports were engaged in to the extent of an occasional baseball game among the students or with a nine from a neighboring town, a foot race or two in the autumn and some boat racing. Wilson played a little baseball and took long walks through the pleasant country lying about, often alone, though sometimes with a favorite companion. At Princeton Greek letter fraternities were illegal, but they existed with the approval of the faculty at the University of Virginia, and Wilson was initiated into the Phi Kappa Psi.

He joined the chapel choir and the glee club. The latter circle of harmonious spirits made sojourn excursions in the country roundabout two or three times a week, winding up its pleasure imparting career with a grand concert in the town hall. Wilson many a night stumbled along the rocky roads with his fellow gleemen to arrive at last under the balcony of some damsel and lift his fine tenor voice in "She Sleeps, My Lady Sleeps," and "Speed Away." At the grand concert, which was given on the evening of the final ball, a brilliant audience that crowded the hall beheld the prize orator and prize writer step down to the footlights and render a touching tenor solo. Wilson is best remembered as a singer, however, by the thrilling effect with which he usually achieved the high note near the end of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Wilson did a good deal of writing while at Charlottesville. From the road in front of "Dawson's row" passersby would see him sitting at the window in the southeast corner of "House F," darkly engaged with an ink bottle, out of which he had conjured before a year was up the writer's prize.

In March, 1880, the University Magazine printed an article by him on John Bright, in the following month another on Gladstone. The young man's mind still ran, as it had run at Princeton, on the personality of the great political leaders.

The John Bright article was really a version of an oration which Wilson was delivering that month. So great had his reputation grown in six months that there was a considerable demand from outside the university for admission, and the occasion was thrown open to the public.

At Charlottesville, as at Princeton, the student body was divided into two literary and debating societies—the Washingtonian and the Jeffersonian—in the common tongue, "Wash" and "Jeff." The fortunes of each alternately waxed and waned. "Jeff" was the stronger in 1879, and Wilson joined it. His talents at once won recognition, but he found a competitor to respect in another "Jeff" man, William Cabell Bruce, a young orator of extraordinary ability.

The chief annual event at Charlottesville was a debating contest in the Jeffersonian society, at which two gold medals were awarded, one for debating, the other for oratorical ability. Bruce was given the debater's gold medal, while the orator's prize went to Wilson. The opinion of pretty nearly everybody, aside from the judges, was that the award should have been reversed. Bruce was ornate in style, Wilson simple, direct and logical.

In a wholly different vein from his speeches in the "Jeff" society was one notable effort in which the university's favorite appeared when he delivered medals to the winners in athletic games. Having agreed to make this presentation, Wilson was very much exercised as to what to say and imparted his perplexity to an intimate friend, who rattled off two pieces of nonsense which he suggested would about suit the taste of the audience in the gymnasium. Neither piece contained the slightest allusion to athletic sports. Yet the orator worked them in.

The gymnasium speech represents one of the few occasions in which the young student bent very far from his dignity in jest, but in private he rarely bubbled with humor and wit and was very much given to monkey-shines.

As he had done at Princeton, Wilson at Charlottesville also organized a smaller group of thinking chaps for debate. A member of that group remembers Wilson's unspoken disgust when they chose as the subject for one night's discussion the question whether there be any fundamental difference between right and wrong.

The law professors of the University of Virginia were Mr. Southall, who held the chair of international and common law, an easy going and much beloved man, and Dr. John B. Minor, who taught everything else in the course and was in fact the college of law.

Dr. Minor probably influenced Wilson more than did any other teacher he ever had. He was indeed an able and forceful man, a really great teacher, who grounded his pupils beyond all possibility of ever getting adrift in the broad principles of law.

As a young man Wilson suffered much from indigestion, an ill which later he entirely outgrew. Just before Christmas, 1880, he found himself so ill that he left Charlottesville. The next year he spent at home in Wilmington, N. C., nursing his health and reading.

In May, 1882, Woodrow Wilson went to Atlanta to enter on the practice of law. Atlanta was chosen for this experiment simply because it was the most rapidly growing city of the south. The young man knew nobody there. He met another young man, like himself a stranger in the city, whether he, too, had come to practice law—Edward Ireland Renick. The two agreed on a partnership; on re-



Rev. Dr. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, Father of Woodrow Wilson.

tual inquiry Renick proved to be slight ly the older, so that the shingle was lettered "Renick & Wilson." It was hung out of the window of a room on the second floor, facing the side street, of the building 48 Marietta street.

Atlanta litigants did not rush en masse to 48 Marietta street. In fact, they never came.

Wilson's sole idea had been to use the law as a stepping stone to a political career. Most of the public men of the south had come from the ranks of the law. In eighteen months in Atlanta he learned that it was impossible for a man without private means to support himself long enough in law to get into public life; impossible certainly to establish a practice without giving up all idea of study and writing not strictly connected with the profession. The law was a jealous mistress. He had begun writing a book on congressional government, and he found the work full of joy.

But the Atlanta experiment was not without its great good fortune.

During the summer of 1882 Mr. Wilson found time to make what turned out to be a momentous visit. His old playmate and cousin, Jessie Woodrow Bones, with whom he had played Indian on the sand hills near Augusta, was now living in Rome, Ga. To Rome had come also another family with whom the Wilsons had been intimate in Augusta—the Axsons. The Axsons were a Georgia lowlands family. The Rev. S. Edward Axson's father was a distinguished clergyman in Savannah, and his wife's father, the Rev. Nathan Hoyt, was long pastor of the Presbyterian church at Athens, Ga. The calls upon his time not being entirely occupying, as has been hinted, young Wilson went to Rome to see his cousin, and stayed to see more of Miss Ellen Louise Axson. The meeting was on the piazza of the Bones home in East Rome. To be accurate, it was not quite the couple's first meeting. He had been a passionate admirer of the lady when she was a boy of seven and she was a baby. The sentiment of those days, beyond the recollection of either, revived. He took her home that evening. She lived in Rome across the river. She must have been captivating, for as he came back across the bridge he clinched his hand and took a silent oath that Ellen Louise Axson should be his wife.

Which also in due time came to pass. They had seen each other eleven times before he had persuaded her to say "Yes." There was no idea of an immediate marriage. Already, perceiving that the practice of law was not the path for him, he had settled upon the plan of going to Johns Hopkins university to spend two or three years more studying the science of government.

The partnership of Renick & Wilson was dissolved. The young man took to whom the people of Atlanta gave so little encouragement, but who had won what made him inestimably happier than anything else Georgia could have given him, went north in September. About the same time Miss Axson, too, went to New York to develop her already recognized talents in painting, as a member of the Art Students' association.

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The next two years of Woodrow Wilson's life were spent at Johns Hopkins university as a student of history and political economy. Here he was one of an unusually interesting group which included Albert Shaw and E. R. L. Gould, John Franklin Jameson, the historian; Arthur Yager, now president of Georgetown college, Kentucky, and Thomas Dixon, who writes novels.

The advantages enjoyed at Johns Hopkins by Wilson lay not so much in the hearing of lectures as in the opportunity of making researches. Here he got a valuable impulse in the direction of the careful and exact ascertaining of facts. Though always priding himself on dealing with actualities, Wilson was never a grubber after fact and, indeed, never became one. But he undoubtedly did get here a training that balanced the natural tendency of his mind to work from within out-

(Continued next week)

ACKNOWLEDGE IT

Alliance Has to Bow to the Inevitable—Scores of Endorsements Prove It

After reading the public statement of this fellow-sufferer given below, you must come to this conclusion: A remedy which proved so beneficial years ago, with the kidneys can naturally be expected to perform the same work in similar cases. Read this:

Mrs. Herman Schroeder, Washington Ave., Sidney, Nebr., says: "I was in a bad way as the result of kidney trouble. I suffered from pains in the small of my back and dizzy spells, and I was unable to stoop. On the physician's advice, I put a plaster on my back, but this did not relieve me. I also tried many kidney remedies, but to no avail until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. After I had finished the contents of the first box the pain in my back stopped and I continued using this remedy until my trouble disappeared. You may use my name as one who recommends Doan's Kidney Pills highly."

The above statement was given May 7, 1909, and in a later interview Mrs. Schroeder said: "I willingly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. The cure this remedy made has been permanent."

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Ambitious Boy Praised

Railroad Superintendent Comments Crawford Boy for His Efforts to Make Money

AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHER BOYS

From Crawford Courier, Feb. 8:

Clare Roby, one of Crawford's ambitious boys, who is always looking for an opportunity to earn a little money to assist in his care, recently wrote to Supt. Weidenhamer for permission to sell sandwiches to people on Burlington trains. While the superintendent could not grant this request he was so pleased with the display of ambition in the boy that he wrote him the following personal letter in reply to his request:

Alliance, Nebr., Feb. 1, 1913.

My dear Clare:

I have today received your letter requesting that I grant you a permit to sell sandwiches on the platform at Crawford to people riding on our passenger trains. I am sorry to say that I cannot grant you this privilege. I admire a boy who is ambitious to earn his own living but it is against the rules of the management to allow peddling on our platforms or passenger trains. No doubt, your brother can tell you that news boys were taken off our passenger trains several years ago.

We have found that when boys are permitted to peddle sandwiches, pastries and candy on our trains or platforms they frequently get injured. They also board the train and it is in motion before they can alight and the result is that the boy is usually injured in leaving the train. On the other hand they are on the platform in the way and are liable to get in the way of moving trains or tracks or be crowded into a dangerous place.

If you will be a good boy and go to school and get an education, I will keep you in mind and when you are old enough, if I am still in a position to do so, I will give you employment. The motto of this big railroad is "Safety First".

Yours very truly,

W. M. WEIDENHAMER.

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HE WONDERS WHAT IT IS—THEN SUDDENLY FINDS OUT



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