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Nazareth Home, the orphanage of the Reformed Church, at Crescent, Rowan County, has received a bequest of \$1,000 from Mrs. Margaret Hood, who died recently at Frederick, Md.



James Wilson, paternal grandfather of Woodrow Wilson.

WOODROW WILSON

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

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

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was for a term a member of the Ohio state legislature. During his absence at Columbus his wife, with the aid of the sons, edited the paper and boarded the hands.

Judge Wilson died in Pittsburgh during a cholera epidemic in 1837. He had ten children, seven boys and three girls. The daughters married well, and the sons all attained considerable distinction.

Judge Wilson's youngest son was Joseph Ruggles, through whom runs the special current of this story.

Joseph was born at Steubenville on Feb. 28, 1822. He got his first schooling in his father's shop. Like all the other sons, he learned the printer's trade. Not one of them but could do the day of his death "stick type" with any journeyman.

Joseph from the start was marked for the scholar of the family. There was a good academy at Steubenville, and he attended it. At eighteen he went to Jefferson college, a Presbyterian institution at Canonsburg, Pa., where he was graduated in 1844 as valedictorian. He engaged in teaching for a year, taking charge of an academy at Mercer, Pa. But the call was clear for a higher life work.

He had left home for college but had made a public profession of his faith in the First Presbyterian church of his native town. Now he took his way to the Western Theological seminary at Allegheny, Pa., remained a year and then went to spend another year at Princeton seminary. He went home and was licensed to preach, although not yet ordained. He taught for two years in the Steubenville male academy.

To the fact that there was another Steubenville academy is due the necessity of telling this story. There was another, not for males, and to it there came among other girls of the Ohio valley a damsel from Chillicothe, the pretty town which was Ohio's first capital. Janet Woodrow was her name, though most people called her Jessie, and she was the daughter of a great and famous Presbyterian minister who had been a pastor of the church in the city of Allegheny.

Janet Woodrow took up the printing trade and in his employer, as his employer did to him. The young man prospered. And he married—married Anne Adams, an Irish girl four years his junior, who had come over on the ship that brought him. James Wilson's wife was a biestocking of a Presbyterian to the day of her death and brought up her two children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord in the strictest sect of Presbyterianism.

Wilson now became somnolently publisher of the Aurora, Duane, when the war of 1812 broke out, was made

adjutant general of the eastern district of Pennsylvania, and it seems that he left the management of the paper to Wilson.

With the peace of Ghent a new movement westward set in. Wilson determined to try his fortunes in the hinterland. He went to Pittsburgh, just growing into city. There his fancy was taken by the little town of Lisbon, just across the line in the new state of Ohio; but soon he found a better location in Steubenville. Here he started a paper of his own—the Western Herald it was called—and it was destined to a long and measurably influential career.

James Wilson, first and last, must be held responsible for a goodly portion of the printed wisdom and folly of the early nineteenth century. He printed in Philadelphia. He founded a newspaper in Steubenville, and in its office he trained every one of his seven sons to be an expert compositor. In 1822 he founded a paper at Pittsburgh—the Pennsylvania Advocate.

Mr. Wilson started the Advocate with the aid of four of his sons and two apprentices boys, but when it was fairly on its feet he left it in the immediate charge of his eldest son.

James Wilson was a man of extraordinarily positive opinions. Furthermore, he was very outspoken in them. His paper was a very vigorous publication indeed, discussing the questions of the day—and they had pretty big questions in the first half of the nineteenth century—with fearless conviction and bitterness. The editor was a justice of the peace and was ordinarily addressed as "Judge" Wilson. He

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CHAPTER II.
The spring of 1838, Thomas Woodrow Wilson being then two years old, the family moved to Augusta, Ga., where the father was in charge of the Presbyterian church for the next four years.

With his entrance upon the Augusta pastorate, the Rev. Mr. Wilson became one of the most noted ministers of the south. Thoroughly equipped in the theology of his denomination, a multiplier of great power and a personality of extraordinary force, he early reached and long maintained a position of much influence. When the war came on he embraced with all the strength of his character the southern side. At the division of the Presbyterian church into northern and southern branches he invited the first general assembly of the latter to meet in his church and became its permanent clerk.

In 1855 Dr. Wilson was styled "stated clerk" of the southern Presbyterian general assembly. During his absence he was such until 1859, when, being then seventy-seven years old and having kept the southern Presbyterian records for nearly forty years. He was moderator of the assembly in 1870. He died at Princeton, N. J., in his eighty-first year.

Mr. Wilson had been a professor of rhetoric, and he always remained one, taking very seriously and practicing with a sense of its sanctity the art of words. He read his sermons, every one of which was marked by high literary finish; although in no sense unduly ornate, they were distinguished by Mr. Wilson used to speak with contempt of the florid style of oratory, and even early in life his son was trained to consciousness of the absurdity of high-flown rhetoric.

Tommy Wilson's earliest recollection was to do with the breaking out of the civil war. On a certain day in November, 1860, the little boy, playing on the gate before his father's house, saw two men meet on the sidewalk and heard one of them cry, "Lincoln is elected, and there'll be war!"

Woodrow Wilson, something like the shrill tone of the speaker struck for the first time a chord of lasting memory.

Yet Woodrow Wilson remembers little, almost nothing, of the war. Augusta was an island of peace, which was the condition of the conflict.

He never occupied by Federal troops until reconstruction days. No refugees ever fled to it. The man does remember that the boy saw a troop of men in every sort of arm mounted on every sort of horse past the house for a number of days.

They were not a terrifying or glorious spectacle. The boy cried after them in a slang exclamation of the day, "Go get your mule!"

He does remember the scarcity of the food supply that came on as the war went on. There was not enough food, but it was greatly restricted in variety.

There was another war event that made its impression upon the boy—in the summer of 1865 he saw Jefferson Davis ride by under guard on his way to Fort Monroe.

Dr. Wilson's church was occupied temporarily by Federal soldiers. However, such hardships as the city of Augusta suffered through the war were nothing compared with those endured in most parts of the south. It is to this fact that is to be attributed the fact that the boy's early education played by the passions of the great conflict. He was only nine years old when the war ended. He was, apparently a boy who had what tardily developed strong convictions.

In short, he was a real boy who he gets a boy, more concerned in the principles of a war of which they saw little.

The Wilson boy was, his companion, an active little fellow. It was peculiarly that he was always running. He seemed incapable of proceeding a meter without his feet striking a box for a kick-up in front. His night—the electric light had not then turned night into day, the glimmering red purple and green lights carried by the cars afforded endless pleasure as they approached and receded. The boys' made friends with the drivers and went along with them on their trips.

One of the thrilling moments of the boy's early life was the day and evening when the first street car ran down the streets of Augusta.

Dr. Wilson kept a black box for a long time, which Tommy used to ride "universally," says his old playmate, Pleasant A. Stovall, now editor of the Savannah Press.

The stable or barn and the lot enclosed by the parsonage offices were favorite resorts for all the boys of the neighborhood, among whom Wilson was the natural leader. He and Pleasant Stovall organized a club among the lads and called it the Lightfoot club. The chief activities of this fellowship seem to have been the playing of baseball with other sides of town boys and the holding of meetings characterized by much noise and a preliminary procedure. Every one of the little chaps knew perfectly well just what the "previous question" was; knew that only two amendments to a resolution could be offered; that these were to be voted on in reverse order, and the rest of it.

In the neighborhood of the town was a delightful suburban spot, then known merely as the "wand hills," where Wilson's uncle, James Bones, who had married Marion Woodrow, Woodrow Wilson's aunt, had a country house. Wilson and Pleasant Stovall used to ride out to the wand hills on horseback and spend a great deal of their time in the pleasant country. Mrs. Wilson frequently spent a summer in the north, and when she was away from home the boy went out to live with his aunt in the wand hills.

The daughter of the house, Jessie Woodrow Bones (she is now Mrs. A.

CHAPTER II.

On Mondays the father would almost without exception take his son out with him on some excursion in the city or neighborhood. On a Monday the two would visit the machine shops. Tom would be shown furnaces, boilers, machinery, taught to follow the release of power from the coal to the completion of its work in a finished product of steel or cast-iron. He remembers to this day the impression made upon him by the roar of furnaces or the darting up of sheets of flame. He remembers great forces, presided over by sooty-facedimps. In their way to town with bundles of lightwood on the heads. Then, as they passed the bloodcurdling warwhoops, they would dash out upon the unsuspecting prey, brandishing wooden tomahawks in frightful fashion.

On other occasions, the little girl had to enact the part of various kinds of games. Once she was supposed to be a sequel in the "Top of the world." So good a marksmen was her cousin that she was hit by an arrow and came tumbling to the ground at his feet. The terrified little buster carried her limp body into the house with a conscience torn as it probably never has been since. "I was hit by an arrow. It wasn't an accident. I killed her." Young bones are supple, and the little girl had happily stooped to injury.

Mr. Bones' house stood next to the United States arsenal, which after the close of the war was occupied by the army. One day, Tommy and Mary were never free of going to the guard house, to look at the soldiers and talk with them. One day, however, Jesse's mother explained to her that those friends of theirs were Yankees and had fought against the south. "It was a mistake," she said, "they were never free of going to the guard house, to look at the soldiers and talk with them. One day, however, Jesse's mother explained to her that those friends of theirs were Yankees and had fought against the south. "It was a mistake," she said, "they were never free of going to the guard house, to look at the soldiers and talk with them. One day, however, Jesse's mother explained to her that those friends of theirs were Yankees and had fought against the south. "It was a mistake," she said, "they were never free of going to the guard house, to look at the soldiers and talk with them. 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