

Woodrow Wilson Finds Haven of Rest

Church Hour Saw Passing of Man Who Dreamed of Peace Devoted Wife and Friends Wait At Bedside for Peaceful End

(By Associated Press) Washington, Feb. 4.—Woodrow Wilson laid down his burdens and went peacefully to sleep at 11:15 o'clock Sunday morning.

The end was peaceful. Life ebbed away while he slept. A tired man, he closed his eyes, and, "substantiated and soothed by an unflinching trust," passed on to the great hereafter.

Dr. Grayson, his friend and physician, announced the end of the great war President in this bulletin: "Mr. Wilson died at 11:15 o'clock. His heart's action became feebler and feebler, and the heart muscle was so fatigued that it refused to act any longer. The end came peacefully.

"The remote causes of death lie in his ill health which began more than four years ago, namely: General arterio-sclerosis with haemiplegia. The immediate cause of death was exhaustion following a digestive disturbance which began in the early part of last week but did not reach an acute stage until the early morning hours of February 1."

Last Friday the grim reaper had forced his way into the house after waiting on the doorstep more than four years. Saturday he had advanced to the landing on the staircase, and stood counting off the ticks of the great clock. Saturday night he knelt on the chamber door. A faithful physician and a loyal wife stood with their backs against it. At 11 o'clock he rattled the knob and called to the peaceful, prostrate figure on the bed—a great bed, long and wide, a replica of the bed in which Abraham Lincoln slept in the White House, with a golden American eagle and a tiny silk American flag just over the headboard.

The watchers knew the battle was lost. At the portal of the door now open, the faithful negro servant hovered. On the bed, sitting beside her husband, sustained with all the fortitude and composure of a woman facing a crisis, was Mrs. Wilson, holding between her hands the wan, withered right hand that had proved the pen mightier than the sword. Near the foot of the bed was his eldest daughter, Margaret, resigned to the inevitable. Close by, tears welling from his eyes and coursing down his cheeks was Dr. Grayson, taking the measure of the fluttering pulse, weaker and fainter with each effort.

Death advanced and beckoned for the last time. The tired, worn-out man drew a long breath, there was a slight flutter of the eyelids, an almost imperceptible twitch of the nostrils.

Woodrow Wilson's soul had drifted out on the great dark tide that runs around all the world.

Out through a city stilled in a Sabbath morning reverential calm, his name was being spoken from a hundred pulpits. In the Central Presbyterian church where he faithfully went to worship while the flesh was able, a choked-up congregation had sung "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "How Firm a Foundation," and "Onward Christian Soldiers," favorite hymns in which he loved to lift his voice in a happier, better day. Over a great land that had acclaimed him chief and in lands across the seas where he had been hailed as a God of peace, prayers were rising for the response of his soul.

Another scene. In the street before the square brick house where he has lived with his memories, his hopes and his regrets, was another scene. There was a gathering of people there. It was not a crusading throng come to a mecca in pilgrimage to attest their faith in the ideals he personified. It was a group of men and women kneeling on the pavement in silent prayer. Small paper slips bearing the inscription "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," held in their hands, fluttered in the chill wind which hurried up the debris and litter there by the watchers engaged in the solemnity of the death watch that the world might know.

"Mr. Wilson is attaining the peace that cometh with understanding," said those leaders, while the throng sank to its knees and remained in silence for a moment. Then a sickly sun broke through a cloudbank. A little

Lloyd George Pays Wilson Great Tribute

(By Associated Press) Churt, Surrey, England, Feb. 3.—At his new country home here, David Lloyd George, Great Britain's wartime minister, today heard from the correspondent of The Associated Press the news of the peaceful passing of Woodrow Wilson.

"Woodrow Wilson will become one of the great figures of history," was his tribute. "He was a man, and therefore had his weaknesses. But he was the first to embody the ideal of fraternity of nations into a concrete plan.

"Like the founder of Christianity," said Lloyd George, "the central figure in history, and like Lincoln, after him, he prosecuted his ideal to his tragic death. These circumstances, if nothing more, would make his memory last in the minds of men.

"Wilson, like Lincoln and other great idealists, has not lived to see his dreams realized. Nevertheless his work will be carried on to his own glory and the permanent benefit of mankind. In the national sense he led his country out on to the road of world affairs, from which there is no turning back."

Plunging into an energetic narration of the events of the Paris conference, Wilson's British colleague at the peace table continued: "The tragedy of it all is that Woodrow Wilson's failure was his inability to subdue personalities—his refusal to give up personal animosity. This weakness caused his failure to realize his ideals during his lifetime, and in the end it was this weakness which doubtless contributed to his death.

"If the President had been willing to sacrifice personal prejudices to obtain the general support of his people at home, he could have realized his League of Nations ideal by this means, it is certain, in view of the concessions which the European powers would have made to the American desires for changes in the league plans.

"But Mr. Wilson could not overcome his failing. Last year when I visited him in Washington he still was as bitter as ever against his opponents. Mr. Wilson walked on his weaker opponents—a dangerous policy for a great man. One can trample on great men, but not little men—there are too many of them.

"But, after all, Mr. Wilson was a tenderfoot in politics. You know how mosquitoes in some places in the world plague the tenderfoot. If the newcomer does not get used to the pests, they will eat him up. Some politicians after being attacked for years, become inoculated to personal criticism. But Mr. Wilson never seemed to withstand political pinpricks. They hurt his proud, sensitive nature. Yes, it was the mosquito bites; it was those wounds inflicted by politicians that broke him and hastened his end."

ITEMS RIGHT OFF THE TELEGRAPH WIRES

(By Associated Press) Athens, Feb. 4.—Premier Venizelos and his cabinet resigned and a new ministry will be formed by M. Kafandaris, former minister of interior.

(By Associated Press) Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 4.—Three convicts saved their way out of cells in State penitentiary. They killed a guard by crushing his skull, took his gun and gave battle to a guard on a wall, and then gained their liberty.

(By Associated Press) Conway, Kansas, Feb. 4.—Village of Wooster, near here, was almost totally destroyed by storm last night. Three general stores, two blacksmith shops, school, post-office, three residences and a number of barns were partially, or completely destroyed. No one was injured seriously.

(By Associated Press) Elizabeth City, N. C., Feb. 4.—Four negroes were burned to death and a fifth fatally injured in a fire that destroyed the home of John Harris, negro farmer near Moyock, early Sunday, it was learned here today.

BILLY SUNDAY ADDS TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF WOODROW WILSON

A beautiful tribute was paid Woodrow Wilson Sunday afternoon by the tabernacle when 3,000 or more men were present.

He said: "Woodrow Wilson was a Christian. It was what Woodrow Wilson put into his life that caused the flags to stand at half mast today. Woodrow Wilson gave his life for principles that echoed over the moonlit hills of Judea, 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men.' "Woodrow Wilson was a Christian. The words of Wilson last night when he said he was ready proven this. Tragically beautiful was the expression to which he gave utterance to his physician, Dr. Grayson, 'I am a broken machine.' "I thought I heard heavenly music at 11:15 this morning. It was the angel greeting Woodrow Wilson."

Read Your County's Daily Paper First.

Wilson Funeral Wednesday; No State Ceremony Pallbearers Will Be Selected From Former Cabinet Member And Personal Friends

(By Associated Press) Mrs. Karl Bishopric has returned home from a visit to Asheville.

Mrs. C. J. Darlington, on Patrick Street, will entertain the teachers of the Leaksville High school on Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Misses Adeline and Caroline Wilson were the week-end guests of Miss Eleanor Baker, at Brookneal, Va.

The reception of Mrs. J. B. Ray on Tuesday evening for the Philatheas class, known as Mrs. B. F. Irie's class, has been postponed on account of sickness in the family.

A native warbler, a pilgrim venturing north in search of early sun and spring, stopped for a moment, and from his twig aloft uttered a happy note.

Almost at that moment Mr. Wilson was passing on. Flags were immediately lowered to half mast by the great government over which he presided for eight years, giving marks of its respect.

The news went to army posts everywhere and to the ships at sea. Congress here arranged to adjourn today.

A Great Christian Statesman Borne to Maker in Peace Passed From Life in Quiet Sleep Sunday Morning

(By Associated Press) Washington, Feb. 4.—Woodrow Wilson has found in eternity a haven from the storms and sorrows of a troubled world. In the prayerful quiet of a Sunday morning death, folded him gently in its embrace and bore him to his maker.

He passed from life while he slept with those he loved best close about him. His broken body had weakened little by little until the last spark of vitality went out, but his spirit was supported to the last by the indomitable courage of the old fighting days.

In his last wakeful moments he told his loved ones that he knew the end had come and was ready. The frayed remnant of his mortality lies in the chamber whose walls looked down yesterday upon the last scene of a career that had known all the heights and depths of human emotion.

In death he appears as if in peaceful slumber his features serene and composed and his square jaw set with the old determination, but the lines are somewhat deeper and heavier and the flashing fire of his eye, has gone out forever.

The bed on which Woodrow Wilson died and where his body rests, is of massive oak—a reproduction of the bed built at the White House for Lincoln and used by every president since. It is of unusual length and has a golden American eagle over the head. It was made to the order of Wilson before he retired from the presidency and was installed in the S Street house he had selected as his future home.

Although he had not known a well day since he crossed the threshold of his place of retirement, or for months before last Friday, saw the beginning of the end of his long illness.

His collapse during his western speaking trip in 1919 followed by a stroke of paralysis soon after his re-

turn to Washington, had made him almost an invalid long ago.

Early last week a slight digestive disorder further weakened his delicate vitality and on Friday his friend an dphysician, octor Grayson, found his condition growing hourly more serious. He refused nourishment and by Saturday night was barely conscious. At 9 o'clock he fell asleep and never wakened again. It was 11:15 Sunday morning that life finally went out. From first to last he was without pain and in his last wakeful moments he appeared to be resting in complete comfort.

As the end approached the little group watching in sick room drew nearer about him. Mrs. Wilson sat on the bed beside him with his almost lifeless hand in both of hers. Close by was his eldest daughter, Margaret, and Dr. Grayson, faithful in his ministrations since the first sign of illness more than four years ago, watched for some new way at least to help him as he crossed the bar.

But there was nothing to be done. More and more feebler became the pulse beat and there was a quieting of breath, little by little death was completing its conquest. A quick flutter of the eye lids, a faint twitch almost like a smile across the wasted features, and the spirit of the great war president had burst at last the long weakening fetters that bound it to the earth.

Thus he who had dreamed of peace for all the world, had found peace for himself and had left behind a world still torn by strife and turmoil. Thus he, against whom life had turned at last, after leading him through paths of the greatest glory, found death gentle and even meriful.

Thus with the soft chanting of hymns floating in on the Sabbath air, was written the last letter of that imperishable chapter of human history, comprising the life of Woodrow Wilson.

For First Time in 32 Hundred Years King Tut's Coffin Revealed

(By Associated Press) Luxor, Egypt, Feb. 4.—For the first time in 3,200 years the great stone coffin of Tutankhamen stood forth today in all its majesty, shorn of its protective nest of golden shrines as massive in construction as it is chastely simple in design, and as untouched by the tooth of time, as it is inviolate from the hands of tomb robbers. This grandiose stone chest must be acclaimed a unique specimen of the funerary art of the 18th dynasty.

MANY ATTEND MASS MEETING AT WENTWORTH

Wentworth, Feb. 4.—The citizens' mass meeting here today is well attended.

At noon, the meeting adjourned until 2 o'clock.

Neither the County Board of Education nor the Board of County Commissioners were meeting at their usual hour.

Read Your County's Daily Paper First.

Hilton Sears Gets Not Less Than 20 Year Sentence

(Staff Correspondent of the Gazette) Wentworth, Feb. 3.—The Hilton Sears jury on trial for his life, found the defendant guilty of second-degree murder and Judge Thad D. Bryson sentenced him in State prison of not less than twenty years and not over thirty.

Had it not been for a peculiarities called "brain storms" in some instances and "weak minded" and demented in others, he probably would have gone to the electric chair.

Important Events in Life of Ex-President Woodrow Wilson First to Submit Plan Looking For World Peace

Twenty-eighth president of the United States, and the first Democrat since Jackson to serve two successive terms, Woodrow Wilson occupied the presidency during eight years of such world upheaval and turmoil, that his proper place in history can not be assigned to him until his contemporaries are likewise assigned to their niches.

Certainly, he ranks as one of the great war presidents of the American republic, and he exercised such an influence in world affairs as never before attached to his office.

Empires crumbled, thrones collapsed, the map of the world was made over, and under his administration the country abandoned its policy of isolation and became an active participant in world affairs. In all of that he took a powerful hand. No biographer could attempt to assess him accurately, and in full, until the processes which began in his day and with his participation have come to a conclusion.

An obscure lawyer, by nature a man of letters, he became an educator and won his first attention from the public as president of Princeton University. Then by the strange ways of a political system he became Governor of New Jersey and later, because the voters of the Republican party were divided between Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft he became president of the United States.

During his eight years of power he travelled the gamut of human emotions; victory, defeat; courtship and marriage; responsibility for leading a nation into war with the collateral responsibility of bringing it back again to the ways of peace; and finally a daily struggle with death.

He had heard himself hailed by the millions of Europe as "the God of peace" and heard his name hissed by the same millions. Acclaimed at one time almost as a new Messiah, he heard himself excoriated and denounced as an autocrat and worse at home and abroad. No other President since Lincoln was so worshipped and hated; no other president since Roosevelt had such friends and such enemies. Through it all he preserved an outward calm while the grim destroyer which hovered close about him during the last months of his occupancy of the presidency, followed him relentlessly to the modest home where he lived the ways of a retired gentleman and knocked at his door every day until it was at last opened.

After having borne the burdens of a war president, he undertook the task of making a peace which he sincerely believed would be a lasting one and although he succeeded in getting Europe to accept it in large measure his own country rejected it. And in the he broke his health, wore himself out, suffered a stroke of paralysis which led to his death, and declared through it all that he would have been happy to give his life for the success of his efforts.

Woodrow Wilson was a precedent smasher from beginning to end. He began by reviving the practice of Washington and Jefferson in delivering his messages to Congress in person; he finished by actually leaving American soil and going to Europe. His was the responsibility of deciding when a country with a people torn by conflicting sympathies was ready to throw itself into the great world war, and when the moment came he took the responsibility of throwing in the men and millions, which turned the scale to victory.

What ever an army of Boswells may write, that will be the part in which he will be best remembered by coming generations. Born in Staunton, Va., December 28, 1856, of Scotch-Irish parentage, he was christened Thomas Woodrow Wilson and was known in early life as "Tommy." After he was graduated from Princeton in 1879 he was known only as Woodrow Wilson. His father was the Rev. Joseph Ruger, a Presbyterian clergyman, and his mother was Jessie Woodrow.

When he was two years old the fortunes of his father took the family to Augusta, Ga., and later to Columbia, S. C., where at the age of 17 Thomas Woodrow Wilson entered Davidson college, but left there soon to go to Princeton. After graduation

at Princeton he studied law at the University of Virginia and in 1882 hung out his shingle in Atlanta, Ga. Meantime he courted Ellen Louise Axson, the daughter of a Savannah Presbyterian clergyman. They were married in 1885 and had three daughters, Margaret, the eldest who did not marry; Jessie, who became the wife of Francis Bowes Sayre, and Eleanor, who became the wife of William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury during her father's administration and later a presidential aspirant.

Mr. Wilson once said that as a young lawyer he wore out the rug in his office walking around the desk waiting for clients, so he abandoned a legal career and went to Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore for a post graduate course in letters. While there he published his first book "Congressional government," a study in American politics. It evoked offers of professorships at Bryn Mawr and Wesleyan and won recognition at home and abroad. The young man who wrote of the defects of the American political system in 1883 found himself to deal with them later. Having written in a deprecatory tone of the tendency toward autocracy in American president he lived to hear himself called the greatest autocrat of them all and to see a resolution declaring his office vacant on those grounds introduced and tabled in the senate.

Successively, Mr. Wilson became professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr and at Wesleyan University and later professor of jurisprudence and political economy at Princeton where, subsequently, he was made head of that institution. Meanwhile, Professor Wilson had gained high reputation as a writer. Some of his works, with the date of their production, were as follows: "The State—Elements and Historical and practical Politics," (1889); "Division and reunion," (1893); "George Washington," (1896); "A History of the American People," (1902); "Constitutional Government in the United States," (1908); "Free Life," (1913); "When a Man Comes to Himself," (1915); "On Being Human," (1916); "An Old Master and Other Political Essays," and "Mere Literature and Other Essays," were among his earlier writings. His state papers, notes to belligerent governments and addresses to Congress, would fill many volumes.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was bestowed upon him by Wake Forest College (1887); Tulane University (1893); Johns Hopkins (1902); Brown University (1903); Harvard University (1907); Williams College (1908); and Dartmouth College (1909). Yale made him a Doctor of Literature in 1901.

Life was a pretty well settled affair for him while he was president of Princeton. Its great oaks, shaded lawns an dhistorical halls, furnished the settings in which Mr. Wilson did much of the literary work which later was to attract the world. He probably had little thought of being snatched into the maelstrom of politics and war. He drew some public attention in the fight for preservation of democratic ideals at the University, but he lived the life of a family man on small pay and as late as 1910 was contemplating retiring on a teacher's pension.

That year the inexorable force of events came into evidence. The tide which "swept on to fortune" began to rise about him. Nominated for governor of New Jersey in a political situation about which many interesting things have been said and denied with equal fervor, he was elected on the democratic ticket, and immediately took on the state "bosses" for a round of combat which attracted the attention of the country. In the Jersey legislature he found the young lawyer, Joseph P. Tumulty who became his private secretary and biographer.

Political opponents charge Governor Wilson with radicalism but he drove his program through. The outstanding legislation was the "seven sisters laws" a series of bills drafted under his direction which dealt with trusts. New Jersey up to that time, because of its corporate laws, had

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SUNDAY'S EXTRA GAZETTE

On account of yesterday being Sunday and our telegraph offices were closed, the announcement of the death of Woodrow Wilson, did not reach us as promptly as it would have on any other day. Yet at 2:30 o'clock an extra edition of the Gazette was sold on the streets by newsboys. A little later, they were sold in Reidsville and Wentworth.

W. M. Curtis, secretary and treasury of Greensboro College, spoke at the Leaksville Methodist Church on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. While here Mr. Curtis, J. G. Farrell, J. M. Hopper, T. W. Field and S. M. Harris were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Norman, at their attractive home on Hamilton Street.

Weather

Cloudy, mild today, showers tonight and Tuesday.

CLEVELAND BROKER TO TESTIFY AT TEAPOT INQUIRY

(By Associated Press) Cleveland, Feb. 3.—Samuel Ungerleider, a Cleveland broker, with Washington branch, was subpoenaed to testify before the Teapot inquiry in Washington. The summons directs Ungerleider to bring all records of transactions through his house for the year ending December 1, 1922.