

NEW PRESIDENT AND HIS FOREBEARS--At the top, from left to right, are President Wilson's father, the Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson; Judge James Wilson, the President's grandfather; Mrs. James Wilson, his grandmother; Wilson thirty-three years ago and Wilson as a Princeton undergraduate. The first three pictures at the bottom on the left are of Wilson in 1878, and two likenesses taken when he was Princeton Professor. The remaining two photographs, large photograph in the center and the smaller one to the right, are recent pictures of the new President.



### COST OF LIVING SOARS IN WASHINGTON HOTELS

Capital Hosts Not as Considerate as Those of Reno at Jeffries-Johnson Fight.

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—Inaugurals and what hubbub attends them are hard to report. They offer no good place for one's pencil to take hold. For the most they resemble Shakespeare's celebrated lion's part, which was "nothing but roaring." The wise ones declare that there are 300,000 visitors in town. Also Johnson told Boswell that "round numbers always lie." In this choked instance, however, I should say they lied not uphill but down. The hotels are check-a-block and a "room with bath" rates as jewelry. Also the towels are in inverse proportion to the number of guests. The proverbial sardine in his box was but a lonesome hermit considered side by side with a present jammed and crowded Washington. Even the streets offer but a toe-trampled case of standing room only.

#### All Out for the Gold.

Everywhere, too, prevails a lust for gold. It is flaming in the face of your waiter, you see it in the blazing eye of the taxicab man. The hostesses have multiplied their usual charges by five. How different was it in honest Reno at the Jeffries-Johnson fight. Had hotel or restaurant taxed the visitor within its gates a penny above its customary tariff, the proprietor would not only have shaken his social and commercial standing, but he'd have run a right smart chance of being lynched. Some sufferer was complaining of the high cost of living at the principal banquets. "That's nothing," retorted Senator Mark Smith of Arizona. "You should have been here in 1893 when Cleveland was crowned. I put up at the old Arlington. I registered at 7 in the evening and for snuff-keeping gave the clerk \$1850 to take care of for me. At 4 o'clock the next morning I was aroused in my bed and told that my money had run out."

#### Bands Blare; Soldiers Dazzle.

There is confusion, but no disorder. Bands drift carelessly up and down the causeway, light fragments of unidentified military organizations, marching hither and yon. They appear to come from nowhere, to go nowhere, lacking both purpose and direction. From every quarter is heard the twittle of the rifle, the rattle of the drum. Also there is a wealth of color of every sort, red, white and blue. The saloonkeeper is without honor here, since no one votes in the District of Columbia. Therefore, as marking their contempt for him, the authorities compel every publican to close his shop at midnight. The Tammany thousands present heard this and turned as pale as so many candles. The more thoughtful recovered sufficiently to stock up with bottles and jugs.

#### Suffragettes Seem Fierce.

Go where you will you will encounter the suffragette. There are brigades of these intrepid women here. Let me tell you, too, they look exceedingly fierce. They've got the law-makers and other officers of state buffeted to a standstill. A woman with a principle is a terrible thing. When they are given the ballot the women will see their power shrink. Now they are a unit. They hang together like bats in a steeple. Given the ballot, they will separate into Democrats and Republicans. Thus, will they offend one another. Likewise, they will be counted. Being counted, their forces known, the male officer hunter, not to say the power seeker, will crawl at a suffragette's feet, will cheer up. Moreover, will he prove harder to shift as his spirits take on the hue of a new and defiant hope. Today the flutter of a suffragette skirt is as many war dangers. Later, when the suffragette votes her power will diminish. The suffragettes have headquarters here. No, I haven't visited them. I understand they suffer from a broadcast form of grouch and grow impatient at the

light and sound of strangers. Wherefore, respecting their pose of high exclusiveness, I have held myself prudently aloof. Who am I that I should braid the tail of a mule in the hour of festal merriment? Speaking of the suffragettes, divers local influences, eaten of avarice, threw up grandstands in certain places and asked gold for seats wherefrom one might review the suffragette parade. Beholding which, the suffragettes sent a committee to these avaricious influences and declared themselves "in on the proceeds." The A. I. laughed a low, mocking laugh and shook their avaricious heads. With that the woman shifted their line of march and left the avaricious influences—with their grandstands—out on a limb.

While crowded to the rails with folk so wrapped up in the coming ceremonies as to be greatly off their guard, the town is noticeably clean of thieves and few robberies are reported. This safe condition for both purse and person can be laid to the credit of Chief Sylvester of the Washington police. He is indefatigable, sleepless; his men are the same. Chief Sylvester has not had those police advantages enjoyed by the police heads of Chicago and New York, where an officer has but to keep his eye open to count a thousand pickpockets in one week. On the other hand, he owns a horse and a jack rabbit, and what few crooks put in their shifty appearance are slain no one about a mutual contest for them—side of the grate. Thus far, Chief Sylvester has kept the town like a church. Even the automobiles have slain no one, about a mutual contest they have kept many of us jumping sideways.

#### Veto of Inaugural Ball.

Somewhat to my wonder, I learned that the so-called inaugural ball was regarded as a good thing. It took the dances and flower shops and dry goods stores and the water and water, shortening up the receipts of these industries by a full handful of ciphers. To humanity in the self-respecting hard-headed, the veto brought a feeling of relief. There was an ever-present risk of horseplay, not to say hoodlumism, attendant upon such functions. They were managed upon the free-for-all plan, and anyone who would might come and did. All things considered, the common feeling is that they are best out of the way. Speaking of what profits were shorn—through the inaugural ball veto—from our friends' good friends and others, an old timer, who boasts that he has been through every inauguration since the factious days of Franklin Pierce, insists that to install a Republican president means twice as much money in the capital pocket as the installation of a Democrat. "The Republicans," said he, "don't make half as much noise as the Democrats, but they clink down twice as many dollars. There is more violence and less money about a Democratic than about a Republican."

#### George Ade's Fable.

This philosophy sounds vastly like that of the gray and bridled police captain who declared that of every twenty burglars or footpads brought in, nineteen would be Democrats and one Republican. Twenty embezzlers forgers, ninetynine would be Republicans. It keeps someone's breath, too, of George Ade's personally conducted Chicago investigation into the question of divorce. "I collected one hundred cases," said the great playwright, "in which the husband sued for a separation from his wife. In every instance the plaintiff was Republican, while the home-wrecking villain he named as the destroyer of his happiness was a Democrat." However, I go admit all this—the Ade inquiry and the rest—although interesting, is another story. While indulging his inaugural ball veto, I found folk greatly wondering just what sort a president Mr. Wilson would make. The general feeling is that he's honest, brave, wise, and possesses the force. Men as large consider him hesitate, however, over what they style his lack of experience. They fear him for an abstractionist and as wanting in elements of the practical. They are alarmed lest he aim too high and prove a fashion of White House Alceste. Alceste was the greatest architect in the world. But he refused to aim at anything less or lower than a star. He would draw his arrow to the head; it would draw his arrow to the head; it would draw his arrow to the head, leaving him so towering off the bow, leaving him and far—that star-aimed arrow. But it hit nothing.

### WILSON GREETED BY ENORMOUS CROWDS

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Kinley, Rucker and Garrett, who will escort him, with the vice president-elect, to the White house. President Taft will await them and soon thereafter the inaugural party will leave the White house for the capitol. Major General Wood, chief of staff of the army, and staff will precede them in the ride through Pennsylvania avenue to capitol hill, the president-elect being attended by the Essex troop of New Jersey and Mr. Marshall by the black horse troop of Culver academy, Indiana.

Ceremonies in the senate, the inauguration of the vice president and swearing in of the senators will begin promptly at 12 o'clock noon, witnessed by the congress, members of the new cabinet, diplomats of all nations, justices of the supreme court and the elect of the land. Then will follow on the east front of the capitol the induction into office of Woodrow Wilson.

#### Bryan Holds Levee.

William Jennings Bryan was a participant in the pre-inaugural festivities to night, and greeted hundreds of Democrats from all sections of the country in an informal reception at his hotel quarters.

#### Alumni in Evidence.

The president-elect found the corridors of the hotel crowded with Princeton alumni, wearing orange and black rosettes. The Wilsons were immediately to their suite on the fourth floor of the hotel, where John W. Wilson, a cousin of the president-elect, and a score of relatives were waiting to receive them.

#### Wilson Arrives at National Capital.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—President-elect Wilson's arrival in Washington was a happy family group on the train. With Mrs. Annie Howe, a sister of the president-elect, who joined the party at West Philadelphia, came her daughter, Mrs. Purvis Cotman, and granddaughter Josephine. The Cotman lady is a favorite with the president-elect and probably will be a frequent visitor at the White house. Little Josephine was the object of much attention from the family and when the train stopped at Baltimore she occupied a conspicuous place at the window, from which vantage point she struck up an immediate acquaintance with the crowd.

### PRESIDENT-ELECT GUEST AT SMOKER

WASHINGTON, March 3.—President-elect Wilson was given a Princeton welcome to the national capital tonight, a welcome that brought reminiscences of his many years as president of Princeton university. The occasion was a smoker, at which graduates from all parts of the country gathered. For an hour the president-elect was the center of a wild demonstration of cheers and songs. He had not intended to make a speech, but the enthusiasm of it all moved him so deeply that he spoke for a few minutes, expressing his thanks for the confidence that the Princeton alumni had reposed in him.

#### Cheers Along Route.

Colonel Spencer S. Cosby, chief aide to President Taft and a naval and military aide from the White house, accompanied Mr. Wilson to his hotel. There were cheers along the way as pedestrians recognized the party.

The first person to greet the president-elect and Mrs. Wilson at the steps of the hotel was "Captain Bill" McDonald, the aged Texas Ranger and body guard to Mr. Wilson during the recent campaign. "How are you?" exclaimed the president-elect and Mrs. Wilson at the same time, as they stepped rapidly forward and grasped Captain McDonald's hands.

#### Impressed by Task.

"Now I stand here on the eve of attempting a great task—a profoundly great one—and know that there are so many men in this United States who know me and understand me and to whom I do not have to explain anything. Members of the family do not have to be told what is going to happen. And therefore it is not necessary to make a speech to the family."

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#### Applause in Streets.

When Mr. Wilson arrived through a big street crowd, he moved through a lane on both sides of the alumni stood cheering and shouting. The president-elect was escorted to the platform, where Clay Stewart, 14, president of the local alumni association, Mr. Justice Melville P. Feltus, 17, United States supreme court, presented him with a ribbon-tied package of and cigars. Mr. Wilson took with a smile, as he does not smoke, and shook hands. Many of those present were in the uniform of the Essex troop which tomorrow escorts Mr. Wilson and Squadron A of the First Regiment of New York, made up of Princeton men. Many of Mr. Wilson's own class, 1878, were present, including Cyrus McCormick of Chicago, William Wilder of New York and Robert Hunter of New York.

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