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Our President.

From the Life of Woodrow Wilson.

It was on the record of a year and a half as a Governor, and on the personal character displayed in making that record, that the people have built their faith in Woodrow Wilson. Yet behind the achievements of the character that thus won national recognition lay forty years of preparation. The public knows little of those years.

Woodrow Wilson was born in 1856, in Christmas week, in the town of Staunton, in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. He is the eighth President born in the Old Dominion. In temperament, ripeness of statesmanlike views, capacity for political leadership, he is particularly fitted to be the successor of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. As they were prepared, above all other men of their time, to do the particular work of founding the Government of the new Republic and giving the first cast and direction to our political institutions, so, it is no idle rhetoric to affirm, is Wilson uniquely fitted to preside over the critical hour when the nation is perplexed by the necessity of meeting new industrial, social and commercial conditions undreamed of by the fathers of the Republic.

Woodrow Wilson's grandfather, James Wilson, was born in Ireland, whence he emigrated, landing in Philadelphia a little more than a century ago. James Wilson was a printer; he obtained employment in the office of the "Aurora," which was the leading Democratic paper of the day, recognized as the organ of Thomas Jefferson. [Philadelphia was then the capital of the United States.] In the year 1812 he appears by the Philadelphia Directory of that date as Publisher of the paper.

About the year 1820, James Wilson contracted the Western fever and moved to Steubenville, Ohio, where he founded, or bought the "Western Herald" and made himself a power in the Democratic party in Ohio, becoming "Judge" Wilson.

In this background of vigorous Western life, among the pioneers of the state of Ohio, Woodrow Wilson's father, Joseph R. Wilson, was born and grew to manhood. Joseph R. Wilson began life as a teacher, first in an academy, then in Jefferson College, then in Hampden-Sidney College. Soon, however, he entered the Presbyterian ministry. He married Janet Woodrow, daughter of the Presbyterian minister of Chillicothe, Ohio. Janet was born in Carlisle, England, but her father had crossed the ocean when she was a little girl.

Two years after Woodrow Wilson was born, his father was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of Augusta, Georgia, one of the most influential congregations of the South. He remained in this pulpit throughout the war.

In the autumn of 1870, the Wilson's moved to Columbia S. C. In the autumn of 1873, being then seventeen years old, Woodrow entered Davidson College. The next year young Wilson stayed at home with his father, who had now been called to Wilmington, preparing himself to enter Northern University, where it was thought he would find better opportunities for education.

The future Governor of New Jersey first saw the state where his earliest political honors were to be won, in 1875. He found himself entering the Freshman class with 133 other young men. Princeton had been a favorite resort of young Southern students, but now there were only a few from that section of the country.

From the start, the young fellow declined to lie down in the regular groove and be ground through the mill. Very early he made up his mind what he wanted to make of himself, and then set himself steadfastly to the task. The thing Woodrow Wilson fixed his mind on was—public life, the service of his country. Straightway he began his preparation. He made his regular course at Princeton subordinate to the great work of fitting himself for public life. He devoted every energy to the furnishing and the training of his mind as an authority on government, the history of government, and leadership in public life. Wilson never, either then or in later life, wrote out his speeches, except on the very rare occasions when it was necessary to be verbally correct.

After graduating at Princeton, Woodrow Wilson went to the University of Virginia, that great institution of liberal learning organized by Thomas Jefferson. Here he spent a year studying in the law department under the singularly able guidance of Dr. John B. Minor.

It would be impossible to describe sensationally or dramatically the two years Wilson spent in enthusiastic labors at John Hopkins, but it would be equally impossible to exaggerate the importance of these years on his mind and character. Wilson's chief job was to get at the real facts as to how the legislative department of the United States government actually worked—not what the theory of it was, or was supposed to be, but how, as a matter of fact, it did work. Early in 1885 he completed that job. He had made a book, and now it was published: "Congressional Government: A Study of Government by Committee." It was the first account ever given of the way Americans actually do govern themselves. The book met with instant success. It was immediately recognized as a final, standard piece of work. Today, 27 years later, it remains unsurpassed.

In the summer of 1885 Woodrow Wilson married Miss Ellen Louise Axson, daughter of a line of Georgia clergymen. During the next three years Wilson taught history and political economy at Bryn Mawr, and the next two years were spent as professor of the same sub-

jects at Wesleyan University.

From 1890 to 1902 Mr. Wilson fulfilled at Princeton, the duties of professor of jurisprudence and politics, and in 1902 he was elected president of the college. In November 1910 he was elected Governor of New Jersey and two years later, president of the United States.

Convention

The 48th annual convention of the Kansas Sunday School Association will be held at Wichita May 6-7-8, 1913. Last year every county in the state except one was represented with an attendance of over twenty-five hundred bona fide delegates and indications point to a larger meeting this year.

The committee announces an exceptional line of gifted specialists including John L. Alexander, Chicago, Specialist with Boys; Mrs. J. A. Walker, Denver, Elementary; Rev. Edgar Blake, D. D., Secretary of the Methodist Board of Sunday Schools; W. D. Stem, Des Moines, Adult; R. E. Diffendorfer, New York, Missionary Education; Rev. H. R. McKee, Oklahoma, Rural Church; Prof. W. E. M. Hackleman, Indianapolis, Director of Music; Rev. Frank G. Ream, Devotional Bible Study; J. K. Codding, Former Warden Penitentiary; Dr. S. J. Crumrine, Secretary State Board of Health. In addition to these a large number of distinguished Sunday School leaders, both paid and volunteer, from all parts of Kansas.

Wichita will afford entertainment upon a basis of fifty cents for lodging and breakfast in private homes. Additional meals down town at popular prices.

The open rate of two cents a mile without time limit will make it easy for people to transact business or visit friends en route.

For additional information address The Kansas Sunday School Association, J. H. Engle, General Secretary, Abilene, Kan.

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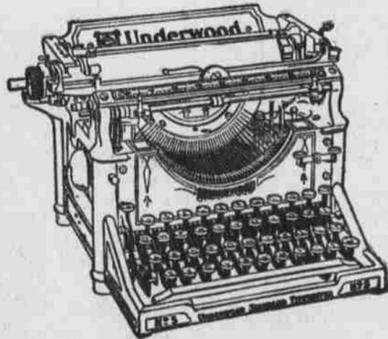
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HAVE NO NEED OF THOUGHT

All That Troubles Eskimo Is That They Shall Be Sure of Getting Enough to Eat.

Where the physical struggle for life is at its keenest, as it is among the Eskimos, the years glide by free from the more subtle cares and worries of the civilized man. The Eskimo does not count the days and keeps no record of time. All his thoughts are centered on hunting.

Once I asked an Eskimo who seemed to be plunged in reflection, "What are you thinking about?"

He laughed at my question, and said, "Oh, it is only you white men who go in so much for thinking! Up here we only think of our flesh-pits, and whether we have enough for the long dark of the winter. If we have meat enough, then there is no need to think. I have meat and to spare!"

I saw that I had insulted him by crediting him with thought.

On another occasion I asked an unusually intelligent Eskimo, Panigpak, who had taken part in Peary's last North Polar expedition:

"Tell me, what did you suppose was the object of all your exertions? What did you think when you saw the land disappear behind you and you found yourself out on the drifting ice-floes?"

"Think?" said Panigpak, astonished. "I did not need to think. Peary did that!"

Eating becomes the great thing with the Eskimos. I once excused myself, when paying a visit, with the plea that I had already eaten and had had enough. I was laughed at, and the answer I received was:

"There thou talkest like a dog! Dogs can be stuffed till they are satisfied and can eat no more; but people—people can always eat!"—Knut Rasmussen, in The People of the Polar North.

MEETING WITH ROBERT BARR

Journey of a Couple to Cologne Was Materially Enlivened by the Novelist.

I have a pleasant recollection of Robert Barr, the popular novelist, whose death was recently announced, writes a woman correspondent of the London Chronicle. A relative and I were traveling some years since in Germany, and took the water way to Cologne. Among the numbers of brochen devouring and beer drinking passengers on the little steamer I noticed one, a man with an eager expression, who was distinguished by his abstinence (and by his absorption in the passing scenery of the Rhine. I got into conversation by chance with the observer, and the whole route to Cologne was from that moment made a living reality to me by the man's comment.

The following day we decided to continue our journey, and again we chose the transit steamer, and again we met the man of recollection and observation. I tried, by conversational openings, to discover his identity, but he heeded none, continuing to pour out a flood of history and legend of the Rhine. At length the time of parting came. With a sweep of the arm, which included my companion and myself, he said: "I shall hope to see you when you return from this, the journey of your lives," and handed me a card, on which was inscribed the name of Robert Barr. "I don't think we can call together," I replied, "for while I live in London, my brother's home is in the north, and I seldom catch sight of him on his day trips to town." "Your brother," replied the editor of the Idler, "then why the deuce do you both have new luggage?"

English "Society."

There are three classes of society in England—the aristocrats, who are barbarians; the middle class, who are philistines, and the dregs of society, who are nothing at all. It is a funny thing that the late King Edward, who had all the vices of the aristocrats, was beloved by the middle class, and that his son, King George, who has all the virtues of the middle class, is despised by the aristocrats. He and the queen are always spoken of as George and the Dragon.

His Chops.

"Here, waiter, I ordered two lamb chops and can't find but one."

"Let me see, sir. Quite true. Ah, I remember now. I passed the open door and th' drawt must have blowed it away, sir."

"Bring me another waiter, and this time don't forget the windshield and the safety net."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just the Place for Her.

He hustled into his home and began vigorously:

"Now, wife, I want you to go out on a nice farm and rest for the summer. I have located a nice farm out in Elizabeth township, not too far from Pittsburg for me to run out."

"How can I go anywhere for the summer?" demanded his wife. "I have no clothes."

"That's just the point. You can wear old clothes on this farm. Everybody wears old clothes. Old clothes are the thing."

"Old clothes are the thing, eh? Then for once in my life I can make a splurge. If old clothes are the caper, I'll take along seven trunks of oldest clothes in Pennsylvania."—Pittsburg Post.