

# □ Mrs. Woodrow Wilson □

Believes Home Is Woman's Sphere

(From the Washington Times.)  
Imagine a woman at the magnetic age of middle life, soft of voice, matronly in contour, brown of eye and hair, above the average in height, charming in personality and you have the present mistress of the "Little White House" and possible future mistress of the "Big White House," at Washington, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson who, until young Doctor Wilson came a-courting back 1885, was Miss Ellen Louise Axson, of Rome, Georgia.

Mrs. Wilson is still surrounded by the aura that clings to the soft, dreamy South, and more particularly to the old fashioned Southern woman, the woman who was once described by a distinguished visitor from abroad as "God's agent on earth."

It was at the close of a dinner party given last evening at the summer executive mansion that the wife of the Democratic nominee for the highest office within the gift of his party consented to be interviewed.

On one of the big tables in the drawing room, the only one unadorned with beautiful floral testimonials of friendship, stood a huge Independence Day cake ribbed in red and white and blue. On the wall opposite the huge fireplace was a life-size painting of the Madonna, one unusually gracious and free from ecclesiasticism. This was the last portrait Mrs. Wilson did before taking up landscape work several years ago. It is only one of the gems from Mrs. Wilson's brush, a brush with so masterful and vivid a stroke that an art critic recently gave it as his opinion that "if Mrs. Wilson could devote all her time to her art, she would undoubtedly take first rank among the women artists of the New World."

A study of the painting makes the spectator realize that the artist's beautiful spirit of motherhood is reflected—the spirit of motherhood which Mrs. Wilson believes to be the ideal type of womanhood.

"The happiest life for a woman," said Mrs. Wilson, smiling happily, "contains three elements—a husband with whose tastes you sympathize, your home and your children. I've often said—and I'm sure my husband, practical theorist that he is, agrees with me—that husbands and wives reach their truest and noblest development when they are complimentary to each other. That's the way I feel about my husband. I want him to feel that I am always at his side."

"To say that I am pleased at Mr. Wilson's nomination is superfluous. I am proud of the trust that has been reposed in my husband. What woman would not be? Isn't it a great thing for a woman to realize that the man she loves is considered by a great political party to be worthy of the highest office in the land?"

"But I can not say that I am elated at the honor that has come to Mr. Wilson, because I appreciate the grave responsibilities that Mr. Wilson's present position carries with it. But no brave man fears or shrinks responsibilities—rather he prays that his abilities will measure up to his responsibilities."

"Mr. Wilson has an opportunity to do enormous good if he is permitted to carry out the principles and the high ideals for which he stands and has always stood. I know my husband better perhaps than any other person in this country. I have faith that he will live up to his opportunities."

"I want others to know my husband as I know him. You know my husband's ideals and mine have always been supplementary to each other. I have the greatest confidence in his ability to render practical the theoretical ideals which he holds. I have such great confidence in the clearness of his vision that I have frequently accepted his ideas on subjects about which I had no opportunity for personally inquiring into."

"I believe that Mr. Wilson will be elected. If he is I believe he will make a good president. To my mind he possesses one of the most essential characteristics of a good president—sincerity."

"Mr. Wilson is the very essence of unselfishness. He never thinks of himself. I have to do that part of his thinking for him. That is one reason I say we are supplementary."

"It seems to me that a woman has almost enough to do in attending to her home. While I believe it wise for a wife to know everything about her husband's business affairs I do not believe in a wife interfering in his business affairs. The home is woman's sphere, the world is man's."

"A man does not want to be bothered with housekeeping details. As a rule they are too trivial to be discussed. It is a good rule for wives not to trouble their husbands with the vagaries or idiosyncrasies of the butcher and the baker."

"Do not take this to mean that a wife should not spur her husband on in his vocation. That seems to be the double function of woman—ambition accelerator and mental recreator. A wife should make it her business to see that her husband secures

a few hours' mental recreation every day."

"Have you kept up with recent political developments?" Mrs. Wilson was asked.

"Indeed I have," she answered quickly. "I have been the most interested person in the household, and that is saying a great deal. The most thrilling thing to me has been the visits of Dudley Field Malone, Senator O'Gorman's son-in-law, and other fine young men of his type, who called here and told of the splendid confidence they have in Mr. Wilson and his convictions on public questions."

Touching upon the new social duties that will devolve upon her in the event of Governor Wilson's election, Mrs. Wilson said:

"I have only been to Washington once. It seems curious, but I visited the National capital on only one occasion. This was a few years ago, when I accompanied Mr. Wilson to Washington, where he was to make an address."

Mrs. Wilson said that she enjoys excellent health, although she has always insisted upon numerous outside interests as a means of "broadening one's nature."

"I have splendid health. I conserve my strength as much as possible, and I do not attempt things beyond my strength. If I did, something more important would probably suffer in consequence. I think that American women, as a rule, have too many interests at once. Thus they draw upon their strength far in excess of what they should to keep their health."

"However, the tireless energy of the twentieth century woman is wonderful to behold. It is a manifestation of the awakening spirit of American womanhood—a spirit that is destined to help us maintain ourselves in the vanguard of civilization. I am a great believer in the intellect, strength of character and optimism of the American woman."

With this as her motto, Mr. Wilson promises to be one of the most popular hostesses who ever extended the hand of welcome to White House visitors.

## DIXIELAND.

Oh! Sunny South, my native land,  
Thy praises gladly sing,  
To thee I send this message sweet,  
I would that I could bring.

Oh, Dixieland, my home sweet home,  
Though far from you I've roamed,  
No other spot in this wide world,  
Will ever be my home.

Fond memories so dear to me,  
Of childhood's happy play,  
"Away down South in Dixie,"  
Where the night is bright as day.

Where the cotton fields are blooming,  
With their blossoms soft and white,  
And the nightingale is singing  
In the tree tops all the night.

Where the robin's breast is reddest,  
Where the flowers breathe perfume,  
And the Pickaninny's banjo,  
Tinkles music to the moon.

Thy brave sons and noble women,  
All the world knows of their deeds,  
Of their chivalry and virtue,  
History's pages oft repeat.

So to thee my native Southland,  
Tis to you I raise my hand,  
And to you I give the honor  
As the Queen of all this land.

And I tell you once repeated,  
That no matter where I roam,  
There's no place like old Dixieland,  
My own sweet home.

—MRS. JOSEPH S. EMERMAN,  
836 Manida St.,  
New York City.

(Editor's note—Mrs. Emerman was formerly Miss B. Allen, of Wilton, N. C.)

## FORGOTTEN.

(Special to News and Observer.)  
She has forgotten that girlish grace  
She had in that June-time long ago  
When trembling, she stole to their  
trysting place,  
With love in her look and her  
cheeks aglow.

He has forgotten the joy they had  
When the first-born lay in his little  
cot;  
Her hair is gray and her look is sad,  
It is many a year since he forgot.

He has forgotten the good-bye kiss  
That she used to claim when he  
went away;  
They told her once it would come to  
this,  
But she had no fear and her laugh  
was gay.

With a greedy look on his hardened  
face,  
And setting his heel on the man  
below.

He has forgotten that girlish grace  
She had in that June-time long  
ago.

# HOW TO PREVENT TYPHOID WHILE ON VACATION.

Contributed by the Medical Society of the District of Columbia.

It is believed that the common house fly frequently carries on its body, from filthy places, the germs of typhoid fever and deposits them on food in kitchens and on dining tables. Those who nurse the sick and are careless about disinfection frequently infect themselves by soiling food or drink with their dirty hands. The fingers should not be put into the mouth, the sick should not be kissed and the utensils used in the sick-room, such as plates, spoons, etc., should be reserved for the sick and thoroughly scalded on removal from the room. The time between infection and the appearance of the disease is usually from nine to fourteen days.

When one is compelled to live in a house or in a neighborhood where typhoid fever prevails he should make it his inflexible rule to eat and drink only such foods as have been recently heated to above the scalding temperature. Salads should be avoided, and water and milk should always be scalded before use. Fruits should be pared. The typhoid fever organism is very susceptible to heat, and slight boiling or even a good strong scalding is sufficient to destroy it. So far as possible the house fly should be screened out of the house, while any that gain access should be diligently pursued and destroyed. A bit of wire netting attached to a wood handle is a convenient weapon. If these measures were consistently practiced a large part of the now generally prevalent typhoid fever could be prevented, especially if, in conjunction with these measures, the discharges of the sick were consistently and thoroughly disinfected before being thrown out upon the soil or into latrines.

In many cases the typhoid organism persists in the bowel discharges and in the urine for quite a number of weeks after recovery, so that great care should be taken for a month or two that these discharges are not al-

lowed to contaminate soil or water. In the case of a few unfortunate known as typhoid carriers the organism becomes acclimated, and these persons then are a source of constant danger to their fellows.

To bowel and kidney discharges should be added an equal volume of 5 per cent carbolic acid solution (poison), or 5 per cent solution of liquor cresol compound. Soiled linen should be put at once into boiling water. Soiled hands should be washed for five minutes in mercuric chloride water (1:1000) colored with methylene blue to distinguish it from ordinary non-poisonous fluids and kept out of reach of children and animals. Tablets of this character are on the market. In no case should mercuric chloride solution be put into metallic vessels, as it soon becomes inert.

Owing to the difficulty of carrying out these sanitary precautions in localities where house flies swarm and bad water is prevalent and the local sanitary conditions are unknown, it is advised that field men receive preventive inoculation. This advice will hold for all well persons who find themselves in such situations.

The importance of these measures is judged by the following: The number of cases in the registration area of the United States every year amounts to about 130,000, and the deaths amount to 13,000, while in the entire United States it is estimated that there are about three times this number.

In twenty years (1890-1909) in the English army in India there were 26,510 cases of typhoid fever and 6,494 deaths.

The proportion of deaths to cases varies from 10 per cent or less in light epidemics to 30 per cent or more in severe ones.

The best methods of avoiding the disease may be grouped under two heads: personal hygiene and preventive inoculation.

# PREACHER HAS WED 4,000 COUPLES IN ALL

Bristol, Tenn.—The Rev. Alfred Harrison Burroughs, of Bristol, now in his eightieth year, has married 4,000 couples in the last twenty-three years. "I had no thought of making this a business," said the aged minister. "I was licensed to marry people many years ago, and when the first runaway couple sought me in 1889, I consented to marry them more as a matter of accommodation than anything else."

"Some of my friends were present and witnessed the marriage. They complimented me and told me that I ought to make marrying a business. After that I did not decline to offer my services whenever a couple came my way. Month by month the business grew until I sometimes married from three to six couples a day."

So rapidly did the minister's marrying business increase that he built a hotel designed especially to accommodate eloping couples.

# GODDESS OF LIBERTY LOOKED DAGGERS AT HER

NEW YORK.—Miss G. C. Hayes of Jamaica and London, who, when she landed in this city claimed that the Goddess of Liberty looked daggers at her, was at home one day recently at the Hotel Albert. On her arrival Miss Hayes received herself of a number of uncomplimentary remarks about things American. Last evening she had grown calmer and said that she had been somewhat misconstrued.

"But I haven't lost my reputation," she declared. "We all know the American reporter on the other side. No one will believe I said what I said, so it's quite all right, you know."

Miss Hayes speaks with a decidedly English accent, wears her hair cut short, and is not a suffragette—indeed, no. She owns large plantations in Jamaica, and pays taxes in three places, twice in England and once in Jamaica. She admits that she can afford to contribute modestly to any cause that will get her representation for the money she pays.

"If I were rowing a boat I should use two oars instead of one," Miss Hayes said to a reporter for The World. "Then one gets somewhere. When one rows with one oar only one keeps going around in a circle. That is the way with government when only the men vote. The proper scheme would be to use the capabilities of both sexes in the science of government. It is better so. But isn't that a jolly comparison about a boat and two oars?"

Miss Hayes doesn't like our customs officials or their manners. She doesn't think they or this country are very hospitable.

"Why, they made me sign a paper, and answer a lot of foolish questions and pay a tax of four dollars a head for letting myself and maid into this

country," said Miss Hayes. "It isn't worth it. I told them I was just a transient, hurrying through this country as fast as I could on my way to England. That didn't make any difference. I had to pay that four dollars. When I leave I'm to get it back, if I can get it."

"You're a most inhospitable country to come into. The Statue of Liberty looks daggers at you as you come up the bay, then the customs officials get hold of you. They ask you if you have ever been branded, if you have ever been in prison or the poorhouse, if you are a Mormon, and a lot of other insulting questions. It is awful. If the inspectors were women they'd at least be polite. I asked an inspector to open my luggage and he told me to open it myself. Why, no woman inspector would be so rude. In England we do things differently, and try to make a stranger feel at home."

"For that reason I am glad to see that this country is taking a lively and intelligent interest in woman suffrage. I understand that some of your western states allow women to vote and that the scheme works very well. They will be allowed to vote everywhere in time."

"Well, Auntie," asked her young master, "do you really believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, sah, ebery word."

"Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?"

"Yes, sah; I believes it cause the Bible says so. I'm gwine tuh ask Jonah 'bout dat jes as soon as I gets to hebbin'."

"But suppose Jonah isn't there?"

"Den, honey, you ken ask him."—Judge.