

# Will Mr. Wilson's Door Stay Open?

If So, He Will Be Overrun by Freaks and Cranks.

Thousands of Poorly-Balanced Individuals Will Intrude on the President's Time, Even if He Has the Door Open to "Business Callers."

**F**ERECER than the proverbial "herce light that beats upon a throne" is that which glares upon the office into which Dr. Wilson will be inducted March 4.

No crowned ruler upon earth is so much the victim of the inquisitive mob as is the President of the United States, who cannot issue a mandate turning down the limelight that shines upon him, as did the German Kaiser some time ago, when he curtailed the court bulletin.

Dr. Wilson will be the greatest show feature, the biggest drawing card in the land, for the next four years. Thousands of men, women and children, in a snake-line two squares long, will wait outside his door to shake his hand when he gives a public reception. Everywhere he goes people will stare at him as though he were the Siamese twins or the sacred white elephant. Only when shut in behind guarded doors will he escape the gaping multitudes, whose staring eyes will haunt his very dreams long for the end of his stay in the White House he will fully realize the utter futility of his announced plans to maintain the "open door" in fact that Mr. Roosevelt make himself accessible to all citizens who wish to consult him.



He has already received his initiation. Since he became Presidential possibility every detail of his life has been press featured and magnified. His ancestors have all been dug up and carefully re-examined, and any of his grandfathers, even with a dozen greats, been hanged for stealing sheep. We should have heard all about it long ere this. Already we have been told all the details of his religion, his anthropometric measurements, his diet, his clothes, even to the time of his daily shave, and the particular key in which he snores at night. But his troubles have barely commenced, and enough money to make you or me independent for life will be annually paid to a corps of circumstances, generally specially selected to act as buffers 'twixt him and the elastic-necked throng—to keep them from tearing the very buttons off his clothes, or even his clothes off their very buttons, in the eager grab for Presidential souvenirs. For the President of the United States has been "it" against the whole Nation in an endless game of hide and seek since the days when George Washington himself uttered his lamentation that the tourists surging through the Presidential residence in New York struck their inquisitive noses even into Madame Washington's bedroom.

**Every Freak Will Seek Him.**

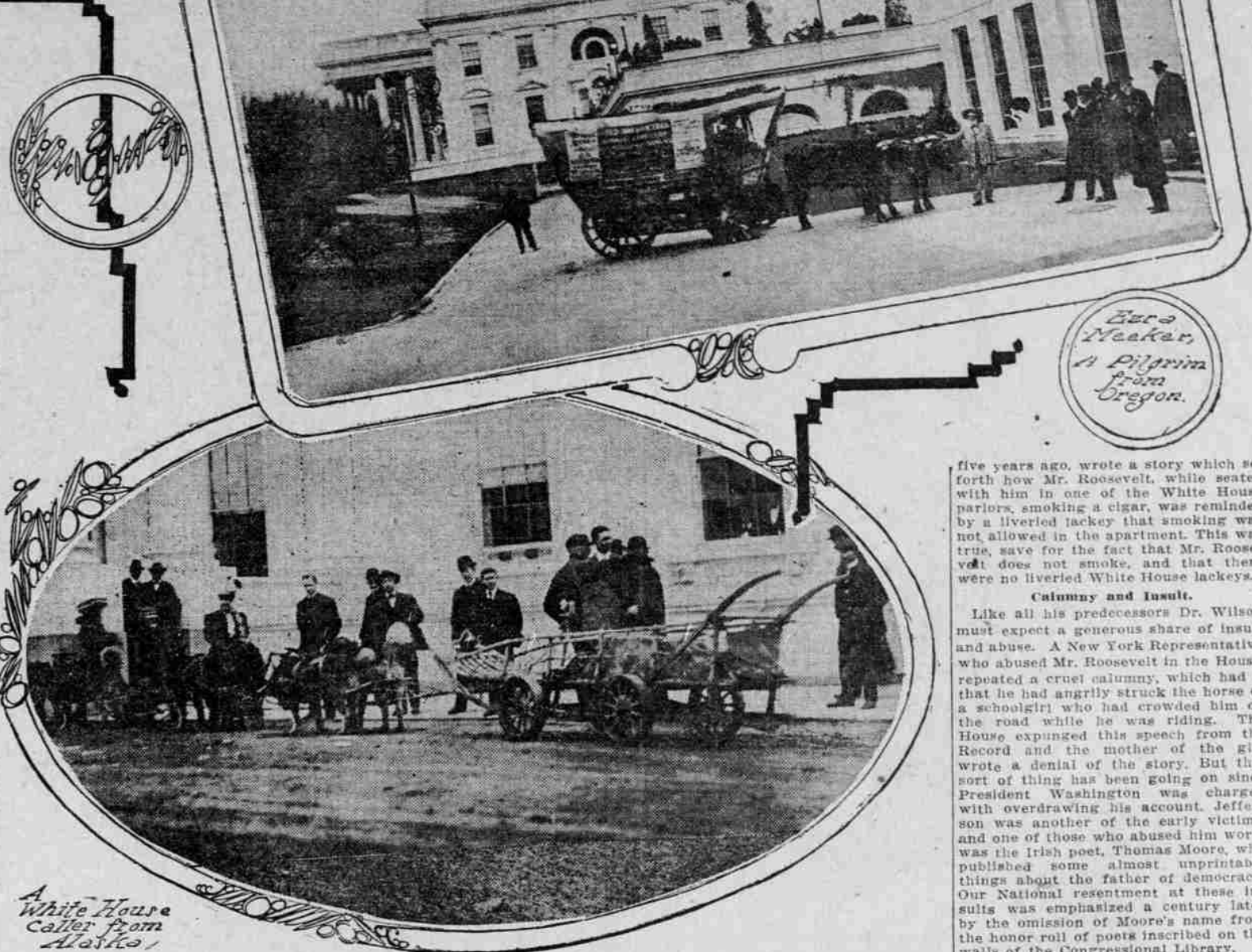
Every freak and phenomenon who crops up in the imagination of Dr. Wilson is restless with impudence to see him. An accompanying picture shows an old Oregon pioneer who drove all the way across the continent to call upon the President. Another shows a White House visitor who drove his dogs all the way from Alaska. Mrs. Tom Thibault has called on every President since Lincoln, and more than a dozen of this class was a man who was walking around the world on a wagger and

who wanted the Presidential autograph, which he got.

Then there are the lunatics, who present a problem much more serious. Every insane man with any imaginary grievance or a pet scheme for saving the country will want to confide in the new President. Some time ago a caller of this class presented his card on which was printed "Acting President" and about the same time there appeared at the White House a New Yorker offering to sell his leg to the President for \$500. He followed a lunatic who wished the Chief Magistrate to remove a "hypnotic spell" which had been put upon him. The procession of cranks increased from year to year, in spite of the fact that each is promptly clapped into "St. Elizabeth's," the awesome National bedlam, and is there detained until his state authorities send for him.

**Constant Suggestion of Danger.**

Although the system of espionage which will perpetually protect Dr. Wilson from these cranks is as perfect as human ingenuity can now make it, it is doubtful whether, when outdoors, he can ever banish the suspicion that some deluded person, hidden in the cheering crowd or along the roadway where he drives, may be laying for him. Since Lincoln's time all Presidents have doubtless felt this dread, although none



A White House caller from Alaska.

would, of course, admit it. Mr. Cleveland was long haunted by it, and had a sort of superstitious dread of the old Sixth street station, with its brass star marking the spot where Garfield stood when shot. For some time he alighted from trains outside the station yard, where his carriage awaited him.

Secret service espionage over Dr. Wilson commenced as soon as he was nominated, but its full force will not be felt until he rides in the inaugural parade with detectives lining his carriage on both sides. But it will grow so oppressive that he will soon come to feel like a prisoner with a death watch set over him, and then he will try to kick over the traces and escape his guards. Once he steps out of doors he will never be out of reach of these inquiring eyes, for even if he wishes to hike out for a solitary stroll in the woods the secret service men must keep watch on him whether he likes it or not. Such an incessant suggestion of danger must indeed be nerve-trying. Even within the private confines of the White House there will be guards watching every corridor and hallway leading to the room in which he happens to be. Should he slip out into the sleeping-room corridor in the middle of the night there will be a guard even there to witness the Presidential pajama parade.

He will have to nerve himself also to the realization that his daughters, too, will be continually in this limelight glare for the next four years. This danger caused Mr. Roosevelt's considerable anxiety. When he entered the White House he impressed upon his children that they were in no wise superior to any other youngsters. How this training took effect was shown once in a reply by young Archie to a fawning society woman, who had asked him if he did not dislike going to public school with "all those common little boys." He answered: "My papa says there are only two kinds of boys—good and bad boys."

Mr. Taft, more than any of his recent predecessors, has kept his children out of the spotlight. As long as they have been of school or college age he has kept them out of Washington. His younger son has been at the White House only in vacation times.

five years ago, wrote a story which set forth how Mr. Roosevelt, while seated with him in one of the White House parlors, smoking a cigar, was reminded by a liveried lackey that smoking was not allowed in the apartment. This was true, save for the fact that Mr. Roosevelt does not smoke, and that there were no liveried White House lackeys.

**Calumny and Insult.**

Like all his predecessors Dr. Wilson must expect a generous share of insult and abuse. A New York Representative who abused Mr. Roosevelt in the House, repeated a cruel calumny, which had it that he had angrily struck the horse of a schoolgirl who had crowded him on the road while he was riding. The House expunged this speech from the Record and the mother of the girl wrote a denial of the story. But this sort of thing has been going on since President Washington was charged with overdrawing his account. Jefferson was another of the early victims, and one of those who abused him worst was the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, who published some almost unprintable things about the father of democracy. Our National resentment at these insults was emphasized a century later by the omission of Moore's name from the honor roll of poets inscribed on the walls of the Congressional Library.

**Advertising Value of Wilson.**

Manufacturers, boomers and promoters by the thousands are clamoring themselves to exploit President Wilson as an advertisement for their schemes. Real estate boomers will offer him beautiful country homes by the acre if he will only come and live in them in the Summer and lend his name to the community. All of these men will want to use him as an attraction used in the Summer cottage at Cape May. But Harrison, when he realized that he was being used as a real estate advertisement, drew his personal advertisement, drew his property. Even an ex-President Mr. Cleveland found that he boomed surrounding property where he bought. A French journalist who visited Washington some

## REAL ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT BY GERALD BRANDON

Showing Scenes Attending Peace Conference and Attack on Juarez, in Which Americans Were Killed, Recalled.

**T**HERE were 4000 Federals in Chihuahua, and as the heights surrounding the city were crowned with artillery it seemed a foolhardy matter for Madero with his untrained men and untried muzzle-loading cannon to attempt to take it by storm.

Meanwhile the revolution waxed stronger throughout the South, and the Federals, worn out by ceaseless vigilance in the cities and weary of fruitless raids through the hills, began to wonder if it were worth while to be faithful to their thankless and ill-repaid duty.

Most of the better class of officers, especially those educated in the national military schools, were sympathizers of Madero's democratic theories, and it speaks well for them that only two among several thousand officers in active service throughout the republic deserted to the enemy.

The rest stuck to their swords, placing loyalty before political conviction, and though they hoped that eventually Madero would win, in pursuance of their duty they did their utmost to defeat him.

Diaz tried desperately to raise an auxiliary irregular force to eke out his rapidly thinning and inadequate ranks. Rifles were distributed to all who asked for them, but most of the newly-armed men joined Madero and the government was forced to discontinue this practice.

Madero meanwhile remained at Bustillos, menacing Chihuahua to the south and Ciudad Juarez to the north, both important strategic points.

**Treachery Is Planned.**

At last the revolutionary leader marched northward, surrounding Juarez and demanding the capitulation of its Federal garrison, commanded by General Navarro.

Navarro scarcely counted on 500 men, 20 per cent of whom were in the hospital. He had but two machine guns and two mortars, yet he managed to convey the impression of great strength and the rebels overestimated his forces at least 200 per cent.

The Mexican government, realizing that Juarez could not hold out, offered to listen to peace proposals, and a truce was arranged for this purpose. It was agreed that no troops should be removed by either side until the expiration of the armistice.

Noting an unusual stir in the Federal barracks in Chihuahua I learned that the government was intending to send a strong column to attack Madero's rear, and I felt it impossible to resist a sportsman's inclination to warn the rebels of this treachery.

Fearing to be prevented from leaving town, I walked out of Chihuahua in my street clothes and struck northward, passing the Federal outposts without trouble, as my costume bore out my statement that I was merely taking a morning walk.

About 10 miles out I hired a horse from a plainsman, who accompanied me to the next ranch. There I fol-



THEY CARRIED THE WOUNDED TO EL PASO.

lowed the same programme and by afternoon was out of the sphere of Federal influence.

Spreading the news of a possible Federal advance, I continued my ride, and as I left the hills behind I could see the smoke of dozens of fires burning by the rebels to harass the enemy's march. The country I was traveling was entirely in the hands of

the rebels and I had no difficulty in securing fresh horses every 20 miles.

**Welcomed by Madero.**

Eventually I reached Juarez, 400 miles away, having covered that distance in four days and a half. Madero welcomed me cordially and showed me every courtesy.

I crossed the river to El Paso and wired my paper. A few hours later I

received instructions to remain in El Paso covering the peace conferences and a possible attack on Juarez, my paper telling that another man had started for there via Laredo, Tex., thinking it impossible for me to get from Chihuahua to Juarez. On receipt of my wire they stopped the other man.

El Paso was full of war correspondents and reporters. The Hotel Sheldon lobby was their headquarters, and one could get more exciting interesting—though possibly less accurate—news there than anywhere else around as I had been doing.

Everybody in El Paso was rigged out in khaki, and the lobby was always full of puttee-legged individuals riding rocking chairs and talking.

I took advantage of Navarro's proximity to pay him a call, but as I was not sure how he would receive me I went accompanied by Tim Turner, the big assignment man of the El Paso Herald. I knew that Turner would let me disappear without raising Hades in his paper.

**Armistice Is Off.**

Navarro was effusive in his greeting, and with typical Mexican politeness bade me enter into possession of his headquarters as my home. Despite my liking for the old General, I discounted his words considerably and did not return until circumstances obliged me to.

Navarro's second in command was Colonel Tambora, reputed the best Mexican authority on fortifications. I was very much interested in his work, but he refused to allow me to take pictures of his trenches and redoubts.

I should mention that on receiving my information concerning the Chihuahua force moving northward Madero wired to Mexico expostulating and the Federals were stopped at El Sauz, about 30 miles out.

Nothing came of the peace conferences. The revolutionists based their demands on the immediate resignation of President Diaz and all his cabinet, while the government representatives offered to institute all the reforms embodied in Madero's platform, but held that a forced change in the federal administration would be the death blow to Mexico's international prestige.

Diaz, they offered, would resign as soon as peace was restored, when he would hold an extraordinary election that the Mexican people might freely designate their ruler.

The armistice expired and was twice renewed to no purpose.

Very strong pressure was brought to bear on Madero, who issued a manifesto declaring that he would not attack Ciudad Juarez or any other frontier city, in order to prevent the recurrence of the lamentable incidents attending the taking of Agua Prieta, when several Americans were killed in Douglas, Ariz., by bullets fired on Mexican territory. This had occasioned a great deal of talk of American intervention in Mexico, and it was generally understood that the United States would consider similar happenings in Juarez and El Paso as sufficient cause for armed interference in Mexico.

The day that the failed armistice expired Madero announced that his army would march toward, presumably to attack Chihuahua, and from there advance on Mexico City.

The advance guard had already started when at about midnight a wire from Mexico City announced that Diaz had changed his mind and would resign immediately if the rebels were not too extortionate in their other demands. The rebel march was stopped and Madero's men celebrated their triumph that night, several bands of music be-

ing taken over from El Paso to serenade the revolutionary leader.

Next morning the story was not substantiated and Madero again prepared to depart.

All of a sudden firing was heard. The rebel and Federal outposts had commenced hostilities on their own hook, and in less than half an hour the extreme guard of the Juarez garrison had been driven in.

Madero immediately sent a body of several hundred men to retire his partisans from the front, but the Federals, seeing their approach, opened fire on them, causing them to shoot back.

**Battle Is Started.**

The fighting soon became general. Madero seemed unable to control his men, and by afternoon the Federals had been driven into Juarez, the suburbs of which were already in the hands of the rebels.

Madero and Navarro held several conferences over the telephone, the one assuring the other that he would soon retire his men that Mexican territory be not exposed to desecration by a foreign foe. Madero did try his hardest to call off his dogs of war, but his efforts were unavailing.

That afternoon the rebel chiefs held a conference. They had almost taken Juarez. Several Americans had already been killed in El Paso by bullets that went over the line, and if the United States was intending to interfere there was already sufficient provocation.

"We might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb," they thought. "And history will ridicule a General whose troops win a victory against his will. The only way out is to recognize and authorize the attack and let people think that our apparent unwillingness at the start was but a subterfuge, permissible in war." And the entire rebel army was hurried against Juarez. Upon being driven back into the roofs of the highest buildings, such as the church, the bull ring, the barracks and the custom-house.

**Rebels Live In Ease.**

The intrenchments thrown across the principal streets by Tambora were also manned and the machine guns and artillery were brought into play. However, the rebels did not advance in bodies numerous enough to present sufficient objective to the artillery fire but straggled into town in groups of 10 and 20, entering the outlying houses, tunneling through walls and advancing thus under almost absolute cover until reaching some three-story house, where they would get on the roof and take position behind the cornice, maintaining thereafter rifle duels with the Federals similarly located.

The rebels, who numbered almost 4000, would fight a few hours and then rest a few more, returning to their camp, or even to El Paso, taking a bath, a good meal, and in some cases which came under my notice even going to the theater.

They could safely do this, as the Federals were hardly in sufficient numbers to cover the indispensable positions and could not possibly make a sortie.

Navarro was also handicapped in that the rebels were entering Juarez from the river bank, and he did not dare to fire on them until they were fairly close, lest the bullets strike in El Paso, on the other side of the Rio Grande, whose northern shore was crowded with thousands of Americans that night, several bands of music be-

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