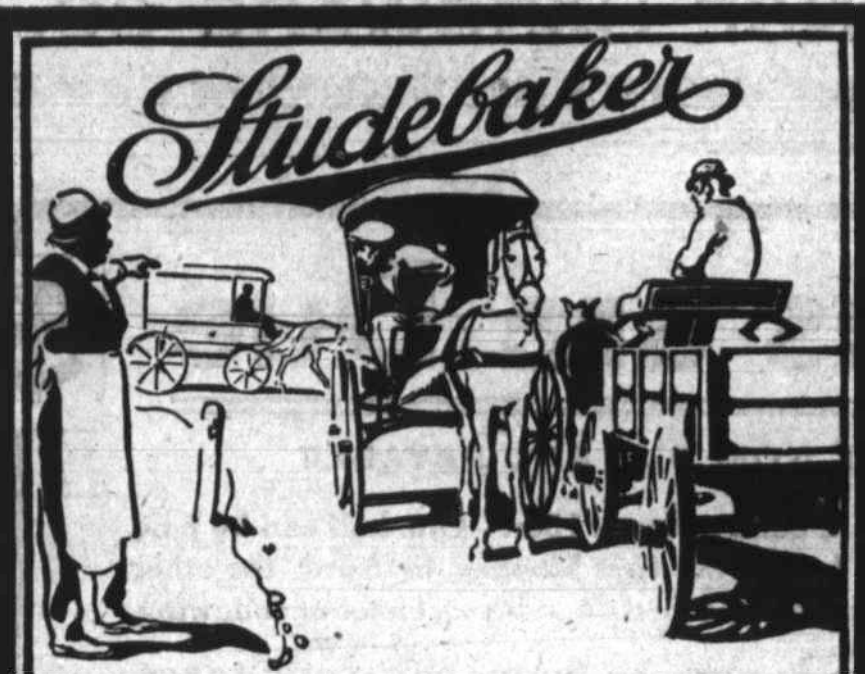




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NEW PRESIDENT IS INAUGURATED

The Usual Ceremonies Attend
Induction Into Office of
Woodrow Wilson

Washington.—Woodrow Wilson became the 28th president of the United States Tuesday, amid imposing ceremonies and tumultuous scenes of popular greeting. Standing at the historic east front of the capitol he took the constitutional oath of office, and in his brief inaugural address made a fervid appeal to all patriotic men for counsel and aid.

The program arranged for the pageant and ceremony was virtually the same as that of other inaugurations of recent years. The two big features of the day were the induction of the president and vice president into office at the capitol and the parade that followed these ceremonies.

At 9:45 A. M., Mr. Wilson and Mr. Marshall, accompanied by the congressional committee, began the short drive to the White House. The party whirled up the drive to find President Taft waiting to welcome the incoming president and vice president on the front portico.

At 10:17 o'clock the ride to the capitol began. In the first carriage were President Taft and Mr. Wilson, Mr. Taft occupying the right hand seat. With them were Senators Crane and Bacon. In the second carriage Mr. Marshall sat at Senator Overman's right; and with him was also Representative Rucker. In the third carriage came Representatives McKinley and Garrett.

President Taft and Mr. Wilson were at once escorted to the president's room, where Mr. Taft at once took up the work of signing bills. Mr. Marshall went to the vice president's room accompanied by members of the committee.

At 11:30 o'clock committees from the house and senate waited on President Taft in the marble room and gave formal notification that congress was ready to adjourn.



WOODROW WILSON.

The President Who Will Rule the Nation for the Next Four Years.

At 11:45 o'clock Vice-President Marshall, accompanied by the congressional committee, was ushered into the senate chamber and given a seat in the front row, facing the presiding officer, and when all the guests were assembled he stepped up to the desk and at 12:34 o'clock took the oath.

The march from the senate chamber to the east front of the capitol where the oath of office was administered followed. President Wilson was led by the senate sergeant-at-arms. Behind them came the justices of the United States supreme court wearing flowing judicial robes over their overcoats. Wilson and Taft, walking, followed. Wilson removed his hat to test the weather and a gale of wind quickly disarranged his hair. He replaced his hat immediately.

At 2:05 o'clock the new president entered a four-horse carriage and returned to the White House. He took the right hand seat. To his left rode William H. Taft, the retiring president. Opposite Wilson sat Senator Bacon of Georgia and opposite Taft sat Senator Crane of Massachusetts. Crane and Bacon were members of the congressional inaugural committee.

Behind the presidential party came troops of cavalry, infantry and bands. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters also occupied carriages in the triumphal march from the capitol to the White House. The trip up Pennsylvania avenue was one continued ovation, with President Wilson, holding his silk hat in his hand, bowing to right and left. Retiring President Taft sat back solemnly in his seat, looking stolidly at the crowd.

The inaugural parade was declared the most pretentious of any in history. In length, numbers, and novel features it was unique. For nearly three hours it wended its way through Pennsylvania avenue.

MRS. WOODROW WILSON



Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who will be first lady of the land and preside over the White House four years.

WILSON HONORED AT HOME

People of Princeton Wish President-Elect God Speed.

Princeton, N. J.—Thousands of the home folk of Princeton and with them the students of Princeton University, gave Woodrow Wilson a farewell demonstration as they bade him god-speed to the white house.

It was a unique tribute to the man who, after 27 years of residence in the historic town, had been elevated to the presidency of the United States, in that both students and townsfolk joined in cheering him.

A brass band, a glare of fireworks, and continuous cheering brought the president-elect to the door of his bungalow. The streets were muddy, but the marchers trudged merrily along. When they reached the Wilson home a great cheer went up. C. S. Robinson, a Republican, and A. S. Leigh, a Democrat, bore a silver loving cup. Colonel David M. Flinn presented it in a brief speech.

MOB OBSTRUCTS SUFFRAGE PARADE

Washington.—Five thousand women, marching in the woman suffrage pageant Monday, virtually fought their way foot by foot up Pennsylvania avenue through a surging mob that completely defied the Washington police, swamped the marchers and broke the procession into little companies. The women, trudging stoutly along under great difficulties, were able to complete their march only when troops of cavalry from Fort Myer were rushed into Washington to take charge of Pennsylvania avenue. No inauguration has ever produced such scenes, which in many instances amounted to nothing less than riots.

Later, in Continental Hall, the women turned what was to have been a suffrage demonstration into an indignation meeting, in which the Washington police were roundly denounced for their inactivity, and resolutions were adopted calling upon President-elect Wilson and the incoming congress to make an investigation and locate the responsibility for the indignities the marchers suffered.

The parade, in itself, in spite of the delays, was a great success. Passing through two walls of antagonistic humanity the marchers for the most part kept their tempers. They closed their ears to jibes and jeers. Few faltered, although several of the older women were forced to drop out from time to time.

WILSON GUEST AT SMOKER

Princeton University Alumni Tender Rousing Reception

Washington.—President Wilson received Monday night a Princeton welcome to the national capital—a welcome that brought reminiscences of his many years as president of Princeton University. The occasion was a smoker attended by graduates from all parts of the country. For an hour the incoming president was the center of a 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.

In the crowd of Princeton men were a few who had figured conspicuously in the campaign. William F. McCombs, '98, the democratic national committee chairman; Rolla Wells, '76, the democratic national treasurer, and Senator Pomerene, '89, of Ohio, were cheered enthusiastically.

Bryan Inaugural Guest

Washington.—William J. Bryan was a participant in the pre-inaugural festivities Monday night and greeted hundreds of democrats from all sections of the country in an informal reception at his hotel quarters. While the president-elect, in an upper room, under the same roof, was shaking hands with his old college chums from Princeton the future secretary of state also was the recipient of countless congratulations.

DENIED HIM A KISS

And Rubinstein Repaid Her With a Torrent of Melody.

MOODS OF THE GREAT MASTER

The Climax to an Evening With the Composer in His Home in St. Petersburg, When His Efforts at the Piano Left Him Ashen Faced and Exhausted

In her "Recollections of Rubinstein," published in Harper's Magazine, Lilian Nicha throws some new lights on the character and temperament of one of the famous composers of the last century. Her earliest acquaintance with Rubinstein was when, as a child, she resided with her parents in Dublin. She afterward traveled with him during an English tour that the composer made and met him again in St. Petersburg at a rehearsal, when the great master invited her to dinner that same evening. The author says:

"I spent the rest of the afternoon practising, and a little before 6 o'clock found myself at last in Rubinstein's study amid all his intimate associations, touching the books and music that belonged to him, sitting before the piano he played on, glancing over the pages of manuscripts that he had just finished—in short, at home with him. I found then that he was no longer the sphinx man of the concert platform, but a genial, gracious host, asking after the friends I had recently left in Frankfurt and making inquiries after those in Ireland and England, especially after all young artists, for whom he had a heart flowing over with kindness and sympathy. Possibly his own student days in Vienna, when he had literally starved, had something to do with this. At the dinner table I found out he was thoroughly a bon vivant.

"After dinner I had to go through the ordeal of playing for him, and, when I had finished, his manservant brought in a card table, and we sat down to a game of whist, a difficult sort of whist, much like present day bridge. Rubinstein and I were partners and lost shamefully—scarcely to be wondered at, for I had just learned whist—but he insisted on playing again and again.

"Matre, the servant, then brought in tea in the long Russian glasses with their silver holders, lemon, not cream, being served, and one of the ladies present, knowing I was a newcomer and ignorant of the fact that it was an unwritten law as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians that his guests should not ask him to play, whispered to me to make him go to the piano. Cheerfully and innocently I went up to him and, running my arm through his, said coaxingly:

"Do come and play something?" "His face changed in a moment. An ominous silence fell on those present. Even the culprit who had led me into the trap looked disturbed. As for Rubinstein himself, he gave me a scowl and fairly flung my hand away.

"No," he said shortly. "I never play. Don't forget this."

"The sudden change in his manner unnerved me, for the tears started to my eyes, and I stood gaping at him. As a matter of fact, I was thoroughly disconcerted and taken aback. As soon as Rubinstein saw this his face changed again, and, laughing, he held out his hand to me apologetically.

"Well, come, give me a kiss and I will play for you!"

"I had just reached the age when my kisses were not lightly given. Besides, I was cut to the heart's core, and I turned my head away in denial.

"What?" cried one of the women present. "Could you refuse Anton Gregoriewitch?"

"Yes," cried Rubinstein, "and just for that I am going to play for her anyhow, for she is the first that ever did!"

"Rubinstein was in one of his rarest moods, and those of us who were present will never forget the ineffable beauty of the Chopin F major ballade as he started the opening theme, one of the wonder pieces of that composer whom Rubinstein had designated 'die Seele des Forteplano.' When he had finished the ballade he passed, almost without a pause, to the preludes, four of which he played. Then he dashed into his favorite mazurka and ended with the heroic F sharp minor polonaise. Across the room I could see some figures huddled, as it were, in fear and terror. The thunders of that music rang through the room. It was as if the Polish legions were marching, swords outstretched, banners flying, hastening to die like heroes for faith and country, singing their love songs gallantly, although the funeral dirge was to follow.

"When Rubinstein had finished his face was ashen white, his breath was coming in gasps, and he was laboring under the excitement caused by that melody which, alas, a few years later was to carry him off! None of us guessed it then, for, brawny of build, impatient of sympathy, scornful all bodily weaknesses, he hid his sufferings from those about him till too late. He had almost reached his sixtieth year, for fifty years subjecting himself mercilessly to the fierce and absorbing joys and sorrows of the artist, and the hour of reckoning was not far away. After he had puffed at his cigarette for a few minutes he stood up—the signal that it was near 11 o'clock and time for us to go."

The gifted man is he who sees the essential point and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage—Carlyle

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