twenty thousand people, by Governor Kitchin in cordial and spirited remarks, and delivered a notable address to the people. After a rest in the afternoon, a banquet was served to the President in the Masonic Temple, at which representative citizens of the city and State were present. The menu was prepared and served under the immediate supervision of the Ladies' Committee and in all respects could not have been excelled. The President made a short address after the dinner, and then repaired to his private car at the depot and proceeded to Richmond, at which place he ended the tour he had made of the Western and Southern States.

On the same evening at the Chamber of Commerce, there was given a "smoker" to visiting members of the press, at which many fine and eloquent speeches were made, and this constituted one of the conspicuous entertainments of the occasion. The local papers of the city and State printed elaborate accounts of the reception and illustrated cuts of the scenes which featured the doings of the day.

## WOODROW WILSON'S YOUTH IN WILMINGTON.[1]

In the autumn of 1873, when Woodrow Wilson was just reaching his seventeenth year, and while his parents were residing at Columbia, he entered Davidson College. After finishing his examinations at the end of the first year, however, he fell ill and was taken to his home, then in Wilmington, his father having just been called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of that city. He remained in Wilmington throughout the year 1874-75. It had been determined that he should go to Princeton, and he spent the year being tutored in Greek and a few other studies which it was thought might be necessary for entrance to Princeton.

In truth, there was a good deal of play done that year, too. The boy had grown too fast, and was hardly fit for the rigid schedule of college. So he "took it easy" in a city, the first in which he had ever lived that possessed any particular local charm. Wilmington was an old historic place. It was a seaport; for the first time Woodrow saw a ship and caught the smell of the sea. Foreign shipping floated in the noble river

[1]Based on Hale's *Life of Woodrow Wilson.*



or lay at the docks. Wilmington was a great depot for naval stores; its lower streets were redolent of the deep. Talk also was still full of adventures of the blockade runners of the war lately ended. What imaginative youth from the interior but would have haunted the docks and made an occasional trip down to the cape, to return with the pilot of an outgoing ship? Here, too, for the first time, the young man began to take part in the social life which is so important an element of existence in the South. He was really too young for the associations into which he was now thrown. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson immediately achieving devoted popularity, the manse swiftly becoming a social rendezvous of the city—a city of gentlemen of good company and women who would have been esteemed brilliant the world over. It was a young man very different from the raw youth of Davidson who, one day in September, 1875, took the Wilmington and Weldon train for the North.

During his senior year at Princeton he concluded that the best path to a public career lay through the law. In the autumn, therefore, he matriculated in the law department of the University of Virginia, that seat of liberal learning organized by Thomas Jefferson.

Just before Christmas, 1880, he returned to Wilmington, and devoted himself to reading law and otherwise preparing himself for the practice of his chosen profession. It was not till May, 1882, that he finally determined where to locate, and then he opened an office in Atlanta. His father continued to reside in Wilmington until April, 1885, when he accepted the position of professor of theology in the Southwestern University, at Clarksville, Tennessee. In the fall of 1898, Dr. Wilson made Wilmington his winter home until his death, January 21, 1903. In 1905 a tablet was unveiled in the Presbyterian Church as a memorial to "Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, D.D., Faithful and Beloved Pastor of This Church."

## SOUTHPORT ON THE CAPE FEAR.

This charming little town at the mouth of the Cape Fear River was known in colonial days as Fort Johnston. It was a mere hamlet then, and its only importance pertained to the garrison of a fort, which mounted twenty-four cannon, named in honor of Gabriel Johnston, colonial governor. In 1792 it was