

# The Executive Mansion's Housewarming

IT WAS exactly 100 years ago that the executive mansion at Washington, now known to the public generally as the White House, was first taken possession of by a president of the United States and treated to the luxury

of putting up some call bells and other small conveniences and supply enough wood for the fire—at that time the only means of heating was by open fires—places she might, she thought, manage to worry through the few remain-

ing months of her husband's term of office. As it turned out, to her great joy, Mr. Adams was not re-elected, and the following March she returned to her beloved home in Massachusetts.

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room," now the chief attraction and object of interest in the White House, visited annually by thousands, used by the wife of our second president merely as an apartment in which to hang her weekly wash! But it was then, proba-

bly, better adapted for a drying room than for reception purposes, and the thrifty Abigail took advantage of its possibilities.

Previous to this removal to Washington, in November, 1800, four different

buildings had been occupied as the executive mansion—two in New York and two in Philadelphia. After General George Washington had performed that memorable and somewhat arduous journey from Mount Vernon to New York, where he was inaugurated president in 1789, he lived for awhile in the Franklin mansion, at what was then 2 Cherry street, New York city, the site of which is said to be now occupied by a pier of the Brooklyn bridge. He afterward removed to the Macomb mansion, at 39 Broadway, and there continued to reside during his stay in New York, though a "palatial structure" was erected near the Battery for the express use of the national executive, but never officially occupied.

In 1790 a site for a national capital and presidential residence was selected on the Potomac, but by a vote of congress it was declared that the seat of government during the ensuing ten years should be at Philadelphia, then the "heart of the Union." The Pennsylvania state legislature appropriated \$100,000 toward a house and lot centrally located in Philadelphia; but, though a pretentious building was erected, it was never occupied by a president of the United States, owing to the proposed exaction of an exorbitant rental. When President Washington removed to Philadelphia, he took a house that had been built for Governor Richard Penn at 150 High (now Market) street, having as a next door neighbor the great financier, Robert Morris, who pictured as a bird of prey flying away to Philadelphia with congress in his talons.

It was a small house as compared with his former residence at New York, and Washington complained that not only did he have to pay a very high rental, but that there was stabling for only 12 horses on the property.

President Adams was inaugurated at Philadelphia and lived there at Bush Hill, the elegant seat of a rich merchant named Hamilton, but Mrs. Adams was not so well pleased with it as she was with her residence in New York, known as Richmond Hill. Still, all things considered, she seems to have liked it better than the Washington "palace," to which they removed 100 years ago, when the federal capital was transferred from Philadelphia to its present site. The prospective national capital had been laid out ten years before within that ten miles square district of swamp and woodland granted the government by the states of Maryland and Virginia.

The general locality had long been known as being at the head of navigation on the Potomac, but the only settlement of any consequence was the small village of Georgetown, and the environment was of the wildest description imaginable. Poorly equipped as it was, the White House was the only federal building at that time nearly in a state of completion. According to a letter written by Mr. Wolcott to his

wife, "there is but one good tavern, which is about 40 rods from the capitol, and several other houses are in process of erection, but I do not see how members of congress can possibly secure lodgings unless they will consent to live like scholars in a college or monks at a monastery—crowded 16 or 20 in one house and utterly excluded from society. You may look in almost any direction over an extent of ground nearly as large as the city of New York without seeing a fence or any object except brickkilns or temporary huts for laborers."

As to the executive mansion, he wrote: "It is highly decorated and makes a good appearance, but it is in a very unfinished state. I cannot but consider the presidents as very unfortunate men if they must live in this dwelling. It is cold and damp in winter and cannot be kept in tolerable order without an army of servants."

Said the witty Gouverneur Morris: "We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well informed men, amiable women and other trifles of the kind to make the city perfect."

Such was the nation's capital when President Adams and his wife made their long and comfortable carriage journey from Philadelphia over what were probably the worst roads in the world and after having lost their way in the woods between Baltimore and Washington, wandered about in the City of Magnificent Distances for hours, until rescued from their predicament by an aged negro and directed to their future domicile. The only conspicuous object in the wilderness was the still unfinished capitol, which, being set on a hill, could not be hidden; but, as there was a mile of alder swamp between it and the White House, with no traversable road connecting the two, they had to impress the services of a guide.

"Words are all you can see," writes Mrs. Adams in a delicious letter later on, "from Baltimore until you reach the city, which is so only in name. The vessel which has my clothes and other matters [probably the schooner with the archives of congress on board] has not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing room. I have no looking glasses but dangle for this house, nor a twentieth part lamp enough to light it. My tea china is more than half missing. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President [she always alluded to her husband as the president with a capital "P"], two lower rooms, one for a common parlor and one for a levee room. Up stairs there is the oval room [now the presidential library], which is designed for the drawing room and has crimson furniture."

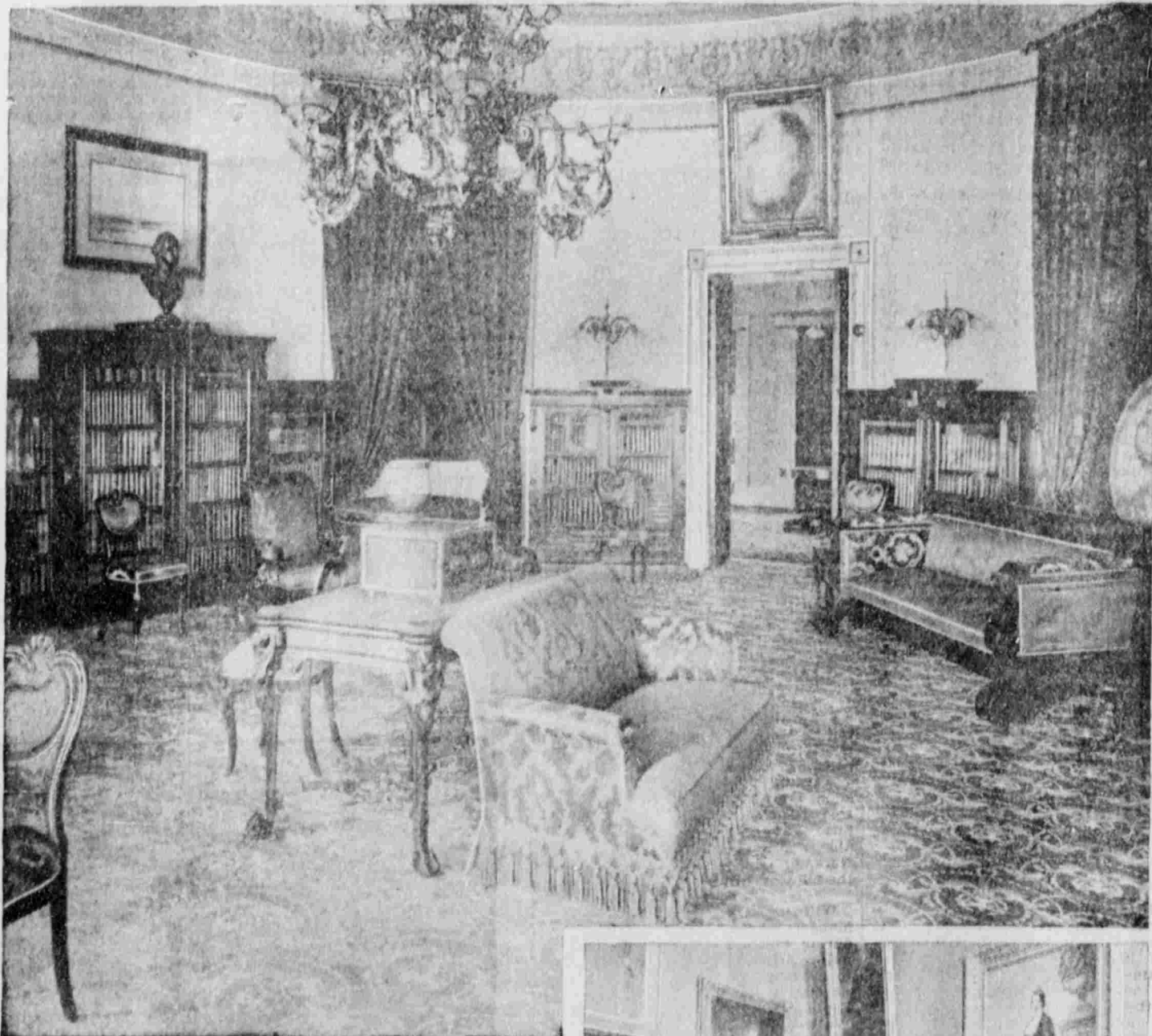
This was the condition of things at the White House eight years after President Washington had laid the cornerstone, in 1792, in one of Davy Burns' old fields bordering the Potomac. Davy Burns, it will be remembered, was the sturdy old Scotchman who shocked the

Washingtonian dignity by saying to the president when they differed about the price of his lands, "Huh, and where would you be if it 'twan't for the Whig Chartist and her land and big game? That was a poser, and it is not on record that the president answered it. But Davy got the price he asked for his land, and that was all he cared for, being a sort of squatter king by priority.

Things have changed somewhat since the "palaces" designed by Architect James Hoban after the Duke of Leinster's seat in Dublin, first reared its imposing front between what is now Pennsylvania avenue and the Potomac flats. The great east room in which Mrs. Abigail Adams hung the presidential linen to dry is one of the show places of the country, through which thousands upon thousands wander in wonder at its beauties of proportion and decoration. In place of the whale oil lamps of her time and the wax candles of President Monroe's, which on festive occasions entailed an expense of \$100 a night, there are now hundreds of electric lights, which at a touch can flood the whole mansion from cellar to attic with mellow radiance. Nearly all the rooms have been refurnished and decorated a dozen times at least, and on the east room alone during the Arthur administration more than \$8,000 was expended before the appropriation gave out.

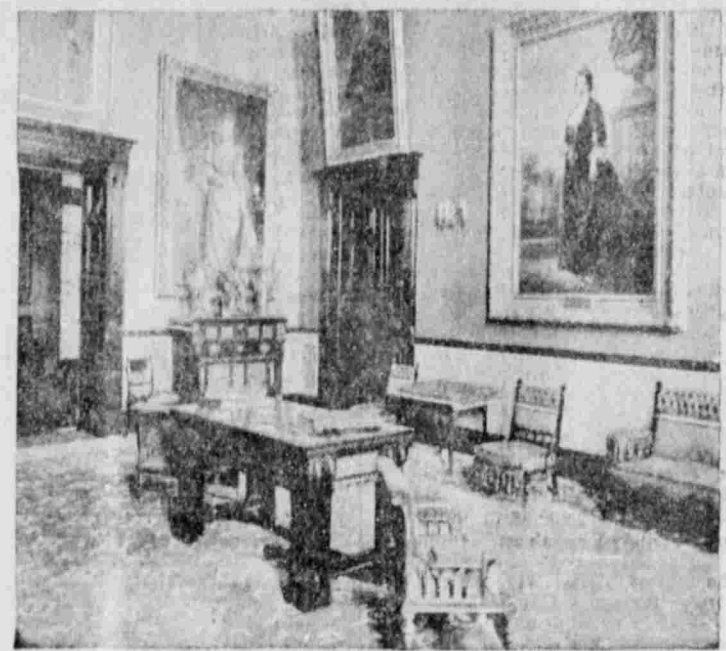
The first mistress of the White House probably devoted thought to the beautifying of this national mansion was famous Dolly Madison, the same lovely woman who fascinated sons of Mars and diplomats and later cut the painting of Washington from its frame and took it to a place of safety (saying it to be seen today) when the British vandals burned and sacked our capitol and executive mansion. During her long residence of 12 years in the White House, first as wife of the secretary of state, then as consort of a president, she did much toward its embellishment, aside from bestowing upon it the charm of her gracious personality.

Since her time several notable bits of refurbishing and renovation have taken place, none perhaps more thorough than those under the direction of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Hayes, whose portraits adorn the walls of the superbly beautiful green room. Recently, too, the White House has been very thoroughly done over under the supervision of its present mistress, who, now that President McKinley has been re-elected, will have ample leisure to perfect her plans for improvement. Fair women and brave men have resided here, the flower of American culture has blossomed here, and events have transpired which in the walls of the White House that have rendered it indissolubly associated with the best in our national history since first President Adams and his wife held their famous housewarming within its bare and gloomy walls in November of the last century's closing year. EDGAR W. TITCOMB.



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## TWO RECENT INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE GREEN ROOM.

of a housewarming. There was no official proclamation of the fact, and the term must be taken literally rather than metaphorically, for when President John Adams and his wife, its first occupants, entered the "palace," on a bleak day in November, 1800, it was as cold and cheerless as a barn.

Mrs. John Adams, the talented Abigail who has been pronounced "among the most remarkable women of the Revolutionary period," wrote a dear friend of hers on Nov. 21 that it would probably require at least 33 servants to keep the house in proper order, and added, with fine sarcasm, that this would be "an establishment very well proportioned to the president's salary." If the powers that then were would on-

ing months of her husband's term of office. As it turned out, to her great joy, Mr. Adams was not re-elected, and the following March she returned to her beloved home in Massachusetts.

"But, would you believe," she wrote, "though we are surrounded by forests, wood is not to be had, because the people cannot be found to cut and cart it." The principal stairs are not up and will not be this winter. There is not a single apartment finished, and all within, except the plastering, has been done since Brierley came. We have not the least fence, yard or other convenience without, and the great unfinished audience room I make a drying room of to hang up the clothes in."

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## The Great National Horse Show

"ABOUT this time," as the ancient almanac maker was wont to say, "look out for fair weather, with a flurry of snow" along in the middle of the national horse show. This great mid-November event, the sixteenth annual, is now "on," and all New York is agog over its attractions. Madison Square Garden is thronged with horse folk and others who are not horse, but have come to see, admire and criticize those who are. But all are "dressed up to the limit" and, in fact, seem to consider themselves as part of it, not the whole show.

And, come to think it over, the alleged horse show is not so much an equine spectacle as a presentation of the redoubtable "Homo sapiens," his wife, daughters and sisters, at their very best—so far as they can be judged exteriorly by their costumes. Reading the headlines of the daily papers giving accounts of doings at the horse show, one might be led to infer that, as stated above, the horse himself was not "in it" with his lord and master.

"Beauty in Box and Ring," "Decked Out in Fine Array," "Gorgeous Displays of Millinery," "Dressmakers' Day at the Show," etc., but not a word about the noble animal supposed to be the real center of attraction. He is there, however, carefully groomed, ready for the emergency that called him from obscurity and made him the chief object of society's attention. It was long ago accepted as an axiom with the directors of the show that the horse without society would not be a highly successful drawing card. The beast was all right in his place, but that place was by the side of beauty, or subordinated to the latter as a foil to her charms, as was recognized by the story tellers of most ancient times.

So the flat went forth that society was to take up the horse show, and society did it gladly and even with alacrity. This is the reason why the national show has been such a success from the very start, 15 years ago. Society, as we all know, is more prone to be bored by the mere fact of existence than any other of the great divisions into which the human family has been differentiated. Life at best, when a man or woman has nothing or little to do, is a great bore, and anything that will create a diversion in its monotonous round of dressing and dining or that will raise a ripple on the shallow surface of its

placid waters is joyfully welcomed. It has the country and the shore, its dinner parties, golf meets, hunts and balls; but supreme over all is the horse show—that is, it is supreme for a season, and a short one at that, lasting as it does but a few days in the year.

It is well, perhaps, for many of the so-called "chappies" and hangers on in general that it is short rather than long, otherwise the purses of many of them could not stand the strain. The

most conservative estimates place the cost of consistent attendance upon the show—particularly the beauty show in the boxes—at not less than \$1,000 for every society man who takes part and lends his presence to adorn it. It is not so much the cost of entrance, seat or box as the incidentals—the flowers to fair favorites, the luncheons, dinners, cab hire, tips of various sorts, and last of all, though that comes first in the list, is the necessity for careful dress-

ing; not only to be well dressed, but also to be de rigueur as to one's costume.

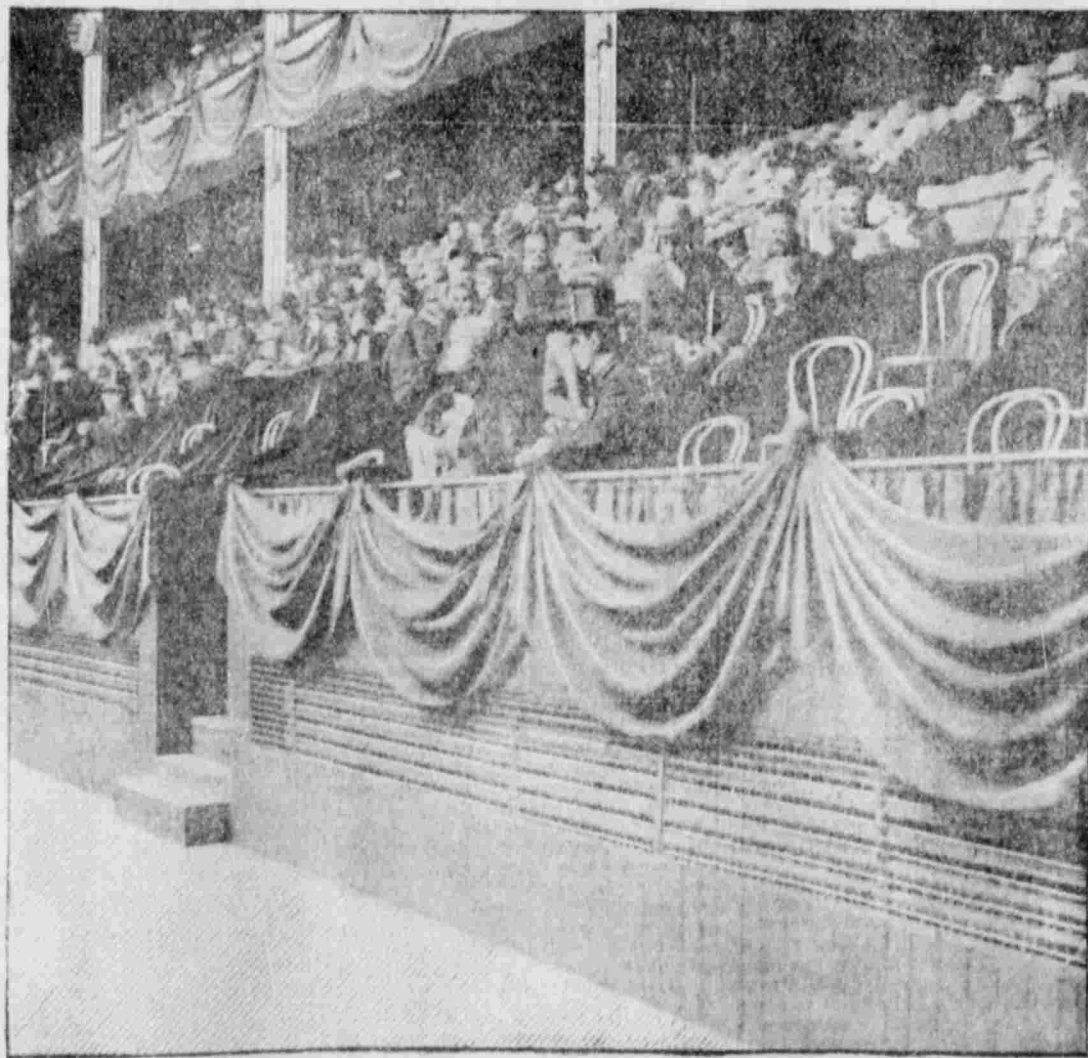
Speaking of the men, they must conform to the regulations or lose cast forever. They must commit no costume misdemeanors, on peril of future social ostracism. Many a young man hovering on the verge of swell society has had his career marred by wearing the wrong garment at the proper, or, rather, improper, time, and his sole chance for marrying the daughter of a millionaire, whom perhaps for months he had assiduously courted, retarded by lack of forethought in dressing for the occasion.

As to the ladies, unlike their unfortunate brothers and husbands, who are condemned to cut and color simply severe and unadorned, they may array themselves like the lilies, and the tiger lilies at that—the more brilliantly the

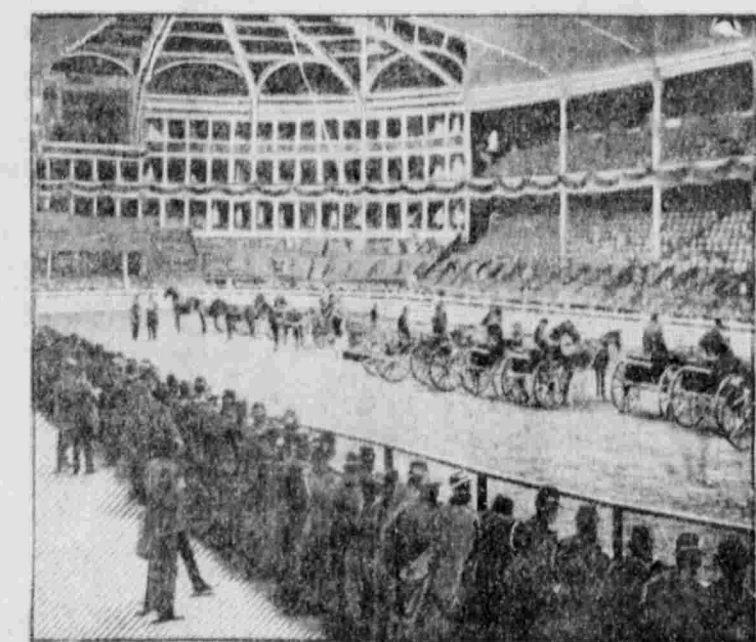
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NATIONAL HORSE SHOW—THE AUDIENCE VIEWING THE PARADE.



JUDGING THE HARNESS HORSES.

York, the cost of a room at a swell hotel, not less than \$75; flowers for his friends and his boutonnières, \$100; meals as much more, tips at least as much as the price of meals, cabs to any amount and wines beyond reckoning.

But in return the young man gets a solid week of hilarious enjoyment; he revels in luxury and basks in the glances of the richest, the handsomest and the most utterly exclusive ladies of New York society, for the gathering of beautiful women at the horse show is declared to be unrivaled always, and there are many ladies of upper London who, if the alternative were offered them of a season at a fashionable resort, a house in the country or at the shore against a week at the horse show, would unhesitatingly clutch at the six days of beauty worship at Madison Square Garden. What wonder then that the garden during the short season of the horse show becomes the cynosure of all eyes—that is, all eyes belonging to exclusive society and its satellites.

To be seen at the horse show in the boxes of certain millionaires who might

estimation his horse, next his dog, then his wife. This is a slender, of course, but wise and witty woman means that it shall be frowned down and has forced man to declare in favor of woman's right—to lead the procession. This may be the raison d'être of the horse show—merely to show off beautiful women and their gorgeous frocks, their many superlative qualities and their evident superiority to all else in creation.

In glancing over the lists of those who have been patrons and patronesses in the past and of those who are now in their places one is impressed with the changes that have transpired. The people most eminent in the social swim have always been prominent in the personnel of the spectacular procession, but these are constantly changing. As Mrs. Paron Stevens, Miss Pauline Whitney, Mrs. Burden, Mrs. W. C. Whitney, Mrs. Hammersley and others who once graced occasions of this kind with their presence. The place of director or president of the horse show is no sinecure, for it is one of constant worry and anx-

lety all the time. A few seasons ago, for instance, there were two English exhibitors—a gentleman and his wife—who had won 5,000 prizes elsewhere and confidently expected to sweep the boards, but as they did not they made the managers' lives a burden and were so loud in their complaints that their lamentations reached across the ocean, even to the ears of British royalty. This did not, however, prevent the coming over of others, and this year a special feature of the show will be the British who are to teach his American cousins how to "cool" a coach.

This allusion to horses, by the way, is a reminder that there are to be some of these animals at the horse show. In fact, every grade and kind will be represented. It is to be pre-eminently a beauty show, above all else a place for the display of fashion and feminine loveliness, but the horse is to be there just the same, if for nothing more, to prove that he imagines he is still king, that he has not abdicated, even though the era of the horseless carriage has been inaugurated.

The first national horse show in the United States, opened in New York city on Monday, Oct. 25, 1885, and, whether owing to the enhanced interest in the animal or to a tremendous change has taken place in the production of blue blooded horses. It is not long since this country imported nearly all its racing stock, but today changing conditions have brought the American horse to the fore, and the war has indeed been taken into Africa, since he has carried off several great events on the old world race tracks.

No, indeed, the horse has not lost the place he always held in human affection, and he still reigns. The king may be dead, according to the iconoclastic automobilists, but there are still thousands to shout, "Long live the king!"

## ENTERTAINING AN ENGLISHMAN.

The young emperor of Russia tells the following story: "I was staying some years ago (alas, not then was I the czar) in a quiet little place in Italy. I had the pleasure of welcoming, quite unexpectedly, several Englishmen as my guests. I had cause to consult my chef on a certain matter and casually mentioned my fresh 'arrivals' to him. The chef seemed delighted and went away smiling. Dinner came, and it might be summed up in one word, 'Beef!' Beef hot, beef cold, beef roasted, beef boiled, stewed beef, hashed beef, beef anyhow, beef everywhere! On asking my chef to account for this extraordinary dinner, he remarked: 'Ah, your imperial highness, Englishmen, he love beef. It felicitated me to engage myself to an English lord, and he say every day three times, "Cook, confound ze mutton; give me beef!"' "

## HE TOLD HER.

The king of Greece, although strongly approving of plenty of physical exercise for women, yet has a distinct horror of what he terms "manly women." His majesty is, as is well known, always fearless and candid in his opinions, whether they be expressed to man or woman.

Quite recently a celebrated court beauty, who is, however, considered somewhat "tropical," said to the popular king: "Your majesty, I noticed, saw me on my bicycle this morning. You noticed, I dare say, that I was wearing 'bloomers.' Now, I want your majesty's candid opinion. How did I look in them?"

"My candid opinion you want, madam?" said the disgusted king. "Yes, you shall have it. You looked a perfect fright, madam!"

er of the game. The squares of the board are made of silver and gold, to represent the usual light and dark colored leather. The checkers are of silver and gold, having a diamond or a ruby in the center of each.

All big vessels are provided with copper lightning rods, which run from their mastsheads down to the copper sheathing.

Violet (myall) wood, used for making pipes, comes from Brazil.

## THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

But three states in the Union pay their governors an annual salary of \$10,000. These are New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

An Australian savant has declared that the human brain contains a "name center." He says it is the office of this cell to retain names.

China's new railroad from Canton to Hankow, which, with its branches, will

be 1,600 miles long, is to be built entirely by American capital.

There are 2,500 church bellringers in the diocese of Oxford. This is the largest number in any English diocese. Exeter comes second and Devon third.

A blind man was found in New York the other day who carried an alarm clock to tell the time. He set it to strike every hour, and between the

hours he felt the position of the hands to determine the time.

Megaphones are comparatively new, and their introduction as a means of calling carriages after a reception at the White House in Washington is noted as a useful innovation.

The Bible is being translated into the Filipino dialects.

The automobile is to penetrate as far north as Cariboo and Omineca, B. C. In Vancouver a horseless stagecoach is

now being built, to be operated on the Ashcroft-Cariboo road.

More than 2,500 German teachers have been taught to become instructors in manual training. Of these 950 were taught in Leipzig and 1,250 acquired training in 33 places in other parts of Germany.

Sweden's biggest export is timber. She sells \$27,500,000 worth a year.

Last year's prosperity in Canada was due largely to the opening up of west-

ern mining territory and to good crops in Manitoba, the northwest and in Ontario.

The depopulation of Peru is illustrated by the fact that the valley of Santa, which in the days of the Incas had a population of 700,000, now has only 5,000.

Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars was the price paid for the great Taverier pearl. It was originally owned at Catiffa, in Arabia.

The furnaces of an Atlantic liner will

consume no less than 7500,000 cubic feet of air an hour.

A sign of politeness in Tibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hand and stick out the tongue.

Smoking is almost unknown in Abyssinia and is punished as a crime when practiced. French explorers have to smoke their cigars in secret.

It is said the most valuable checker board in existence is that of the late Prince Bismarck. who was a great lov-