

# CHILDREN WHO HAVE MADE THE WHITE HOUSE CHEERFUL

THE annals of the White House make scant mention of the children who have enlivened it by their presence, for while used in its dual capacity of official residence and domicile of the executive, it was more in evidence as the former than the latter.

With the advent of President Roosevelt comes the first large family to take up its residence there in many years, the last one approaching it in size being that of President Garfield twenty years ago, and the last to exceed it in number of children that of President Tyler, sixty years ago.

It is a pity, for sentiment's sake, that we cannot associate the White House with the Custis children, so beloved of Washington, but the truth is that it was first occupied by bluff old John Adams and his talented consort, Abigail, the father of his country never having resided within its walls. One hundred years have passed since President Adams and his wife went to dwell in the White House, and at that time they had been thirty-three years married. While Mrs. Adams dwells fondly in her letters upon the barren aspect of the "palace" and mentions that she was wont to hang up the "weekly wash" in the great unfinished east room, she is silent as to any little ones, in whom the public of today would be vastly more interested than in the domestic trials of the presidential pair.

President Jefferson's wife had been dead nineteen years when he first assumed the cares of government, and there was, strictly speaking, no "lady of the White House" during his term of office. His daughter, Mrs. Randolph, who was the mother of five children at the time her father was elected president, passed two seasons in the executive mansion and has the honor of having given birth to the first child born within its walls. He was called James Madison, after Jefferson's successor, though President Madison had no children, though the mansion was enlivened by the presence of his wife, the inimitable Dolley, without whom, indeed, its annals would now seem incomplete. President Monroe had two daughters when he was elected, one of whom, Mrs. George Hay, had attended Mme. Campan's famous school in Paris, and as she had been an intimate friend of Hortense Beauharnais named her only daughter Hortensia. When President John Quincy Adams succeeded, his youngest child was eighteen years old, and if he had had younger children or if grand-children had gathered about his board there would not have been any great show of hilarity in his austere presence. His successor, General Jackson, was a lover of children, but unfortunately he had none of his own, and his wife having died just before he came to the presidency, Mrs. A. J. Donelson, wife of his favorite protegee, took charge of domestic affairs in the White House. The general always called her "my daughter," was very fond of her and her four children, who were all born at the White House, and stood godfather to two of them. A visitor to the presidential mansion at that time wrote of a scene he witnessed there:

"At the farther end of the room sat the president, wearing a long, loose coat and smoking a long reed pipe with bowl of red clay, combining the dignity of the patriarch, monarch and Indian chief. Just behind him was Edward Livingston, the secretary of state, reading him a dispatch from the French minister of foreign affairs. The ladies glance admiringly now and then at the

president, who listens, waving his pipe toward the children when they become too boisterous."

President Van Buren was a widower when he succeeded to the presidency,

and one of his daughters-in-law attended to the social functions. General William Henry Harrison, who became president in 1841, had been married forty-six years at that time, and though

the father of ten children, all were then grown up. He was accompanied to Washington by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jane F. Harrison, and her two sons, but the president's death soon af-

terward deprived her of the opportunity of exercising hospitality to any extent. President Tyler had been married twenty-eight years when he went to the White House and had seven children.

His wife dying the next year, he married again in the last year of his presidency and became the father of seven more. Elizabeth, his third daughter, was married in the blue room in 1857, but Tyler's second marriage ceremony was performed in New York. Of all the large families that lived with him in the White House one daughter alone survives in the person of Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, a refined and beautiful old lady now residing in the Louise home at Washington.

President Polk had no children. Zachary Taylor, thirty-nine years married when elected president, selected his youngest daughter, Mrs. Bliss, to reside in place of his wife, who died of smallpox and pneumonia. The lively "Miss Betty," as she was called by all, is still alive and resides in Winchester, Va. President Fillmore had one son and one daughter, both grown up, when he was called to the executive mansion. President Pierce had had three children, but all were dead when he received his highest honors, his last child, a bright boy of thirteen, having been killed in a railway accident in January preceding the inauguration, and it was in the shadow of this great affliction that he and his wife took up their residence at Washington. President Buchanan was a bachelor, and his niece, the beautiful Harriet Lane—still living in Washington—presided with grace and dignity during his official term.

When Abraham Lincoln entered the White House, he and his wife had with them three bright boys, but Willie, the youngest, died in 1862, and after this Mr. Lincoln's affections centered in the next son, Tad, a lovable, affectionate child. As Bob was off most of the time at college and later on Grant's staff, Tad and his father were inseparable, and many stories are related of the affection existing between the two. The White House was very gloomy to Mr. Lincoln in those years of stress and particularly so after the death of little Willie. On the afternoon before he was assassinated the president said while out for a ride with his wife, "I feel happy, Mary, for I consider this day the war has come to a close." And then after a pause he added: "We must both be more cheerful in the future. Between the war and the loss of darling Willie we have been very miserable." Little Tad was almost his only consolation in those days previous to the last terrible happening. The griefs of the president's family as well as the pleasures are always shared by the country, and it was with sincere sorrow that the country later learned of the death of this beloved son of the war president.

Sorrow in larger measure than joy seems to have fallen to the lot of many White House occupants. One of President Johnson's sons died there, and he himself was burdened with great cares. His children were all grown up when he assumed the presidential office, but those of his two daughters, Martha and Mary, with their happy young faces, lightened the gloom that hung over the White House after the assassination of Lincoln. A large family of children conduces to happiness even if one be sad and downcast, and President Johnson and his invalid wife derived great pleasure from the presence of their grandchildren. It was said soon after he left Washington, "No president ever before had in the White House so many children or as youthful ones as the five grandchildren of President Johnson, nor will there ever be a brighter band there again."

During the greater part of General Grant's first administration his children were away at school, but there was more gaiety in his second term, when Miss Nellie was presented to society and Fred came home from West Point. Nellie Grant's wedding (which was the seventh that had taken place in the White House, by the way) was a brilliant affair, as many may remember. It took place May 21, 1874, and all the celebrities of the city gathered in the east room to witness the ceremony. But after all was over a servant passing Nellie's deserted room chanced to see her father prone upon her bed, sobbing convulsively. That great heart, which to the last always throbbled for wife and children was almost broken at the prospect of separation from an only daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding in 1877, the year of the inaugural, and as their children were all beyond the age of juvenility quiet usually reigned in the White House. But all was changed when President Garfield came there with his family, five healthy children, and the place once more resounded with youthful sounds and happy laughter. As their father frequently joined them in their romps, the Garfield children were never restrained so far as real enjoyment is interpreted by youth. On the morning of that fatal July day in 1881 when President Garfield was shot by the vile assassin, he was indulged in one of the most boisterous of romps, and it is well known that he and his boys often had jolly pillow fights together. Sorrow again trod swiftly on the heels of joy and gladness when the shot rang out that sent the head of this happy family to death. President Arthur came to office not only saddened by the death of his predecessor, but burdened by grief over the death of his wife the year before. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. McElroy, resided at the White House and in charge of motherless Nellie Arthur and her brother.

So recent as to be fresh in the memory of many are the events of the two Cleveland administrations—the marriage of the president in the blue room, the first ceremony of the kind ever performed there, and the subsequent advent of the children, in whom the whole nation took a tender interest. Baby Ruth, the president's daughter, and his children held almost equal interest in the hearts of the people with her tactful, lovely mother and renowned father. More people, it was said, went to Washington during the second Cleveland administration to see the babies in charge of their nurses on the White House lawn than for any other purpose.

President Harrison's two children, a son and a daughter, were far beyond the baby stage when their honored parent resided at the White House, but who does not remember the affection bestowed by the president upon his grandchild, Baby McKee? In truth, it would seem that the people share in the belief that there is no perfect joy without a baby in the house and rejoice with all who are fortunately circumstanced in this respect. All our presidents have been domestic, home loving men, and it was a great grief to our late noble president that his wife and their little ones did not live to share their occupancy of the White House.

President Roosevelt enjoys the distinction of not only being the youngest executive we have ever had, but also of taking to the White House the largest family it has ever domiciled. There is a reason for the popular interest in him, and especially in his six hearty children, ranging from the age of four to seventeen. The people are glad at the prospect of having the funeral pall of gloom and tragedy dispelled by merry shouts and laughter, and their hearts go out to those little ones who help to lighten their father's cares of state.



ETHEL, THEODORE, JR.

ALICE

QUENTIN

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ARCHIBALD

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHILDREN.

## PROBABLE SUCCESSOR TO THE PREMIERSHIP OF ENGLAND

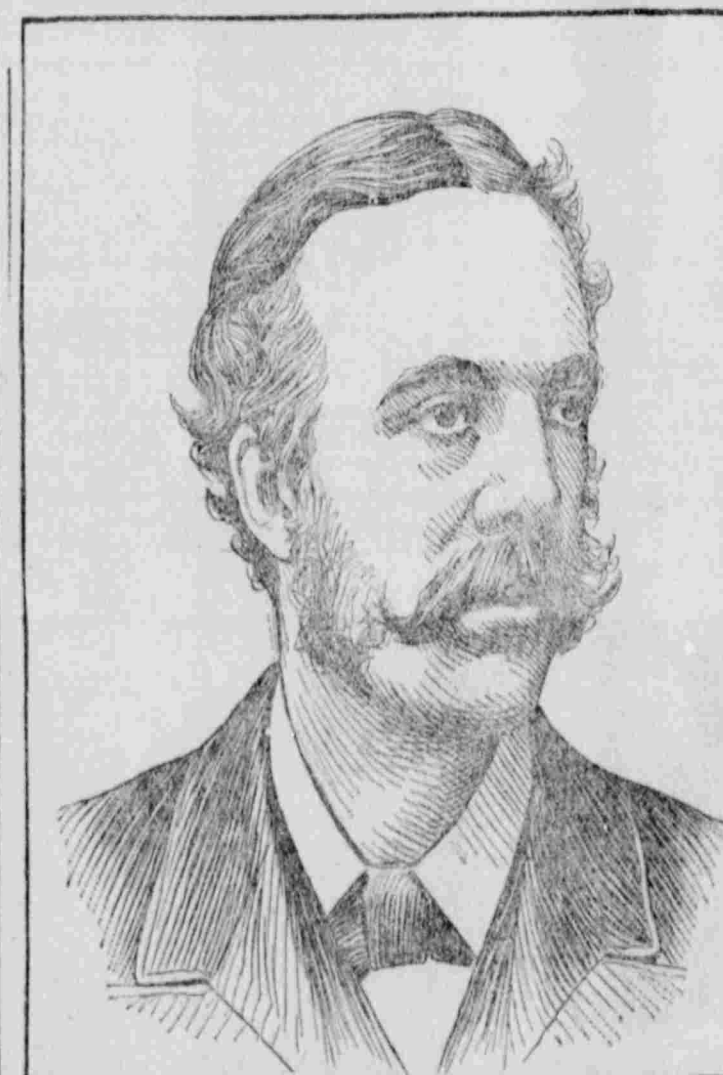
THE "impending retirement of Lord Salisbury" is a phrase sufficiently familiar by this time, having been in use many years, whenever, for instance, that grumpy old statesman took a notion to retire for rest and recreation to Hatfield House, which he loves so well. But this time the "impending retirement" actually impends, for though Salisbury carries his labors easily, being so familiar with governmental and international affairs that he has them all at his fingers' ends and always on call, he is weary of the work. He has a student's love of privacy and the investigator's desire for scientific research, but can gratify neither to the full as matters stand with him now. If he ever contemplates retiring for the purpose of spending his old age amid the delights of his ancestral acres, surely he must do so soon, for old age, as it is reckoned in the United States, is already upon him, his seventy-first birthday having been celebrated last February.

It having been decided that Salisbury is to retire, the next momentous question relates to his successor. There are scarcely two opinions—over here in London at least—as to who ought to be his successor. But tongues are wagging over the qualifications and aspirations of two prominent men who may be said to have trained all their lives for this eventuality. One of these is Spencer Compton Cavendish, eighth duke of Devonshire, lord president of the council and leader of the Liberal Unionists, and the other is Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, first lord of the treasury and leader of the house of commons. Joe Chamberlain has also been mentioned, but not of late, for the people over here are more than distrustful of him. However, the outlook at present is that one of the two gentlemen named will step into Salisbury's shoes when he vacates them, and the general opinion is that either will be able to occupy it not to fill them with somewhat of acceptability. Both possess certain qualifications for the premiership, although in manners and appearance the two are diametrically opposed.

The Duke of Devonshire is as heavy and stolid as a country squire and quite as lethargic as the present premier himself without his vast reserve force and splendid grasp on affairs whenever he wakes from his nap. You may be able to catch him at Salisbury nodding, but you can't trip him up. You might perhaps trip Devonshire, he is so dense

and unwieldy, and, besides, he is almost as old as Salisbury, having celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday last July. It would seem that he cared not for the premiership anyway, having practically declined it twice in the recent past, but people will persist in declaring him in line for the succession. He holds, in fact, more positions now than almost any other man in British politics, though most of them are merely honorary and held on account of his great name. He married the Dowager Duchess of Manchester only nine years ago and is said to incline to a domestic life in his old age rather than to politics, which he is in perforce from a sense of duty. One of the wealthiest men in the kingdom, he owns estates aggregating 157,000 acres and eight magnificent residences, any one of which should satisfy the heart of an ordinary man, among them being Bolton Abbey and the famous show place Chatsworth, with its almost peerless collections of statuary and paintings. The title, to which he succeeded on the death of his father in 1891, is almost as old as that of the Cecils, dating back to the first decade of the seventeenth century. Since 1857 he has had a seat in parliament, where he has slept through more speeches and arrived late more times, it is said, than any other man alive. Chamberlain once alluded to him as "my late leader," referring to his invariable habit of arriving after everything was well under way. As to his somnolence, he certainly has an excuse if all speeches are as heavy as his own. He was once reproached by a lady he was taking out to dinner with having yawned several times during the delivery of one of his own speeches. "Ah, my dear madam," he courteously replied, "but you didn't hear my speech!"

There could be no greater contrast between any two men alive than that existing between Devonshire and Balfour. While there is a general impression that the former might make a "safe" premier on account of his indolence and slowness, which count for much in diplomacy, it is admitted that he lacks tact and sagacity. This cannot be said of Arthur James Balfour, who is tactful and courteous, every inch of him, and although in his younger days he affected a species of dilettantism, lounging on the benches of the commons with his long legs stretched out and a general air of listlessness about him, he was in reality always alert and wide awake, as his opponents found when they began to badger him. The Duke of Devonshire may be seen



Hon. Arthur J. Balfour.

in the house of lords almost invariably asleep or inattentive, with his hat pulled over his eyes, his arms folded and his huge feet in everybody's way. He is really what he appears—sleepy and sluggish, a lump of British clay that requires excessive prodding and prod- ding to become aroused.

I think there is little doubt when the matter comes to be seriously considered that Balfour will be the choice, as everything seems to be in his favor. In the first place, he is a Cecil, being the son of Salisbury's sister, and that

counts for much; in the second, he received his diplomatic training under his uncle, having been his secretary so long ago as the Berlin congress of 1878, intimate even then with the great masters of diplomacy, Beaconsfield and Salisbury. No, there is no doubt as to his succeeding, peradventure Salisbury ever retired, for through him would the Salisbury traditions be perpetuated and the same policy carried out. Balfour has the same pride of race and lineage that Salisbury has and, although courteous to a degree, has been

accused many times of being supercilious. He treats his opponents with fairness, with a coolness bordering on contempt, never getting in a heat, never forgetting himself or what is due his enemy. This characteristic coolness stood him in good stead when he was chief secretary for Ireland during the fierce onslaughts upon him by the Parliament, when it was predicted that he would be either driven from his position or into an insane asylum. But he withstood all attacks with dogged pertinacity, never yielding an inch, never retorting uncourtiously, and in the end

he triumphed, winning a greater victory than many a general has gained in the field. Of course he was well hated by the Irish, yet he was always professed to like, even to love, them, and latterly has shown his good will. But this tale is told of those strenuous times when he had all Ireland by the ears. He said to a priest whom he had met: "After all, I fancy that the newspapers make more noise than the masses. Do you think, now, that the people really dislike me?"

"Ah, Mr. Balfour," replied the priest, "if the Irish only hated the devil half



Duke of Devonshire.

as much as they hate you my occupation would be gone."

It was predicted of Mr. Balfour nearly ten years ago, when there was also talk of Salisbury's "impending retirement," "the time cannot be far distant when Mr. Balfour as prime minister will have in his hands the shaping for many years of the political destinies of his party and of the British empire. He has some qualifications for the work. Whether he has the supreme gift which would be the touchstone of the rest remains to be seen." As a speaker he is persuasive, hardly eloquent; in society he shines with a luster all his own, but he is not and never will be in touch with the common people any more than is his noble uncle, Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury, whose tactless speeches against the Irish on occasions have been brutal in the extreme. Balfour is yet young for a statesman with a career behind him and a brilliant future doubtless ahead, being only fifty-three. He is rich, a bachelor, an athlete and a clubman, a student and somewhat of an aesthete. Above all, he is a diplomat, born and trained, and that is the kind of man the Tories desire to stand at the helm and steer their ship of state, for there are surely troublous seas ahead for the staunch ship Britannia, and a helmsman will be required who can be both firm and suave, who can apply the iron hand in the velvet glove, which same Arthur James Balfour can do, it is admitted by all, better than any other man now within the range of the omniscient governmental eye.

JAMES WILLIAM WALTERS, London, England.

**LARGE PERSONAL MAILS.** According to a statistician, the pope receives more letters and newspapers each day than any other ruler, the average number being from 20,000 to 25,000. Of these only a few are ever seen by his holiness, most of them being taken at once to the chancery's office, where they are distributed among thirty-five secretaries, who only read them. Next to the pope was the late President McKinley, who received daily about 1,400 letters and between 2,000 and 4,000 newspapers, pamphlets and books.

The king of England's post is not so large as this, 1,000 letters and from 2,000 to 3,000 newspapers being the daily average. The czar receives 650 letters daily, the king of Italy 500 and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland between 100 and 150, all of which she reads herself.

The borough of Kensington, in London, is arranging to purchase the residence of the late Lord Leighton, which, together with the contents, is to be kept open as an art museum.

**EMINENT ENTITIES.** A monument is being erected on the grounds of the old government fort on Mackinac Island to Dr. William Beaumont, who more than half a century ago made a number of surgical discoveries which resulted in methods of practice of incalculable value not only to army surgeons, but to the medical profession everywhere. Dr. Beaumont was born in Connecticut and was

known as one of the greatest investigators in the profession. He was appointed surgeon's mate, Sixteenth Connecticut infantry, Dec. 2, 1812, transferred to the Sixth in January, 1813, and later to the Eighth. Alphonse Moncel has just finished a statue of General Dumane which will be placed in the Place Malesherbes, Paris. Rev. Dr. Richard McIlwaine is the

only clergyman among the delegates to the Virginia constitutional convention. Winston Churchill, the author, has been appointed a member of the New Hampshire commission for the St. Louis exposition. Several business men at Fall River, Mass., are planning to raise by popular subscription money to purchase a loving cup for Matthew C. D. Borden because of his sagacity in averting several disastrous strikes. The men who

have been consulted think that \$10,000 can be easily raised for the purpose. Secretary Wilson has offered Professor F. R. King of the Wisconsin university a position in the agricultural department. When Booker T. Washington began his early attempts to arouse the colored man of the south to work regularly, save their money, stop stealing chickens, lead good lives, etc., one of his agencies was the establishment of

schools, says an admirer. Money was scarce, and it was a day of small beginnings. The first class was held on the porch of a house, but it rapidly grew the accommodation, and in casting about for simpler facilities he found an old, abandoned henhouse. Finding a venerable darky idle, he said to him, "Sam, you go up tomorrow morning and clean out that old henhouse back of Mr. ———'s house." "Sho'ly, Mr. Washington," was the reply, "you

won't clean out a henhouse in de daytime?" George C. Chamberlain, who died at Greenwich, Conn., recently, was a boy of nine at the time of the battle of Waterloo and carried water to the wounded on the field. Dr. A. Kuyper, the new premier of Holland, is described as one of the broadest minded and strongest intellectual forces of Queen Wilhelmina's domain. He was made an LL. D. of

Princeton university in 1898, and it was through his influence that a free university, uncontrolled by the state, was founded in Amsterdam several years ago.

Professor Halsey S. Ives, chief of the department of fine arts for the Louisiana Purchase exposition, has been made a commissioner for the International Exposition of Modern Art to be held at Turin, Italy, in 1902, opening April 1.