

# The Homes of the Washingtons



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALDON FAWCETT

With the growing interest in America in antiquities of almost every description and particularly in the architecture of other days, there is ground for congratulation that the present era finds, in an almost perfect state of preservation, the ancestral homes of the family of the "Father of His Country." This is especially fortunate by reason of the fact that the homes of the Washingtons are, aside from their historical associations, among the most interesting and impressive examples of colonial architecture in America. These habitations, in the designing of several of which George Washington himself had a hand, are located for the most part in the states of Virginia and West Virginia.

Probably the most interesting of the colonial homes of the Washingtons, aside, of course, from the mansion at Mount Vernon, are those in the Shenandoah valley. The whole territory of which Charlestown, W. Va., is the center is of especial interest, for George Washington made the original surveys of all this land for Lord Fairfax, and here, on a commanding site, facing the Blue Ridge mountains, he built Harwood mansion for his eldest brother, Samuel. Not only did George Washington acquire great tracts in this section of what was then Virginia, but he included his brothers, Samuel, John and



ARLINGTON MANSION

About a dozen miles from Claymount and just over the Virginia line stands Audley, another of the historic homes of the Washingtons. The house was built by a member of the Washington family, but was later transferred to Lawrence Lewis, who married Nelly Custis, the adopted daughter and favorite of Gen. Washington. At Fredericksburg, Va., stands Kenmore, famous as the home of Betty Washington Lewis, the only sister of George Washington. The house was built to gratify the ambition of "Betty" Washington to have the most magnificent residence in the Old Dominion and the interior decorations were executed during the revolutionary war by a British soldier—a prisoner on parole.

Mount Vernon, the most interesting of all the Washington homes, was built in 1743 by Lawrence, half-brother of George Washington, and upon the death of the original owner passed into the possession of George Washington. Another historic mansion, located on the Potomac not far from Mount Vernon, and which may rightfully be classed as one of the homes of the Washingtons, is Arlington, long famous as the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, of the confederacy, and now our greatest national cemetery.

The mansion at Arlington, which stands today in a perfect state of preservation, was built in 1802 by Washington Parke Custis, whose widowed grandmother married George Washington. He adopted many of the architectural ideas of the Father of His Country in the design of this imposing and distinctive manor house.

The character the counsels and example of our Washington will guide us through the doubts and difficulties that beset us; they will guide our children in the paths of prosperity and peace, while America shall hold her place in the family of nations.—Edward Everett.



INTERIOR OF CLAYMOUNT

apartments at Claymount may be gained from the fact that the hall—all the walls of which are paneled in oak—is 40 feet in length by 20 feet in width. A novel feature of the house is the arrangement of the doors, almost all of which are made to slide into apertures in the walls instead of being hinged. Claymount also has its "mystery," known as the "cell of the sunken cupboard." The cell is a dungeon-like apartment, opening from the basement but several feet below the level of the basement. It has no window or opening of any kind save the one narrow doorway. Almost the entire space in the cell is taken up by an immense cupboard or sideboard, elaborately carved. Obviously this massive piece of furniture must have been placed in its present position and deliberately imprisoned by the construction of the solid walls which surround it.



INTERIOR OF AUDLEY

Charles, to settle in the region that had impressed him so favorably during his surveying experience.

Three years—from 1756 to 1758, inclusive—were occupied in the construction of Harwood house. Not only was historic Harwood built by George Washington and long used as his summer home, but it was here that James and Dolly Madison were married and the stately structure repeated by sheltered Marquis de Lafayette and Louis Philippe, afterward king of France. Unfortunately, Harwood in later years fell into decay, but recently several projects have been inaugurated, looking to its complete restoration and the return of its historic furnishings.

As a vivid reminder of the glories of bygone days the best architectural memento of our first president is found in another Washington home—Claymount, situated some two miles from Harwood. This structure is in a perfect state of preservation and vividly suggests in furnishings as well as architecture of colonial days. The estate at Claymount once belonged to George Washington and the present mansion, erected by Bushrod Washington, a son of the general's nephew, although not built until 1820, was constructed in accordance with plans drawn by George Washington himself. The descendants of Bushrod Washington occupied Claymount for more than half a century, but about ten years ago the historic estate passed into the possession of Frank R. Stockton, the well-known novelist, who resided there until his death.

The manor house at Claymount consists of a central building of brick with two commodious wings and, on each side, a separate two-story building connected with the long rectangular building by a

brick-walled courtyard 20 feet square. The connected buildings, all constructed largely of yellow brick, have an aggregate length of 250 feet. On the north front only a stone entrance portico relieves outlines that are rather plain and severe, but on the south front there is a broad 90-foot veranda on both the first and second floors. Some idea of the size of the

dow or opening of any kind save the one narrow doorway. Almost the entire space in the cell is taken up by an immense cupboard or sideboard, elaborately carved. Obviously this massive piece of furniture must have been placed in its present position and deliberately imprisoned by the construction of the solid walls which surround it.

## WASHINGTON'S MOTHER

She Practiced the Strictest Economy and Was a Woman of Strong Character and Independent Spirit

THERE has been a story in circulation for a century, and it has found its way into many books, particularly British and Tory publications, that Washington allowed his mother to live and die in poverty and privation, while he and his wife were surrounded with luxury. But all the local traditions and all the circumstantial evidence point to its untruth.

She was by habit and preference a woman of the strictest economy and frugality and in later life denied herself many comforts that were enjoyed by her sons and daughters, but it was from choice and not from necessity. Her will, which may be seen in the clerk's office at Fredericksburg, shows that she had considerable property of her own and several slaves and horses, which were divided among her children.

It is clear that she was a woman of strong character and many peculiarities, including an independent spirit and a sharp tongue. She did not change the fashion of her raiment for more than 20 years and cut and made her own garments in defiance of public opinion and changing styles. When she went visiting the sight of her as she approached caused every member of the household to seize a broom or a dust brush, or in some manner to assist in straightening up things so that her fastidious and critical taste might not be offended.

She performed her daily duties at precisely the same hour, in precisely the same manner, regardless of changing conditions and circumstances, and the neighbors set their clocks and watches by the ringing of her dinner bell. On the day that Washington received notice of his election to the presidency he galloped over from Mount Ver-

non to Fredericksburg to carry his mother the news and remained with her until it was necessary for him to start for New York. This was their last interview.

During the last months of her life the venerable lady spent much time among some great gray bowlders, shadowed by a clump of trees, upon a gentle knoll not far from Kenmore, the home of her daughter. The place was called "Oratory rocks," no doubt because some one at some time had made a speech there. It commanded a delightful view of the Rappahannock river and a panorama of comfortable homes and fertile farms. She often went there to read and to rest, taking a basket of mending or her knitting, with her Bible, Baxter's "Saint's Rest" or some other religious book of the times. Before she died she asked that she might be buried there, although her husband and several other members of the family were lying in the Episcopal cemetery. It was regarded as one of the whims of the eccentric woman, but her daughter Betty respected it.—Washington Star.

It is no more than fair, however, to point out that when Washington had carried the American revolution to a successful end, when the infant nation was bewildered and helpless and he was approached from his army with hints of royal power and dignity awaiting him, he repelled and silenced them with this stern reply: "Let me conjure you if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind and never communicate as from yourself or anyone else a sentiment of the like nature."

## MILLIONS SPENT FOR CANDY

United States Leads the World in Tribute That It Pays to Sweet Teeth of Its Women.

The American woman is known for her sweet tooth. Neither in London, Paris nor Berlin do you see so much candy eaten during the matinee performances in the theaters, nor are the confections made to serve the purpose of informal gifts to girls so much

as here. But it is rather surprising to learn from a member of the breed of indefatigable statisticians that the people of the United States spend little less than \$500,000,000 a year on candy, and, of course, the greater part of that amount is spent by or for women. Dentistry items are not included in the tables compiled by the statisticians. For several years it has been an acknowledged fact that

the United States consumed as much candy as all the rest of the world put together; but since 1907 the candy appetite has grown to such an extent that the United States now accounts for just two-thirds of the entire candy output of the civilized world. It is not generally known, however, that immigrants are the greatest consumers of candy in America. In New York fully one-half of the city's candy bill is said to be paid by the men, women and children of the tenement house districts and that becomes all

the more significant when the difference in prices between the Grand street and the Broadway candy stores is taken into consideration. Physicians who are aware of the almost inordinate appetite for sweets among the poorer classes say New York has every reason to congratulate itself that it has brought out good, instead of evil results. Not many years ago most of the candy sold, especially in the smaller stores, was almost poisonous impure, injurious acids and dyes being used in the manufacture. Medical men say that if candy of that quality had been eaten in the quantities that candy is eaten to-day it would have had a terrible effect on the health of the generation now approaching maturity. To-day, however, it is reasonably safe to buy candy anywhere and its consumption is especially advocated in temperance circles as minimizing the likelihood of the growth of a taste for drink.

## Twixt Maid and Mistress

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

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Maude Forbes, maid to Miss Ann Peabody, felt her heart thrill as she glanced at the bulky figure of the big chauffeur beside her.

John Winthroppe was a well built man. Tall and handsome with the muscles of an athlete, he was enough to make the heart of an impressionable girl palpitate abnormally. And when a pretty girl like Miss Forbes was really in love with him, then his proximity was sufficient to bring blushes of delight. Winthroppe's one great fault in Miss Forbes' eyes was his innate bashfulness.

"Do you know," she whispered confidentially in his ear, "I believe that you are in love with Miss Peabody." Winthroppe's face turned red under her twinkling gaze, but although Miss Forbes was apparently greatly delighted at the result of her words, she was secretly dismayed. Was it possible that he really was in love with Miss Peabody? For some time she had thought that his attentions to her mistress were more assiduous than was actually necessary. It was with a view to finding out his real state of feeling that she had made the suggestion as to his love affair.

"Of course I'm not!" declared Winthroppe savagely, as he jerked the steering wheel of the car.

"Oh, you don't need to say that," replied Miss Forbes. "I'll not tell any one about your affinity. You might confide in me—we're good friends, aren't we?"

"Yes, good friends," Winthroppe answered shortly.

Again Miss Forbes felt a sinking at the heart. So they were nothing more than friends!

"Of course," she went on, "it does seem rather presumptuous of you to aspire so high—but stranger things have happened. I've often thought—that is, it has seemed to me that she has looked at you and talked to you as if she were interested. Naturally, I wish you all the luck in the world. I—I hope you'll succeed."

"Aw," growled Winthroppe. "But the rest of his sentence was lost in the grinding of the gears as he viciously pulled the car to a stop. Miss Peabody was waiting for them in front of a department store.

"I'll sit in front with John," Miss

Instinctively Miss Forbes felt disaster coming her way. She closed her eyes and heard Winthroppe call to Miss Peabody:

"To the right, quick!" he cried. Miss Forbes opened her eyes. Perhaps Winthroppe's cool head would save them, after all. She saw Miss Peabody drop the steering wheel and threw her arms about Winthroppe's neck. Winthroppe tried desperately to disengage her hands and to reach the wheel—but without avail. Miss Forbes saw that the car was headed for the river and again she closed her eyes.

In a moment the car seemed to leave the earth and soar into the air. Then came the sound of a huge splash as it struck the water. icy cold water enveloped Miss Forbes.

To Miss Forbes' surprise she did not lose consciousness. She fought desperately to reach the surface, and as she fought she wondered, oddly enough, what Winthroppe and Miss Peabody were doing. She wondered if Miss Peabody still had her arms about Winthroppe's neck, and even then she felt a pang of jealousy.

Finally Miss Forbes got her head above water and then, to her further surprise, she did not sink. In a moment more she realized that she was standing on a seat in the tonneau and that her head was above water. She glanced about. In front of her were Winthroppe and Miss Peabody. The latter still had her arms about Winthroppe's neck, and Miss Forbes saw that she had fainted.

Winthroppe caught sight of the girl, and she was sure that a flash of joy swept across his face. "But of course he'd be glad anybody wasn't drowned," she told herself.

"Can you wait until I take Miss Peabody to the shore?" Winthroppe cried. Miss Forbes nodded. She watched him strike out with strong, sturdy strokes, and her heart thrilled at the sight. Well might Miss Peabody, or any one else, be proud of such a man. In a short time Winthroppe had reached the shore and deposited the still form of Miss Peabody on the ground. Then he plunged into the water.

"You aren't frightened, are you?" Winthroppe asked, as he neared Miss Forbes.

"Not at all."

Miss Forbes noticed that the man's face was thin and drawn. His hands trembled as he caught her from the seat.

When they had reached the shore Miss Forbes' eyes fell upon her mistress. Miss Forbes watched her face brighten as her eyes fell upon Winthroppe. She extended her hands toward him.

"My hero!" she murmured, softly. Resolutely Miss Forbes turned her eyes away, although her heart was thumping painfully. She caught sight of Winthroppe staggering toward her. His foot, she saw, was oddly twisted and he seemed to be wholly unmanned.

Wholly disregarding Miss Peabody, he fell on his knees beside Miss Forbes and caught her hand in both of his.

"My dear, my dear," he murmured. Miss Forbes caught her breath quickly. She looked wildly at her mistress, and saw the latter, with a hurt look in her eyes, turn away. Then, slowly, the maid bent over and kissed Winthroppe.

Lighted Cigar in Mail Box. The quick acting conscience of a polite young man prevented the destruction by fire a few days ago of a boxful of United States mail in a Chicago office building. The man called on a lawyer on the seventeenth story of the building. Before entering the latter's office he decided to leave his cigar in the hall, to continue smoking if after seeing the lawyer. So he deposited the burning weed on the ledge of the mail chute. The cigar was badly balanced and fell into the slot and down into the box on the ground floor. The careless young man rushed into the next downward bound elevator and, reaching the street floor, explained the situation hurriedly to the janitor. That person had neither the key nor the authority to open the mail box, and dispatched a messenger to the post office with a hurry call for help, which soon arrived in the form of a mail carrier with a key. When the box was opened the cigar was still smoldering, but beyond a slight searing of one of the envelopes it had done no damage.

A European workman has discovered ten little brilliants in the lining of an old waistcoat which he had bought second-hand three years ago. He happened to lose a coin the value of four cents in the lining, and it was when recovering this that he found the diamonds. They are of an estimated value of \$5,000.



Caught Her Hand in Both of His.

Peabody announced brightly as the car drew up. "I want him to give me a final lesson in driving the car."

As Miss Forbes reluctantly climbed from her seat in front and made her way into the tonneau she felt a distinct pang of jealousy. To her distracted vision it seemed that Winthroppe gladly welcomed the change. To her it appeared that his hand rested almost too carelessly on Miss Peabody's hand as he aided her in guiding the huge car through the streets; that his glance was almost too noticeably tender as he whispered his instructions to her. Miss Forbes sighed.

The car sped through the streets and in a short time reached the countryside. Miss Peabody's fresh laugh rang out as they raced along. She seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. Miss Forbes wished that she were having so good a time.

They had reached a broad, country road, and Winthroppe had practically resigned control of the machine to Miss Peabody. The road made a sharp turn and as the automobile raced around the curve Miss Forbes saw a temporary bridge spanning a stream, a short distance to the side of the spot where the old bridge had formerly stood. The temporary bridge was a frail structure, with no side rail.

## Athletics and the Soldier

Physical Culture Builds Up the Defenders of the Nation—Proper Organization.

"The United States soldier is tougher and stronger—physically tougher—than he was before the Spanish war," said Capt. R. E. Thomas of Wilmington, Del. "It is not the war which is to be thankful for it. Athletic training has done the work. It is said this country gives far more attention to the physical culture of its soldiers than does either Great Britain, France or Germany.

"While they require a daily setting up exercise similar to our own, these gymnastics and other prescribed forms of muscle stretching are supplemented in this country by athletic sports. "These are not compulsory. They do not need to be. They have been entered into so heartily that every post any size has its organization, which gets its track team, its football

eleven or its baseball nine. This is just what the war department wants them to do, as it has organized a bureau for the encouragement of athletics.

"Nearly every garrison has its committee, consisting of at least one commissioned officer in addition to non-commissioned officers and privates, to arrange for field days, organize teams and pick out the star men of the command to represent it in the various events."

Caustic. Julia—Going to Marie's dance? Bertha—I shall be out of town that night. Julia—I wasn't invited either.—Cornell Widow.

The Amenities in England. Mrs. Ex.—My husband invariably travels first class. Mrs. Why—And has he never been found out?—Punch.