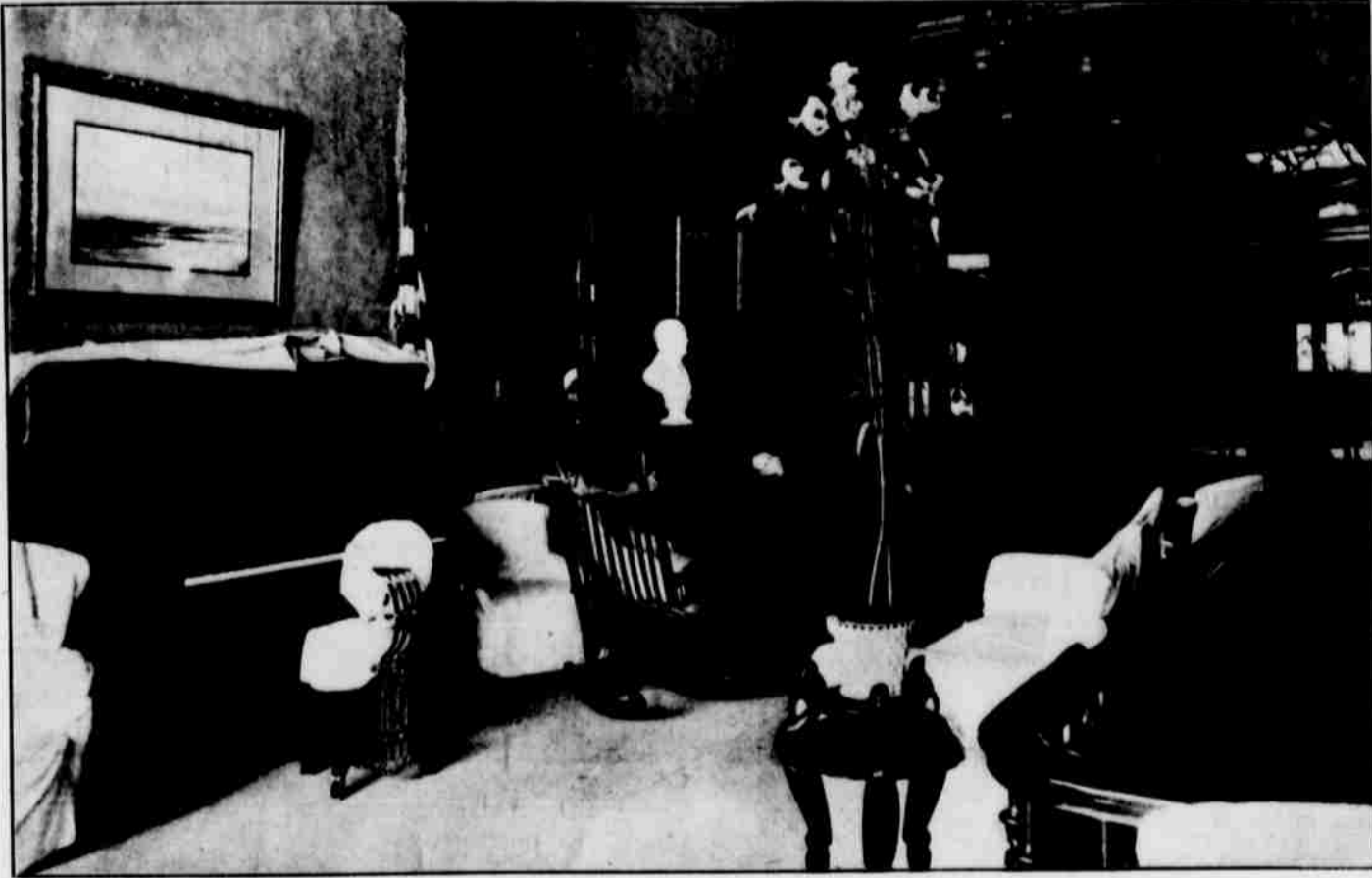
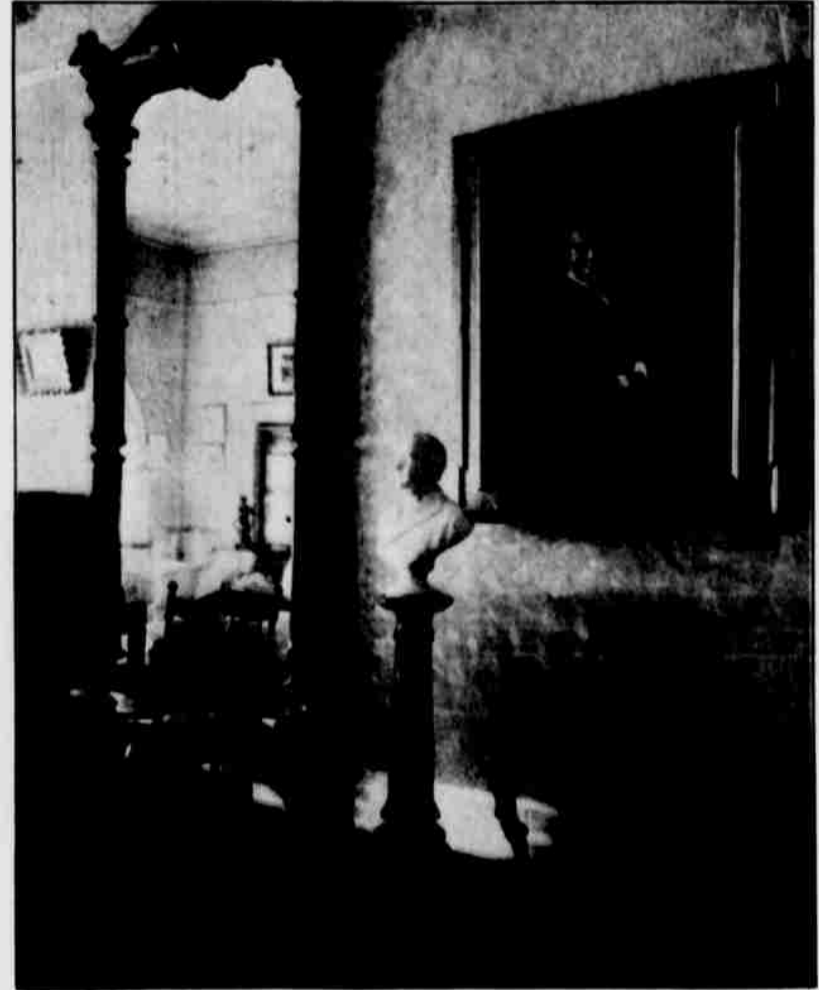


Memories of Mrs. M'Kinley in the White House



PRIVATE SITTING ROOM OF MRS. M'KINLEY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.



MRS. M'KINLEY'S FAVORITE CORNER, CLOSE BY THE BUST OF THE PRESIDENT AND PEIXOTTO'S PAINTING OF HIS MOTHER.

IT WAS during the Spanish war when one morning some person brought to President McKinley at the executive mansion "the youngest volunteer," a lad of 13, who had entered the service and who wished to pay his respects to the chief executive. Mr. McKinley was busy (and when was he not busy during those trying days?) but not too much so to give the little fellow the heartiest welcome and to inquire after his welfare.

"Where did you come from and what are you going to do?" he asked.

"I belong to the Twelfth Michigan and I am going out to fight the Spaniards with the rest of the soldiers," the boy replied quickly. Then, as the laugh at his answer subsided, he added: "I am a member of the same organization in Detroit, Mr. President, to which your secretary of war belongs."

"And, pray what one is that?" said the president, laughing again.

"The Newsboys' and Bootblackers' Protective association, sir. Secretary Alger helped to get it up for us boys and then joined it," and his voice indicated the pride he felt in claiming so distinguished an associate.

He withdrew after a little further conversation and the president went downstairs to lunch, where he commenced to tell Mrs. McKinley about the young volunteer. She was greatly interested.

"Why did you not bring him down here? I want to see him."

A messenger was dispatched to find him, which was not hard to do, as he had not yet left the house, but when he heard that the first lady of the land had sent for him he was quite overpowered with the honor. He had come from Camp Alger that morning; his face and hands were none too clean, his clothing dusty, his hat and shoes shabby, but the messenger took him to the basement, where he scrubbed his face until it shone, and then he presented himself to Mrs. McKinley, who was waiting for him

at the lunch table.

He was dreadfully embarrassed, but she drew a chair near her own, and seating him there, piled a plate high with the best the table afforded. The food disappeared with surprising rapidity and when his little stomach was full she began gently plying him with questions. Under her gracious influence he forgot his embarrassment. Almost without knowing that he was doing so, he told her the story of the hardships of his short life, of the death of his father and of the widowed mother he was trying to care for. Before he had finished the tears were running down the face of his sympathetic listener, and when he left her she sent with him a generous hamper packed to its utmost capacity with the good things of the White House larder.

This was but one of the many little deeds of kindness which characterized Mrs. McKinley's stay in the executive mansion. The sight of a child unflinchingly appealed to her.

Mrs. McKinley's kindness was not limited to the children. Her invalidism prevented any active participation in charitable undertakings, but both she and the president were always thoughtful for the sick or unfortunate. They were fond of flowers and the historic mansion was always turned into a floral fairyland on the nights of their official social functions. But these "God's smiles"—as the Germans sometimes poetically term the flowers—had not fulfilled their mission when they had shone in such splendor for the brilliant assemblages there. Not by any means. The morning afterward, at Mrs. McKinley's order, they were taken down, carefully packed and sent to the various hospitals throughout the city. There their sweet fragrance and bright colors were most welcome, but the knowledge of the kindly thought which prompted the distinguished givers to send them made the long hours more bright for the weary sufferers than even the flowers themselves could do. The White House conservatories were a source of much pleasure to Mrs. McKinley. From

their beds she had a bouquet placed each morning on the president's desk and in every room of the house. At one time the gardener propagated a new variety of the chrysanthemum, a big white beauty, which he called "the Mrs. McKinley chrysanthemum." This pleased her very much and she frequently bestowed clusters of them on her callers. President McKinley never failed to send wreaths from the conservatory to the graves of the ranking officers at Arlington on Decoration day, nor to Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon at that time and on February 22.

To hospital and church fairs Mrs. McKinley frequently contributed her own handiwork. Her fingers were seldom idle and her preferred occupation was making night slippers out of the softest and most delicate wools of blue and gray tints—always blue and gray, her favorite colors. After breakfast, which she took with Mr. McKinley in the family dining room at 9 o'clock, unless she were too ill to leave her bed, she would seat herself in her easy chair and crochet while he would look over the morning papers, reading to her a bit here and there, as he thought would interest her. Interest her it surely would if it were anything concerning him. While she cared but little for all else the papers contained, yet she wanted to know every word in print about the president, and nothing delighted her so much as to have him read and comment to her on what was written about himself.

Before 10 o'clock the president would go to his office and Mrs. McKinley would continue her crocheting, or perhaps engage in a game of cribbage with one of her nieces or some other house guest, for she was more fond of cards than any other pastime and was a clever player. If the day were pleasant, at about 11 o'clock she went for her morning drive. At rare intervals the president went with her, but his duties usually prevented, and then she was accompanied sometimes by her friend, Mrs. Rand, the wife of the pay inspector of the navy, or Mrs. Dawes, Mrs. Hanna or some other

of her more intimate acquaintances. These drives were usually confined to the smooth, asphalt streets of the city or out a little ways over the outlying hills. She cared nothing for animals or pets and for that reason did not enjoy going through the Zoo, one of Washington's most charming driveways. In an hour or so she would return, but whenever it was, the president knew to a moment when to expect her. He always left his office to meet her; if a cabinet meeting was in session he simply went to the elevator door and assisted her from there to her room, helped her with her wraps and saw that she was comfortable. If the cabinet was not in session he came downstairs to the Tiffany corridor to greet her and went with her upstairs to the family rooms.

That Mrs. McKinley enjoyed going with the president whenever he left Washington for an official trip was true, but there was a deeper motive than the mere pleasure of going. From the time of his first inauguration she had an innate fear that something might happen him, and she wanted to be with him. It was not so much the fear that he would be assassinated as it was that an accident might befall him. In a measure she felt that her very helplessness was a protection to him. This was shown clearly when they were in Chicago last year. In some way a short time before he was to start on the drive through the city—in which the cabinet members and nearly all of the civic and military organizations of the state were to accompany him—she overheard a whisper that the committee had been warned that an effort would be made to shoot the president. She had not expected to ride with him, but instantly she decided to do so.

"I must go with you, dear," she said to him. "No one would shoot at you if I were

with you, and I must go," and go she did, although it completely upset the committee's plans, and at the last moment required them to arrange another carriage for those who were to have ridden with the president. Little did she dream when she was passing in the hall on her husband's arm at Buffalo that if the wretched Czolgosz could have reached their side he would have shot the president dead before her very eyes!

They brought her husband—the courtly knight errant, who had protected her from every untoward breath for a quarter of a century—they brought him home dead. Every tribute of honor and homage that a devoted nation could pay was given him, and with every word of sympathy that human hearts could devise, they told her about it, hoping thus to mitigate her grief. But she heeded them as little as did the ears of the dead man himself. Her wound was too deep for mortal comfort.

From the loved Canton home they buried him out of her sight, and what is the home to her now? Day by day she sits in the old familiar seat by the window. Her eyes are strained with the sight that sees naught this side the skies; her ears are dulled to the voices of loved ones who would console her, for they are listening for the sound of the footsteps that can come no more, but now walk the elysian fields of paradise; her heart lies buried in her husband's coffin.

And who can console her in the loss that is forever irreparable? Only the God who enabled William McKinley to die the death of a victorious saint. That He may do so the prayers of the Christian world ascend.

ABBY G. BAKER.

What Mrs. Roosevelt Found in the White House Kitchen

THE mistress of the White House is more fortunate than most housewives in that she can assume as much or as little of the personal management of her household as she pleases. The government employs a steward, who, if she so desires, takes complete direction of the culinary department. Mr. Cleveland brought with him his former cook, a colored man by the name of Sinclair, and installed him as White House steward, a position which he held with a high hand during both of Mr. Cleveland's two terms and Mr. McKinley's administrations. Sinclair was a prime favorite with Mr. Cleveland and he let him run things below stairs pretty much to suit himself. Mrs. McKinley's invalidism precluded her assumption of any active control and when she took up her residence in the executive mansion she allowed him to retain the reins of government of the lower part of the house. With Mrs. Roosevelt's advent there was a change. She did not go about the matter with any blow of horns or flourish of trumpets, but she brought her housekeeper from Oyster Bay, who went with her over the house from garret to cellar. After a few days of their quiet inspection Steward Sinclair was told that his services would be dispensed with and a colored man by the name of Pinkney, who had long been in Mr. Roosevelt's employ, was put in the place. Mrs. Roosevelt herself will have a general oversight of the house, the servants will be under the supervision of the housekeeper

and the jurisdiction of the steward reduced to its normal province.

The presence of the six young Roosevelts made a change necessary in the daily routine that had prevailed in the execu-

tive mansion. President McKinley kept late hours, frequently going back to his desk for work at 10 o'clock or later. This, with Mrs. McKinley's ill health, made their 9 o'clock breakfast a necessity, but there

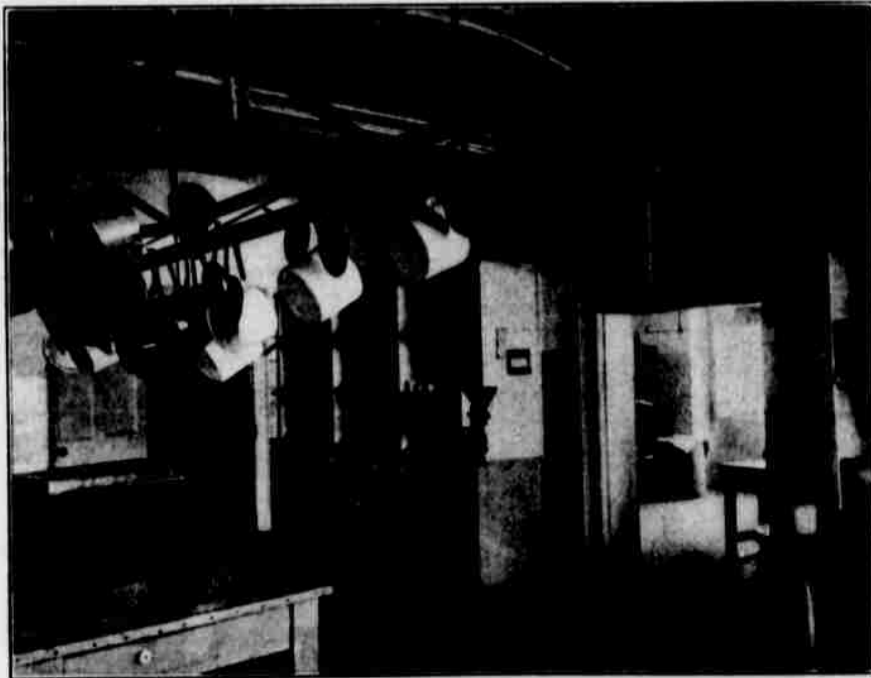
are little folks in the White House now who must be in school at that hour and as both the president and Mrs. Roosevelt have high ideals of the duty—and privilege—of parenthood, they always begin the day with the children at an 8 o'clock breakfast. Then Mrs. Roosevelt sees them off to school before she commences anything else, and after that her mornings are passed very much as any other American matron's are in looking after her household. At 1 o'clock the family lunch together. During these recent bright autumnal days Mrs. Roosevelt has spent a part of nearly every afternoon driving with the children over some of the picturesque roads in the environs of the capital. At 5:30 the younger children have an early dinner, with an hour or two of play before bedtime; but dinner is served for the others at 7:30 in the pleasant family dining room. At these meals there have been guests every night since President Roosevelt came into the White House. There has been no formal entertaining; he has simply invited friends who chanced to be in the city, or some political acquaintance with whom he wanted a longer talk than could be had during the day in his office. Mrs. Roosevelt, who is a charming hostess, is at her best when presiding at these informal dinners and has made a most favorable impression as "first lady of the land" on those who have been so fortunate as to meet her thus.

Mrs. Roosevelt's kitchen—that is, the kitchen in the president's house—is something that is of interest to every woman. How the president's wife keeps house is of as much import to the average feminine

mind as how the president runs the affairs of state is to the average masculine one, so here is a little description of the culinary department as Mrs. Roosevelt found it. The present kitchens in the White House are directly under the family dining room and butler's pantry, in the northwest corner of the basement. The original kitchen, which was used as such from the time that Madam Abigail Adams was its mistress until Mrs. Lincoln's regime, was in the central part of the basement, in what is now the engine room. The great fireplaces, brick ovens and heating crannies are still there, but the room is just under the shadow of the wide front porch, and must have been a dark place for work at its best. That was probably the reason why Mrs. Lincoln had it changed to its present sunny corner.

When Mrs. Harrison came in she found it a very different place from what it is now. The floor was then sunken and broken, there was wooden wainscoting and all of the woodwork was infested with that bane of the Washington housekeeper—roaches. The rats and mice had literally taken possession and for a while it seemed that they were going to retain it in spite of all that she could do. She tried every exterminator in vain, and then she gave the entire basement a general renovation. In the kitchens and laundries the sunken floors were taken up and the remnants of the decomposed wooden planks, with cartloads of filthy dirt, were removed. When a solid foundation of Potomac clay was reached she had the present firm cement floors put

(Continued on Seventh Page.)



INTERIOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN.