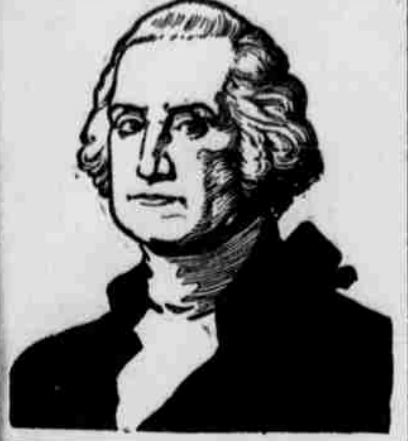


SOCIAL LIFE OF THE WASHINGTONS

WHEN Washington became President of the United States, both he and Lady Washington, as she was generally called, took naturally the chief place as the social leaders of the new-born nation. It was still a stately age, an age of rich brocades, of powdered hair, of stiff and rustling silks, brought at great expense from overseas, an age which has been the delight of the historical painter and the writer. Everything, architecture, customs and ways of living, furnished a fit setting for the two stately figures who have left an indelible impress on our history.



Washington was one of the tallest men of his time, extremely dignified, accustomed to command, and to the best social life of the colonies. His wife was a woman of fine presence, of quiet dignity, and with a full consciousness of all the demands of her position as the first lady of the land. While neither attempted an extravagant style of living, they both felt that they stood as the representatives of the nation to the outer world, and when they received distinguished foreigners and diplomats, their receptions, in both the temporary capitals of New York and Philadelphia, were ordered on much the same lines as court receptions abroad.

THE FAMOUS "WASHINGTON CARRIAGE," IN WHICH OUR FIRST PRESIDENT AND MRS. WASHINGTON USUALLY WENT DRIVING.



The carriage appeared as above in the procession of the United Order of American Mechanics in New York, February 22, 1873. The national councillor of the order is standing by the coach. Washington always took great pride in his carriage horses. It is said that at night the white chargers were covered with a paste made of whiting, wrapped in cloths and given clean straw to sleep in. In the morning they were rubbed until they shone like satin, their hoofs were blacked and polished, their mouths washed, their teeth picked, and their trappings were of leopard skin. The grooms began their work at early dawn, and at sunrise the negro Bishop, who was master of the stables, appeared with a muslin pocket handkerchief and rubbed it over the glossy sides of the horses. If the least bit of dust or dirt came off on the handkerchief the stable boys were severely reprimanded.

President and Mrs. Washington received together, but both had separate levee days, when they received the people of the official world and also the gentry of the State. Lady Washington received on Friday evenings. The guests came early and departed by nine. She was fifty-seven when she came to New York, and this is the age she appears in the picture of Lady Washington's Reception. The portrait by Robert Edge Pine was painted about this time. The one by Stuart, which is the most popular of her portraits, and has been reproduced so often, was painted about ten years later.

The Washingtons hired one of the best colonial houses in New York, and the gentry of the city crowded to her first "at home," if we give it the modern name. Footmen in the Washington livery stood at the curb to open the doors of the gaily painted coaches, while others stood in the hall and announced the names of the guests. Every one, on entering, advanced bowing to the head of the room, where the hostess stood dressed in brocade-embroidered silk, her hair powdered and fastened with jeweled pins. After conversing a few moments, the guests would step to the right or left to make room for others, always, until some distance away, keeping the face turned partly in Lady Washington's direction. A brilliant assembly it was after the greater part of the company had arrived. There was Mrs. George Clinton, wife of the Governor of the State of New York; Lady Stirling, wife of the gallant patriot general, Lord Stirling, who, by his brilliant charges at the Battle of Long Island, had won undying military fame; there was the stately Marchioness de Brehan and Lady Temple, the American-born wife of the British Minister to the United States; and Lady Catherine Dyer and her sister, Lady Mary Watts, daughters of Lady Stirling; and Mrs. Gerry, the beautiful wife of the Senator from Massachusetts; Mrs. Van Rensselaer, wife of the Patron of Rensselaerwick; Mrs. Winthrop and Sophia Chew and many others, all in the wide-skirted costume of the day, veiled in color as the hues of the rainbow. They wore powder and patches and the hair dressed high in the way that gives such charm to the colonial portraits that have come down to us.

The gentlemen who attended were less brilliantly attired than the ladies, for the coat of funeral broadcloth with the ugly trousers had not yet come into vogue. They wore coats of blue, black, light brown, green or brown velvet. Thomas Jefferson, as recorded, had a strong liking for coats of scarlet velvet, and sky-blue breeches. The small-

clothes were of satin, white, black and brown being the favorite colors of the day. The knee-breeches buckled at the knee, most of the buckles being of precious metal and set with brilliants. White silk stockings were worn with low shoes, gartered with gold or silver buckles. They wore their hair powdered and "clubbed" at the back. Most of them wore small silver-hilted court swords. The diplomat appeared in the heavily embroidered court costumes of their respective countries, while the officers of the little standing army appeared in their natty buff and blue. General Knox, the Secretary of War, making an imposing figure.

Washington, at his wife's receptions, did not stand by her side, but mingled as a guest among the company, making it a rule to converse briefly with every one present before they left. On these occasions he wore a light-colored coat and fancy waistcoat, and black small-clothes, and appeared without a sword.

Refreshments of plum cake, coffee and tea were always served under the direction of Frances, who had charge of the culinary department of the Washington household. When Mrs. Washington held an afternoon levee, a few of the guests were invited to remain to the family dinner, which was served by Frances, gorgeously in livery, and with his hair as thickly powdered as that of any of the guests.

At Washington's own levee, which occurred on Tuesday afternoons, the President dressed in "a black velvet coat and breeches, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, and holding a cocked hat with a cockade on it, and the edge adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt; the coat worn over the blade, the scabbard of polished leather."

William Sullivan, who attended many of these receptions, has left us a graphic picture of one of them. "At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour after-

began on the right, and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name, and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit, he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock the ceremony was over."

When Washington drove out it was in a magnificent carriage painted yellow, with gilt decorations, and with little cupids on the panels. On the centre of the door was the Washington coat of arms. Four cream-colored horses obeyed the guiding hand of the colored driver, who was dressed in livery of the Washington



At Valley Forge.

colors, trimmed with much gold braid. The picture given in this issue shows the coach as it appeared when brought out about fifty years after Washington's death.

Besides receptions, there were many formal dinners given by the President and his wife and other entertainments. While in New York both were fond of taking trips for a day or two over on Long Island, through Flatbush, Hempstead and Flushing, or up the Hudson, into Westchester County, to be free for a time from the cares of their position. Both Washington and his wife were regular in their church attendance.

THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE PARTY.



—From American Home Monthly.

Women's Realm

Smallest Belt in World.

Mlle. Polaire, one of the most popular and attractive women in Paris, is said to have the smallest waist in the world. She is remarkable, too, for her fondness for cosmetics. She even colors her gums and her tongue. Her face being made to look as white as possible and her eyes and hair being dark, the combination is as odd as, in her case, is fascinating. As an actress she is unique in certain roles.—New York World.

Athletic Countess Wins Race.

The Italian and Austro-Hungarian newspapers have been full of accounts of a remarkable society cycle race at Rome, Italy, in which Countess Ilona Bethlen beat the beautiful and athletic Princess Letitia, Dowager Duchess of Aosta, a fervent devotee of the wheel, as well as Signora Barato, the most famous professional woman cyclist in Italy. The last-named, it is said, was promised \$5000 by a well-known firm of cycle manufacturers provided she came in first. Signora Barato, however, was beaten by both her titled rivals. The winner of the race was the youngest of the ladies. She is the daughter of the well-known Count Andreas Bethlen.

College Girls as Innkeepers.

Two young women, graduates of Wellesley, have earned comfortable incomes in the last ten years from a tearoom in the village near the college. The idea sprang from the need they themselves experienced for a resting place and a stimulating cup when shopping in the village. Before their graduation they rented quarters, and after leaving college, gave their attention to the little place. The success of the venture was great. Now the tearoom has been incorporated under the name Wellesley Inn. The inn is exclusively for women, especially for the Wellesley students.

Baked Beans.

A reader asks for our recipe for baked beans. To a pint of beans I use a small roast of fresh pork, a couple of pounds. See that all imperfect beans are removed, then wash and put on to boil in plenty of water. The pork and salt may be added at the same time. As soon as the beans are tender, add two tablespoonfuls of molasses and more salt if necessary, and if this quantity of molasses does not make them as sweet as liked, add more to suit taste. Pour the beans in a shallow pan, place pork on top, cover with another pan, and bake them three or four hours. Watch that they do not get too dry, as even tender, well-cooked beans will get hard if not kept moist. If one has a bean pot, use it to bake them in.

Gold and Brown.

One of the combinations coming into first style for indoor gowns is bronze satin. It is used for an Empire skirt that reaches to the bust, and above this is a bodice of bronze sequins mixed with gold thread, run on brown net.

Don't Marry, She Says.

Mrs. Eloise Ketcham, of New Haven, Conn., went to Chicago to preach to the women on the uselessness of matrimony. She admits having sacrificed herself three times on the altar of matrimony. Divorce followed quickly, and Mrs. Ketcham is still only thirty, blond and pretty. Her favorite ground is incompatibility of temperament.

Sewing a Cure For Nervousness.

Now that an eminent specialist has asserted sewing is conducive to quiet and well-ordered nerves, it is probable many women will renew their interest in the art of the needle. But it is not likely a majority of women active in society will follow the specialist's advice, for they have time only for the quest of pleasure. However, society women are only a small factor in the feminine world, and to many others the words of the specialist will come as a timely warning. Sewing has been neglected since the time of our mothers. There are comparatively few women who now pride themselves upon their skill with the needle. On the contrary, interest has been given to trashy novels, trashy plays, bridge and other diversions. This specialist says it is time for American women to call a halt to their nerve-racking pace, and points out truly they may find not only rest for their nerves, but positive pleasure, in embroidery or other kinds of needlework. He makes an important distinction, however. He warns women that quiet sewing, with the body well relaxed, is conducive to good health and even temper, but the plying of the needle under any strain, such as

poor light or a cramped position, is baneful in its effects. So welcome to the needle as a household implement once more! Was it not George Eliot in her wisdom who said that a woman never is more at home with herself than when she is sewing?—New York Press.

New Hair Ornaments.

Elaborateness has for some time been the note in hair arrangement. The winter showing of hair ornaments insists upon this note. Only an elaborate coiffure could support them or display them to advantage. Paris introduces a novelty in the way of barrettes. It is a huge affair compared to the barrettes that have been and still continue to be popular. It comes as long as five inches and as wide as three.

Vegetables as Medicines.

Carrots are excellent for gout. Cranberries correct the liver. Asparagus stimulates the kidneys. Watercress is an excellent blood purifier. Honey is a good substitute for cod liver oil. Parsnips possess the same virtues as sarsaparilla. Celery contains sulphur and helps to ward off rheumatism. Bananas are beneficial to sufferers from chest complaints. Celery is a nerve tonic; onions also are a tonic for the nerves. Best root is fattening and good for people who want to put on flesh. Tomatoes are good for torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people. Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia. Spinach has great aperient qualities and is far better than medicine for sufferers from constipation. The juice of a lemon is excellent for sore throat, but should not be swallowed, but used as a gargle.—American Cultivator.

Whipped Cream Sauce.

One tablespoonful butter, three-fourths cup sugar, two teaspoons cornstarch, one-half cup boiling water; cook until it thickens, remove from the stove, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and three-fourths cup of whipped cream; beat well together.

Main Cake.

Cream together one cup sugar and one-half cup butter (scant), one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar and two cups flour sifted together, one egg thoroughly beaten with the butter and sugar, one cup sour milk, a little salt. Flavor as desired.

Chocolate Cake.

Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, three and a half cups flour, five eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful extract vanilla. Cream butter and sugar, add the yolks of five eggs and the whites of two, milk and sifted flour and baking powder. Bake in jelly cake tins.

Scenes For 5 O'clock Tea.

Six ounces flour, two ounces butter, one-fourth pint milk, level teaspoonful of baking powder, pinch of salt; mix baking powder with flour and salt, and rub with it the butter; add milk; roll out, cut into little rounds; bake in hot oven a light brown; split and butter and serve at once.

Household Matters

Two "Home Hints."

Here are two home hints that I have told to many of my friends, and they think they are fine. They may interest other housekeepers. If you wish to keep any kind of green salads over night to use next day wet a cloth well with fresh water and roll it up. Next day you will find it as fresh as the day you bought it. Here is another. If at any time your oven does not brown your bread, cake or pies on the top, turn out your burners from the oven and put your pies, etc., under the burners, where your broiler is, and they will turn brown.—Mrs. E. Cartier, in the New York World.

An Odd Milk Test.

One clever housekeeper has learned to outwit a milkman, whom she suspected of diluting his stock of milk. She kept in her kitchen a fine steel knitting needle, which was always in a high state of polish.

Rag Carpet Rugs.

There is quite a revival, these days of old-fashioned rag rugs. The carpet made of strips of cloth has been in use for some time, even in smart houses built in the country. This kind of carpet is not especially fit for city houses.

Shields Inlaid with Silver Gilt or Silver or encrusted with a design in brilliant are among the more expensive order.

Many of the large barrettes do not follow the severe oblong model but

Now the rag rug has come into its own again. The favorite ones are little mat rugs that are so widely used as do its all over a room. These are put before the bureau, in front of the cheval glass, at the side of a bed, in front of the bath tub and under chairs.

They are made in artistic designs and colorings and are quite within the purse of the woman of small means.—New York Times.

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Teaching Necessities.

God's face is not our gifts, but we do need it as a guide.

When the Lord is our glory, the glory of the Lord is ours.

The best way to be worthy of a good Father is to fulfill His work.

Sacred places serve to remind us of the sacredness of all places.

No nation can be a nation where the symbols of the higher life are despised.

If we would have all places sacred we must be ready to sacrifice everywhere.

When the church itself is an altar, there is no question as to the fire coming down.

God's face is often seen most clearly when we seek Him in company with our fellows.

Often the reason the church has nothing in it for us is that we have put nothing into it.

When all the life is an offering, there is no difficulty about the offerings being in the hands.

It's strange that the people who talk of worshiping God in nature, where to take a rod and gun with them.—Henry F. Cope.

One of Our Worst Failures.

I am quite clear that one of our worst failures is in the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life, and do just what we did before, because everybody does it; and because our fathers and mothers did it; all of which may be the very reason why we should not do it. There is no station of life and no place of one's home, where, if he wants to enlarge his life in caring for people outside himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall extend indefinitely. And yet the man who waters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life.—Phillips Brooks.

A Crooked Path.

It's a crooked path you will be making if you try to win the devil's applause and the divine approval at the same time.

The Whole Armor.

The devil will not waste many darts on the man who has on the whole armor of God.

All-Penetrating Glory.

Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the One breaks in everywhere.—Emerson.

OTHER FISH TO FRY.

"Ma'am, here's a man at the door with a parcel for you."

"What is it, Bridget?"

"It's a fish, ma'am, and it's marked C. O. D."

"Then make the man take it straight back to the dealer. I ordered trout."—Baltimore American.

THE MASCULINE POSITION.

"You'd never own up if you were in the wrong."

"I would too—only I'd never in the wrong."—Cleveland Leader.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

WHAT THERE IS TO LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me, For those that know me true, For the Heaven that smiles above me, And waits my coming too.

Suppose, for the cause that needs assistance, For the wrongs that need resistance, For the future in the distance, For the good that I can do.

Suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment the souls of our complicated, tangled, artificial modern life. Suppose that, instead of increasing their wants and their desires, instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-a-brac that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath, instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose, instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking." Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them, and Christ died for them, and Heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendor of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the songs of the birds, the sweetness of flowers, the wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action and motion, the refreshment of sleep, the charm of music, the blessing of human love and friendship—rejoice in all these without fear or misgiving, because they come from God, and because Christ has sanctified them all by His presence and touch!—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Dr. Frank Crane's Epigrams.

Samson's strength lay in his hair; Jesus' power came from God. This striking picture shows the growth of the ideal.

It is enough for us to know that Samson's secret of power was, for him, tied up in the seven locks of his head. And if he thought so, it was so—to him. It is a psychological problem, not a physical one.

The oldest Philistine is the devil; as he says to Faust: "I am the spirit that continually denies;" the youngest is Bernard Shaw.

Fakirs succeed in proportion as they imitate self-assertiveness. In the fog at sea we want to hear, not the chant of the sailors nor the lapping of the sea, but the foghorn.

All successful fakirs are loud blowers of the foghorn; Dowle, to wit.

If you would hold the crowd to-day, you must suppress your doubts; if you would have a crowd to-morrow, you must honor them.

It might be said that the manner is more important than the matter of faith. How we believe is more essential than what we believe.

It is as bad not to correct our ideals and adjust them to our development as it is to have no ideals.

Our ideals rise with the natural increase of our experience; they enlarge with the growth of our intelligence, our affection and our rational force.—From Sermon on "Growth in Ideals," by Dr. Frank Crane, in Union Church, Worcester, Mass.

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