

FAMOUS HISTORIC PRESIDENTIAL CHINA

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—Mrs. Roosevelt, in response to requests from women in all parts of the country, has decided to place on permanent public exhibition in the great East Room of the Presidential mansion, where it may be seen by the people of Washington, the famous and historic White House china, embracing probably the most attractive series of souvenirs of the various administrations of our Government. The First Lady of the Land could have taken no action which would be more popular with the great majority of her sisters in all parts of Uncle Sam's domain. The latest set of women in pretty china, artistically decorated, is inherent and instinctive, and naturally, for all lovers of handsome tableware the precious heirlooms at the White House hold a double attraction.

For some time past Mrs. Roosevelt has been deluged with requests from women in all parts of the country that the valuable and historic Presidential china be placed where visitors to Washington could catch a glimpse of it. Women visitors to the White House during the four hours daily during which the Executive Mansion is open to the public, almost without exception ask the ushers and other attaches to allow them to have a peep at the china selected by the Nation's various first ladies. Inasmuch as all this tableware is locked up in the china closets in the butler's pantry and in the steward's store-room in the basement and other private portions of the house, it has been impossible to grant these requests.

During the past year many women, relying upon the proverbial kind-heartedness of the present mistress of the White House, have appealed to Mrs. Roosevelt by letter to have the hidden treasures placed on view, and this she has finally consented to do. Ranged in specially constructed glass cases the historic china, which has now been almost totally displaced by Mrs. Roosevelt's mammoth new dinner service, will constitute a permanent exhibit and a source of interest to all visitors to the National Capital, no matter at what season of the year they may come to Washington or whether or not the President and his family are at the White House at the time.

Although not generally known, the idea of placing the White House china on exhibition for the benefit of the children of the nation was first suggested by Mrs. Harrison, soon after she took up her residence at the White House. Unfortunately she was not able to carry out the project, but in a sense she left the idea to Mrs. Roosevelt, who took the keenest interest in the historic White House tableware, did more to save the old pieces from destruction



MRS. GRANT'S PLATE.

FAMOUS LINCOLN PUNCH BOWL.

SPECIMEN OF THE FAMOUS LINCOLN CHINA.

than any other mistress of the Presidential mansion. For one thing she did not allow the oldest of the china to be used and rescued from the attic many discarded but very interesting pieces, which she had restored.

A Dolly Madison Plate.

One of the prize exhibits in Mrs. Roosevelt's new china show is a Dolly Madison plate—the sole remaining piece of the china of that famous hostess now remaining at the White House. The decoration is in gold and blue, and the ornamentation is among the most artistic to be found on any of the White House china. The center of the plate is occupied by a medallion outlined in gold and filled with tiny gold stars. Around the rim are alternating bands of blue and gold encircled by tiny golden stars. The fact that the British soldiers destroyed nearly all the Madison china when they burned the White House lends a peculiar interest to this memento of a most picturesque period of White House history.

The collection which Mrs. Roosevelt is

making up for display also contains some other mementos of our earlier Presidential Administrations, but for the most part it is confined to china purchased during the past half century. Every piece shown is intact and perfect, which is in itself a circumstance sufficient to arouse the interest of china collectors who have flocked themselves upon the possession of fragments of the precious tableware, for, be it known, no perfect specimens of White House china have ever been allowed to leave the Executive Mansion. At intervals—most recently during the Cleveland Administration—small quantities of cracked, broken or otherwise damaged White House china have been sold at auction, and it is these injured bits of the gold stars. Around the rim are alternating bands of blue and gold encircled by tiny golden stars. The fact that the British soldiers destroyed nearly all the Madison china when they burned the White House lends a peculiar interest to this memento of a most picturesque period of White House history.

The contribution of the Grant Administration to this unique little exposition is in the form of specimens of the famous "flower service" which was used at Nelly Grant's wedding and on other notable occasions. Almost every piece of this entire service is different in ornamentation, the design embodying portrayals of practically every flower which grows on American soil. Although the floral ornamentation of each piece is unique, these decorations are in all cases framed in a wide band of buff, rimmed with gold, in which is set a miniature representation of the seal of the United States in gold.

Visitors to the White House can be depended upon to eagerly seek out the specimens of the famous Hayes dinner service—the noted china set costing thousands upon thousands of dollars, every piece of which was decorated with a distinctive design by Theodore Davis, the famous artist. This service, which is a Haviland, represents the fauna and flora of America and not only are the decorative studies unique in the case of each separate piece, but the china itself is fashioned in odd shapes. For instance, the

oyster plate is made of five oyster shells; the fish plates are each in the form of a scallop shell; the fruit plates were modeled from the leaf of the American wild apple; and the tea cups are shaped like a Mandarin's hat, inverted. In each case the decoration is in colors that faithfully represent the subject portrayed. Not only do these subjects include a variety of flowers, fish, game, etc., but there are on many of the plates and platters still more pretentious subjects such as landscapes, hunting scenes, etc. The specimens of Mrs. Harrison's service evidence the fact that she was a woman of rare taste. The center of each plate and correspondingly prominent positions on other pieces are occupied by a representation of the seal of the United States in color, whereas the encircling border is in purple, affording an admirable background for gold tracery representing ears of corn, goldenrod and other products of the American soil.

White House visitors will fortunately have an opportunity to contrast these glories of past Administrations with the superb new china of simple Colonial design which Mrs. Roosevelt has selected for use at state dinners during the opening years of the 20th century. The decoration of the Roosevelt service is, save for the tiny seal of the United States in color, carried out in gold exclusively and the lines are for the most part very delicate. Although neither Mrs. Cleveland nor Mrs. McKinley exercised their prerogative by ordering a new dinner service, the china show at the White House affords indications of their taste, for each of these ladies purchased considerable china to fill in deficiencies due to the breakage of the pieces of the older service. Among these are breakfast plates with a dainty ornamentation of blue and gold selected by Mrs. Cleveland; McKinley reproductions of the Harrison china; and some plates, cups and saucers adorned in delicate pink which were personally selected by Mrs. McKinley.

WALDON FAWCETT.
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REFORM NEEDED IN THE DRILLING OF AN ARMY

Jerome K. Jerome Suggests a Plan of Politeness That Must Bring Good Results.

MY desire is to pass a peaceful and pleasant winter in Brussels, attending to my work, improving my mind. Brussels is a bright and cheerful town and I think I could succeed if it were not for the Belgian army. The Belgian army follows me about and worries me. Judging it from my own experience of it, I should say it was a good army. Napoleon laid it down as an axiom that your enemy never ought to be permitted to get away from you—never ought to be allowed to feel even for a moment, that he has shaken you off. What tactics the Belgian army might adopt under other conditions I am, of course, unable to say, but against me personally, this is the plan of campaign it has determined upon and carried out with a success that is astonishing even to myself. I find it utterly impossible to escape from the Belgian army. I choose the quietest and most unlikely streets. I choose all hours—early in the morning, in the afternoon, late in the evening. There are moments of wild exultation when I imagine I have given it the slip. I can't see it anywhere. I can't hear it. "Now," I say to myself, "now, for five minutes' quiet and peace." I have been doing it an injustice. It has been working around me, that is all. Approaching the next corner I hear the tattoo of its drum. Before I have gone another quarter of a mile I am in full pursuit of me. I jump upon a tram, I travel for miles. Then, thinking I have shaken it off, I alight and proceed upon my walk. Five minutes later, another detachment is upon my heels. I creep home, the Belgian army pursuing me with its exultant tattoo, I creep into my room and close the door; the victorious Belgian army marches back to barracks. It is too good for me. I confer it. My insular pride has vanished.

IF it would only follow me with a band! I like a band. I can loaf against a post, listening to a band with any one. I should not mind it so much if it came after me with a band. But the Belgian army apparently doesn't run to a band. It has nothing but this drum. It is not even a real drum—not what I call a drum. It is a little boy's drum—the sort of thing I used to play myself, at one time, until people took it away from me, and threatened that if they heard it once again that day they would break it over my own head. It is cowardly going about the street playing a drum of this sort where there is nobody to stop you. The man would not dare do it, if his mother was about. He does not even play it. He walks along tapping it with a little stick. There's no tune, there's no sense in it. He doesn't even keep time. I used to think at first, hearing it in the distance, that it was some young gambler who ought to be at school, or making himself useful taking the baby down in the perambulator; and I used to draw back in dismay, determined, as he came by, to pull his ear for him. To my astonishment—for the first week—I found it was the Belgian army, getting itself accustomed to the horrors of war. It is making of me a "peace-at-any-price" man. They tell me that these armies are necessary to preserve Europe. Europe, for myself, I should be willing to run the risk of an occasional row. Can't some one tell them that they are out of date—with their bits of feathers and plumes and ends of ironmongery—grown men that have to be sent out for a walk accompanied by a tin whistle and a drum out of a toy shop? I always think of him in connection with the "White Knight" out of "Alice in Wonderland." I take it that for practical purposes—to fight for your country, or to fight for somebody else's country, which is a line and turning your nose out is going to assist you under modern conditions of warfare is one of the many things my intellect is incapable of grasping. In medieval days, when men fought hand to hand, there must have been advantage in combined and precise movement. When armies were mere machines, the simple endeavor of each being to push the other off the earth

then the striking simultaneously with a thousand arms was part of the game. Now, when we shoot from behind cover, with smokeless powder, brains, not brute force, individual sense, not combined solidity, is surely the result to be aimed at. Cannot somebody, as I have suggested, explain to the military men, that the proper place for the drill sergeant, nowadays, is under a glass case in some museum of antiquities.

I lived once near the Hyde Park Barracks, and saw much of the drill-sergeant's method. Generally speaking, he is a fat man with the walk of an egotistical pigeon. His voice is one of the most extraordinary things in nature. If you can distinguish it from the bark of a dog, you are clever. They tell me that the privates after a little practice, can—which gives one a higher opinion of their intelligence than otherwise one might form. But myself, I doubt even this statement. I was the owner of a fine retriever dog about the time of which I am speaking, and sometimes he and I would amuse ourselves by watching Mr. Sergeant exercising his squad. One morning he had been shouting out the usual "Whoo-hoo, Whoo-hoo!" for about ten minutes, and all had hitherto gone well. Suddenly and evidently to his intense astonishment, the squad turned their backs upon him and commenced to walk towards the Serpentine. "Halt!" yelled the sergeant, the instant his amazed indignation permitted him to speak. The squad halted. "Who the thunder, and

trained him. That was his natural voice. I suggested to the War Office authorities that instead of quarrelling with my dog for talking his own language, they should train their sergeants to use English. They would not see it. Unpleasantness was in the air, and living where I did at the time, I thought it better to part with Columbus. I could see what the War Office was driving at, and I did not desire that responsibility for the inefficiency of the British Army should be laid on my door.

Some 20 years ago we were in London, passing through a riotous period, and call was made to law-abiding citizens to enroll themselves as special constables. I was young and the hope of trouble appealed to me more than it does now. In company with 500 or 600 of more or less respectable citizens, I found myself one Sunday morning in the drill yard of the Albany Barracks. It was the opinion of the authorities that we could guard our homes and protect our wives and children better if, first of all, we learned to roll our "eyes right or left, at the given word of command, and to march with our thumbs stuck out. Accordingly a drill sergeant was appointed to instruct us on these points. He came out of the canteen, flung his mouth, and with a flicking of his leg according to rule with the regulation cane. But, as he approached us, his expression changed. We were stout, pompous-looking gentlemen, the majority of us, in frock coats and silk hats. The sergeant was a man

the distance another foot, if you please, gentlemen." In pleasant manner like this, the drill proceeded. "Now, then, gentlemen, shall we try a little walk? Quick march! Thank you, gentlemen. Sorry to trouble you, but it may be necessary to run—forward, I mean, of course. So if you really do not mind, we will now do the double quick. . . . Halt! . . . And if next time you can keep a little more in line, it has a more impressive appearance, if you understand me. The breathing comes with practice."

If the thing must be done at all, why should it not be done in this way? Why should not the sergeant address the new recruits politely? "Now, then, you young chaps, are you all ready? Don't hurry yourselves, no need to make hard work of what should be a pleasure to all of us. That is all right, that's very good. Indeed, considering that you are only novices. There is still something to be desired in your attitude. Private Bulbyboy. You will excuse my being personal, but are you knock-kneed naturally? Or could you with an effort, do you think, contrive to give yourself less the appearance of a marionette whose strings have got loose? Thank you, that's better. These little things, they appear trivial. I know, but after all, we may as well try and look our best. Don't you like your boots, Private of Montgomery? Oh, I thought, from the way you were bending down and looking at them that perhaps their appearance was disatisfying to you. My mistake. Are you suffering from indigestion, my poor fellow? Shall I get you a little brandy? Well, what's the matter with it then? It's nothing to be ashamed of. We've all got one. Let it come forward, man. Let's see it." Having succeeded with a few such kindly

may be worth, with my compliments to Pail Mail.

From the mound of Waterloo one can form a very good notion of what battles, under former conditions, must have been like. The other battlefields of Europe are rapidly disappearing, useful Dutch canals, as Carlyle would have pointed out with justifiable satisfaction, hiding the theater of man's childish folly. You find, generally speaking, cobblers happily employed in cobbling shoes, women gossiping cheerfully over the washbasin on the spot where 100 years ago, according to the guide book, 1000 men, dressed in blue, rushed, like quarrelsome fox-terriers, against 1000 men dressed in red, and worried each other to death. But the plain of Waterloo is little changed. The guide whose grandfathers were present at the battle—so he always tells you—can point out to you the ground across which every charge was delivered, can show you every ridge, still existing, behind which the infantry crouched. The whole business was begun and finished within a space little larger than a square mile. One can understand the advantage to be derived then from the perfect moving of the military machine, the uses of the cohorts of the purpose of the linked battalions, the manipulation of center, left wing and right wing. Then it may have been worth while—if war be ever worth the while, which grown men of sense are beginning to doubt—to waste two years of a soldier's training teaching him the goosestep. In the 20th century teaching soldiers the evolutions of the Thirty Years War is about as sensible as it would be leading our ironclads by canals. I followed once a company of volunteers across Blackfriars Bridge on their way from Southwark to the Temple. At the bottom of Ludgate Hill the com-

Higher Aims of the Drama

E. H. Sothern, in Success.

ACTING itself, given a good play, is nothing more than a struggle for ideals. After speech and gesture and expression and standing and walking on the stage are mastered, there comes that eagerness of an actor to make the people see in the lines what he sees, and to feel what he feels, which lashes him at every performance. To feel so deeply the meaning and intensity of one's lines, and then to hear oneself, for all one's trying, saying the words coldly, leaving the faces in the audience unmoved. Oh, the constant failure of even the most finished actor to stir an audience as he is stirred! The ordinary three hours' performance of most plays is a three-hour struggle of men and women to make people feel, and a three-hour failure to reach their ideals. Ideals? They are about the head of every worthy actor as plain as is the calcium itself. My point is that these ideals of acting are not alone ideals for personal success. They are for the people—that the people's hearts be stirred—stirred to imagination, to fancy, to judgment, to perception of the portrayal of life with its evil and its magnificent good!

The voices of the stage reach more people every night in the year than the churches reach on any Sunday. Is it, then, possible for men and women to contend that, with a chance for influence like this, the function of the stage is not to influence? It seems incredible to me. Would a play be possible in which the plant understanding of the ways of sorrow, of deceit, of treachery, of kindness, of loyalty, of love—all this is expected of any dramatic play, and there is no doubt in the minds of many that the drama makes for righteousness! The very laws of successful playwriting ought to prove conclusively that a play must teach morality. Would a play be possible in which the "villain" came triumphantly off, his machinations all successful, the leading woman his wife? The adventures succeeded in bringing the heroine to discomfiture? Does murder or theft or baseness of any sort ever go unpunished in the drama? A play in which these rules of melodrama, if self do not obtain could not run a week on Broadway; the boxes and parquets as one man would lift up their voices with the gallery gods and the critics to denounce it. Could there be any better proof in the world of what the public demands of its stage, and what the stage must present?

Where Breeding Is Shown

Mrs. Burton Kingsland in Success.

EVERY daughter of Eve, or at least every one who belongs to that branch of her family that eventually became American—is fond of pretty clothes, as an adjunct in the furtherance of the natural desire to please, an instinct implanted by a beneficent Creator—but not every girl knows that her breeding is shown in her clothes, and that fine ones do not make her a lady nor impose upon any one by making her appear to be one. Cheap finery not only betrays poverty, which it is unnecessary to confide to the world at large, which regards it most unsympathetically, and not only proclaims ignorance of good taste, but lays a girl open to misconception and possible identification with the least worthy of her sex. We are not all amenable to a well-modulated voice. When our desires clash with our sense of oughtness, it depends upon the quality of our make-up which shall prevail. Another evidence of gentle breeding is a well-modulated voice. Thomas Wentworth Higginson said, "Shut me up in a dark room with a mixed multitude, and I can pick out the gentlefolks by their voices."

In the compass of every voice there

are three registers—the middle or throat, the lower or chest, and the upper or head register. The use of the middle pitch for talking is very desirable, but the voice should be trained to slide up and down, varying with the emotions; low, when the mood inclines toward seriousness, and higher when it becomes tinged with excitement. An interesting speaker constantly changes his pitch; not abruptly, but with ease and skill, and the greater range one has the more certain he is to get and retain the pleasant attention of listeners. Our high-pitched, strident voices are sharply criticized, and it is quite within our power to change them.

I confess to liking a bit of slang now and then from a young man, and many sounds rattle, adds snap and spice, and is used judiciously, and a few of its terms are witty and expressive, but when a girl uses slang it only sounds common. What is becoming to one sex is not necessarily so to the other.

When we see a woman who laughs and talks loudly in public places, we pity a severe strain upon our charity. Judgment not to think her vulgar. When to the conventional "How do you do?" she replies, "Fine!" we know on just what rung of the social ladder to place her.

Hints for the Housewife

RUB light gloves with fine bread crumbs after each time of wearing. If you allow them to get very dirty, home cleaning is seldom a success, but treated in this way they will look nice for quite a long time.

A teapot which is only occasionally used should be kept in a cool place, and should then have a jump or two of sugar placed in it before it is put away. This will prevent the pot acquiring a musty smell.

Burning oil cannot be extinguished by water. The water only serves to spread the flames. The right thing to do is to throw down flour, and or earth. Thus the area of the conflagration is limited and the fire extinguished.

In moderately priced oil lamps green bronze is found in many new and artistic shapes. The vases of these lamps are shaped like Greek urns, peasant water bottles, Dutch milk cans, and low, flat vases of no particular school. Dull finished brass, lacquered, is also popular at the lamp counter.

Doughnuts or biscuits may be heated "amais as good as new" by putting them in a whole paper bag, sprinkling in a few drops of water, twisting the ends, putting in the oven, raised a little from the bottom on a grate. The oven must be very hot.

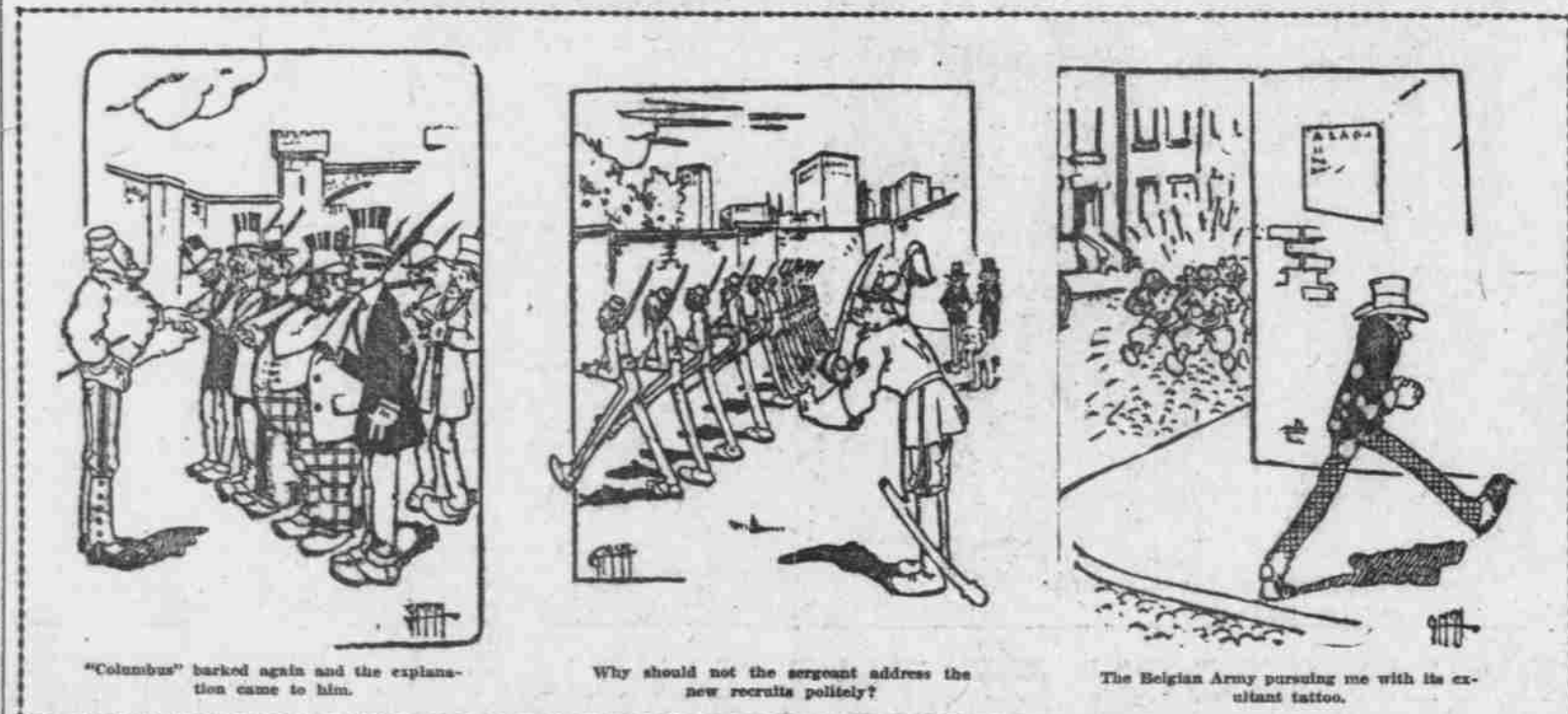
New autumns may be distinguished from the last year's supply by scraping the surface with the finger. If new, the oil will moisten the spot at once. Mace, when new, is also oily. It should always

be purchased whole and ground as needed. Honey is a valuable medicine and has many uses. It is excellent in most lung and throat affections, and is often used with great benefit in place of cod liver oil. Occasionally there is a person of whom it does not agree, but most people can learn to use it with beneficial results. Children who have natural appetites generally prefer it to butter. Honey is laxative and sedative, and in diseases of the bladder and kidneys it is an excellent remedy.

When furnishing use the same pattern carpet in all bedrooms; then, when a severe strain upon our charity. Judgment not to think her vulgar. When to the conventional "How do you do?" she replies, "Fine!" we know on just what rung of the social ladder to place her.

To color green, take parsley leaf wash dry and pound in a mortar until juice is extracted. Strain into a cup, put the cup in a vessel filled with hot water, so that the juice will get hot. Few drops will color a pale green. It keeps about three days.

Though never grudging a hard day's work where duty demands it, there are many ways by which we can lighten our burden and make our work less tiresome. Instance, when a big ironing has to be done, what a comfort and relief to the feet to use a cushion to stand upon during the doing of it. It can be made up from an old quilt folded and covered by a piece of carpet. Until it has been tried, no one can believe the rest to tired feet.



"Columbus" barked again and the explanation came to him.

Why should not the sergeant address the new recruits politely?

The Belgian Army pursuing me with its exultant tattoo.

the blaze, and other things, told you to do that!" The squad looked bewildered, but said nothing and were brought back to where they were before. A minute later, precisely the same thing occurred again. I really thought the sergeant would burst. I was preparing to hasten to the barracks for medical aid. But the paragon passed. Calling upon the combined forces of heaven and hell to sustain him in his trouble, he requested his squad, as man to man, to inform him of the reason why to all appearance they were dispensing with his services and drilling themselves. At this moment "Columbus" barked again, and the explanation came to him. "Please go away, sir," he requested me. "How can I exercise my men with that dundum of yours interfering every five minutes?" It was not only on that occasion. It happened at other times. The dog seemed to understand and take a pleasure in it. Sometimes meeting a soldier walking with his sweetheart, Columbus, hidden behind my legs, would bark suddenly. Immediately the man would let go the girl and proceed involuntarily to perform military tricks. The War Office authorities, accused me of having trained the dog. I had not

with a sense of the fitness of things. The idea of shouting and swearing at us fell from him, and that gone, there seemed no happy medium left to him. The stiff-necked departed from his back. He met us with a deferential attitude and spoke to us in the language of social intercourse. "Good morning, gentlemen," said the sergeant. "Good morning," we replied, and there was a pause. The sergeant nodded upon his feet. We waited. "Well now, gentlemen," said the sergeant, "a little further forward, number three, if you don't mind, sir," he suggested. Number three, who was a stout gentleman, stepped forward. The sergeant cast his critical eye along the front of the first line. "A little further back, if you don't mind, sir," he suggested, addressing the third gentleman from the end. "Can't," explained the third gentleman. "Much as I can do to keep where I am." The sergeant cast his critical eye between the lines. "Ah!" said the sergeant, "a little full-chested, some of us. We will make

words in getting his line into order, he would proceed to recommend healthy exercise. "Shoulder arms! Good, gentlemen, very good for a beginning. But still, if I may be critical, not yet perfect. There is more in this thing than you might imagine, gentlemen. May I point out to Private Henry Thompson that a musket carried across the shoulder at right angles is apt to inconvenience the gentleman behind. Even from the point of view of his own comfort, I feel sure that Private Thompson would do better to follow the usual custom in this matter. I would also suggest to Private St. Leonard that we are not here to practice the sort of balancing a heavy musket on the outstretched palm of the hand. Private St. Leonard's performance with a musket is decidedly clever, but it is not war. Believe me, gentlemen, this thing has been carefully worked out, and no improvement is likely to result from individual effort. Let our idea be uniformity. It is monotonous, but it is safe. Now, then, gentlemen, once again. The drill yard would be turned into a source of innocent delight to thousands. "Officers and gentlemen" would become a phrase of meaning. I present the idea, for what it

manding officer, a young, but conscientious gentleman, ordered "Left Wheel!" At once the vanguard turned down a narrow alley—I forgot its name which would have led the troop into the parlour of Wolfe's, where, in all probability, they would have been lost forever. The whole troop had to be halted, right about faced, and marched back 100 yards. Then the order "Quick march!" was given. The vanguard shot across Ludgate Circus and were making for the Meat Market. At this point that young commanding officer gave up being a military man and talked sense. "Not that way," he shouted, "up Fleet street." And without further trouble the army of the future went upon its way.

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True as Steel.

Judge.

"He's absolutely loyal to the organization, isn't he?" "Absolutely. Why, he'd follow the organization even if it was in favor of decent government."

Columbia has a population of about 4,000,000, including Indians.