

## PRESIDENTS' PORTRAITS.

## Where They Are Hung in the White House.

[FROM THE TRIBUNE BUREAU.]

Washington, Oct. 29.—Senator Bailey and other Democratic orators of similar calibre have recently taken advantage of the fact that many people cannot come to Washington and see the White House for themselves to circulate in the more remote parts of the country statements which are utterly without foundation. For instance, Mr. Bailey declares that President Roosevelt has removed all the portraits of his predecessors to the basement of the White House, has filled the main floor parlors and corridors with skins, firearms and armor and trophies of the chase, and has otherwise destroyed the entire historical character and appearance of the White House. That such is not the case must be evident from the fact that twenty portraits of former Presidents hang on the walls of the Red Room, the Green Room, the main and upper corridors, etc. Not a skin is to be seen on the floors of the White House, nor is there a piece of armor in evidence. The only firearms in the White House are two rifles belonging to the President, which are in his private study. The only trophies of the chase are the fine heads which hang on the panelled walls of the state dining room, and which are beautiful specimens of the fauna of this country.

"Why, this looks like folks are living here!" remarked a visitor to Washington the other day on seeing the Red and Green rooms of the White House. No studied effort could more accurately describe the homelike atmosphere of the White House since Mrs. Roosevelt became its mistress than the homely expression of the chance visitor.

The Red and Green rooms look as though they were occupied, as though they were part of a home and not merely state chambers for formal receptions and entertainments. The Red Room is the most inviting of the White House parlors. An attractive arrangement of the furniture gives somewhat the effect of an inglenook before the handsome fireplace. The red walls and furnishings are bright and warm, and the occasional table or tabourette gives the effect of a room that is not only occupied, but, when occupied, is homelike. A book here and there, a few knick knacks, even, tell the tale of its last occupant and suggest something of the personality of the White House family. On the walls of this room hang the portraits of George and Martha Washington, old fashioned and suggesting the possibility of their being ancestors of the present occupants. In this room, too, are the portraits of Presidents Madison, Monroe and John Adams, of Thomas Jefferson, U. S. Grant and old "Zach" Taylor.

Slightly less homelike in its appearance, although still suggesting the idea of occupancy and comfort, is the Green Room. Its color scheme is slightly chilly in fall and winter, although it offers a cool and restful retreat in the long hot season. A little cabinet with various dainty trifles makes manifest the feminine proprietorship, and on the table are a few books, not stiffly arranged as if for show, but with their somewhat worn binding inviting the loiterer to open them and giving promise of an interesting hour. Only the severe aspect of some former Presidents as they gaze down from the Green Room walls tends to prevent the visitor from sinking into the inviting sofa pillows and picking up a book. It is in this room that one of the best executed portraits in the White House hangs. It is that of James Buchanan, well placed with an excellent light on the refined but not strong face.

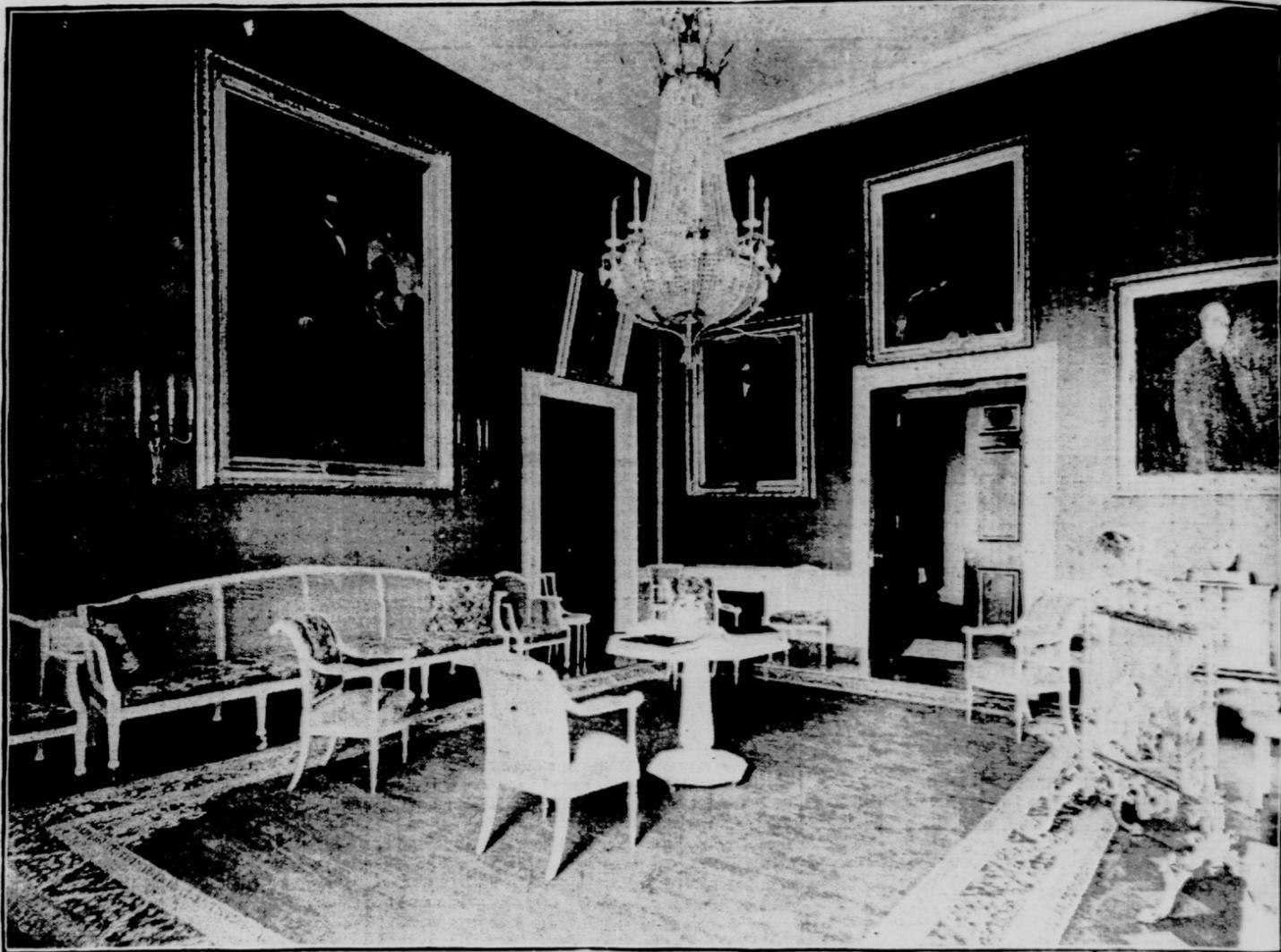
Here also are hung the portraits of Andrew Jackson, of Martin Van Buren, Franklin Pierce, Andrew Johnson, John Quincy Adams, Rutherford B. Hayes and, larger than all others, the giant figure and fine likeness of Abraham Lincoln, whose full length is depicted, with the dome of the Capitol in the distance.

The removal of the great, incongruous screen from the front corridor has restored to the White House one of its stateliest apartments. This screen, ornate in itself but entirely out of harmony with its surroundings, was erected in President Arthur's administration and was made necessary because of the increased use of a portion of the White House as a public office; but its presence destroyed one of the finest effects of the original designer and converted the stately corridor into a mediocre hall. Now it has all been removed and the great corridor restored.

At one end of this corridor is the East Room, closed on ordinary occasions, giving a cold reception to the small groups of visitors who daily inspect its great proportions, its white and gold decorations, beautiful but chilling, save when on the occasion of musicals or large receptions its barrenness is relieved by the throngs who flock to the White House to enjoy the Roosevelt hospitality.

Between the Green and Red Rooms is the Blue Room. Its decorations are pleasing to the eye and by daylight the several windows offer a most attractive view of the White House grounds. But this room is chiefly used for the small but formal entertainments, the diplomatic receptions, etc., and on ordinary occasions it is unable to unbend from the somewhat formal attitude it assumes at such times. It is manifestly not a living room.

At the west end of the great corridor is the state dining room, the door flanked on each



VIEW OF THE GREEN ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The portraits hanging on the walls are, beginning at the left: Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Martin Van Buren, Andrew Jackson and James Buchanan. (Copyright, 1904, by Detroit Photographic Company.)

side by portraits of Presidents Harrison and Arthur, while at the opposite end, as if guarding the entrance to the East Room, are portraits of Presidents Garfield and Cleveland. In the central portion of the corridor are the portraits of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, both excellent likenesses. In the corridor on the second floor hang the portraits of Presidents Fillmore and Grant and a small picture of Jefferson.

In the lower corridor, which is reached by a handsome marble staircase, is Chartrand's portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt, an excellent likeness, and along the walls range the likenesses of many former mistresses of the White House, most of them full or three-quarter length and affording the women of this day a whole sermon on the changes of fashion, a lesson feminine visitors to the White House seldom fail to appreciate. Here, too, are the cabinets exhibiting the various sets of White House china, an interesting collection in itself. Off in the lower corridor are the comfortably appointed cloak-rooms reserved for the diplomats at the state entertainments, and used by the ordinary world at less formal receptions and dinners.

In one respect the visitor to the White House may be disappointed. Aside from some splendid antlered heads on the dark panelled walls of the state dining room, no trophies of the chase are to be seen. The widely advertised skins and rugs, like the famous skin of the little Mississippi bear which the President did not shoot, exist only in the imagination.

## THEY WEAR LONG HAIR.

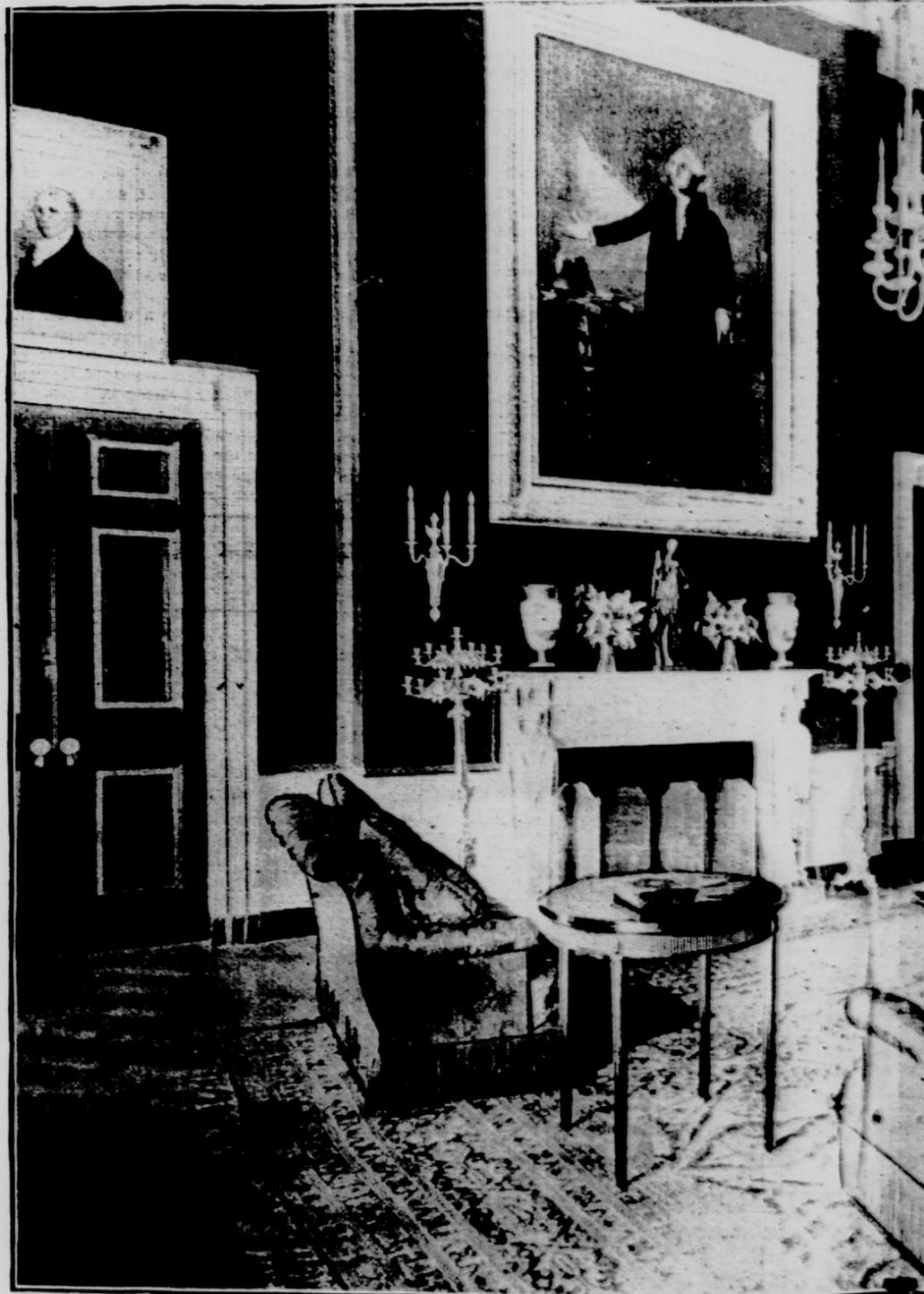
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in the future," said the older man, ignoring the unkind personal reference. "The day of the queue is passing. Notice that fellow over there, the one in the cutaway suit? His hair has been cut."

"It looks to me as though he wore a wig," observed the woman.

"So he does," declared the younger man. "I happen to know him. He is one of the local officers of the Chinese Reform Society, which is advocating cutting off queues among other things. If a young Chinaman came to him for advice he would without hesitation send him to the barber's for an American hair cut. If you took off his wig, however, you would find his own queue tightly rolled around his head. He is not taking any chances. If the Reform Society should not succeed, the Chinese who have sacrificed their queues would find themselves in an unpleasant situation. So he gives the movement his support by wearing a wig and urging others to visit the barber."

"I tell him he is overcautious, for the queue will gradually disappear, at least so far as Chinese in this country are concerned. A few years ago Mr. Chinaman would have you believe that his pigtail was the tag to his soul and that without it he could never be pulled into paradise when he died. Another reason he gave for not cutting his hair was that it would prevent his return to China, or that its loss



VIEW OF THE RED ROOM AT

The portraits hanging on the walls are, beginning at the left: James Monroe, George Washington, James Madison, Andrew Jackson and James Buchanan. (Copyright, 1904, by Detroit Photographic Company.)