

PLANT ADORNMENT OF THE WHITE HOUSE TERRACES

President Roosevelt Will Find a Great Change About the Executive Mansion Wrought by the Horticulturist and Florist When He Returns to Washington in a few Days, From the West.

WHEN President Roosevelt returns from his Pacific Coast trip a few days hence he will find completed, if no hitch occurs, the scheme of plant and flower adornment of the east and west terraces of the White House.

This work has been the subject of many conferences and plannings and drawings, and the execution of contracts, until finally there will be represented on these two annexes to the Executive Mansion a great outlay of experience and brains, with a generous alloy of United States coin.

A Roof Garden Effect.

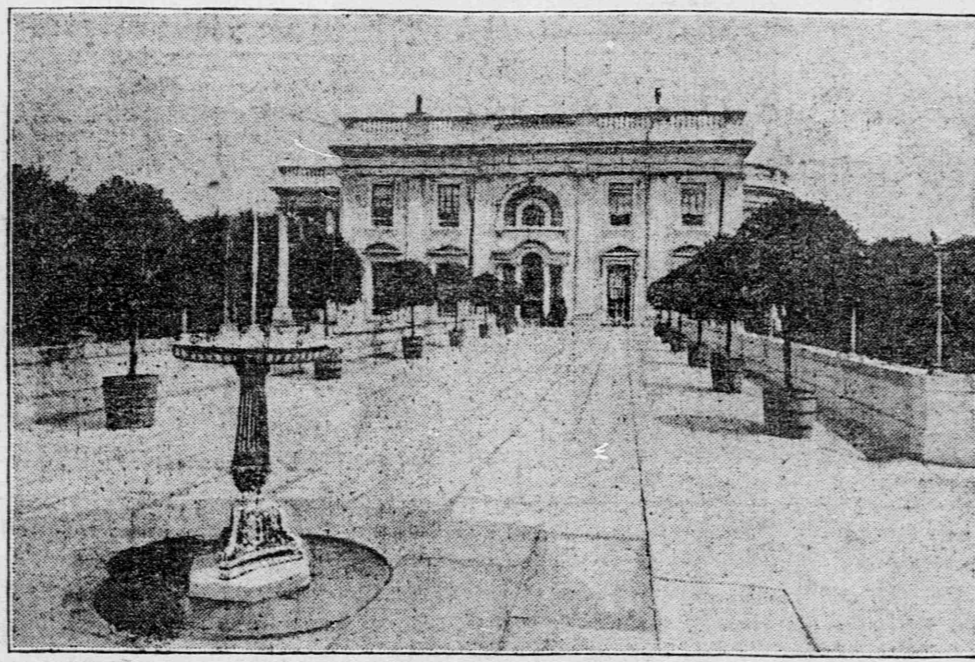
The photographs here reproduced show to advantage the good points of the terrace decoration. The chief comment favorably is the roof-garden effect secured by the accident of relative height between the terrace floors and the roofs of the Executive Office building on the west and the Treasury Building, opposite the east terrace. The floor of the terrace is in each case almost as high in the air as the roofs of the buildings mentioned, both of which are built on lower ground. The unobstructed grounds to the south of the mansion afford ample opportunity to intercept breezes from the river, and their cooling effect can be enjoyed practically all the time.

Fountains at Each End.

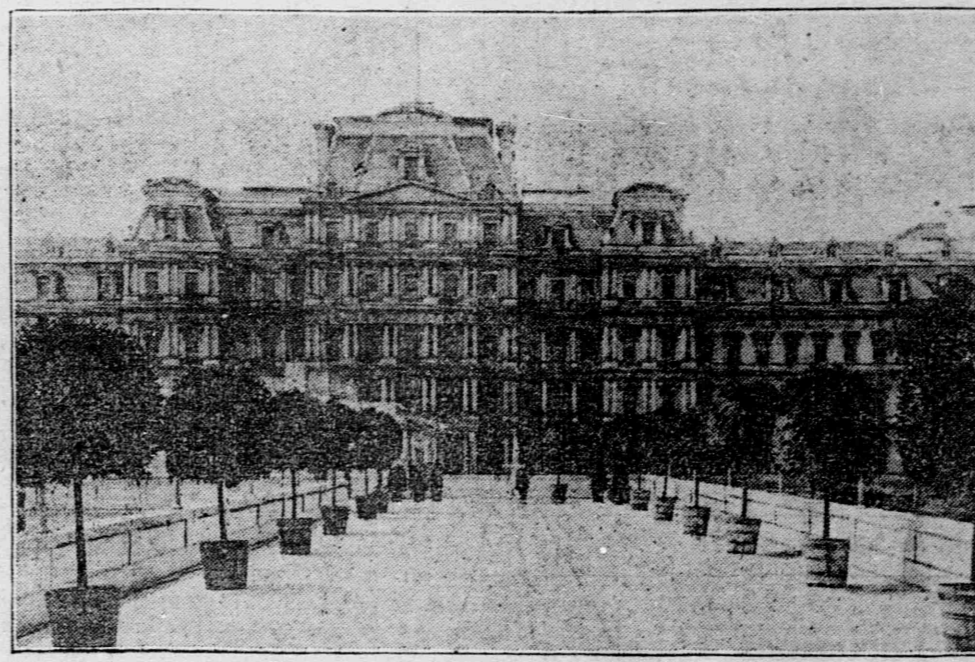
At the far end of each terrace is placed a small fountain, which is furnished with a stream of sufficient pressure to send a thin column of water twenty feet into the air. With less power a heavier stream can be elevated about ten feet, affording a spray effect whenever there is a sufficiently strong breeze. To suit any taste, there are other variations of pressure possible, down to a bubbling, gurgling, playful little stream.

Bay Trees From Holland.

The big tubs seen in the pictures hold the much-talked-of bay trees imported from Holland. They stand like grim



The West Terrace Looking From the President's Office.



The West Terrace, as Seen From the State Dining Room.

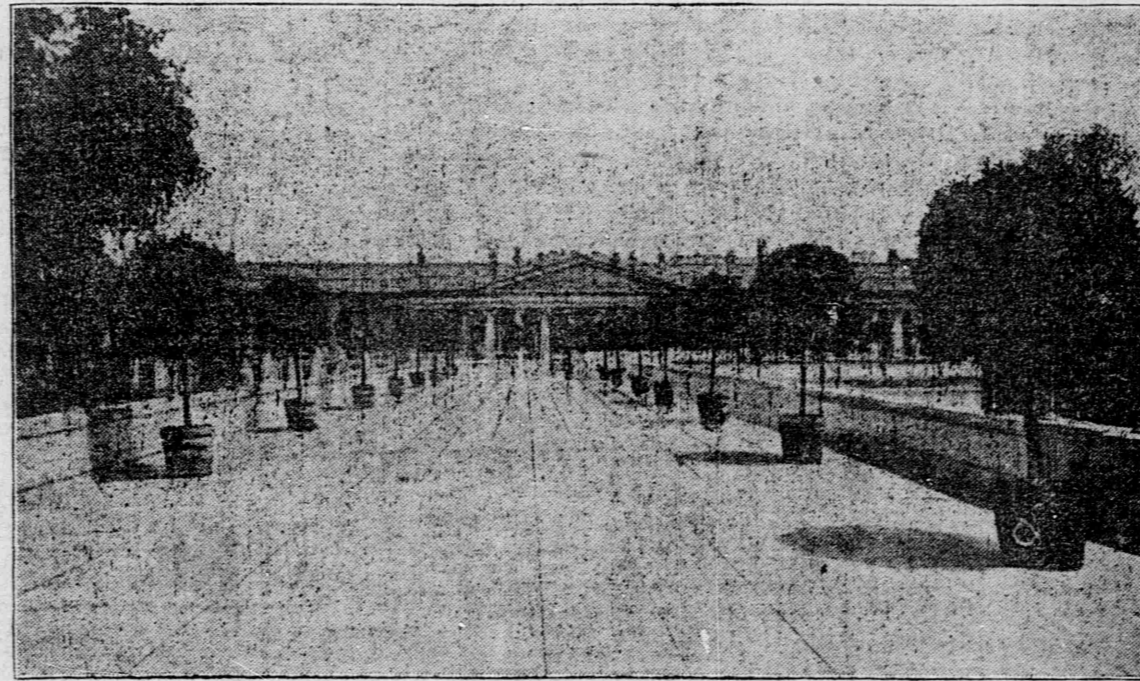
sentinels in line. In the distance in one picture can be seen some of the much-talked-about boxwood bushes. When their removal was attempted some weeks ago it was alleged that such action had been ordered by Architect McKim. The order was, however, countermanded by Mrs. Roosevelt, and its authorship was afterward denied by Mr. McKim.

The Convenient West Terrace.

The west terrace is probably the more interesting one of the two, as it is likely to become the cozy secluded resort of the Roosevelt family and their near friends. It is convenient to the President's room in the new office building, and likewise nearer to the mansion's elevator than is the east terrace. The latter, at any rate, opens out of the East Room and so would not be available for the family during the time the room is open to the public each day. Of course, the south portico will continue to be the choice spot of the mansion for afternoon teas, but in case this location is monopolized by the grown-ups and distinguished official visitors, the west terrace could not well be despised as an agreeable "second best" nook.

Enchantment of Distance.

To dispel in advance any erroneous impressions that the new terrace effects are so grand as to rival Crystal



The Eastward View Looking Toward the Treasury.

Maze and World's Fair palaces, it is but fair to say that "distance lends enchantment" through the photographic lens. There is no real excuse for taking the new extensions as the basis on which to elaborate stories of the "trend toward imperialism." They are just good,

solid, well-paved places like any sidewalk in town, with bushy-headed trees standing around and a fountain sending up its little lazy stream to complete a restful picture for the pleasure of the busy Executive and his family—should they ever find time to get away from

"people" long enough to enjoy these nooks.

The fact that the floor of each terrace is so much above the level of the surrounding lawns, is the main cause of the airiness which seems to cast its pleasing spell over these terminal

points of the present mansion's plan.

Flower Boxes to Be Added.

When the new flower boxes are completed and put into place, with their bits of radiant color, here and there, to relieve the strong contrast between the unvarying green of the bays and boxwoods and the plain white of the Mansion, the White House will doubtless be more homelike and agreeable to its occupants than ever could have been supposed up to one year ago, when the combination of residence and office made the Chief Magistrate more of a Government "tenant" than a prosperous American gentleman in the home the nation permits him for a short time to call his own.

While many improvements have been made to the grounds immediately about the mansion there is no more attractive portion of the White House lawns than that which sweeps from the house down to the Pennsylvania Avenue enclosure. The grass is like one long stretch of a rich green velvet dotted here and there with bright flower beds. One can hardly refrain from stopping to admire these small gardens which, in the past few weeks, have been bright with saucy pansy blooms. All colors of these attractive little flowers bob at the passer-by. Black, yellow, purple, orange and jet black mingle together in a pretty maze of color.

Tall shrubbery, weighed down with spring blossoms, line the fence and present a majestic appearance when compared with their little neighbors. On the side of the north grounds opposite the State, War and Navy De-

A Roof Garden Effect Produced by the Rows of Boxwood and Bay Trees Ranged on Either Side of the Elevation—Pretty Views Obtained Looking Toward the War and Treasury Buildings.

partment there is a clump of trees so thick that their shade covers a wide and inviting section of the grounds. It looks like a bit of forest transplanted from some beautiful fairy story, and one has an irresistible desire to get inside the grounds and steal a nap in this little "cozy corner." The shade is almost provoking in the cooling comfort it offers, and when viewed from the steamy sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue makes one feel like ignoring the mandates of the law and climbing over the Executive fence into the very center of this little grove.

The Inviting South Lawn.

The south lawn is none the less attractive and inviting, but is not always on view to the general public. Since the course of improvements to the White House and grounds was begun some weeks ago, the public has been excluded from this part of the President's home, and has been forced to be content with a glimpse from a distance.

Strolling along Executive Avenue, the south front of the mansion, readily attracts one's attention. Large awnings have been hung around the south portico, and it is here that the President's family gathers to entertain its intimate friends. Tea is served, and delightful little parties held without fear of the intrusion of the public.

The tennis court, on which workmen have been employed for many days, promises to be the chief point of attraction for the President, his family and their intimate friends. Every member of the President's household is especially fond of the game and the court will undoubtedly be generously patronized in the warm weeks intervening before the departure of the family for the summer home at Oyster Bay. A thick hedge has been formed along the Seventeenth Street side of the grounds and the players will thus be protected from the gaze of the public while they are enjoying the games.

Altogether it seems that President Roosevelt and his family will have home with all the conveniences usually enjoyed by persons in less exalted and responsible positions. It has seemed, heretofore, that the President of the United States has been allowed little comfort during his term of office, being forced to live and work in the same building surrounded by few of the attractive features which go to make up one's home.

HOUSEKEEPER'S SCRAPBOOK.

A WOMAN'S PRACTICAL TALK WITH WOMEN

BUSTS MADE IN BUTTER.

THE use of lemon juice is excellent to relieve a slight hoarseness. It clears the voice at first, but only for a time, and is injurious to the vocal chords. To soothe and relieve the congestion that produces hoarseness, nothing is better than the white of an egg whipped to a stiff froth. A cup of black hot coffee is also good to clear the voice.

In sitting, when one wishes to bend, the movement should be from the hips and never from the waist. Sit with head and neck up, trunk erect and shoulders low. It is not necessary to use the comb-plexion brush or sponge daily; once weekly will give smoothness and fairness to the skin.

Steaming the face is advisable occasionally, say once in two or three weeks. It will soften congested sebaceous matter, and assists in dislodging clogged secretions. An easy way to steam the face is to wring cloths out of hot water and lay them over the face, changing the cloths frequently, hot ones replacing those that have become cooled. Massage the face with a cold cream while the flesh is still warm.

A girl should think nothing of running a mile in seven minutes, and that without once touching a heel to the ground. It will do more than almost any other exercise to make her graceful and easy on her feet. It will also enlarge and strengthen her lungs. Among American women some one tells us that running is a lost art. "A woman can run just as fast as a man to catch her" is another verdict on this subject.

Russian and Egyptian embroideries in red, blue and black give a smart touch to cloth costumes.

Some of the new passementeries are composed of white Irish linen with lace applique.

Paris has decreed that the short green veil, stopping half way down the nose, will be worn.

Among the newest things in parasols are those of red moire silk with black dots.

A double shoulder cape finishes many spring gowns, particularly those of canvas and etamine.

Forest green taffeta parasols are among the catchy sorts.

To make a Princess Soo-Soo hat charming there's nothing like a long snake plume.

Brown in shades is a good color for a quill on an ecrú hat.

Ring-shaped paillettes are noted, along with the pear-shaped novelty.

Many of the prettiest parasols are quite plain, save for the shirred liberty lining.

Mrs. Emma Stackman, of Napanee,

Ind., has taught school for fifty-two years, having begun teaching when she was fourteen. She expects to enter upon another term in September.

Glittering sequins, both gold and black, adorn some of the gauziest materials intended for evening gowns. The term "fish scale" is still applied to this material, and if you want to use the good old-fashioned word "spangles" you will be understood.

A pretty waste basket seen in the heavy cardboard, painted to resemble weatherbeaten wood, and adorned with clusters of purple wisteria, hand-painted. The basket is in five sections, each united to each by a knot of ribbon which matches the wisteria.

Tears do not, as has long been supposed, weaken the eyes, but, on the contrary, improve them; they act as a tonic, keeping the eyes soft and limpid.

Rub tough meat with cut lemon. Add a few drops of vinegar to the water for poaching eggs. This keeps the whites from spreading.

Fried sweet apples are a delicious accompaniment to liver and kidneys.

Use bacon for frying chicken or game.

A belt of dull gold galoon, arranged with little habit tabs at the back, is one of the spring novelties.

Artistically colored laces are quite the latest craze as a trimming for summer dresses.

Canvas dresses will be much worn.

Royal blue is fashionable for day and evening wear.

Belts of suede in gray, drab or brown are worn with shirt waists.

The new belts are shaped to perfection with the downward front droop.

It pays to pay a good price for pongee.

Black embroidered white silk stockings are smart with black patent leather oxfords.

Effective touches of gold or silver appear on hats and dresses.

Walking skirts of mohair in sunburst plaits are novel, but rather trying.

Small tucks and shirrings appear on most of the new voile and canvas dresses.

Light tan, light gray or navy blue serge are best fancies for girls' tailor gowns.

Mixed fink braids, red and black for the blue and white for the lighter tones, put on in an effective fashion, are the most popular trimming.

The hands and feet portray the

thought of one, whether restless or otherwise; reposeful persons never drum with their fingers or keep the feet in motion while sitting. Make every effort possible to dominate self, but don't attempt to dominate others, for in that effort you lose infinitely more than you gain. Become persuasive in speech, but do not command.

The assumption of persons often shows the vulgar strain in the blood; well-bred civility is stronger than the "bravado" one encounters so frequently.

We know, as Emerson truthfully wrote, "Good manners need the support of good manners in others," but we fail often of finding this desired support. We would suggest to avoid the company of the ignorant and vulgar.

The attitude of the body should bear a straight line from the ear to the shoulder, the shoulder over the hip, the hip over the ball of the foot. This attitude lifts the head into proper position. One cannot think on a low plane with the body in this attitude, and you then give to the world your best thoughts and efforts.

Sandow, that giant of strength, informed us that he imagined the weight which he lifted without one material ounce and the thought strengthened the muscles.

The mind being the creative force of the world, let us watch our thought and direct it into the channels which will give us the greatest benefit, knowing that a wrong thought or one of selfishness will react upon us to our injury. Children should be taught this as soon as they can speak. The youth of today needs this joyous instruction, and elderly persons would find a smooth path leading to their evening of life. By this knowledge less friction and discontent would be theirs. There is to us a pathetic sight in the white-haired man or woman who does not give to the world some jewel of their experience that can benefit those who come into their presence and let the years add a new grace.

Teach your children to show attention and respectful deference to you; never allow them to contradict a statement you have made, for one should be correct in making statements. See that they are never rude in speech to anyone. Teach them to respect the aged, the poor and the unfortunate; see that their companions are refined in speech; become their companions; be interested in their studies, their games, their am-

bitations, and direct them ever into the best way.

What right have we to bring children into a world and not hold ourselves responsible for their happiness and well-being? Converse with them and see the trend of their minds, for the child soon shows what it will become as man or woman. Answer all their questions when their minds are eagerly seeking to know. Don't evade them. If you do not know, say so, with loving frankness and set about to inform yourself. Keep near them in all things. Hold their confidence and their faith in you.

You should ever treat your children with marked politeness, and they will early follow your example. You must not exact from them more than you give them, for the law of justice is clear to them and an act or speech that does not savor of the correct law will be remembered by them for years or perhaps for a lifetime. Let your quick sympathy go out to them in all their troubles, for they are as great to them as any troubles in after life; help them over the rough and thorny places, and their tenderness will come to you later, when your feet grow tired of treading the way. Teach them to appreciate the good they possess; and the habit of looking on the best of life will be theirs.

I am reminded of an incident while traveling on the Southern Pacific Railroad through Texas and Arizona, on the way to California. The train halted for twenty minutes in the early morning and the conductor suggested we should get off and see some wild animals housed near by. A man strong and sunburned stood leaning against an adobe house, his sombrero encircled by a silver cord, and a belt filled with cartridges, a blue blouse and trousers tucked into high top boots, a briar pipe between his white teeth; while utterly unconscious of our close proximity to him, he leisurely puffed rings of blue smoke up into that clear, fresh air. We felt like intruders, and desiring to be a bit sociable, said "Good-morning." He nodded a friendly little nod, and we said—looking about for a subject for speech:

"You have beautiful air out here."

"Yes, damn it, and that's all we have got."

There he stood, the perfect specimen of health and manly beauty, an immense ranch was owned by him, his cattle grazed on the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains; the air of that early morning was invisible champagne; and to breathe it a blessing, yet he could see nothing for him to be happy about, and yet he had what many were hunting the continent over to find—health and strength. We were sorry not to have a stop-over ticket and let him tell us his history.

MRS. M.

BUTTER, that golden mass from the paddle of the churn, that salty product of the farm that may be so delicious, that article of food the French disdain, the English do not care for, but the American must have just about right, might be one of the emblems in the national coat-of-arms.

Many persons remember when Caroline S. Brooks modeled the Dreaming Iolanthe in butter for the Centennial Exposition and produced so beautiful a piece of work that the fact that it was made of butter was forgotten.

Butter is again being modeled, shaped, and glorified by the hand of an artist, and the models are now served at dinners where men and women gather who may criticize the work and have their sense of taste and art appealed to at the same time.

Not long ago a dinner was given by W. D. Howells, at which all the butter on the banquet table was in miniature busts of noted authors and immortals.

The young man who made the busts (Peter S. Biehl) is an artist of no mean capacity, and argues: If the Dreaming Iolanthe was once made in butter, why not the head of a great man?

To cut off one of Shakespeare's ears, to snip or shave off a bit of his nose or to devour a sliver of his forehead on your bread may seem a bit amusing, or it may, and probably does, appear a bit ridiculous to the diner, but the philosophy with which the host explained his interesting experiment was: "Why not combine the artistic with the domestic and culinary art? Why should not the eye as well as the palate be appealed to? The pleasanter a portion of a meal is to look at the better it usually tastes. Why should we not have 'the great always with us,' even in butter?"

So the heads of the immortals were served on plates covered with dainty rice petals, shading from white into the deepest yellow and favoring the butter deliciously and delicately.

These heads are made separately. There is no cast from which the heads can be turned out in quantity, but each is molded by the artist who supplies the tables, and then carefully set away on ice. In the refrigerator with them is placed a bunch of fragrant, delicate roses or carnations.

Butter, as every good housewife knows, sometimes to her sorrow, absorbs odor more quickly than anything save milk and when the roses are placed in the refrigerator the butter, when served, is permeated by a delicate flavor that pleases and surprises.

There are as many ways of serving these unique busts as an ingenious housekeeper may contrive. There is, for instance, the laurel leaves. Nothing can be more appropriate than this for the bust of a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Dante to rest upon, and the leaves are

pleasing to the sight, but any flower may be used that fancy dictates. The feathery asparagus furnishes a pretty decoration.

The butter is exceedingly hard to mold. The heat from the artist's hand will melt it, and it is necessary to work with a pair of ice beside him, and to step into the studio where these little heads are made is rather amusing. It looks very little like a place where butter should be found. What with the ice, the butter, and the flowers, it resembles a butter atelier or a very disorderly and extraordinary dairy, one that our grandmothers would have looked upon with high and mighty disfavor, and I doubt whether or not they, the dear old ladies, even would have forgiven the disorder for the genius displayed there, but whatever that state of leniency might be, these heads are made with exceeding difficulty and not a little expenditure and exercise of will power for just as you have a nose well molded to have it slowly disappear and melt away is not at all conducive to good temper.

When such a thing was first suggested to Mr. Biehl he held up his hands in dismay and looked upon the butter in utter scorn, but, remembering Mrs. Brooks' achievement long before he was born, he set to work with good will and a lot of ice and turned out his first set of twelve heads. The dinner was given to twenty-four, one head to two diners.

There are sportsmen in any number who entertain with club dinners for which Mr. Biehl furnishes models emblematic of the diners' sports; there are diners where warriors as generous and as interesting as the dear old Jody Bagstock with his regimentals gather, and they must all be catered to and new ideas thought out for them.

At a sporting dinner of recent date there was served on a large platter a dog's head almost life size. It was an English bull, and the dog, had it been a real flesh and blood dog, would have taken a prize without a doubt, for a dog that was as undershot and broad muzzled and as abundant in other good and telling qualities as was this dog could not but appeal to any sportsman.

This dog's head was set on a large tray covered with dogwood blossoms; it was made in relief and the space in back, where a solid piece of butter served as a prop, was concealed entirely by the flowers.

There are musical dinners to be thought of. They could be furnished with composers, but this would be too similar to the dinner with the literary trend, and so the artist as a general thing supplies miniature lyres, mandolins, guitars, and other such instruments that lend themselves readily to modeling.