

Daughters of the Cabinet.

BY KATHERINE HOFFMAN.

WITH A DÉBUTANTE IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND YOUNG GIRLS IN NEARLY ALL THE CABINET FAMILIES, THE TONE OF WASHINGTON'S OFFICIAL SOCIETY UNDER THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION IS THAT OF YOUTH AND YOUTHFUL GAITY.

ONE ante election problem never fails in interest for the permanent unofficial residents of Washington --the question of the personnel of the candidates' families. On that depends the tone of Washington society for four years. Will it be a serious administration, somewhat perfunctory in its gaieties, but zealous in good works? Will it be a bachelor administration, with the White House lying outside the true circle of festivities? Will débutante, reform, or old fashioned domestic interests rule in the social circle?

The season that is just ended has been a satisfactory one to these observers; for it has been a season par excellence of youth and youthful gaiety, and that is certainly the prettiest to watch and the merriest in which to move. There have been young girls in the White House and the Cabinet set, and the whole town has whirled at a "sweet and twenty" pace, very engaging to behold.

A WHITE HOUSE DÉBUTANTE.

Of course Miss Roosevelt has been the chief center of interest. A young American girl, enthusiastic but well poised, is generally held to be an attractive and interesting figure in almost any situation in life. Take her fresh from the restraints of the schoolroom and the simplicity of a quiet home life, open to her the door of the most distinguished and most varied society that the country affords, direct her, in effect, "to go ahead and have a good time," and there is an object of uncommon interest and delight to the beholder.

Those who knew Miss Roosevelt before she went to Washington, and who have seen her there, bear witness to the whole souled way in which she has obeyed

that direction without losing any of the sturdy simplicity that befits her father's daughter. She bears being the center of the young life of the capital without "having her head turned." She retains the unselfish good humor of her school days, and she also retains her school day friends. When she was a pupil at Miss Flint's school in Washington during her father's term as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, her inseparables were Miss Lillie McCauley, Miss Lydia Loring, and Miss Carola De Peyster. They are still her intimate companions.

Miss Roosevelt is said to have the distaste for old fashioned domesticity which is more or less characteristic of the modern girl. Mrs. Roosevelt is an exquisite needlewoman. Her daughter's utmost efforts in that line are confined to the making of little gifts for her friends. Mrs. Roosevelt is a notable housekeeper as well as a brilliant hostess. Miss Roosevelt, although she cheerfully enough answered any call for house duties at the family's Oyster Bay home, has always preferred a free, outdoor life. She is, however, scrupulous in social matters, keeping her calling lists posted with the exactness of a bank book, and answering all invitations with her own hand. She is, moreover, an athletic young woman with an inherited fondness for walking. She swings about the broad streets of the city on her calls and her errands, generally accompanied by one or two of her friends.

There is a certain girlish informality about affairs at the White House nowadays. Some of Miss Roosevelt's friends drop in in the morning, or she meets one of them out shopping and brings her



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT, AND THE CHIEF CENTER OF INTEREST IN THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE YOUNGER SET AT WASHINGTON.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1902, by Frances Benjamin Johnston, Washington.

home. Forthwith there is a luncheon party. The afternoon caller is kept for dinner, and little parties are constantly organized with the same freedom as in any cheerful, unofficial household.

younger set of official society. Miss Alice Hay does not share the literary tastes of her talented sister; but while Miss Helen was still in the midst of Washington social life, intellectual in-



MISS ALICE HAY, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE—MR. HAY'S ELDEST DAUGHTER IS NOW MRS. PAYNE WHITNEY.

From a photograph by Clineinst. Washington.

MISS HAY AND MISS KNOX.

Before the tragic death of young Adelbert Hay and the marriage of his sister Helen to Mr. Payne Whitney, the Hay girls gave a distinct tone to the

interests were kept alive in the circle in which she moved. Miss Roosevelt, by the way, confesses to the possession of no bookishness at all.

Miss Rebecca Knox, the daughter of the Attorney General, although she does



MISS EDITH ROOT, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

From a photograph by Clinchist, Washington.

not vie with the former Miss Hay in literary production, is also a distinctly intellectual young woman. She is probably the most serious of all the Cabinet girls. She is a graduate of Miss Ely's school in New York, is an art critic of no mean ability, and is an eager student of the theory of music, although she does not belong to those amateur players who put professionals to the blush. If it were not for her very friendly and hospitable disposition, she might be called the recluse of her set. Gaiety, as such, does not attract her at all, and she has been known to flee from Washington to escape the engagements entailed upon her by her father's position. She is a good deal of an athlete, and is one of the few women in Washington who can manage a four in hand in a way that does not strike terror to the heart of the bystander.

THE OTHER CABINET GIRLS.

The daughters of the Secretary of the Interior, the Misses Anne and Margaret Hitchcock, are not debutantes. They have already known society in a much more gay and glittering way than the young "rosebud garden of girls" in Washington is likely to know it—in St. Petersburg, when their father was ambassador to Russia. They rank more than any of their colleagues as women of the world. They have done most of the entertaining this year. They are accomplished linguists and tireless pedestrians and climbers, as their stock of Alpine sticks bears witness.

The only girl among the Cabinet set who enjoys the dignity of being the hostess of her father's house is Miss Flora Wilson, the daughter of



MISS REBECCA KNOX, DAUGHTER OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.
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the Secretary of Agriculture. She manages Mr. Wilson's establishment, dispensing a very pretty hospitality; and at the official receptions at the White

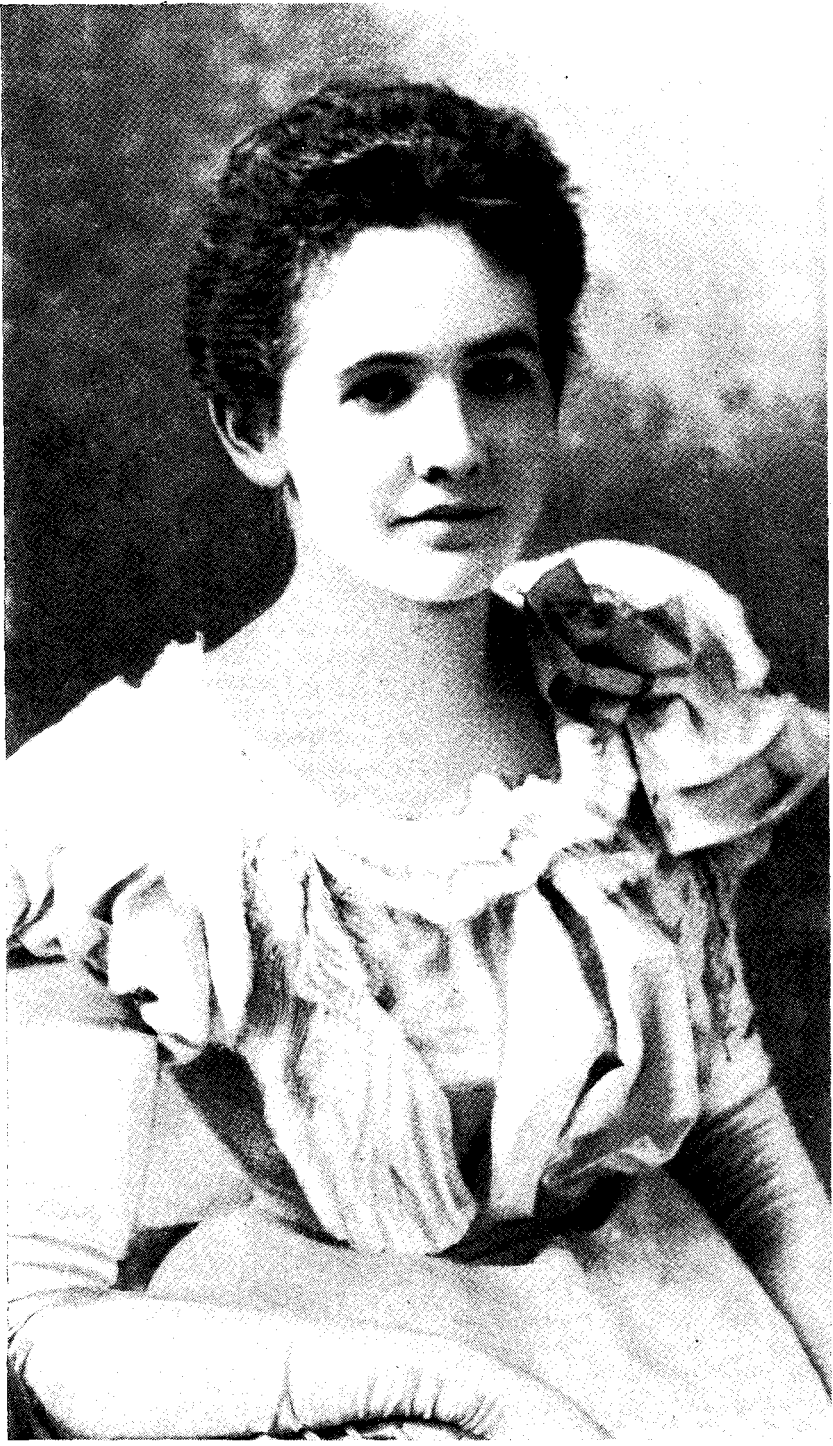
Agriculture is the junior member of the Cabinet, Miss Wilson's place is at the end of the line, where she speeds the parting caller with a gracious smile.



MISS ANNE HITCHCOCK, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

House she has the coveted privilege of a place in the receiving line, while her Cabinet companions must keep themselves in the background as merely casual guests or aids. As the Secretary of

Miss Edith Root, the daughter of the Secretary of War, is a leader and a great favorite among the girls of her set. Miss Margaret Long, the daughter of John D. Long of Massachusetts, who at



MISS FLORA WILSON, DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.
From a photograph by Clivedinst, Washington.

the time of writing is about to retire from office as Secretary of the Navy, is in mourning this season for her sister, and is not entertaining or visiting at all. Recent additions to the Cabinet set are the Misses Shaw, daughters of Governor Leslie Shaw, who has replaced Mr. Gage at the head of the Treasury Department, and Miss Louise Jones, a niece of Mr. Payne, the new Postmaster General.

Not since the Grant administration has there been such an influx of young life into the official society of Washington. The charming and important part played by the girls of the Cabinet set is something of a revelation to the mem-

bers of the embassies from those countries where all gaieties are in the more experienced hands of older women. Though the capitals where this is the case are undoubtedly more brilliant, they lack the sunny charm and freshness of Washington society.

The most important event of the recent season in the national capital was the White House ball at which Miss Roosevelt made her bow to the world. This took place on the 3d of January, and was probably the most thoroughly enjoyable function that the Executive Mansion has seen since the days when Miss Nellie Grant was the leader of the younger set of Washington society.

TO AN ABANDONED SHIP.

ANCIENT, decrepit, abandoned,
Rotten from keel to spar,
Broken and lone art thou lying,
While thy sisters sail over the bar ;
Sunk in the mud of dull harbors,
Thou who hast followed a star !

Listen, the tides are all calling—
Calling thy sisters to sea ;
And I know of the longing that rises,
For thy soul is twin sister to me.
Sunk in the mud of dull living,
I have known what it is to be free.

Listen, the sirens are calling
To the old gipsy blood that is ours ;
They are telling of lands of enchantment,
Of many hued tropical flowers ;
Of perfumes that breathe through the silence
Of tangled, mysterious bowers.

Listen, the voice of the twilight,
That grows to the wonder of night ;
Of the stars that are gazing in envy
At the welter of phosphorus light.
How it shines and it glows in the stillness,
Like the deeps of a sea of delight !

This is the voice of the midnight,
Close laden with quivering stars—
Of midnights of marvel and wonder
When the combers break loud on the bars ;
Ridges of fairyland silver
Hiding the coralline scars.

Breath of imperial islands,
Voice of the legended sea,
Magic of fabled horizons,
Enchantment of veiled mystery ;
Lure of the ways undiscovered—
That is the tide voice to me.

And to thee, oh, decrepit, abandoned,
Rotten through hull and through spar—
Song of the days unforgotten,
The call of the old guiding star ;
Lo, my heart goes out to thy yearning,
As thy sisters sail over the bar !

Ethel Watts Mumford.

A Son of Anak.

THE ROMANCE OF AN AUTUMN, A WINTER, AND A SPRING IN THE ASSINIBOINE VALLEY.

BY HERMAN WHITAKER.

ON the verge of the Assiniboine Valley a steam thresher boomed, and whined, and rattled its slats, and whistled impatiently for liquid wherewith to quench its fiery thirst. Its boiler tubes were hot, hot as the stoker's temper—a hundred and eighty degrees by the gauge—and that son of Vulcan fretted as if it were his own bowels that suffered flame. Jerking on the whistle, he said scarlet things to the water hauler, who transmuted them into sulphurous speech while dipping from the river eight hundred feet below.

"Can't make steam without water!" growled the stoker, and shook his fist at the feeder, who was signaling for more power.

In the midst of a black smut pall, a forty inch separator whirled red arms like a squib in a cloud of ink. From its brazen larynx hurtled a vibrant, thunderous song that followed the feeder's hand both up and down the scale. Many an accidental split its harmonies. Sometimes an awkward sheaf would crack a tone, an uncut band brought forth a cough; and when, on occasion, a giant sheaf fed broadside in, the whole register disrupted, and the monster bellowed with the voice of leviathan.

At such times the son of Anak who fed the sheaves scowled blackly—not that he was angry, but rather because the band cutter is natural enemy to the feeder and given to carelessness as the sparks fly up. The band cutter, in his turn, spat, cat-like, and blessed the pitchers. For their part, these worked seriously, tabling the sheaves according to the law of the band cutter, which is a just law, though hard to keep.

On the stack the straw men labored in seas of dust. Black clouds of it rose from the belching carriers and swept over the hurrying, hustling, sweltering hive, out to the sunburned prairies, there to drape the rain washed bison bones. The smell of it traveled farther—yes, as

far as the ruined fort of Ellice, and set Père Bayon to sniffing in the door of the Indian mission. It also tilted Lettie Greer's nose when she and her cousin, Kate Howard, ran down to see the wheat—at least, they said it was to see the wheat.

A flower of a girl was Lettie—pink, plump, tall, with a sweet face rifling through tawny clouds of hair. Her mouth was ripe for kissing, though, according to report, it was yet unknissed. She was modest, too, as became a girl brought up in the shadow of a mission; yet within her were sprouting the germs of a very healthy curiosity ament the sterner sex, as evidenced by this journey to see the wheat.

Within the log granary there was cool respite from the stewy kitchen with its satiating smells, and the girls sat on a wagon seat and gazed dreamily out on the threshing. Through the plasterless chinks a breeze came to toy with their hair.

"Dear me!" mused Kate. "How busy they are!"

"He's cutting bands," Lettie murmured sympathetically, if not very consecutively. Then she peeped through a chink and inquired: "What's his name?"

"Castle," replied Kate, joining her dark curls to the tawny clouds. "Castle, Arthur Castle."

Unconscious of their scrutiny, the band cutter plied his knife. He was a tall lad of twenty or thereabouts; fair, when freed from the thrall of smut; a slip of the blooded English stock one finds scattered from Winnipeg to Fort McLeod.

"Why don't they stop?" pouted Kate.

"Must finish tonight," Lettie responded wisely. "We've had 'em three days."

To which very reasonable statement Kate unreasonably replied: "Bother!"