THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII. APRIL, 1884. No. 6.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

THERE is a deal of architecture in Washington — Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite, Elizabethan, Gothic, Norman, African too,— an amazing jumble of styles borrowed from all nations and all ages; but among it all there is no building quite as satisfying to my eye as the White House, with a reservation to the prejudice of the northern portico, which was added when the structure was repaired after the British invasion of 1814; but happily the portico is half hidden by the foliage of noble trees.

There is no sham or pretense about the house; none of the straining after striking effects, which is the fault of so many of our modern constructions; no effort to look like a temple, or a cathedral, or a castle. It tries to be a spacious and dignified dwelling and nothing more, and in this it is entirely successful. The public-office feature, which has converted many of its rooms into tramping and lounging places for office-seekers and political plotters, was no part of the original plan, but has come from the modern system, introduced in a small way by President Jackson, and since grown to monstrous dimensions, under which nine-tenths of a President's working hours are devoted to hearing and considering the applications of place-hunters. The mansion would now be adequate to all the domestic and social uses of a republican chief magistrate, if other quarters were found for the business of the Executive office.

When James Hoban, the Irish architect, who had established himself in Charleston, and was building substantial houses on the Battery for South Carolina planters and tradesmen of that town, received notice that his plan for the President's house had been adopted, he hastened to Washington to claim the prize of five hundred dollars, and to take charge of the erection of the building. Hoban had not seen much of the world, and had modeled his plan pretty closely upon one of the best houses he knew — that of the Duke of Leinster, in Dublin. The Duke's house was in imitation of one of those spacious and stately villas which the Italians learned to build when the rest of Europe was living in uncouth piles of brick or gloomy fortified castles. Indeed, the world has not improved much to this day on the Italian house of the middle ages, save in inventions for water-pipes, warming, and lighting. Thick walls secured warmth in winter and coolness in summer; the windows were made to admit plenty of air and sunlight, the wide doors for ingress and egress, without jostling, of people walking by twos or threes; the stairs were easy to climb, the rooms high, well-proportioned, and of a size fitted for their several uses. Thus was the White House built. The corner-stone was laid in 1792, in a bare field sloping to the Potomac, the Masons conducting the ceremonial and George Washington gracing the occasion. At first it was proposed to call it the Palace, but against this suggestion a lively protest was made by people who feared the young Republic would be governed by an aristocracy aping the ways of courts and kings; so it was determined by Congress that the building should be officially named the "Executive Mansion" — mansion being then a term of common use for the better-class dwellings of the gentry in Virginia and Maryland. It would be hard to say when the name White House was first applied to it, but it did not, probably, gain currency until the edifice was rebuilt after the British soldiers had partly destroyed it, and was painted white to hide the black traces of smoke and flame upon the freestone walls.

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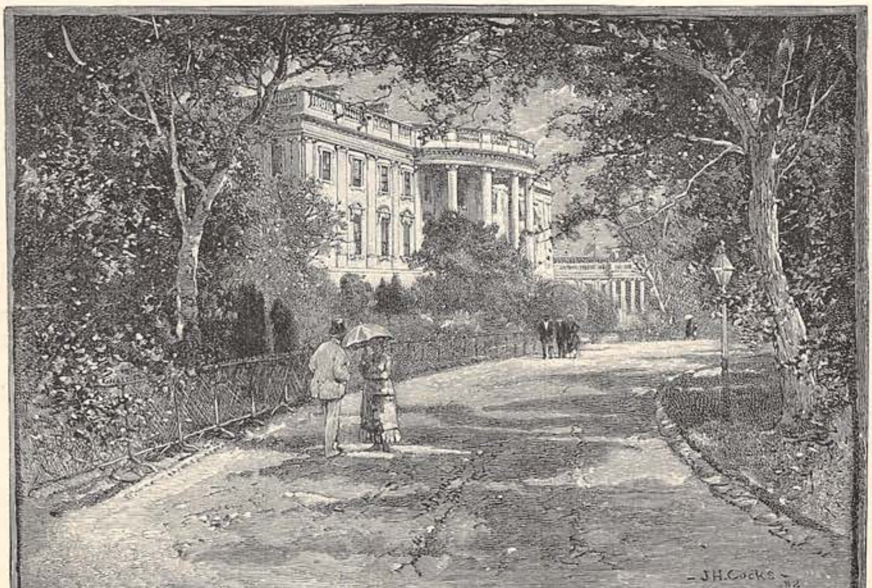
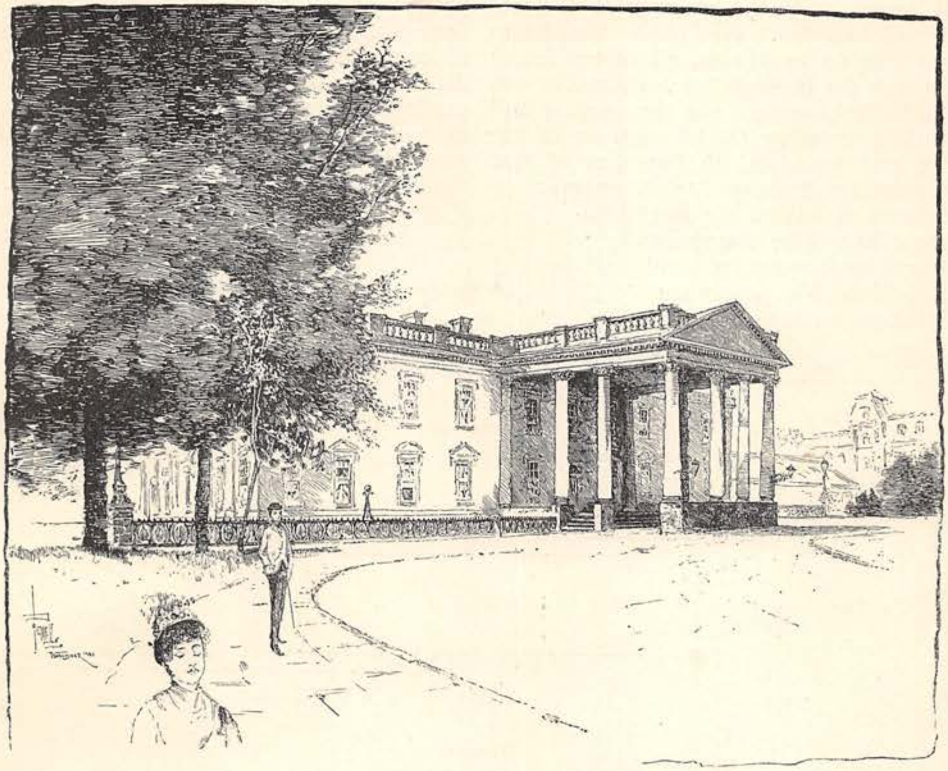
President John Adams, Washington's immediate successor, was the first occupant of the Mansion; and everybody has read, in Mrs. Adams's letters, how she used the unfinished East Room for drying clothes, and of the literal "house-warming" she made to take the dampness out of the walls, with no end of trouble to obtain fire-wood enough for the purpose. This East Room, by the way, was intended for a banqueting hall; and here we have a souvenir of the aristocratic notions of the Virginians and South Carolinians of that day. Hoban must have been encouraged in his idea that a President of the United States would occasionally give a mighty feast, like those given by kings and princes and powerful noblemen in the Old World. Probably neither he nor Washington, whom he must have consulted, imagined that the room would be needed, and besides be much too small, for the miscellaneous crowd which, in another generation, would overflow the Mansion at public receptions.

When the British army, under General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, came marching across the country from the Patuxent River, in August, 1814, scattering like sheep the militia drawn up at Bladensburg, and taking possession of the raw, rambling, uncouth village of Washington, the White House was still unfinished—an unsightly pile standing in the midst of ill-kept grounds, surrounded by a cheap paling fence. After the soldiers had burned the Capitol, and just as they were about to countermarch to their ships, having pillaged the house quite at their leisure for twenty-four hours, they brought fire from a beer shop and set it ablaze, and then trudged off quite merrily in the light of the conflagration till caught in the historic thunderstorm of that summer night, which so pelted and battered them that they thought it was the wrath of Heaven upon their vandalism. There is only one memento of the fire in the House to-day—the picture of Washington which hangs in the East Room—once called a Gilbert Stuart, but now known to be the work of an English artist of no fame, who copied faithfully Stuart's style. The fraud was not discovered until some time after the original had been shipped to England—too late to recover it. Every visitor is told that Mrs. Madison cut this painting out of its frame with a pair of shears, to save it from the enemy when she fled from the town; but in her own letter describing the hasty flight, she says that Mr. Custis, the nephew of Mrs. Washington, hastened over from Arlington to rescue the precious portrait, and that a servant cut the outer frame with an axe, so that the canvas could be removed, stretched on the inner frame. The story of the shears is a pretty one, but, like so many other entertaining historical anecdotes, is a fiction.

There is probably no building in the world where, in less than a century, more of history has centered than in this shining, white mansion, screened by trees on the city side, and looking out from its southern windows



REAR VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM NEAR THE GREENHOUSE—TREASURY BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE

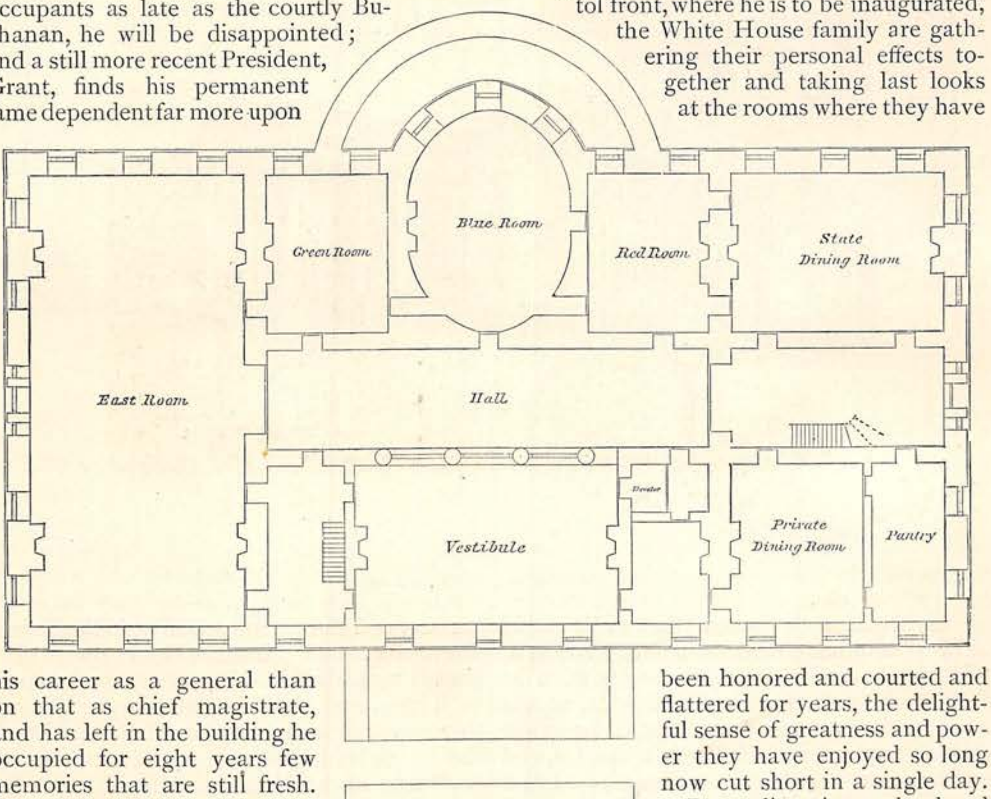


THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM THE FRONT.

across the placid Potomac to the red Virginian hills. Twenty-one Presidents have lived in it, and two have died in it. One went from its Red Room with a group of friends, at the close of the four years' civil war, to be struck down by an assassin's bullet in a theater, and to be carried unconscious to a death-bed in a strange house. One, in full mid-current of life, sturdy of brain and body, and glowing with patriotic purposes, was shot in a railway station and carried up the vine-bordered steps shown in the picture, to languish through weeks of pain, struggling manfully with death, all the world looking on with a universal sympathy never before shown to mortal man, to be borne, as a last hope, to the sea-side, and there to die.

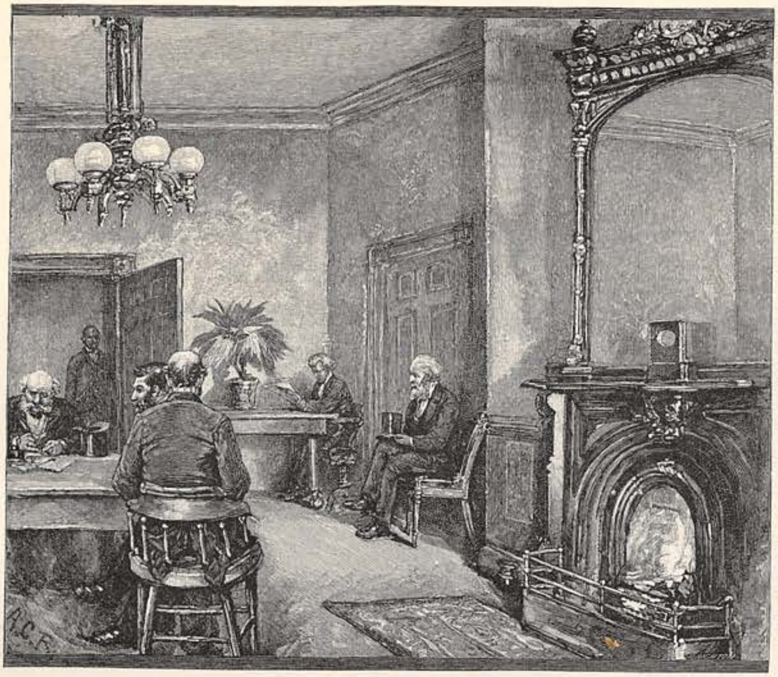
There have been marriages and merry-makings too, jovial feasts, and ceremonial banquets; grave councils of state that shaped the destiny of the nation; secret intrigues and midnight conclaves that made or unmade political parties; war councils that flashed forth orders, on telegraphic wires, which moved great armies and set lines of battle in deadly front. The history of the White House is a governmental and political history of the United States from 1800 to this day; it is also a history of the domestic lives, the ambitions, and the personal traits of twenty-one Presidents, their families, and their near friends and advisers. I shall attempt no part of it here, and shall only remark, in passing to a survey of the building itself, that it has left few traces behind in the way of memories or traditions in the Mansion. The history must be sought out piecemeal in libraries. One cannot even learn which was the room where Harrison died, after his brief four weeks of power, or where bluff, honest Zachary Taylor, the "Rough and Ready" of the Mexican war, breathed his last. The few traditions that cling to the house are incongruous mosaics of tragedy and gayety. "Here," says an attendant, pointing to a particular place on the carpet in the East Room, "is where Lincoln lay in his coffin; and here"—moving a few steps away—"is where Nellie Grant stood when she was married to the young Englishman, Sartoris." Your attention is called to the smoked-blue color of the furniture in the Blue Room, and you are informed that at such a place the President usually stands at receptions, and in the next breath are told that "this is the window where they brought poor Garfield in after he was shot, taking him up the back-stairs because of the crowd in front."

It seems as if the memory of the two martyred Presidents were alone destined to haunt the White House, all others fading away with the lapse of time. Indeed, if one wants to find some trace of the angular and resolute personality of Jackson, or of the polite and graceful Van Buren, or of that hardy soldier Zachary Taylor, or even of occupants as late as the courtly Buchanan, he will be disappointed; and a still more recent President, Grant, finds his permanent fame dependent far more upon his career as a general than on that as chief magistrate, and has left in the building he occupied for eight years few memories that are still fresh. The White House is, in fact, an official hotel. The guests come and go, and when they leave they take with them, along with their trunks, whatever of personality they diffused through its stately apartments while they remained. Some have lived in the house in the spirit of a freehold owner, sure of undisturbed possession; some, like short-term tenants, never feeling quite at home. Of the latter were the family of President Johnson, one of whose daughters said: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a time by a great national calamity. We hope too much will not be expected of us." Whether proud or modest in their temper or belongings, however, the Presidents, when once they have surrendered the reins of power, soon drop back into the dim and ghostly procession of their predecessors. One of the saddest spectacles connected with official life in Washington, and one to which no pen has done adequate justice, is the hasty packing of the effects of an outgoing President just before the fateful fourth of March which ends his power. After noon of that day the family has no more right there than the passing stranger on the street; and while the cannon are firing salvos of welcome to the new President, and the long procession is moving up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol front, where he is to be inaugurated, the White House family are gathering their personal effects together and taking last looks at the rooms where they have been honored and courted and flattered for years, the delightful sense of greatness and power they have enjoyed so long now cut short in a single day.



GROUND PLAN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

In earlier times the hotel character of the Mansion was well reflected in the stiff, formal, half-furnished appearance of the rooms. It was thought enough to have thick carpets on the floors, and strong furniture and a few decorative pieces, too heavy to be carried off by servants during the quadrennial migration; but of late Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's decorative association has metamorphosed the place, and made the smaller rooms look like the abode of people of luxurious tastes. Perhaps the most successful of all this new work is in the long corridor, which leads from the East Room to the Conservatory, and from which open the Red, Green, and Blue Rooms. The light coming through the partition of wrinkled stained-glass mosaic makes a marvelously rich and gorgeous effect, falling upon the gilded niches where stand dwarf palmetto trees, the silvery net-work of the ceiling, and the sumptuous furniture. Indeed, the



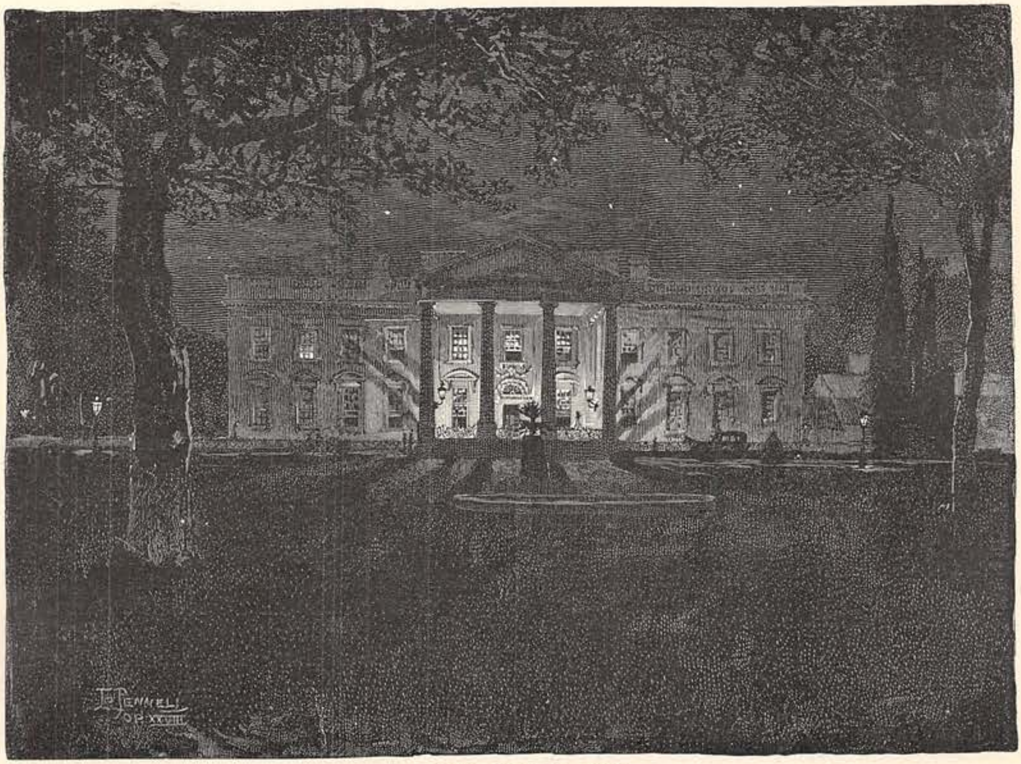
THE WAITING-ROOM.

only dark tints in the apartment are found in the portraits, which become the more conspicuous by reason of their contrast with their brilliant setting. Only one of these need arrest our attention now — the full-length portrait of Garfield, by Andrews. The artist, seeking to give the face the dignified statesman-like expression which is supposed to be essential in Presidential portraits, has almost lost sight of the genial, buoyant, warm-hearted character which lay at the bottom of the man's nature. No one looking at the picture of Lincoln in the Red Room would gather from the face the hearty love of jest and anecdote, the tender pity for suffering and distress, and the warm fraternal sympathy, which lit up the homely features with the interior beauty of a kindly soul; and I fear coming generations of visitors who pass through this grand corridor will see nothing in the stern, sad face of Garfield to remind them that here was a man who loved to play croquet and romp with his boys upon his lawn at Mentor, who read Tennyson and Longfellow at fifty with as much enthusiastic pleasure as at twenty, who walked at evening with his arm around the neck of a friend in affectionate conversation, and whose sweet, sunny, loving nature not even twenty years of political strife could warp.

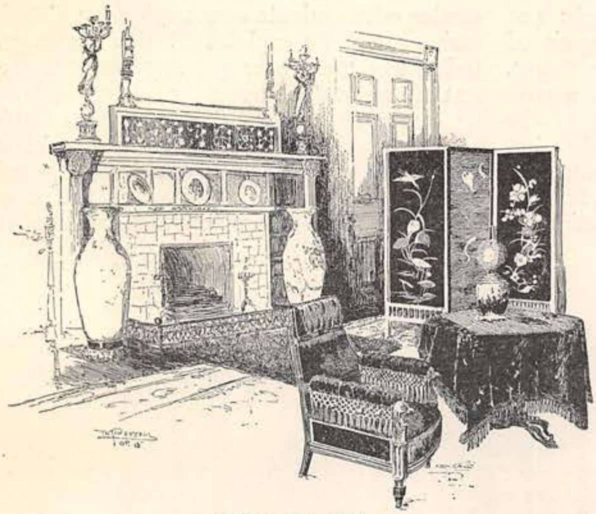
The Red Room, used as a reception parlor by the ladies of the President's household, already had a home-like look, from the presence of a piano, a handsome embroidered fire-screen (a present from the Austrian commissioners at the Centennial Exhibition), and some small adornments; and in the recent general renovation of the Mansion, it has been given an imposing carved-wood mantel of thirteenth century style, set off with tiling of tortoise-shell glass. Some beautiful work has been done, besides, in the ceiling and in the walls, and the whole effect of carpet, furniture, and wall-tints is exceedingly rich and warm. Opening from this room is the State Dining-room, only used when large companies are entertained at dinner — a rather chilling apartment, in spite of the glowing yellows Mr. Tiffany has given to the walls. In early times this room was called the "company dining-room," to distinguish it from the family dining-room across the hall. The long table seats thirty-eight persons. In the middle sits the President, and opposite him the mistress of the Mansion. No order of precedence is observed in going in to dinner, or in seating the guests. Something of this sort was attempted in early times, but abandoned as not practicable, and perhaps also as not sensible, in a country with democratic institutions. These state dinners are rather dull affairs. The cold-water régime lasted four years, and has left behind an interesting souvenir in the fine portrait of Mrs. Hayes, by Huntington, which stands in the Green Room, and was presented to the Government by the Women's National Temperance Association, the money ($3,500) being raised by a general subscription. With the exception of a small picture of Mrs. Tyler, which hangs in the corridor on the second floor, this is the only portrait of a President's wife to be found in the Mansion.

If a description of upholstery were of any interest, we might linger in the Green and Blue rooms to speak of the manner in which their historic hues have been preserved in the invasion of the modern zeal for decoration. The East Room has not been much changed since President Grant's time, when the ceiling was broken into three panels by heavy beams supported by columns, and the profuse gilding was done. The ebony and old-gold furniture and the "greenery yallery" carpet are new. Gilding and color have been lavished of late all over the White House. Even the heavy iron railings in front of the house are tipped with gold, and the bomb-shells, supported on iron tripods, glisten like the balls of a pawnbroker's shop. In one of these bombs, during the war-time, a pair of birds built a nest, and gave John James Piatt a theme for his well-known poem.

The upper floor of the Mansion is approached by two stair-ways, one leading from the grand corridor, used only by the family and their guests, and the other coming down from the office part of the building to the small hall between the vestibule and the East Room, forming a general passage-way for all people having business with the President or his secretaries. A broad hall runs from end to end of the second story, terminating in semicircular windows; but the fine effect of the ample length and width of this corridor is spoiled by two low cross partitions: one long ago put in as a necessity to keep the throng of Congressmen and place-hunters from blundering into the family rooms, the other a cheap affair, looking as if it came second-hand from some junk-shop, erected lately to gain an additional office-room. It was no part of the plan of the White House, as we have said, that it should be a public office; but with the growth of the country and of the political patronage system, the proper use of the building as a dwelling for the chief magistrate has been more and more subordinated to its official use as a bureau of appointments and a rendezvous for the scheming politicians of the two Houses of Congress, who claim the Government offices in their States as their personal property, to



THE WHITE HOUSE BY NIGHT.

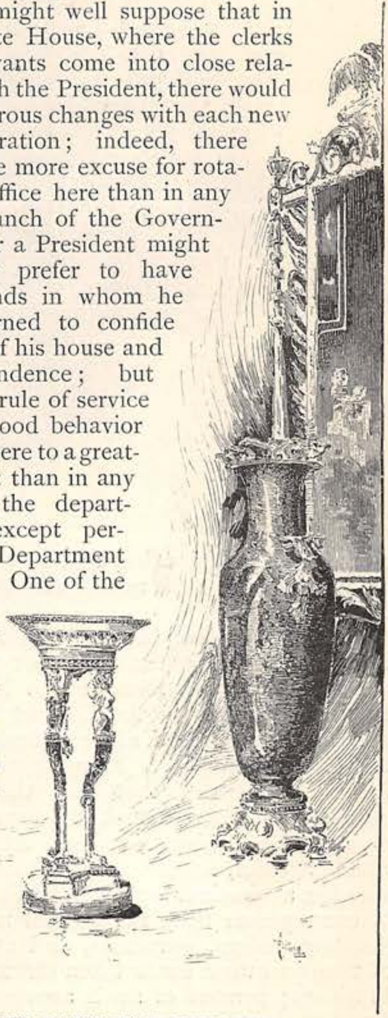


IN THE RED ROOM.

be parceled out by the President in accordance with their wishes. It will doubtless surprise many people to learn that hospitality, save in the restricted sense of giving dinners, is almost an impossibility to the President of the United States, for the reason that he has no beds for guests. There are only seven sleeping rooms in the Mansion, besides those of the servants on the basement floor. If a President has a moderately numerous household, as General Grant, Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Garfield had, he can hardly spare for guests more than the big state bedroom. A President may wish to invite an ambassador and his family, or a party of distinguished travelers from abroad, to spend a few days at the White House, but he cannot do so without finding lodgings elsewhere for members of his own household. It has been said over and over again, in the press, that Congress should either provide offices for the President, or should build for him a new dwelling, and devote the Mansion exclusively to business purposes; but Congress is in no hurry to do either.

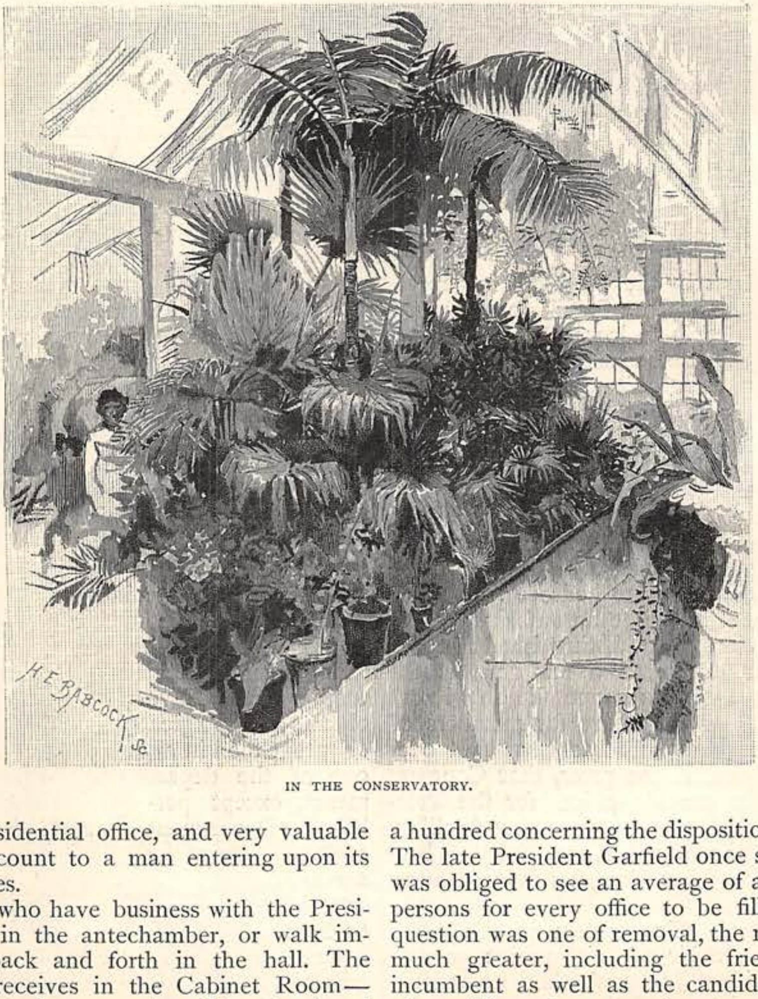
The present office system in the White House is an affair of quite recent growth. Before President Johnson's time, no records or files were kept, and there were no clerks. President Lincoln had two secretaries, Mr. Nicolay and Colonel Hay; but the law recognized only one, the other being an army officer detailed for special service, —any extra clerical work being done by clerks detailed from one of the departments. Now there are four rooms occupied by the private secretary and his staff of clerks. Big ledgers of applications for office are posted up daily, numerous pigeon-holes are filled with letters and petitions, the newspapers are read and scrap-books made, one room is devoted to telegraph and telephone service; in short, here are all the paraphernalia of a busy public office. One of the files of letters would furnish curious reading to students of human nature. It is called the eccentric file, and contains the epistles of advice, warning, and "gush" mailed to the President by cranks, fanatics, absurd egotists, and would-be philanthropists; and how numerous these peculiar people are, only those in high station know. A President gets two or three hundred letters a day, and probably not one-fourth of them are upon any subject that can properly be brought directly to his personal notice.

One might well suppose that in the White House, where the clerks and servants come into close relations with the President, there would be numerous changes with each new administration; indeed, there would be more excuse for rotation in office here than in any other branch of the Government, for a President might naturally prefer to have old friends in whom he had learned to confide in care of his house and correspondence; but the wise rule of service during good behavior obtains here to a greater extent than in any one of the departments, except perhaps the Department of State. One of the servants dates back to Fillmore's administration, and has seen thir-



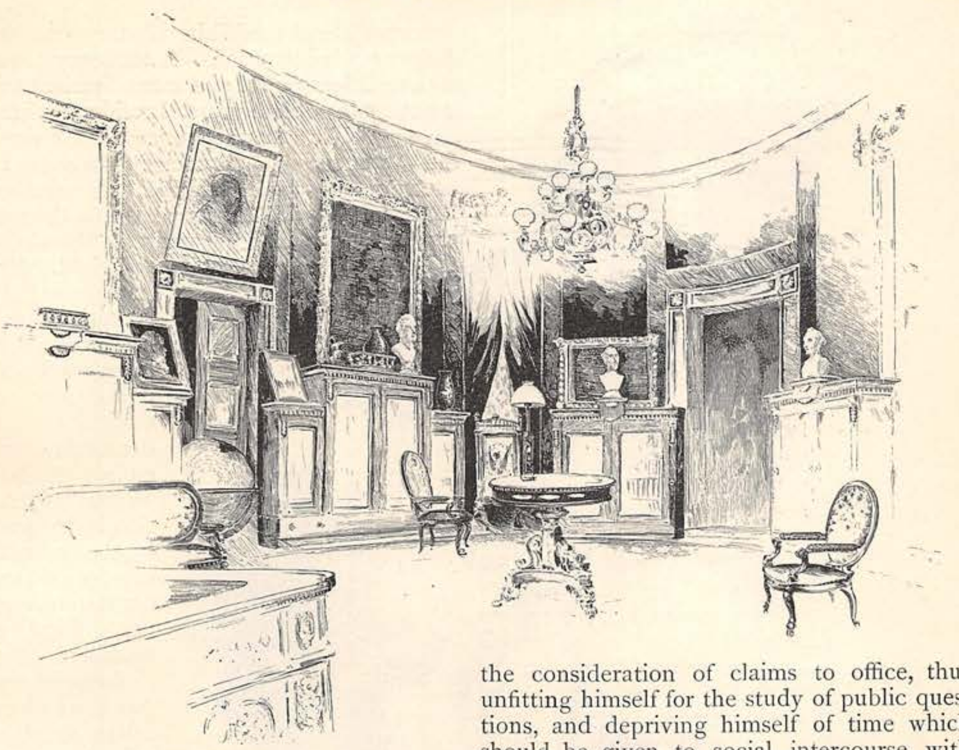
A CORNER OF THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

ty years of service; one of the clerks and one of the door-keepers were appointed by Lincoln; others came in under Grant. The private secretary is, of course, always the personal friend and confidant of the President, and goes out with his chief; but the rest of the staff remains, as a rule, and constitutes an efficient working force, familiar with the precedents, customs, and etiquette of the Presidential office, and very valuable on this account to a man entering upon its trying duties.



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

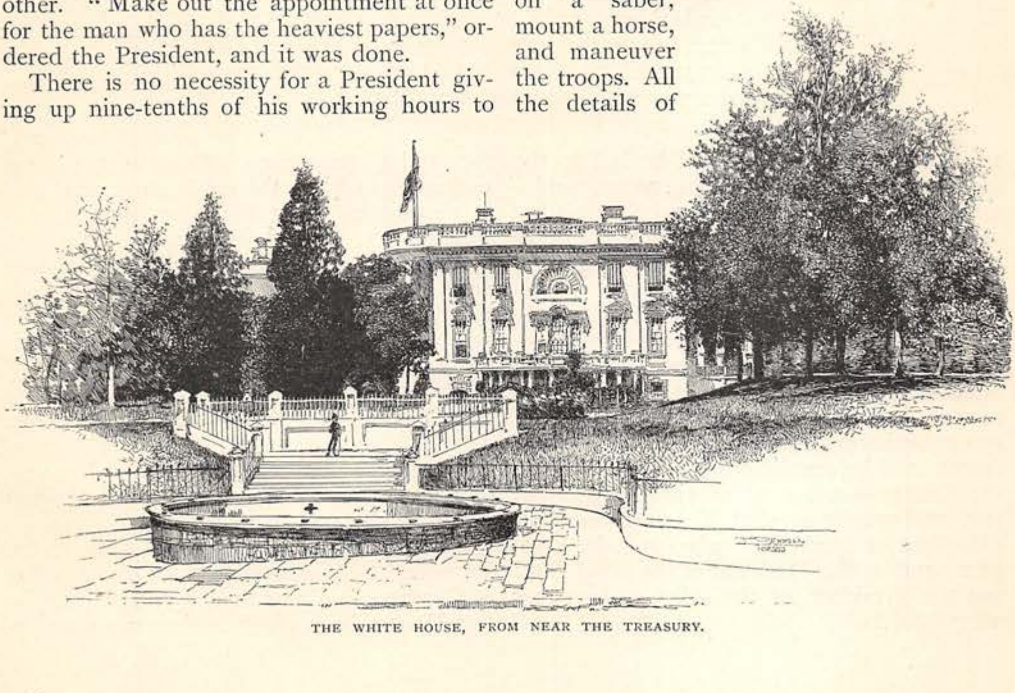
Visitors who have business with the President wait in the antechamber, or walk impatiently back and forth in the hall. The President receives in the Cabinet Room— not the historic room where Lincoln signed the Proclamation of Emancipation. Mr. Johnson converted that into the private secretary's room, and took the former anteroom for the Cabinet meetings. At the door stands a quiet, sagacious, gray-haired man, who has an instinct for distinguishing people of consequence from the general multitude. Senators, judges, governors, and other men of note find their cards taken directly to the President; persons of small account are referred to a polite man of color, who is the warden of the private secretary's door. Their business must be explained to the secretary, and few of them ever get any nearer to the seat of power. The hours for callers are from ten to one, save on the days of regular Cabinet meetings. In the afternoon the President sees visitors by special appointment, and most of his evenings are filled in the same way,—the business in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred concerning the disposition of offices. The late President Garfield once said that he was obliged to see an average of about thirty persons for every office to be filled. If the question was one of removal, the number was much greater, including the friends of the incumbent as well as the candidates for the place. There is an amusing story, not a new one by any means, of the method Mr. Lincoln adopted to settle a contest over a postmastership which had greatly annoyed him. There were two candidates in the field, and petition after petition had poured in upon the weary President, and delegation after delegation had rushed to the White House to argue the claims of the rival aspirants. Finally, after he had been bored for half an hour by a fresh delegation, Mr. Lincoln said to his secretary, "This matter has got to end somehow. Bring



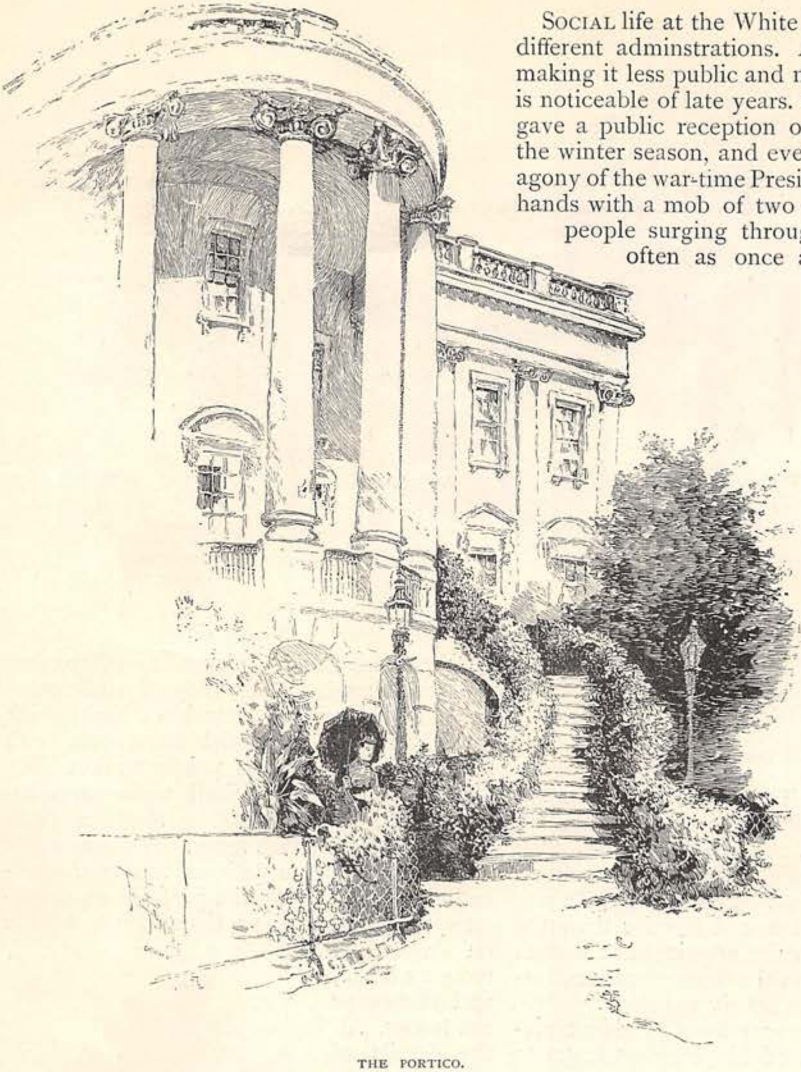
THE LIBRARY.

a pair of scales." The scales were brought. "Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man, and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other candidate's papers." It was found that one bundle was three-quarters of a pound heavier than the other. "Make out the appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers," ordered the President, and it was done.

There is no necessity for a President giving up nine-tenths of his working hours to the consideration of claims to office, thus unfitting himself for the study of public questions, and depriving himself of time which should be given to social intercourse with men of ideas and high public station. The Constitution says he shall make appointments, but it also says he shall be commander-in-chief of the army. He is no more required to examine petitions and hear applications concerning all the post-offices, consulates, and collectorships, than he is to buckle on a saber, mount a horse, and maneuver the troops. All the details of



THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM NEAR THE TREASURY.

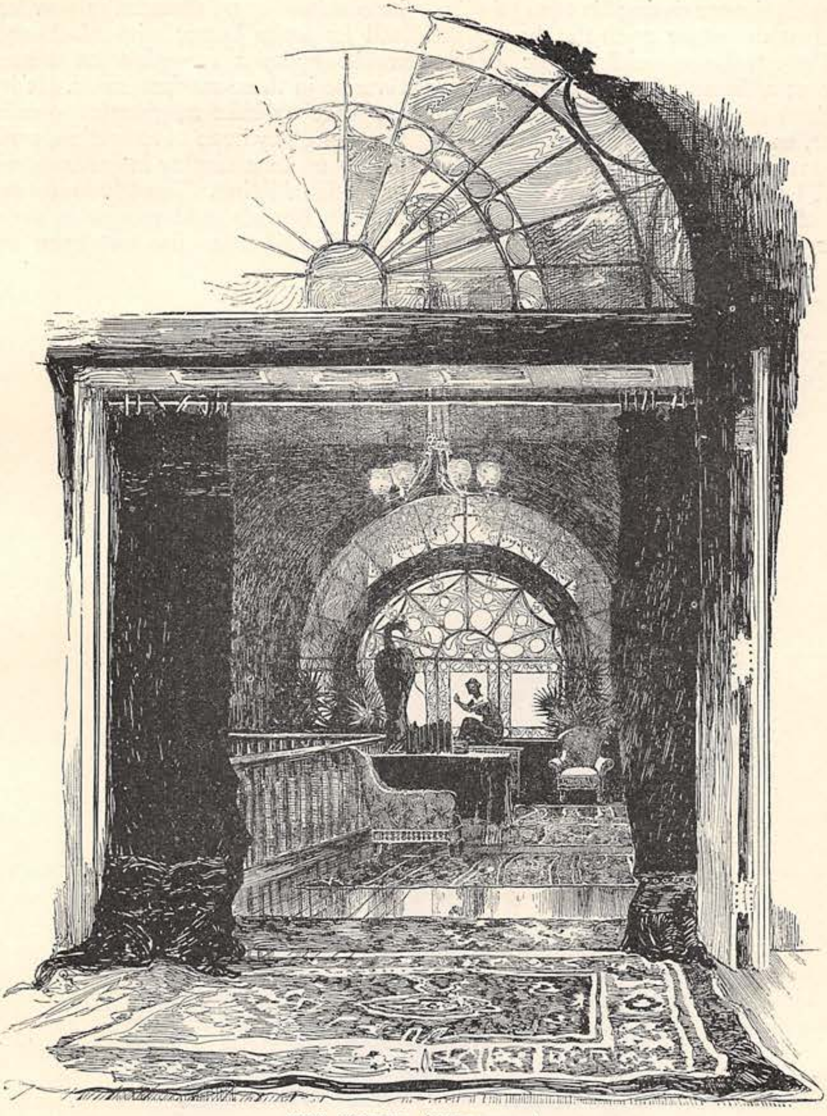


THE PORTICO.

appointment business should be left to the members of the Cabinet, whose recommendations should be final, except in relation to a few of the most important offices, such as foreign missions, high posts in the military and naval service, and perhaps a few of the great collecting agencies in the chief cities which supply the Treasury with the greater part of its funds. Some day there will come to the White House a man of strong will and of a lofty patriotic purpose, with no relish for wielding personal power in the distribution or refusal of official favors; and he, revolutionizing the customs of the Executive office, which are stronger than law, will resolutely shut his door upon all place-hunters and their advocates in Congress, and be the President of the people and not the President of the office-seekers and office-holders.

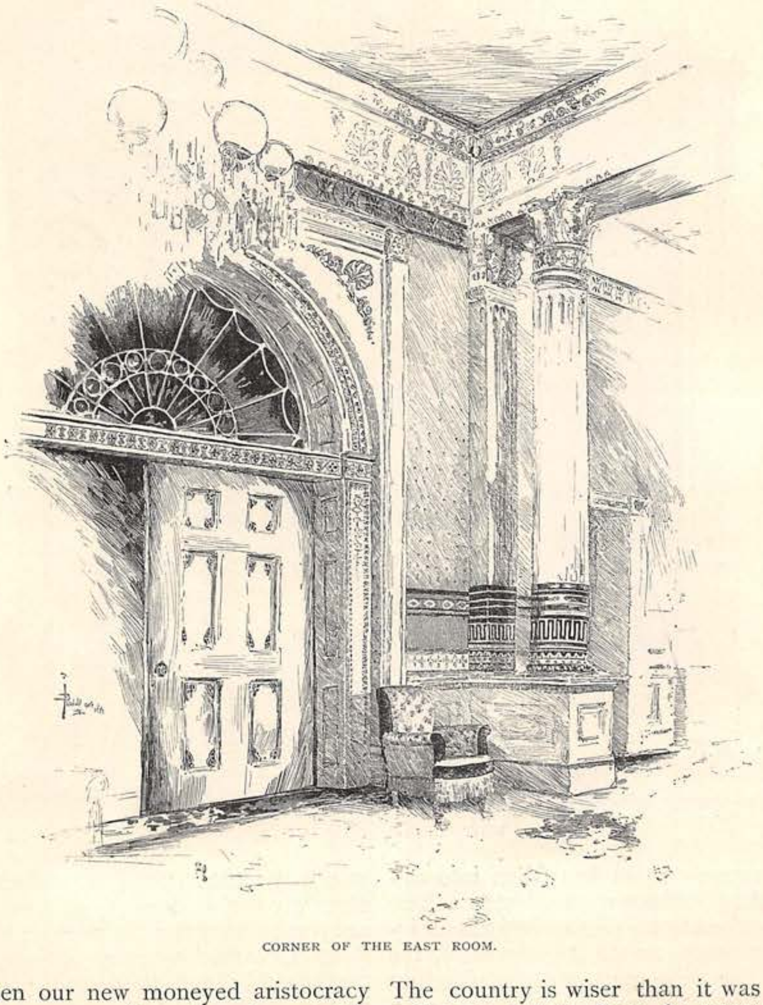
SOCIAL life at the White House varies with different adminstrations. A tendency toward making it less public and more discriminating is noticeable of late years. President Johnson gave a public reception once a week during the winter season, and even in the stress and agony of the war-time President Lincoln shook hands with a mob of two or three thousand people surging through the Mansion as often as once a fortnight. Now, one or two public receptions during a session of Congress are thought a sufficient concession to the democratic principle. A New-Year's Day reception is demanded by the unbroken custom of three-quarters of a century. First, the members of the diplomatic corps present themselves in all the splendors of court dress — the only occasion when they can display the uniforms, cocked hats, gold lace, and decorations of that costume, without being mistaken for people on their way to a masquerade ball; then come the Senators and Congressmen, officers of the army and navy, and last, the public in general and in mass, going in at the door and out of a window on a temporary bridge. Once or twice each season, a reception to Senators and Representatives in Congress and their families is given. For these occasions cards are usually sent out. Not long ago this custom was disregarded, and in place of cards an announcement of the event was published in one of the newspapers. The witty wife of an Eastern member of Congress, who attended the reception, said, when presented to the host, "Mr. President, you advertised for me, and I am here."

Formerly it was thought the duty of the President to invite each Senator and member of Congress to dinner once a year; but as the two Houses have grown in their membership,

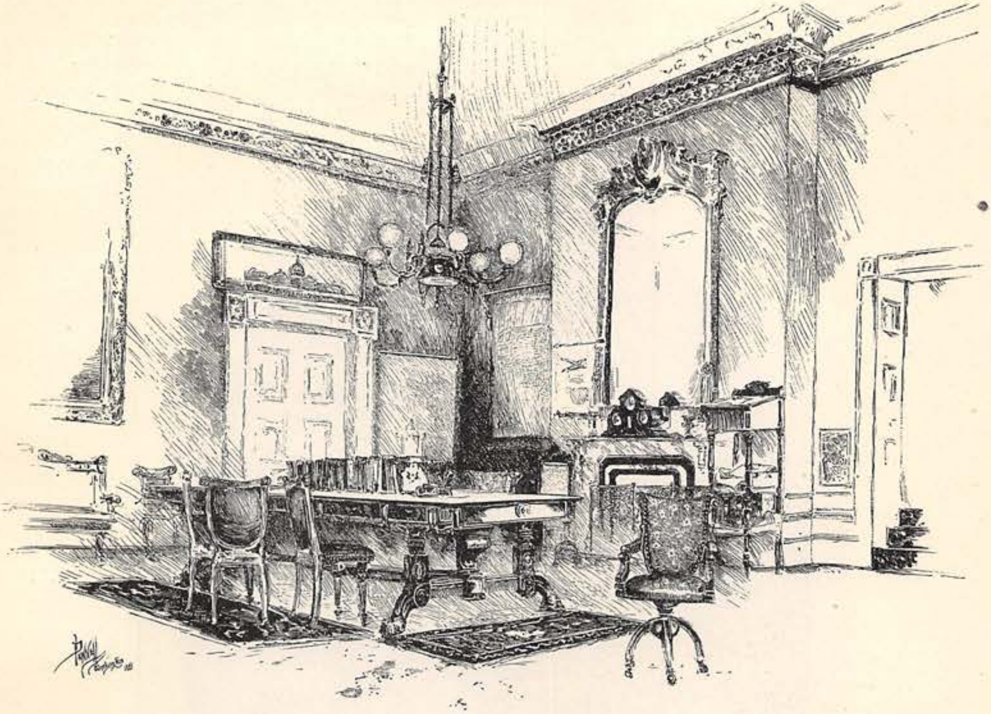


WEST WINDOW. (NEW DESIGN.)

this burdensome custom has fallen into disuse. President Johnson was the last to adhere to it. If a President's dinner invitations include, in a single season, the Senators, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the members of the Cabinet, the foreign ministers, and a sprinkling of influential members of the lower House and distinguished officers of the army and navy, he is now thought to have done his duty in this direction with sufficient liberality. Much the best of White House sociability is found at informal dinners and lunches, at which only a few guests are present with the President's family, and at evenings "at home," for which no cards are sent out. Then there is conversation and music, and one may meet a score of famous men with their wives and daughters. Some Presidents are remembered for the number of their state dinners, others for their receptions, and others for the cordial social tone they gave to the life of the Mansion by small entertainments, by being accessible to all the world, and by making people feel at home. Each Presidential household has modified in some degree the customs of the place to suit its own tastes and habits. Perhaps the most important innovation on long-established precedent was made by General Grant, who broke through the traditional etiquette which forbade a President to make visits. Formerly a President saw the inside of no house but his own, and was in some sort a prisoner during his term of office. He could drive out or go to the theater, but he could not make a social call, or attend a recéption at a friend's house. Now he goes to weddings and parties, makes calls, and dines out, as freely as any other citizen. Indeed, the tendency of White House customs is toward less formality, and more ease and freedom of social intercourse, rather than in the other direction; and this is remarkable at a time when our new moneyed aristocracy is aping the manners of courts and surrounding itself with liveried flunkies. No servant at the White House wears a livery, unless the coachman's coat can be called such. It is often easier to get an interview with the President of the United States than with the editor of a metropolitan daily newspaper, or the president of a great railroad company. The ways of the Executive Mansion are much simpler now than in the days of the first Presidents. Washington's gilded coach, with its coachman and footmen in powdered wigs and its white horses with blackened hoofs, would make a sensation on Pennsylvania Avenue in these modern times. It is safe to say that no chief magistrate nowadays, entertaining any hope of reëlection, would venture to make a display in servants, equipage, or mode of living. The ado made over Martin Van Buren's gold spoons in the political campaign of 1840 has not been forgotten. The country is wiser than it was then, and makes no outcry about the sumptuous decorations or elegant table furniture in the White House; but if the servants who attend the front door should appear one day in livery, the innovation would be condemned. Presidents no longer smoke corn-cob pipes as Andrew Jackson did, or take whisky at dinner, or put their feet on the table while talking with visitors — a rudeness I have myself seen within the last twenty years; but they are expected to be quiet, unpretentious



CORNER OF THE EAST ROOM.



THE CABINET ROOM.

gentlemen in their manners and surroundings, and nothing more nor less. Wielding more real power to-day than any sovereign in Europe, save the Czar and the Sultan, they must avoid all the pomp and ceremony of courts, and meet people face to face with a shake of the hand and a "How d'ye do?" like plain citizens. No coats of arms adorn their coach panels, and no soldiers clear the way or ride at their heels. In the war period, when Lincoln rode out to his summer residence on the hills near the city, he was attended by a cavalry detachment; but this was necessary for his protection in a time of raids, surprises, and murderous plots. Since the war, no President has had a body-guard. Even the two cavalrymen who used to wait at the White House portal, to ride with messages to the Capitol or the departments, have disappeared since the telephone came into use.

Looking at the portraits of the "Ladies of the White House" in a volume recently published, and reading the meager annals of their lives, one cannot resist the conclusion that Presidents' wives, with few exceptions, have been simple matrons who on their elevation to the first social station in the country have performed their duties creditably, with that ready adaptation to new conditions which is so marked a peculiarity of American women. In recent times there has been a mistress of the Mansion who taught her boys Latin and Greek and read the best of current literature, and another who is remembered for her kindly and cordial ways and earnest interest in charities and reforms. One has left a tradition of elegant manners; one never appeared in public, but lived in seclusion, devoted to domestic duties, and making with her own hands butter from the milk of a favorite cow.

Coming back now from the social life of the White House to the house itself, let us note that the family sitting-room and parlor is the oval library above the Blue Room — a spacious and comfortable apartment; that the second room beyond is the bedroom occupied by Lincoln and Grant, and the one made historic by Garfield's long suffering; that President Arthur occupies as a bedroom a chamber across the hall looking toward Pennsylvania Avenue, and has fitted up for a private office one of the adjoining chambers, where he works late at night; and that the broad corridor between the two lines of sleeping-rooms is used as picture gallery, promenade, and smoking-room. The Executive Mansion, in these modern days of wealth, luxury, and display, appears a small and modest dwelling for the chief magistrate of fifty millions of people.

E. V. Smalley.