

## UNCLE LIP'S FULLOSOPHY.

### Observations on House-Cleanin'.

Sum men marry to git a home, an' their wives give 'em a new one every year.

It's ginerally humiliatin' enuff fer a man to be called on the carpet without bein' compelled to beat it arterwards.

An eloquent silence is the kind thet makes itself heard when a man puts up a stovepipe in the presence o' the minister.

Jeff Nantz, whose wife 's been house-cleanin' fer three weeks, sez, "There's no place like home," an' he's glad of it.

Many things is lost in house-cleanin' time besides tempers and repytations.  
*Glen Moore, Penn.* REV. ELISHA SAFFORD.

## MORE STORIES OF ROOSEVELT.

Concluding the extracts from Bradley Gilman's reminiscences of his classmate, Theodore Roosevelt, from his book, "Roosevelt the Happy Warrior." (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. \$3.50.)

### "Tough."

When I asked Oscar Straus to tell me, from his intimate association with President Roosevelt during Roosevelt's Presidency, what quality most impressed him, his reply was: "His tenderness. He had other remarkable qualities, but his kindness of heart, his consideration of the feelings of his associates in the Cabinet—that was what struck me." And Mr. Straus continued: "There were times when something was needed to be done by some member of the Cabinet which was likely to bring to that man public disapproval. And I have known President Roosevelt to say: 'I won't ask you to do that. I'll do it myself. I'm tough, and I can bear it.'"

### Not a Nickel.

Roosevelt's cheerfulness amid his perplexing duties is hinted at by a young fellow worker, who narrates: "Late one afternoon, in Washington, we were ending a business round through the city. We started to take a street car. 'Have you the price of a ride about you?' inquired Mr. Roosevelt, smiling and feeling in his pockets. I replied, as I went through my own pockets, that I had not. My delightful companion rejoined with a smile: 'Then let's walk. Anyway, it speaks well for the honesty of our Government's officials when two of them, having just spent a million or two dollars, haven't kept enough in their own pockets to pay for carfares.'"

### Quite Forgotten.

When Roosevelt was governor of New York, he took a trip through the West, and at one of the stations a big, bronzed cowboy boarded the train. Roosevelt recollected him, shook hands, and said to a friend beside him, "This is the very man I was just telling you about." The smiling cowboy asked, "Telling him about Santiago?" "Yes." Then the man turned to the interested friend and said: "Well, maybe he didn't tell you about that night when we was lying out in the trenches, soaked through with rain, and he came out of his tent and gave me his blanket? And maybe he didn't tell you how he took off his poncho and gave it to another fellow?" Roosevelt tried to recall it. "Did I really?" he rejoined. "Did I do that? I'd quite forgotten it."

But the enlisted man had not forgotten it. Few of those men did.

### What Makes America.

Always it was true that the nearer people came to Roosevelt, or had come to him, the more they admired him. At one large town a timid, worn, little gray-haired woman crept up at the end of the meeting and stood near, looking wistfully at him, but not daring to speak to him. Of course, seeing her, he went to her and put out his hand. She took it, and then piped up in a quivering voice: "I used to see you in New York, Mr. Roosevelt. In the L—H— offices. I was scrubwoman there when you were police commissioner." Roosevelt pondered a moment; then he recalled her. "Oh, yes, I remember, Mrs. B—. I'm so glad to see you. And how is little Jack?" The proud woman replied: "Oh, he's fine. He's grown up now, gets good pay, and supports his old mother." Then Roosevelt turned to a friend at his side and exclaimed: "Look at her, the

noble little mother! I remember her well, and her faithful work and her well-brought-up boy. That's the kind of stuff our American fabric is woven from."

### Fair.

Roosevelt fought down the impulsive nature with which he was born, and learned to maintain a wonderful impartiality in the face of insistent divergent appeals. The story is told of a labor leader who had been invited to dine at the White House. Seated at the table he remarked expansively, "I'm glad that the doors of the White House can swing open to a labor-union man." Instantly Roosevelt made reply, "Yes, but they can swing open just as easily to the capitalist."

### Cheery and Confident.

I recall that as Roosevelt ended his long narration of official struggles and perplexities that night at our class dinner, it suddenly occurred to him that we might feel that he had simply been unloading upon us a long, doleful tale of woe. And his face lighted up more than ever, and he exclaimed joyously: "But I don't want you fellows to think I'm sick of my job. I'm not. I like it. Yes, and I think I'm equal to it."

### Roosevelt's Credit.

Our eminent classmate talked to us for nearly an hour in his fervid, fearless way about affairs of the nation and his attempts to set things right. The exact words with which Roosevelt began his fascinating address are as follows:—

"Now see here, fellows, I want you all to understand, in the first place, that I haven't the least idea that I'm a great man. It is true that I have had exceptional success; but then I've had exceptional opportunities. The only credit that I can claim is for having been there every time, to take advantage of those opportunities."

### Roosevelt in Europe.

Like Benjamin Franklin at Paris a century or more before, Roosevelt, loving realities and respecting himself and his native land, met all nobles and dignitaries on a man-to-man basis. In fact, his new royal friends enjoyed the free, frank atmosphere which this well-bred American carried with him. For his part he wearied a little of it at times. One day, while he was busy, a card was sent up to him,—a card with a crest and other insignia. "Confound it!" he exclaimed, as he went to meet his visitor. "These kings bore me to death."

### Finding the Right, then Doing It.

My classmate, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, has told me about a statement of Roosevelt's which serves to bring out one of the rare sides of his many-sided nature. The two friends were talking together one day, and Professor Hart remarked, "You have the reputation, Roosevelt, of being a very astute politician."

This led Roosevelt to say these things: "I don't know or care what they mean by my being 'astute.' The whole thing is simply that I try to find out, at every step, what is the right thing to do and then I do it. The difficulty is not in the doing, but in the finding what the right course is."

That is not the difficulty with most people. Their difficulty lies in willing and doing the right, after they are reasonably clear as to what it is.

### Roosevelt's "Drinking."

There is another enlightening explana-

tion of the wicked, absurd rumors about Roosevelt's intoxication which John Leary gives. "I was with Roosevelt and other friends at Oyster Bay, just after the trial of the Michigan editor. Our host passed around the cigars, remarking that he could not vouch for them because he did not smoke, but that Leonard Wood gave them to him, and Wood knew. Somebody then asked Roosevelt if he ever smoked. And his reply touched the drinking scandal. 'Often, when I have declined a cigar, my friend has asked lightly, "And what are your bad habits?" and I have replied in a similar mood, "Prize-fighting and strong drink." Now it happens,' continued Roosevelt, 'that the Lord, in His infinite wisdom, elected to create some persons with whom it is never safe to joke—solemn asses who lack a sense of humor. One of those persons to whom I made that jocular remark said to somebody else, "Roosevelt, I have heard, drinks hard." And that other fool confirmed it, "Yes, I know he does; he told me so himself." And so the story went on its travels.'"