POOR DOCUMENT

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SECRETARY'S VIEW OF ROOSEVELT

Bigger He Loomed

The Closer You Were, the

NO SHAM ABOUT HIM

Intimate Glimpses of Great Citizen of United States by On e Closely Associated With Him During Latter Years of His Life.

That old aphorism that no man is hero to his own valet was properly met by Carlyle, who remarked that we ought not to have the minds of valets. Nevertheless, it is the general experience of public characters that those who come most intimately into contact with them have the least respect for them. A striking instance to the contrary is provided by Miss Josephine Stricker, who was Theodore Roosevelt's confidential secretary in the last years of his life. He was indeed a hero to her, she says in an article in the New York Taibure for was indeed a hero to her, she says in an article in the New York Tribune, for he was of that rare greatness stuff that the closer you came to him the bigger he loomed, like a mountain. He was not a poseur; those who formed their opinion of him from his public life would find him exactly the same sort of man in private life. He practised his doctrines of Americanism in his home. His trines of Americanism in his home. His relations with his wife and children were ideal. A kinder, more unselfish father never lived. Wherever his home was there was his heart. The Kind Employer.

When Miss Stricker was recommend ed to him as his private secretary, she was in despair at having to confess that she had forgotten all the shorthand she ever knew, and that it would be necessary for her to learn it over again. "Well," he smiled, "we'll be patient with "Well," he smiled, "we'll be patient with each other while you brush up on it, and I know it won't be long before you are an expert." His morning mail averaged about 200 letters a day, and such a thing as an unanswered letter was unknown to Colonel Roosevelt. Even the street he was in almost constant. last, when he was in almost constant pain, he insisted that the day's mail should be answered on that day, though his secretary suggested that it might be left over till the morning. He said, left over till the morning. He said, "Miss Stricker, when I was president, I instituted a rule to clear my desk each day of the day's work, and I shall stick to it." This, she adds, was the nearest approach to a rebuke that she ever received from him, which is quite as interesting a sidelight upon his character as to his insistence about the mail. She notes that when he was preparing his speeches or his editorials, he had the habit of walking about the room and delivering them with as great fervor as though he were addressing a public authough he were addressing a public au-

The Man With a Message.

He never spoke without a message, says Miss Stricker. On one occasion, in 1912, two newspapermen who were accompanying him on his tour at Salisbury, Md., strolled over to see that the bury, Md., strolled over to see that the press arrangements were complete for the meeting he was to address. "Fine!" said one who had joined the party on the previous night. The other smiled. "The Colonel," he said, "will first say, 'Take down those ropes so that everyone can get close to the platform,' and then he'll add, 'move those tables to one side so that everyone can hear me.' He's not coming here to be a spectacle for the not coming here to be a spectacle for the mob, but to deliver a message." It turnmob, but to deliver a message." It turned out exactly as he had foretold, the colonels using the very words the correspondent had employed. He undoubtedly believed that he had messages of enormous importance for the American people. This was not egotism, but simply a sane knowledge of the fact that he had the ear of the public as had no other American of his generation, and other American of his generation, and that he foresaw grave perils menacing his country which only a roused con-sciousness on the part of the people could avert.

His mental versatility was one of his most remarkable features. He was an omnivorous reader, and read almost a page at a time. It is related that on one page at a time. It is related that on one occasion an Australian public man called upon him with a long article upon agricultural topics that he desired to discuss. The president ran his eye over the twenty odd typewritten pages. His visitor said that he would appreciate the favor of another interview when the president had mastered the document. proceeded at once to discuss the matter, even quoting many of the figures which were embedded in the screed. The Australian later said that it was one of the

Mental Versatility.

The Soul of a Vision My part is ended. Other men, And women, too, still play their part, With courage resolute and dauntless heart. My broken comrade Seared by scars that time can not efface, Is not the jest of fortune; for his aid

A nation's mighty forces doth provide

And those who live-To carry on our story down the years, Face not their "quiet days" in bitter pain; (Forgotten, now they've stilled the nation's fears) Dwarfed by the lust of pride and selfish gain.

Thou fair land for whom great love Inspired my youth to ancient sacrifice; Grant that our serried ranks in realms above May witness bear thee, worthy of the Price.

To Pay Debts of Honour TO the Dead and to the richness of their dying,

we must give pause, and in humility confess a debt beyond redemption. Before the altar of their sacrifice, Canada is consecrated to make its dominion worthy. The Torch

that illumines Victory so dearly bought, must burn eternally. Each year of peace must record an added lustre to our heritage.

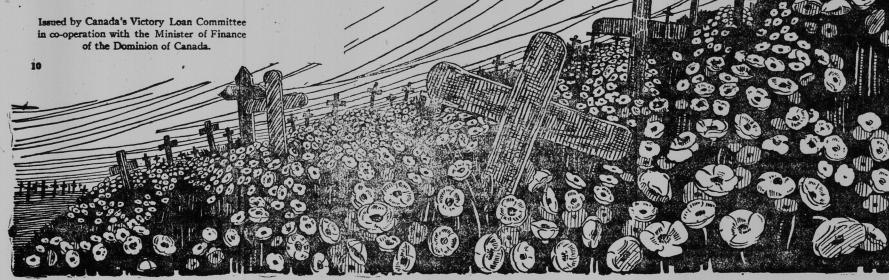
But to those who have come back in suffering, Canada owes a debt which money can, in part, repay

It is a Debt of Honour. Canada was pledged to the end, that the wounded and the sick be adequately cared for, until they were fairly fitted for the competitive existence of civil life.

For this purpose, our medical services, and our vocational training schools must be maintained until the need for them is no more.

These, then, are some of the purposes for which the Victory Loan 1919 is being raised. Other purposes are told about in other announcements.

you of the absolute necessity for the Victory Loan 1919



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pages. Never, however, did he fail in stant the humor of the appeal struck water, fighting and being made ready to would give me greater joy than to spend this swift glance to seize upon the es- the colonel, but in the same instant, re- fight for their country. If they do not the remainder of my time with my fam-





