

A New Light on Roosevelt

The current issue of the American Magazine publishes an excerpt from a letter which shows a side to the character of the President, with which the public is unfamiliar. Because we believe that the men of America cannot see this wonderful character from too many angles, we publish the letter:

"We didn't get to the discussion of his plans until very late—nearly midnight. For the first time in my experience of meeting him (President Roosevelt) he seemed tired. He said several times: 'Well I'm through now, I've done my work.' His chief idea seemed to be that he wanted to get away—out of the country. 'I want to get away so that when the new administration comes in my opinion will not be asked, nor my advice sought. If I talk, people will say that I am interfering where I have no right to interfere. If I refuse to talk, they will say that my silence is disapproval. The best thing I can do is to go entirely away for a year or more—out of reach of everything here, and that is what I am going to do.' He said it was the last thing he would care to do, to repeat Grant's adventure. He has had enough of public affairs; he wanted to be alone and quiet.

"He said he would like to meet William of Germany if he could do it man to man, but he could not think of attempting the ceremonies incidental to a formal meeting. The thing that attracted him most in Europe was the invitations of the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria to go hunting with them. He said he would like to see how they did it in the old countries of Europe, but he felt that he could not do this without attracting too much attention. He had concluded, therefore, to go to the wilds of Africa, a thing he had really long wanted to do, and to hunt big game. He would sail as soon after March 4 as possible, going from here to Italy, there transshipping for the Suez and Italian East Africa. Here he would take the railroad which runs inland and jump from the end of it into the wilderness. His son Kermit will go with him, and, as I gathered, no one else, save, perhaps, a secretary. He said he was looking forward to the recreation of the voyage and to getting acquainted with his son. 'All that country beyond Italy,' he said, 'will be new to us both, and I look for a great pleasure in seeing it with a boy's eyes. Kermit will have his book of poetry and I'll have my hunting books. We shall have a great time!'

"I have never seen him in a more human mood; nor have I ever been more impressed with his bigness and breadth. Once when he said, 'Well, I'm through,' I suggested that the people might not be through with him, that four years hence they might be clamoring for him more intensely than they are today.

"No," he said, with a curious finality, a sort of sadness, a note which I never before heard him strike, 'revolutions never go backwards. New issues are coming up. I see them. People are going to discuss economic questions more and more: the tariff, currency, banks. They are hard questions and I am not deeply interested in them; my problems are moral problems, and my teaching has been plain morality.'

"He is certainly a very extraordinary character—about the greatest of our time. He has the curious flashes of genius, in which he sees himself truly, more truly than anyone else does. And I believe more than ever before that he put aside a third-term nomination, which he could have had at the turn of his hand, from the highest conception of his

moral obligations. I know, from my talk with him last winter, that he was tempted almost to the point of yielding, that the pressure had been tremendous (far more than any ordinary man could have resisted), but that he has asked himself simply, 'What is right in this matter?'—and the thing he thought right, he has done."

It may have been the vexations of the day; it may have been because the hour was late; but whatever it was, the letter tells of a tired man—of one whose was done and who was ready for rest. Yet will the influence of this remarkable man's work abide with our people for a century to come. The greatest thing of his administration has been to make honesty, honesty in business, honesty in politics, honesty in the every day affairs of men, popular.

The Kansas City Star in commenting on this letter has this to say:

"People are going to discuss economic questions more and more: the tariff, currency, banks. They are hard questions, and I am not deeply interested in them; my problems are moral problems, and my teaching has been plain morality.—In an interview in a private letter.

"The writer of the letter from which this quotation was taken said of the President: 'He has the curious flashes of genius, in which he sees himself truly—more truly than anyone else does.' Surely this view of himself is different from the common view. No other who has spoken or written of the President has put him in just this light. Yet this touch of introspection is not in discord with the conclusions of common observation.

"It will be agreed that if the President has been systematic in anything it has been in that he has steadfastly aimed to uplift the standards of social, business and political life and customs and methods. He has persistently aimed to establish better moral standards. Even when one contemplates the practical things he has done or has urged, he is struck by the fact that the inspiration was the morals of the thing, rather than the economics. 'Honest public service, honest railroad, honest food making and food selling, honest relations between employers and employees, honest use of nation's resources—these things, rather than the specific means by which they should be accomplished, have occupied the President's thought and directed his action.

"His indifference to economics as a concrete subject is only a comparative indifference, for he has shown that he can devise and champion means to the end, but his impulse is to insist that the wrong thing be abolished and the right thing be done, and to leave the final method to the collective wisdom of those whose business it is to study deeply into all the ramifications of separate problems.

"The Roosevelt mission—the unrelenting effort to uplift moral standards, has been accomplished. It is for the country to live up to these standards, to adjust systems to them and to exalt them still more.

"With Taft the next President, the country will have a Chief Magistrate who has understood President Roosevelt better and valued him more accurately than has any other public man of prominence—a Chief Magistrate who would follow the moral teachings of Mr. Roosevelt, and would supplement them with the extraordinary executive capacity that he has splendidly demonstrated in the public service."

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REVEAL THE TRUE CHARACTER

Typewritten Pages. It Has Been Proved, Convey Sense of Individuality to the Expert.

Experts in handwriting are often called on to read in it individual traits of character, and there is no doubt that they can do it. Typewriting has now become so common that similar tests are being applied to it. Here is a case in point: In a law suit in England recently, experts showed that one of the pages of a long typewritten document had been substituted for another. They found the difference in the spacing, the punctuation, the paragraphing and the appearance of the letters, the latter depending on the touch of the fingers. The experts further said that the writer of the substituted page was a young woman; that she was nervous, not strong, of only fair education, and a beginner in typewriting. Thus, you see, no matter what we do, we leave a sort of character-trail behind us.

ONE ADVANTAGE.



Now that women can't clinch and kiss, trains can start on schedule time.

THERE'S NOTHING BETTER.

"I crossed the Atlantic last month with that beautiful young singer, Miss Geraldine Farrar," relates a Savannah banker.

"At dinner one night the captain of the ship gave a loud laugh, and, looking at the rows of pretty female faces in the salon, he said:

"Why do men never kiss one another, while women continually do so?"

"Miss Farrar answered, 'Men have something better to kiss, but women haven't.'"

NO JESSE JAMES.

"What are you looking so sour about, Peety?" asked the lanky messenger boy.

"Aw, I'm disappointed," grumbled the short one.

"Disappointed?"

"Sure. I put in two whole hours squeezing through a fence to see what was billed as 'outlaw races' and when I got inside I got walloped wid a club and I ain't seen any outlaws yet. Wish I'd stayed home and bought a dime novel."

CHARITY WORK FOR WOMEN.

Reports of local happenings in papers in all parts of the country show that women are actively engaged in charitable work, and society women seem to have little time for anything else a great part of the year, so absorbing are the interests of the charities in which they work. The lamentable condition of the poor children of the East side in New York has aroused great interest among the society women of that city.

HOT ALCOHOL FROM TABLE.

If spots are left on your table from hot alcohol in your chafing dish, try the following remedy: First rub in well a little wood alcohol; then to remove the resultant whitish mark wet a piece of very soft flannel with camphorated oil and rub the spots thoroughly. Leave the surface very oily for several hours and finally polish energetically with a bit of chamois.

HIS ALREADY.

It was Eugene's third birthday anniversary, but the man next door had forgotten.

"Gene," he said, "you'll have a birthday pretty soon, won't you?"

"Nope," answered Eugene. "I've got it now."

THE BACHELOR'S OPINION.

Niece—Uncle, they say that there are more marriages of blondes than of brunettes. Why is it, I wonder?

Uncle Singleton (a confirmed bachelor)—H'm! Naturally, the light-headed ones go first.—Stray Stories.

SOME ONE HAS FOOLED THEM

English People Who Have Strange and Wonderful Ideas as to Slang Used in America.

The sea was turquoise, and in their deck chairs the schoolmarm, laying down their novels, talked of the little island country they were soon to reach.

"What amuses me," said the gray schoolmarm, "is the English idea of American slang. An English philologist at a dinner at Oxford once gravely tried to talk to me in our own easy colloquialisms. The things he said:

"'But now I'm shouting turkey,' was one. He thought it meant talking nonsense. Flowers he called 'blummies.' He didn't 'care a hate,' he said, for ballooning. A neat person was 'gin and tidy.' A friend of his had 'seen the elephant'—that is, had gone bankrupt. So he rambled on, tickled to death with his cleverness, as proud of his American slang as a George Ade. Where did he get all that nonsense of 'blummies,' and 'shouting turkey,' 'gin and tidy,' and 'caring a hate?'"

THE DOOR TO INDIA.

The British have placed at the entrance of Khyber Pass signboards with the words: "Open to traffic on Tuesdays and Fridays only!" One might think the pass a back street in some city. However, it is the northwest portal of India, a natural gash 33 miles long in the towering Hindu Kush mountains. It is the door connecting the bleak heights of Afghanistan with the fertile plains and tropical country beyond, and the landed interests of India did not care to have it too much open. Fierce and hungry tribes dwell on the Afghanistan side. Therefore, soldiers are on guard to see that the regulations of the signboards are observed. If the hungry natives try to break through on Wednesday, the heliographs and telegraphs send word to the British garrisons, and reinforcements are detailed to guard the pass.

SHOULDER BLADE A NUISANCE.

Peter Stroup, who lives in Germantown, has an inconvenient shoulder blade, says the Philadelphia North American. Yesterday he threw it out of joint for the hundredth time.

The elusive bone reached its century accident mark while its owner tried to tie his shoe. But Peter does not need an excuse to play hide and seek with that shoulder blade. It's all the same whether he reaches in his hip pocket for his bandana or lifts his knife to his mouth at the table. Every time the shoulder blade takes a notion, it slips its trolley and then, until the doctors patch it up, its power is off.

ISLAND'S PLAGUE OF RABBITS.

Rabbits have of late increased in numbers so enormously in the northern portion of the Isle of Man as to constitute a menace to agriculture.

Recently the house of keys passed a bill having for its object the abolition of the pest. The bill treats rabbits as vermin, and empowers occupiers of land to carry a gun without license for their destruction, and to authorize other persons to carry guns without license for a like purpose.—London Standard.

NICE BOY.



Sister—Tee, hee! Did you see that fellow smile at me just now?

Brother—Smile? I saw him laugh, if that is what you mean!

A BAD BREAK.

Wife—Why did you give that phonograph away just before we were married? Didn't you think I could use it?

Husband—My dear, I gave it away to keep peace. Don't you know that no house is big enough for two talking machines?

And at the last report he was still trying to square himself.—Detroit Free Press.

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