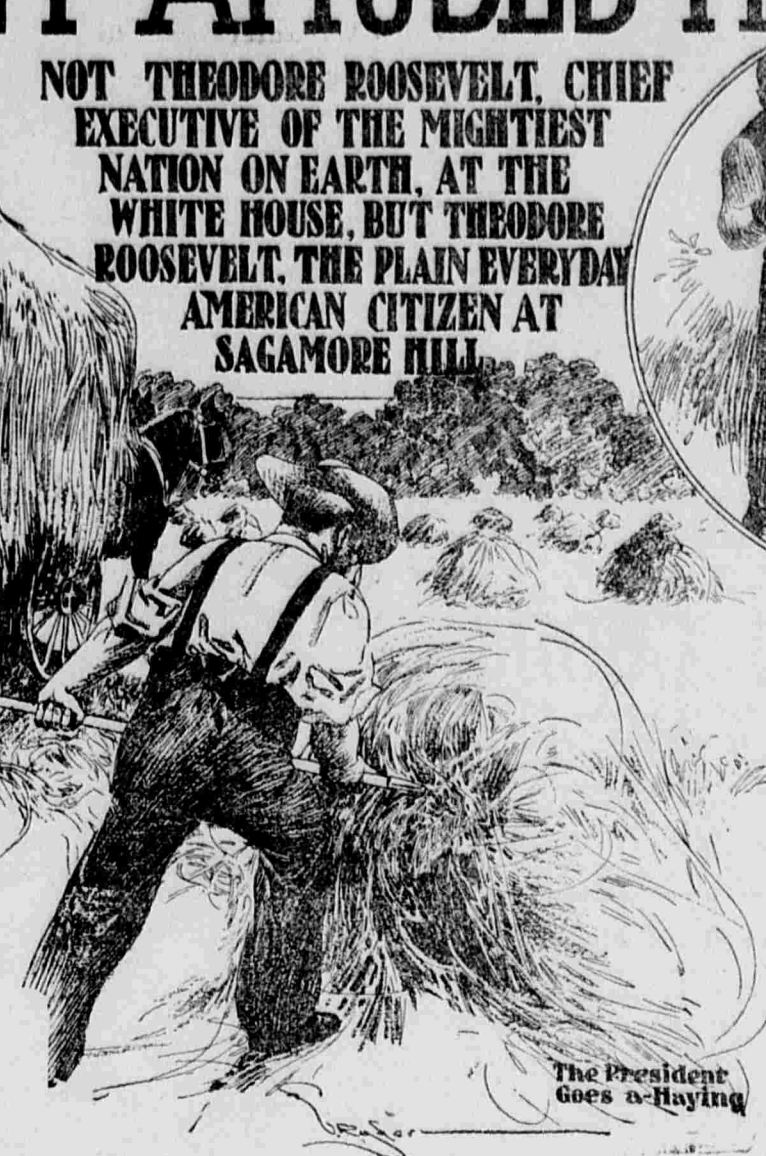


HOW THE PRESIDENT AMUSES HIMSELF

NOT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE MIGHTIEST NATION ON EARTH, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, BUT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE PLAIN EVERYDAY AMERICAN CITIZEN AT SAGAMORE HILL.



THE Theodore Roosevelt of Sagamore Hill is not the Theodore Roosevelt of the White House. At Washington he works. At Oyster Bay he plays. When the president plays he plays almost as hard as he works. He is about the most vigorous player we have. There are those who would call some of his playing hard work, but Mr. Roosevelt finds it merely pleasant and beneficial recreation. He throws off the cloak of official dignity when he gets back home for the summer vacation and puts on his old clothes, his last year's pants and very likely his 1898 rough rider hat. He revels in personal liberty. He feels bulky. He is de-lighted. The man is a boy again, and the president is just Mr. Theodore Roosevelt of Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, U. S. A.

A long time ago a young man named Roosevelt learned that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. He learned also what some young men never learn, that all play and no work makes Jack an incubus, a wart on the face of society. There are two classes of men who transgress nature's laws in regard to labor. One is the class which works all the time and never takes a vacation or a day off. The other is the class which never does a day's work, but is always on the bum. The members of this class may be millionaires or tramps.

Between and Between.

There is an intermediate class which works when work is required and plays when play is required. These are really the first class people. Mr. Roosevelt belongs to this class. He was born with money enough to loaf all his life. If he had loafed without ceasing he would be unknown now, except perhaps as a chicken slaughtering automobilist. If he had worked without ceasing he probably would be represented by a tombstone in a Long Island cemetery. He chose the saner and safer middle course, making both work and play his business, for play is



just as important a part of business as is work.

Mr. Roosevelt now holds a job at which he works very hard during eight months of the year, though he insists upon play enough for physical exercise. The other four months he passes at his Oyster Bay home, doing what work is necessary in order to hold his job, but devoting the time chiefly to play. By play, of course, recreation is meant, and recreation means relaxation. If

a pitchfork and forked hay up to Edward Maloney of the village, who spread it on the wagon. When the wagon was loaded Maloney rode and Roosevelt walked to the barn. Then Roosevelt climbed into the hayloft with his pitchfork, while Maloney forked the hay through the window and Roosevelt crammed it back in the loft. If you ever worked at haying you are well aware that Roosevelt chose the hardest and hottest job when he elected to do the inside work. Maloney says Roosevelt had on a white negligee shirt and adds:

"Before the first load was done you wouldn't have given 30 cents for that white shirt, and talk about sweat drops like peas, the president had them as big as black walnuts dropping from his face, and he didn't stop to wipe them off either, but kept right on pitching up forkfuls so big that he had to get under them and shove them up to me. Then when he climbed up into the loft and took the hay from the fork and stowed it away more big drops fell from him in streams."

No mollycoddle could do that kind of work. Mr. Roosevelt can do it because he has been in lifelong training for it. It is play for him.

"Oh, Woodman, Spare That Tree!"

There are many trees on the seventy acres of Roosevelt land near Oyster Bay. In the big house on Sagamore Hill there are three fireplaces. Those

fireplaces require wood in winter. Before he was president Mr. Roosevelt always spent several weeks in winter at Sagamore Hill to enjoy sleighing on the fine roads and to tramp over the hills on snowshoes. When he gets back to Sagamore Hill for the winter time he will have enough firewood on hand to last several seasons, for nearly every morning now he picks up an ax, goes out into the woods and chops down a tree. The mornings when he doesn't chop a tree down he chops one up. He strips the branches from the tree he felled the day before and cuts the trunk and larger limbs into fireplace lengths. Thus he enjoys both the poetry and the prose of a roaring fire on the hearth.

Sometimes He's Peter Pan.

Mr. Roosevelt hears and heeds the call of the wild every now and then. Perhaps it is a call of the boy to the man, for he likes to go and camp out, just as all boys do. Boys sometimes play hockey from school and retreat to some sequestered nook where they can build a fire, cook steamed food in tomato cans and be free for a time. The president of the United States is always under guard. Uncle Sam's secret service men surround him, even at Sagamore Hill. But a boy named Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., sometimes manages to play hockey. He eludes the guards and goes out with another boy named Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., a stranger to the fact that there are

and the brothers and cousins of this Theodore. The big boy and the smaller boys get into a boat and row miles and miles away to some quiet haven, where they put up a tent and camp out overnight. Theodore senior likes to bury some clams in the sand and build a fire over them for a clam bake. He is one of the boys. He is Peter Pan, who never grew up. Of course in his other identity he is president of the United States, but he forgets it. Such a solemn responsibility as that is a good thing to forget every little while.

A Vigorous Swimmer.

At the outlet of Owl creek, close to the Roosevelt home, is a bathing beach. Mr. Roosevelt is not such a beach fiend as the boys who loaf twelve hours in the hot sunbathing in his bathing suit and lost large sections of his skin, but he likes to swim. Frequently he finds an hour's leisure before luncheon, after working at his official duties. "Let's all have a swim," suggests paternal families. Down to the beach trips the Roosevelt tribe, carrying towels. In they go, and the father of the family swims vigorously, varying his stroke to get the benefit of muscle exercise.

A Fearless Rider.

Three saddle horses in the Oyster Bay stables give Mr. Roosevelt variety of thrills in horsemanship. One of the animals is a specialist in jumping stone walls and rail fences. Mr. Roosevelt is something of a specialist in sitting a horse at that exercise, and during the summer he samples many of the fences in his neighborhood. The other horses he uses for riding along the shady country roads and the sunny stretches of Long Island scenery where trees are scarce. Only a few days ago he rode along a road where a laborer was digging a trench. Everybody around Oyster Bay is supposed to know Mr. Roosevelt, who makes a habit of bowing or speaking a word in greeting when he passes by anybody. The president was wearing a Panama hat, probably out of compliment to a certain important ditch. He lifted his Panama and smiled affably at the trench digger, who regarded him with a stony stare. The president of the United States passed on. The man in the ditch turned to a bystander and asked disgustedly, "Who's that fresh guy?" The ditch digger of course was a stranger in those parts and likewise a stranger to the fact that there are

men rich enough to ride a spirited horse and wear a Panama hat and yet democratic enough to take notice of a man who is doing his day's work in a ditch. Mr. Roosevelt, in following out his individual theory of playing, has come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and to him a man's a man.

He Plays Hard.

Sometimes Mr. Roosevelt plays—actually plays—at games. He likes lawn tennis best. While this is a pastime for ladies as well as for men, when played hard it is really quite as vigorous as forking hay or chopping wood. Mr. Roosevelt plays it hard. His tennis courts at Sagamore Hill furnish him frequent opportunity to make his white negligee shirts look like 30 cents in Mr. Maloney's lingo. Many golfers feel slighted because Mr. Roosevelt cares little or nothing for that game. It is probable that he ignores golf because it is too long between strokes. He prefers playing that keeps his muscles in constant action, particularly the arm and shoulder muscles. Fighting a pasture full of cats—if there were such a game—would be more in his line than golf.

The first president of the United States owned a large farm and was wont to superintend it by riding around and giving instructions. He rode one day in a chilly rain, caught a cold and died. Fancy the twenty-fifth president of the United States catching cold because of getting wet! Perhaps it was Washington that fortified himself against such exposure by forking hay; he might have lived well into the nineteenth century.

Mr. Roosevelt studied too hard at Harvard and found it necessary to take to ranching as a means of recuperation. The outdoor life developed him into a vigorous physical man. Physical vigor is the bulwark of mental vigor, despite some few instances to the contrary. Theodore Roosevelt constantly practices what many others preach, the philosophy of keeping up a sound mind by keeping up a sound body. That is one reason why he plays so much. The other reason is that he likes to play.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Still Searching For the Inhabitants of Mars; Some Recent Developments Are Rather Encouraging

IT is now forty years since Schiaparelli was so certain that he had discovered canals on Mars that he proceeded to describe them. The astronomers of those days—a number of them survive—received his deductions with grave and polite incredulity, but time has proved that which may be seen by others. Since that day those canals or channels, as Schiaparelli termed them, have been seen by many astronomers, both professional and amateur, and at the present time no one doubts their existence except perhaps those who still cling to the "sun do move" theory of Uncle Jasper.

But those canals are not the less mysterious on account of their willingness to show themselves to dwellers on the earth at certain seasons and under certain conditions. They are a fruitful and thus far fruitless source of conjecture both to the astronomers and to those whose imaginations go far beyond the observations of the astronomers, who are as a class the most prudent men alive. For twenty years the American astronomers have been making wonderful appearances in the planet Mars a special study at the observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz. This observatory is provided with a fine twenty-four inch telescope, the largest in the world at its elevation, 7,250 feet above the sea. It is on account of this altitude and the remarkable clearness and dryness of the atmosphere that this Arizona observatory has long been regarded by experts as the point at which some of the most baffling of the questions concerning Mars are likely to be settled.

Foremost in the Quest.

Professor Percival Lowell, director of the observatory at Flagstaff, has long been foremost in this effort to solve the Martian secret. For a long time his deductions were not accepted by the more conservative scientists, and his photographs of the canals of Mars were discredited. In time, however, other observers secured successful photographs, and Professor Lowell's observations were confirmed both in America and abroad. One of the most scholarly and trustworthy investigators has been the Abbe Moreaux, director of the observatory of Bourges, who has conceived a map of Mars which is a model of ingenuity. Professor Lowell has also made one which shows no less than 400 canals and 175 oases. The best photographs show only about forty canals and four oases, but the eye is superior to photographic plates in discerning.

The greatest advance in recent years made in knowledge of Mars occurred in May and June of last year at the observatory at Flagstaff. A good many extremely interesting photographs were secured by Professor Lowell and his assistants. One of the most valuable points established by these recent observations is the similarity between

and that we may some time find out a great deal about the planet and its geography.

And now that these various and sundry canals are found, what are they, after all? There seems to be a remarkable difference of opinion on this point. Some astronomers regard them as actual waterways on such a comprehensive scale that in comparison the greatest canals on earth would seem insignificant. Some observers, notably the Abbe Moreaux and his school, have suggested that these mysterious appearances may be merely tracts of land. Others regard them as lines of vegetation growing along big irrigation works. Still another school sees in

them great rifts on the surface due to the cooling and consequent contraction of the planet.

Having established by actual photographic proof that the canals do exist, it is incumbent on the discoverers to tell us all about them. It is to Professor Lowell that the world looks for an intelligent clearing up of the mystery.

There are many trees on the seventy acres of Roosevelt land near Oyster Bay. In the big house on Sagamore Hill there are three fireplaces. Those

startling conclusion in regard to the probable conditions on Mars.

Lowell's Startling Theory.

For this man who has devoted his strength and his time and his money to the solution of the Martian problem is the chief advocate of the theory that the canals are elaborate engineering

have been dug by intelligent beings, perhaps far in advance of man in general knowledge and special attainment. These inhabitants of Mars naturally must live along the strips of vegetation bordering the waterways, for all the remainder of Mars' surface must be desert. This means that these oases are centers of population, even cities.

courses of the canals and has found that one of them is 3,450 miles in length. Beside the Panama canal and all the irrigation canals now under construction in this country are trivial indeed.

It is for the sake of his theories that Percival Lowell has made this study of Mars his life work. It was for this purpose that he established the observatory in Arizona, the subsequent station in Mexico and more recently the Andean point of observation, from which some of the most satisfactory photographs have just been taken by Professor Lowell, his enthusiastic assistant. Endowed with money, brains and the ardor of an enthusiast, no man is better equipped for the undertaking. The world expects great things of Professor Percival Lowell.

JAMES E. TAYLOR.

A BIG CLOCK.

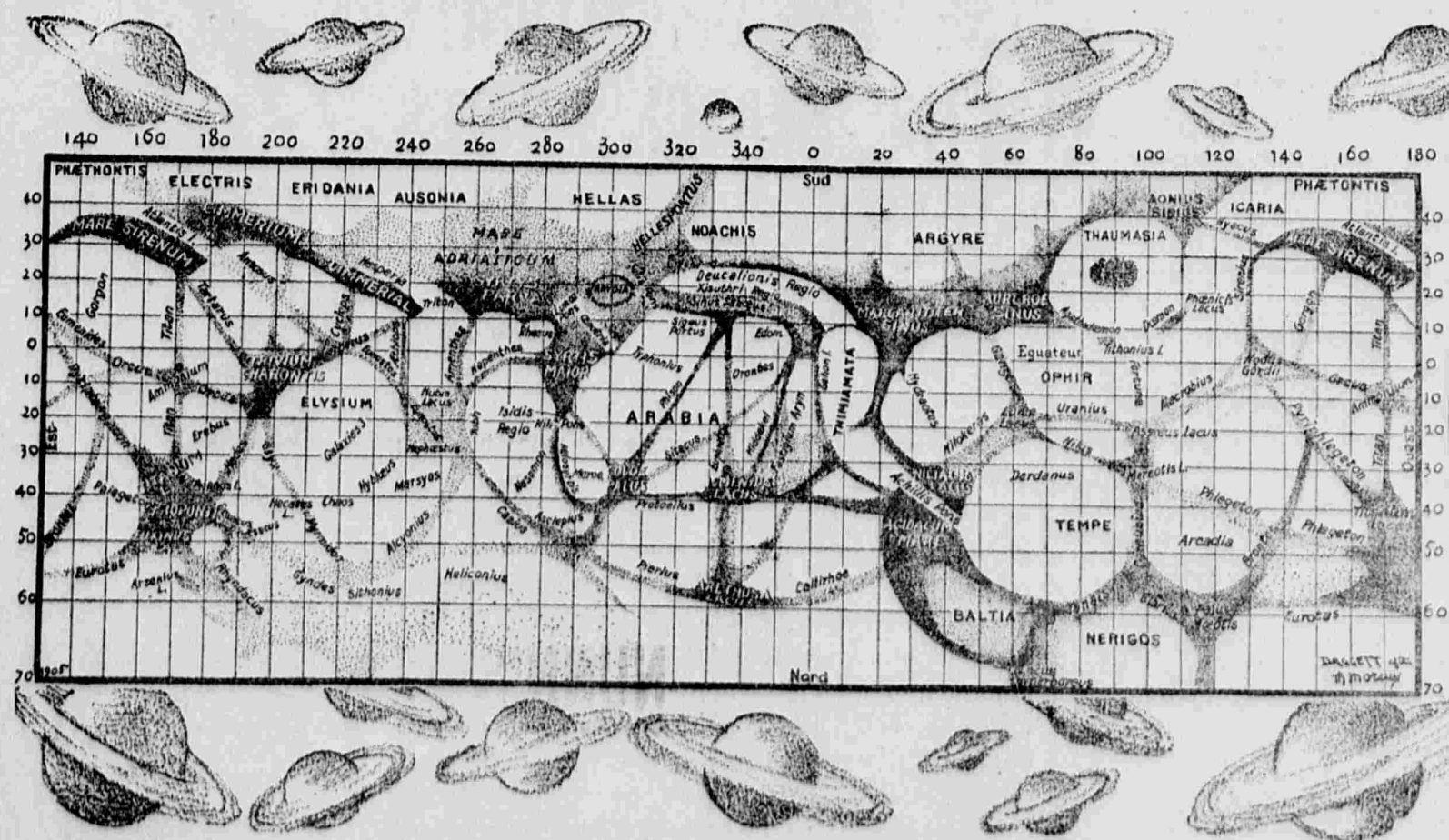
What is said to be one of the largest clocks in the world has been placed in the new tower at Elizabeth, N. J. It is thirty-eight feet in diameter, with eighteen foot hands. The tower, which is 330 feet high, was built expressly for the clock, which will be illuminated at night and will be visible for many miles.

SAMUEL PEPPY'S SUNDAY.

Samuel Peppy describes a seventeenth century Sunday outing, and the tale has a very modern ring in it. "Lord's day," he writes, "up, and my wife a little before 4 to make us ready." And here he records his annoyance that "she was so long about it." Peppy then goes on "she ready, and taking some bottles of wine and beer and cold fowls with us." Coach and four horses from London to Epsom, where they arrived at 8 o'clock, drank the waters, ordered dinner and ate it. "A good dinner and very merry." After dinner, "the day being wonderful fine, we went to sleep."

Then followed a coach to "take the ayre," when they met a shepherd with a little boy, reading the Bible, "with the forced tone that children do usually read that was mighty pretty." The shepherd "did bless God" for that boy. Then to the coach, it being about 7 at night.

So pleased was Peppy with his day's results that he records this resolution: "Never to keep a country house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on a Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place and then quit to another place, and there is more variety and a little change and no trouble as there is in a country house."



ABBE MOREAUX'S MAP OF THE SURFACE OF MARS.



PERCIVAL LOWELL.

BRIEF MENTION.

The Duke of Orleans, who has already explored the unknown territory at the extreme north of Greenland, has just left Christiania for a fresh voyage to the polar seas on his stout little yacht, the *Belgia*.

Victor Herbert, who has been commissioned by Oscar Hammerstein to

write a grand opera with an American theme, is now at work. It will be founded on an Indian legend at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Professor Berg, in Buenos Ayres, reports that he has discovered a spider which practices fishing at times. In shallow places it spins between stones

a two winged, conical net, on which it runs on the water and captures small fish, tadpoles, etc. That it understands its work well is shown by the numerous shrimps and small fish which it catches that lie about in the web net.

It is estimated that 10,000 pigeons live inside of the downtown loop district of Chicago.

Government tests of fire killed timber

have demonstrated that this wood is good and should be considered a thoroughly seasoned timber, so far as its use is concerned. Fire killed timber checks badly when left standing for any length of time, and this is an obstacle in the way of its use for some purposes. Timber which has been killed by fire should be generally used within one year after it has been killed.

ed, but satisfactory railroad ties have been made from timber killed fifty years before.

If Lillian Nordica finally carries out her project for an American Baireuth, she will not be the first singer to emerge as a manager. Jean de Reszke has a private theater in Paris, acoustically perfect, and those quite recently Rossini's "Barber of Seville" was sung

by the owner, his brother Edouard, Adeline Patti and Marie Ancona, and many people remember the ill fated venture of Van Dyck, a Wagner tenor once almost the idol of a section of the New York Metropolitan Opera House public.

The king of Siam has become Europeanized in most respects, but he still maintains a large harem in a special

town, to which no man but himself is ever admitted.

The smallest dog in the world is the Mexican lapdog.

William Waldorf Astor has divided \$50,000 among four London charities for the care of homeless and destitute children.

St. Marybone is really "St. Mary at the Bourne," or brook.