

Mrs. Roosevelt's cozy sitting room - a pleasant room with a big desk, a blazing fire, generous couch, table and chairs - all homey and unpretentious, comfortable. And Mrs. Roosevelt - easy and gay and not perturbed at the end of what must have been a grilling day. You sensed as she drew tea in small cups an eye and ear - attentive to outside wants, possibly. "The Governor is having a massage." It is she who must answer the telephone, arrange for this or that. This eye and ear have been trained to duties - not to her own special ones - duties of the Governor, himself, handicapped as he is is a natural part of her life. She arranges everything deftly and quietly - the time for a guest who must leave directly after dinner to be called for - and who shall dress - and all the details of the hostess.

We were only four at dinner - Mr. Lyons Davis of St. Louis - a millionaire, who was in college I take it with F. R. - very talkative. He and I won on the tariff and foreign relations. He is much stirred up over Ritchie's recent speech.

Calls the Governor, "You'll have to look to your law, Roosevelt," or Franklin he calls him.

And Franklin says rather grimly, I thought, "Dave has his hat in the ring now that's sure."

This was the only reference to Presidential possibilities that came up. We talk of colleges - the folly of the emphasis on Ph.D's. - the want of teachers. Stories about special individuals that impart enthusiasm and love of the beauty, good things and wish them for their children. You have the feeling that there is where

