



**ROOSEVELT.**

**W**HETHER or not he drives Taft out of his "home corner" in Ohio—a question yet to be answered as I write—Roosevelt has already proven himself easily the most popular figure in American public life. It is, indeed, an amazing achievement which we have been watching across the border during the last few weeks. We have been so occupied with the "accidentals" of the conflict—the strong language, the betrayals of confidence, the spectacle of a President and an ex-President fighting desperately for office, the chance references to Reciprocity—that we have hardly realized the stupendous character and the immense significance of Roosevelt's accomplishment. He started from the ground, with barely a man of first-rate calibre to help him, with practically the entire press of his party against him, with Big Business, the railways and the corporations against him, with the natural conservatism of the whole well-to-do section of the population affrighted by his Radicalism; and he has—to quote himself—"beaten them all to a frazzle."

**A**CCORDING to any known scale of probabilities, he simply had no business to start. He was beaten before he began. From the first, it was the commonplace of even his well-wishers that Taft could nominate himself if he wanted to. No other living American would have been taken seriously for a moment if he had opened a campaign against such terrific odds. It did not look quite so bad, possibly, after the visit of the Governors and just before he flung his "hat into the ring"; but it looked much worse immediately afterward. The appearance of his hat in the ring seemed to be the signal for everybody of any weight to come out with the announcement that they were unalterably against Roosevelt and a "third term." The New York press moved against him with the precision of a well-oiled machine, obeying a single hand. He went down to Massachusetts to try to get a decent "primary" law; and it was announced that even his closest friend of other days, Senator Cabot Lodge, would do no more than remain neutral. All the rest of the Massachusetts "machine," from Senator Murray Crane to the last and littlest Congressman, came out flat-footed for Taft. Then he journeyed back to Oyster Bay; and his own personal nominee for Governor of New York last year—the man he had made—took especial pains to let it be known that he was riding on the Taft band-wagon.

**T**HEN Roosevelt took off his coat. The Trusty-press chortled that the only effect of Roosevelt's appearance in the arena, was to make Taft look almost popular. If ever a man should have belonged to the "down-and-out" club, it was Theodore Roosevelt at that time. Everything was against him—except Roosevelt; and that was the one element which his enemies failed to properly estimate. You know what happened next. It is the most vivid chapter ever written in the history of American politics in peace-time. "Teddy" appealed to the people; and they marched to his support. The "machine" was smashed in Illinois, obliterated in staunch old Pennsylvania, given a Pyrrhic victory in Massachusetts, defeated in Maryland, shattered in the West, and routed in California. The People and Roosevelt were greater than all the rest of the politicians and magnates and "bosses" and Big Guns generally, taken together.

**W**HY has Roosevelt won? I do not mean why has he won either the nomination or the election; for he may win neither. But he has won in the best sense—that is, he has established the fact that he possesses an unparalleled popularity, and he has made the election of the man who accepted his support and then betrayed his "policies" an impossibility. Why has he been able to do this? Chiefly, I venture to think, because he is so conspicuously a MAN. We may be somewhat effeminate and timid and kid-gloved and wrist-watched in these well-policed days; but we still love a MAN. Virility still has power to thrill us; and the gods be praised for this. It was because he was so obviously a MAN that the British people loved Chamberlain. It was because he was much more the scholar than they never warned to Balfour. Bismarck was a

Man. We may not have liked his methods of "blood and iron"; but we must admit his virility—and he was the master of his age. That is why a war hero is so irresistible. His manhood is thrown unmistakably into relief. Nor is it a bad trait in our character that a war almost always gives us a few political idols.

**R**OOSEVELT'S issues are very popular. I think that they are more popular with me by a good deal than they are with the Editor of this Great Family Paper. But that lanky College President, Woodrow Wilson, is preaching precisely the same issues in his detached academic fashion; and yet so complete a joke as "Champ" Clark is beating him in the Democratic "primaries." Bryan preached these issues for years; but the people did not flock to him as they do to "Teddy." And Bryan is a very earnest soul. I will venture that far more people believe in the sincerity of Bryan than in that of Roosevelt. But Bryan did not charge up San Juan Hill. He is not a Rough Rider. He has not walked half the diplomatic corps in Washington into a state of collapse. He does not go hunting big game in the wilds of Africa. He is a better platform man than Roosevelt ever dreamed of being; but Roosevelt stands forth as more ruggedly the MAN. One other evidence of Roosevelt's superior manliness is the fact that he is not given to talking "humbug" in the Bryan fashion. He would never make a "monkey" speech against a scientific hypothesis like Evolution.

**N**OW I would hate to apply the lessons of this wonderful spectacle to Canadian politics. I would be treading on far too delicate ground. Still do you not think that some of the popularity of Sir James Whitney is due to his virility? Did not our people love Sir John Macdonald largely because he was so entirely "human"? Blake was far more massive intellectually, but he failed to win the affection of his fellows. The greatest scores made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier—outside of the racial pride in him of his fellow-Quebeckers—have been won by his

courageous attitude on delicate questions. We are tremendously civilized on this Continent. We are schooled and churched, and preached to about peace, and crammed full of priggish maxims, and taught to rely on the police for everything; but we have not been "educated" yet out of our love for a MAN. And it is just as well; for we are going to need MEN in the near future when the last paper treaty has been torn up to make "wadding" for the guns of the Powers it bound over to keep the peace.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

**Manitoba, May 15th**

**M**ANITOBA had a birthday in 1870, and another in 1912. Little Manitoba was born in 1870; Greater Manitoba on May 15th, 1912. Little Manitoba was 70,000 square miles; Greater Manitoba is 275,000 square miles. And now the cry is "a million for Manitoba."

Small wonder that Premier Roblin was glad on May 15th. He worked hard and laboured faithfully for this great day. It was his dream that Manitoba should stretch from the 49th parallel to the Hudson's Bay—and his dream has been realized. He wanted his province to be as large as Alberta and Saskatchewan; he was determined that it should be—and it is.

**King's Plate**

**W**OODBINE, Toronto, May 18th. Purse, \$6,000, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles. Time, 2.11.

- 1. Heresy. Owner—A. E. Dymont.
- 2. Amberite. Owner—C. A. Crew.
- 3. Rustling. Owner—Jos. E. Seagram.

Winners since 1898:

- 1898—Bon Ino ..... J. E. Seagram ... 2.15 1-2
- 1899—Butterscotch ..... Wm. Hendrie ... 2.15 1-2
- 1900—Dalmoor ..... J. E. Seagram ... 2.14
- 1901—John Ruskin ..... J. E. Seagram ... 2.18 3-4
- 1902—Lyddite ..... Wm. Hendrie ... 2.15
- 1903—Thessalon ..... N. Dymont ... 2.15 1-5
- 1904—Sapper ..... N. Dymont ... 2.12
- 1905—Inferno ..... J. E. Seagram ... 2.12
- 1906—Slaughter ..... J. E. Seagram ... 2.11 3-5
- 1907—Kelvin ..... T. Am. Woods ... 2.12 3-5
- 1908—Seismic ..... J. E. Seagram ... 2.11
- 1909—Shimonese ..... V. F. Stable ... 2.10 2-5
- 1910—Parmer ..... V. F. Stable ... 2.12 2-5
- 1911—St. Bass ..... H. Giddings ... 2.08 4-5

Since 1833 the race has been run continuously at Woodbine Park.

**The Duke Reviews the Veterans**



On Sunday Morning Last the Toronto Veterans Paraded to St. James' Cathedral and Were Afterwards Reviewed by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. With Him Were the Duchess and Princess Patricia.