the country, one which will probably be suppressed by the Government.

There is no backache in his job, or headache either. Backache comes from toil—headache, from thought! He refuses to toil and has not the tools with which to think. He was chosen editor of the paper because of his well-known revolutionary tendencies and because strong-minded men knew that he would obey them without question. The office force of the *Record* is as Red as their headlines. The *Record's* leading editorial and special writer was and is Anna Louise Strong, recalled by the outraged citizens of Seattle from the position she so dishonoured on the School Board the same day I was elected mayor.

At one time I visited the office of the *Record* and found it in an uproar of joy. Theodore Roosevelt was dead! It was January 6, 1919, my birthday. I asked: "Why the jubilation?" And Ault shouted, "Roosevelt is dead, he stood in our way." That night the paper carried an editorial on Roosevelt's death from which I quote a part:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IS DEAD

Theodore Roosevelt is dead . . . His outlook was never very subtle or penetrating. . . . Roosevelt lived to see the progressive movement, which he once championed, moved so far past him that he was driven to closer and closer arraignment with the most reactionary forces in this nation. His conception of society's friendship, never very fundamental, was clouded more and more by his own egotism, played upon by those big interests which know so well what motives to stress in order to gain their end.

We must admit the fact that his death at the present moment