

Roosevelt.

Roosevelt has gone to Africa, and has come very nearly home again. He has escaped the animals of the jungle, the malaria, and the tsetse fly. Probably there are some few among the magnates over the line who would not have grudged him a nip of the latter, but let that pass. He will set sail for America from Portsmouth on the 10th of June next, D. V.

At the approach, Europe has sat up to see: kings have straightened their crowns, and banquets, and speeches, and great men, have cropped up along his way as surely as pigweeds in a potato patch.

Naturally, journalists and cartoonists have been in high glee. Teddy has been represented plugging up Mount Etna with the Big Stick, straightening the leaning tower at Pisa, and putting finishing touches to the Raphaels and Leonardo da Vincis as he passes. He has been metamorphosed into the approaching comet, which Taft, in stomach and pajamas, watches with anxiety from the White House upper story. He has been caricatured as hauling the G. O. P. magnificently by the trunk, while Taft strives hugely to keep hold of it by the tail. And ever his grin goes with him. It is still there when naught else is to be seen of him, like the grin of the Cheshire cat.

The truth of the matter is that the Roosevelt grin lends itself admirably to caricature. The whole man lends himself admirably to caricature. In President Taft there is nothing but bulk and a fat smile to work on, and even wit, by the time it has got around that elephantine structure, is heavy. In Col. Roosevelt, on the other hand, there is everything to work on—the Whizz! Whirr! Stirrings-up! The Big Stick! and the Roosevelt Grin!

And now—
Is not just this admirableness as a subject for caricature the very thing that has sown broadcast, by the most subtle of all means—suggestion—the opinion so largely held, by those adverse to, or not particularly interested in regard to him? Strong points almost invite exaggeration. Where there is nothing but smooth rotundity—neither weakness nor strength in capitals—caricature fails. Cartoonists and, too often, journalists thrive best on sensationalism, and sensationalism feeds on points.

Now, Col. Roosevelt bristles with points, and the points have largely been held before the limelight, magnified to the obscuring of the man himself. As a result, the popular idea that the ex-president is a player to the gallery, a bombastic Big-Sticker from start to finish, and the European trip has been pointed to as the final word of confirmation.

As a matter of fact, Roosevelt cannot travel as a private citizen. He asked as a favor that he and his wife might be permitted to proceed quietly over the road in Italy which he and his wife traversed on their wedding trip, twenty-five years ago. Receptions awaited him at every station, flags flew, bunting fluttered, bands played, and addresses were read to him, wherever they could be squeezed in en route. That is the way in which Roosevelt is permitted to travel in quiet.

King, and dukes, and men of letters and science, have invited him to dine with them. He has accepted. Who

would not? Least of all, perhaps, the critics who have howled loudest.

Theodore Roosevelt is a strong man. He has incurred the hatred of the Trusts, and he does not care. He is a man full of vigor which he does not try to suppress. Why should he? Moreover, he is a man who feels himself entrusted with a mission. Wherever he goes, he feels it laid upon him to speak out for justice and honor, and "the commonplace everyday virtues." He has been accused of uttering platitudes, but his platitudes are just such as a great many people are too prone to forget. He has been accused of wordiness and of repetitions. Possibly he is wordy. He has much to say, and he does not wish to leave any of the messages, which seem to him so important, unsaid. He is willing to repeat because, no doubt, he believes with Pestalozzi, that, "Repetition is the secret of all true education." After all, we are but children of a larger growth, and he has seen some few things—which he attempts to teach—clearly.

to elevate the common, everyday life of common, everyday people. He is an American, but in this respect he is a Citizen of the World.

What we mean will, perhaps, be evident by a perusal of the few quotations following. They have been taken from the ex-president's speech, before an audience of the educated of France, at the Sorbonne. Platitudes? Perhaps. Yet platitudes which have made an "immense impression in Europe." . . . It is regretted that lack of space forbids the publication of the whole address.

"The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer. . . . There is no more unhealthy being, no man less worthy of respect, than he who either really holds, or feigns to hold, an attitude of sneering disbelief toward all that is great and lofty, whether in achievement or in that noble effort which, even if it fail, comes second to achievement. A cynical habit of thought and speech, a readiness to criticise work which the critic himself never tries to perform, an intellectual aloofness which

accepting individual responsibility and yet of acting in conjunction with others, courage, and resolution—these are the qualities which mark a masterful people."

"The average man must earn his own livelihood. He should be trained to do so, and he should be trained to feel that he occupies a contemptible position if he does not do so; that he is not an object of envy if he is idle, at whichever end of the social scale he stands, but an object of contempt, an object of derision."

"The man who for any cause for which he is himself accountable, has failed to support himself and those for whom he is responsible, ought to feel that he has fallen lamentably short in his prime duty. . . . But the man who, having far surpassed the limit of providing for the wants, both of body and mind, of himself and of those depending upon him, then piles up a great fortune, for the acquisition or retention of which he returns no corresponding benefit to the nation as a whole, should himself be made to feel that, so far from being a desirable, he is an unworthy citizen of the community; that he is to be neither admired nor envied; that his right-thinking fellow countrymen put him low in the scale of citizenship, and leave him to be consoled by the admiration of those whose level of purpose is even lower than his own."

"It is a sign of marked political weakness in any commonwealth if the people tend to be carried away by mere oratory, if they tend to value words in and for themselves, as divorced from the deeds for which they are supposed to stand. The phrase-maker, the phrase-monger, the ready talker, however great his power, whose speech does not make for courage, sobriety and right understanding, is simply a noxious element in the body politic, and it speaks ill for the public if he has influence over them."

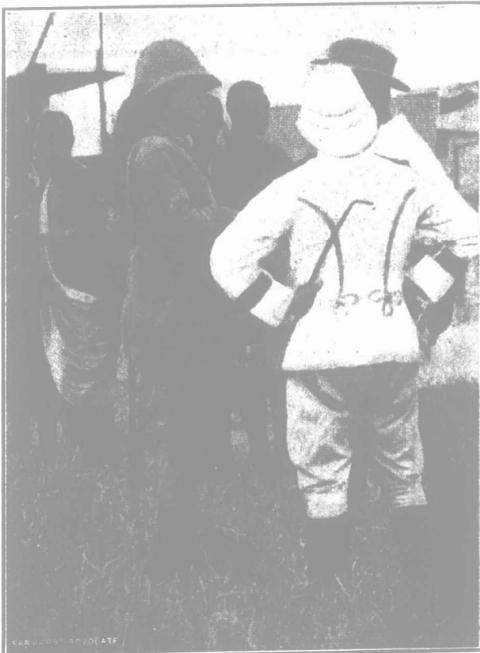
"Virtue, which is dependent upon a sluggish circulation is not impressive. The man who is saved by weakness from robust wickedness is likewise rendered immune from the robuster virtues. The good citizen must first of all be able to hold his own. He is no good citizen unless he has the ability which will make him work hard, and which at need will make him fight hard."

"We are bound in honor to refuse to listen to those men who would make us desist from the effort to do away with the inequality which means injustice; the inequality of right, of opportunity, of privilege. We are bound in honor to strive to bring nearer the day when, as far as is humanly possible, we shall be able to realize the ideal that each man shall have an equal opportunity to show the stuff that is in him by the way in which he renders service. There should, so far as possible, be equality of opportunity to render service; but just so long as there is inequality of service, there should and must be inequality of reward."

"Remember, always, that the same measure of condemnation should be extended to the arrogance which would look down upon or crush any man because he is poor, and to the envy and hatred which would destroy a man because he is wealthy. . . . Ruin looks us in the face if we judge a man by his position, instead of judging him by his conduct in that position."

"Of one man in especial, the citizens of a republic should beware, and that is of the man who appeals to them to support him on the ground

Men of To-day.



Roosevelt, as He Emerged from the African Jungles.

Doubtless, he has made a few blunders—who has not?—but he has been at least well-intentioned. He may have erred in tact, or in etiquette. A roughrider might be expected to commit such errors.

Ex-President Roosevelt has been no sycophant. A soldier, he favors peace and the limitation of armaments. He has not lost his head by reason of position. He is today, as he was before he ascended to the Presidential chair, the friend of the common people.

More than one observer have declared him "The most remarkable man since Napoleon Bonaparte." (No simile is intended, evidently.)

Without doubt, he is, in the make-up of him, dramatic, yet, to the thinking, the most remarkable thing about him is his persistence in trying

will not accept contact with life's realities—all these are marks, not, as the possessor would fain think, of superiority, but of weakness."

"Let those who have kept, let those who have not strive to attain a high standard of cultivation and scholarship. Yet, let us remember that these stand second to certain other things. There is need of a sound body, and even more need of a sound mind. But above mind and above body stands character—the sum of those qualities which we mean when we speak of man's force and courage, of his good faith and sense of honor. . . . We must ever remember that no keenness and subtleness of intellect, no polish, no cleverness, in any way make up for the lack of the great solid qualities. Self-restraint, self-mastery, common sense, the power of