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Theodore Roosevelt: A Character Sketch

NEARLY a year before the opening of hostilities with Spain, Theodore Roosevelt addressed a class of naval cadets on the subject of Washington's forgotten maxim:

“To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace.”

Before the “Maine” was blown up in Havana harbor, Mr. Roosevelt said to a friend in New York:

“We shall be compelled to fight Spain within a year.”

It was this sense of the great need of military readiness, whether to prevent war or to maintain war, coupled with a keen appreciation of the impending danger, that induced Mr. Roosevelt to leave the fierce hurly-burly of the New York Police Department, in which he joyed, for the obscure, red-taped Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy. He knew that it was a position lacking in advisory importance and that there was slight possibility of its yielding public credit or political preferment. It was merely the king-cog of a vast machine, the function of which was to keep the American navy in readiness for hostilities.

When Mr. Roosevelt was appointed, his first work was to familiarize himself with the possible needs of the navy in the event of war. After that, he began to buy guns, ammunition, and provisions. He insisted on more extended gunnery practice. He hurried the work on the new war ships, and ordered repairs on the old ones; he directed that the crew of every ship be recruited to its full strength; he crammed the bins of every naval supply station with coal. Consequently, when Admiral Dewey arrived at Hong Kong with the fleet which was to win the greatest victory of the war, he found quantities of coal, ammunition, and supplies awaiting him, so that he could advance without delay and offer battle before he was expected. Moreover, it was at Mr. Roosevelt's urgent suggestion that Admiral Dewey received his famous order to “capture or destroy” the Spanish fleet.

“If it had not been for Roosevelt,” said Senator Cushman K. Davis, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, “we should not have been able to strike the blow that we did at Manila. It needed just Roosevelt's energy and promptness.”

Mr. Roosevelt called it “sharpening the tools for the navy;” and when they were sharpened and the American flag was firmly planted on Cavité, he resigned.

“There is nothing more for me to do here,” he said. “I've got to get into the fight myself.”

Nearly every newspaper of importance in the United States urged Mr. Roosevelt to remain at Washington. They told him that he was just the man for the place, and they warned him that he was “ruining his career.” They said that there were plenty of men to stop bullets, but very few who could manage a navy.

It is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt that when he sees a duty clearly, no advice, however well meant, nor any question of expediency or profit or future favor will turn him by the width of a hair. His career never for a moment eclipses his sense of responsibility. Somewhere he says in

one of his essays: "One plain duty of every man is to face the future as he faces the present, regardless of what it may have in store for him, and turning toward the light as he sees the light, to play his part manfully, as a man among men."

This sterling, rugged, old-fashioned sense of duty is the keynote of Mr. Roosevelt's character—that, and the iron determination to do his duty promptly when he sees it.

So he became a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, one among several hundred. He fared with his regiment on three battlefields, where he was the stout heart of the whole army; and when the fighting was over, it was he who first saw the impending danger of Cuban fever, and his prompt and forcible appeal for instant removal of the troops undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands of American soldiers.

When he returned from Cuba last August, it was to find himself the most popular man in the army, if not in the nation. And who will say now that he was mistaken in leaving the Navy Department and riding away to the front with his cowboys and college men?

These episodes furnish the cipher key by which all of Mr. Roosevelt's life may be read. The qualities which made them a possibility are only the flowering of a long period of strenuous development, extending backward through many generations.

HIS ANCESTORS.

During the Civil War, Mr. Roosevelt's father, also Theodore Roosevelt, was one of the most prominent citizens of New York. Men who still live remember him as he rode through the park—a slim, straight, handsome-featured man, who sat his horse as though born to the saddle. He had great strength and nobility of character, combined with a certain easy joyousness of disposition. To him, more than to any other man, New York owes its system of newsboys' lodging houses. He was a power in the Young Men's Christian Association, and one of the principal organizers of the Bureau of United Charities. During the Civil War, he established the famous and useful "Allotment Commission," which enabled soldiers in the field to allot and send to their families at home a certain portion of their monthly pay. He held various positions of public trust, but such was his high standard of the duty of the citizen to the state that he never would accept any payment for his services.

Behind the elder Theodore Roosevelt stretched eight generations of patriotic Americans, burghers and patroons of New York since the time of one-legged Peter Stuyvesant. And the various generations have had their aldermen, their assemblymen, their judges, their congressmen, their soldiers. In Revolutionary times, New York chose a Roosevelt to act with Alexander Hamilton in the United States Constitutional Convention. Roosevelt Street in New York City is so named because it was a cow-lane in the original Roosevelt farm; Roosevelt Hospital was the gift of a recent member of the family.

Mingled with this fine old Dutch blood, which so strongly marks the personality of Mr. Roosevelt, there are strains in the family of the best Scotch, Irish, and French Huguenot, so that if there be an aristocracy of blood in America, the Roosevelts may lay claim to it. But like every true aristocrat, Mr. Roosevelt is also the simplest of democrats.

Mr. Roosevelt's mother was Miss Martha Bulloch. She came from the old Southern family of Bullochs which produced a noted governor of Georgia and the builder of the Confederate privateer "Alabama."

BOYHOOD LIFE.

Mr. Roosevelt was born in the family mansion at 28 East Twentieth Street, New York, on October 27, 1858, so that he is now just forty years old. As a young boy he was thin-shanked, pale, and delicate, giving little promise of the amazing vigor of his later life. To avoid the rough treatment of the public school, he was tutored at home, also attending a private school for a time—Cutler's, one of the most famous of its day. Most of his summers were spent at the Roosevelt farm near Oyster Bay, then almost as distant in time from New York as the Adirondacks now are. For many years he was slow to learn and not strong enough to join in the play of other boys; but as he grew older he saw that if he ever amounted to anything he must acquire vigor of body. With characteristic energy he set about developing himself. He swam, he rode, he ran; he tramped the hills back of the bay, for pastime studying and cataloguing the birds native to his neighborhood; and thus he laid the foundation of that incomparable physical vigor from which rose his future prowess as a ranchman and hunter.

“I was determined,” he says, “to make a man of myself.”

I spoke to him about being a city boy. “I belong as much to the country as to the city,” he replied; “I owe all my vigor to the country.”

The elder Roosevelt knew the science of bringing up boys. It may be summed up in a single word—work, plenty of work, hard work. Although the family was considered wealthy, he taught his boys—there were two of them and two girls—that the most despicable of created beings is the man who does nothing. He himself was a prodigious worker in many different lines.

Young Roosevelt had few dreams, he built few air castles. The work that lay nearest him he learned to do thoroughly well, and when it was done, he was ready for more. Storybooks interested him very little unless, like Mayne Reid or Fenimore Cooper, they treated of hunting, trapping, and the wild life of the West.

Later, after he entered Harvard College, where he was a good student, and for a time editor of the “Advocate,” he was deeply absorbed in history and natural history. By this time he had become a good boxer and wrestler and a fair runner, and for a time he was captain of a polo club, although he never took any championships. He was graduated from the university in 1880, a Phi Beta Kappa man, and he afterwards spent some time studying in Dresden.

EARLY INSPIRATIONS.

After a year's travel in Europe and the East, during which he scaled the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn and won himself a membership in the Alpine Club of London, Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York, ready to begin his life work. He was now barely twenty-three years old, a robust, sturdy-shouldered, square-jawed young man, born a fighter. He had no need to work; his income was ample to keep him in comfort, even luxury, all his life. He might spend his summers in Newport and his winters on the Continent, and possibly win some fame as an amateur athlete and a society man; and no one would think of blaming him, nor of asking more than he gave. But he craved the stir and action and heat of public conflict. His reading was of a nature to spur him on to deeds, for he is preeminently a man whom history has lifted. Even in his college days he had been a close student of the “Federalist,” which he calls “the greatest book of its kind ever written.” Indeed, no young American of the time was more thoroughly familiar with the history of his country, both east and west, and with the lives of its greatest men, than Mr. Roosevelt. He had studied its politics as well as its wars, and he knew every one of the noble principles on which it was founded. Before he was twenty-three he had begun work on his “Naval War of

1812," which has since become the standard authority on that period of the nation's history, with a copy in the library of every American war ship. In his essay on "American Ideals," one of the richest tributes to patriotism in the language, he burns incense to the inspiration of history.

"Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech," he writes, "or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of material prosperity."

Here was an American stung to action by the deeds of the two greatest Americans. He believed in them as models, and he felt no sentimental timidity in declaring his faith in their ideals.

For a time Mr. Roosevelt attempted the study of the law with his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, but with such a training as he had given himself it was impossible for him to remain long out of politics. In 1881 he attended his first primary—a primary of the Republican party. To many bookish young men, acquainted with the greatest achievements of their countrymen, such a gathering might have seemed mean, sordid, unimportant; but to Mr. Roosevelt, who saw in it the foundation of a political system, it was as much an arena for political prowess as the legislative halls in Washington.

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

He went into it with the earnest intention of being useful, and almost before he was aware the Twenty-first District had elected him to represent it in the Assembly at Albany. When he took the oath of office in 1882, he was the youngest member of the legislature. Some of the hard-shelled old political "wheelers" from New York promptly dubbed him "silkstocking," and passed him by as one of the freaks of a popular election. But they curiously misjudged their man. Mr. Roosevelt has a faculty, wherever he is, of making himself a storm center.

He studied his colleagues until he knew whom he could trust and whom he must fight, and then, quite to the dismay of some of his fellow legislators, he went to work. Within two months he was the undisputed leader of the Republican minority of the house and quite the most astonishing feature of the legislature.

"Politics and war," he said recently, "are the two biggest games there are."

At Albany he played politics with the same cheery disregard for punishment, danger, or future preferment that he showed on the bloody slope before San Juan. He had determined that the city government of New York needed purifying, and without delay he set about to purify it. It was nothing to him that he had a bitter majority of corrupt politicians to fight, nor that many of the newspapers in New York lampooned him unmercifully. He made friends, and trusted them, wherein lies much of his success as a leader; and with the small, but tremendously energetic and devoted, band of workers which gathered under his standard, he succeeded in passing the famous Roosevelt aldermanic bill, which deprived the City Council of New York of the right to veto the mayor's appointments, the provision under which Tweed and his ringsters had wrought such perversions of the public will. This was the most important work he did in Albany, and, singularly enough, it made possible his own appointment years later as police commissioner.

He also organized a committee to investigate the work of county officials in New York, as a result of which the county clerk, who had been receiving \$82,000 a year in fees; the sheriff, who had been taking \$100,000; and the register, whose perquisites were also very large, all

became salaried officials. At the same time Mr. Roosevelt urged a police investigation, and it would have been secured had he remained longer in the legislature. During his entire service he fought every blackmailing scheme of dishonest politicians with untiring earnestness, and he insisted on civil service reform and the endeavor to combine honesty and efficiency in the selection of all servants of the State.

In speaking of the qualities necessary in a legislator to win such victories as these, Mr. Roosevelt very well describes some of his own characteristics: "To get through any such measures requires genuine hard work, a certain amount of parliamentary skill, a good deal of tact and courage, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the men with whom one has to deal and of the motives which actuate them."

Prophets of the ordinary political stamp declared that Mr. Roosevelt never could be reelected after he had served his first term—his politics were much too startling; but he was reelected twice, serving the three terms of 1882, 1883, and 1884. Moreover, his party grew so fond of him that it sent him to the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1884, where he was associated with such men as Andrew D. White and George William Curtis. He went uninstructed, but in favor of the nomination of Mr. Edmunds for the presidency in opposition to Mr. Blaine.

AS A PRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

During the convention Mr. Roosevelt stood out prominently as a militant Republican. Indeed, he has always gloried in the fact that he is a party politician and a practical politician; at the same time he once said, "I do not number party allegiance among the Ten Commandments." In the face of a question of simple right and wrong Mr. Roosevelt recognizes no loyalty to party, and he declares with vehemence that national politics never should be allowed to interfere with municipal or local government, nor with the disposition of offices in which efficiency and honesty are the prime requirements.

"There are times," he says, "when it may be the duty of a man to break with his party, and there are other times when it may be his duty to stand by his party, even though, on some points, he thinks that party wrong. If we had not party allegiance, our politics would become mere windy anarchy, and, under present conditions, our government would hardly continue at all. If we had no independence, we should always be running the risk of the most degraded kind of despotism—the despotism of the party boss and the party machine."

Mr. Roosevelt is a practical politician in the same broad-gauged, commonsense way that he is a party politician.

"In the long run," he writes, "politics of fraud and treachery and foulness are unpractical politics, and the most practical of all politicians is the politician who is clean and decent and upright. Therefore, the man who wishes to do good in his community must go into active political life. If he is a Republican, let him join his local Republican association; if he is a Democrat, the Democratic association; if an Independent, then let him put himself in touch with those who think as he does. Progress is accomplished by the man who does the things, and not by the man who talks about how they ought or ought not to be done."

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

Standing thus for the politics that Washington and Lincoln made illustrious, it is with a thrill of reassuring confidence in the innate uprightness of the American voter that one watches Mr. Roosevelt's steady advance in political power and responsibility. In 1886, he became the candidate of the Republican party for Mayor of New York, running against Abram S. Hewitt and Henry George. His letter accepting the nomination is a masterpiece, a model for every fearless young politician who is trying to do a man's work in the world. Mr. Roosevelt went into the campaign with his characteristic energy, fighting fair, but fighting without gloves; and while he was beaten, he had the honor of receiving the largest percentage of votes ever polled by a Republican candidate for mayor until Mayor Strong came in.

LIFE AS A COWBOY.

.During all of these years of intense political activity, and long afterwards, Mr. Roosevelt found opportunity to make half a hundred expeditions into the wild heart of the West, to turn cowboy, ranchman, and hunter of big game, and to become more familiar, perhaps, with the "rugged and stalwart democracy" of the pioneer frontiersman than any other Eastern man. He built a log ranch on the banks of the Little Missouri, among the buttes and Bad Lands of northwestern Dakota, working on it with his own hands. It was a low, rough building, with a wide veranda, shaded by leafy cottonwoods, and so far from the bounds of civilization that Mr. Roosevelt tells of shooting a deer from the front door. Here, in a flannel shirt, and overalls tucked into alligator boots, he worked side by side with his cowboys during many an exciting roundup, coming home to sleep on bearskins and buffalo robes, trophies of his skill as a hunter.

Here, too, he kept the favorite books of a ranchman, the works of Fenimore Cooper—who has touched the life of the pioneer more closely than any other writer, Mr. Roosevelt thinks—many books on hunting, trapping, and natural history; and the works of Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Poe, and a few other American writers. In speaking of Poe, Mr. Roosevelt says: "When one is in the Bad Lands, he feels as if they somehow look just exactly as Poe's tales and poems sound."

One of Mr. Roosevelt's experiences in the West gave the cowboys a very high opinion of his determination, and forever blotted out the implication that he was a tenderfoot. Cattle had been stolen from his ranch. He followed the thieves with unfaltering pertinacity for two weeks, and finally captured three of them and had them sent to the penitentiary at Mandan for terms of three years.

He hunted and shot with all the keen zeal of a lover of the wilderness. He killed as a sportsman, not to make a record for killing, and usually only when his camp needed food. Many of his trips were made alone or with a single cowboy companion, for he despised the help of the professional guide.

"I myself am not and never will be more than an ordinary shot," he says, "for my eyes are bad and my hand not oversteady; yet I have killed every kind of game to be found on the Plains, partly because I have hunted very perseveringly, and partly because by practice I have learned to shoot about as well at a wild animal as at a target."

More than one grizzly bear has fallen to Mr. Roosevelt's rifle, and once, while he was hunting alone in Idaho, he was charged by a wounded grizzly. Nothing can exceed the graphic interest with which Mr. Roosevelt himself tells of this attack:

"I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and

challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him, as he topped it, with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound." This Mr. Roosevelt calls his most thrilling moment.

HIS LITERARY WORK.

One would think that Mr. Roosevelt's political activity, combined with the stress of his wild, vigorous, outdoor life in the West, would have burned out his energy and left him time for nothing else. But the addition of work seems only to add to his astonishing physical and mental vitality. In the intervals of hunting, ranching, and politics, Mr. Roosevelt found opportunity to write voluminously on many different subjects. As might have been expected from his early reading, much of this work has had to do with American history. Beginning with the "Naval War of 1812," which was written when he was only twenty-three years old, he has produced: "The Winning of the West," a "Life of T. H. Benton," a "Life of Gouverneur Morris," a "History of the City of New York," a series of hero tales from American history, and he is now engaged, in collaboration with Captain A. T. Mahan, on an extended "Imperial History of the British Navy." Of all of these works, by far the most important is the four-volume "Winning of the West," a history treating of the acquisition by the American Union of the territory west of the Alleghenies. The amount of original research necessary to write such a work and to make it so complete and accurate that it has become a standard American history indicates, in some measure, Mr. Roosevelt's enormous capacity as a worker. On this subject Mr. Jacob I. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," casts an interesting sidelight. During the period in which Mr. Roosevelt lived in the maelstrom of the New York Police Department, Mr. Riis says that he often saw him turn, during a lull in the activities of the office, and write a paragraph or two in a book or article which he was then preparing; or, more frequently, seize the ready book at his elbow, and read swiftly and with the most profound concentration until he was interrupted.

Mr. Roosevelt has also written three bulky volumes: "The Wilderness Hunter," "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," and "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," which stand as the classics of big game hunting in North America. He has a clear, enlivening style of narrative, and conveys his impressions just as he talks, with straightforward truthfulness and earnestness. The style is the man. These three books are of the kind that makes an active boy thrill and thrill and long for the touch of a trigger.

Besides his hunting and historical books, Mr. Roosevelt has been a voluminous writer of essays on practical subjects and of reviews for the best magazines. Two volumes of these have

been collected, one of which, "American Ideals," contains Mr. Roosevelt's creed, as he himself says. It is a book full of inspiration for every country-loving American, a stalwart appreciation of homely goodness.

"Love of order," he says, in one of these essays, "ability to fight well and breed well, capacity to subordinate the interests of the individual to the interests of the community—these and similar rather humdrum qualities go to make up the sum of social efficiency."

In passing, it may not be amiss to mention, as an example of Mr. Roosevelt's versatility, that the same man who was candidate for mayor of New York has also written a number of valuable papers for scientific journals on the discrimination of species and subspecies of the larger mammals of the West. Indeed, a species of elk is named after him, and he has the honor of having extended the known western range of a little insectivore called the shrew.

AGAIN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

After his experiences on the Western plains, Mr. Roosevelt returned with vigor to his public life. For six years, beginning in 1889—four years under President Harrison and two under President Cleveland—he was president of the United States Civil Service Commission. This gave him work quite to his liking, work for the correction of public abuses, work in which he met the keenest opposition. When he accepted the position, he was firmly convinced that the spoils-monger was as bad as the bribe-giver, and he fought him publicly and privately, in Congress and out, so that before he left the Commission he had added more than 20,000 new places to the scope of the civil service law, at the same time enforcing the law as it never had been enforced before. During all of his service in Washington his experience at Albany served him well, for he was compelled to grapple with every stripe of politician. It has been said that Mr. Roosevelt is devoid of tact and diplomacy; but any one who studies his career as Civil Service Commissioner will appreciate the skill, amounting often to real genius, with which he handled obstreperous legislators and accomplished his ends in spite of all opposition. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt is exceedingly cautious and painstaking until he is sure of his ground—then he strikes out like a catapult. He is impulsive, but it is a safe sort of impulsiveness; such a man is, of course, liable to the objections that timid people bring against a man of tremendous force and capacity.

In 1895, when Mayor Strong was casting about for men who were brave enough and determined enough to give virility to the principles of reform on which he had been elected, his eyes turned at once to Mr. Roosevelt as the man best fitted to fight a vigorous battle against corruption. After first offering him the position of Street Cleaning Commissioner, afterwards so admirably filled by Colonel Waring, he appointed him to the Board of Police Commissioners, of which he at once became president.

AS POLICE COMMISSIONER IN NEW YORK.

Within a month, Mr. Roosevelt was the most hated as well as the best beloved man in New York. With characteristic clearness of vision he had determined at once on a course of action, and having determined upon it he proceeded with something of the energy of a steam engine to put it into force. His reasoning had all the simplicity of originality. He was appointed to enforce the laws as they appeared on the statute books. He enforced them. That was originality; it rarely had been done before. The excise law compelling saloons to close on Sunday

had been enforced against the poorer saloonkeepers in order that the police might levy blackmail on the wealthy liquor dealers. Mr. Roosevelt enforced it impartially against both rich and poor. To him a dead-letter law was as bad as hypocrisy in the church. When prominent citizens and influential newspapers protested, he answered:

“I am placed here to enforce the law as I find it. I shall enforce it. If you don't like the law, repeal it.”

The politicians tried their best to entangle him, but he eluded them by the simple process of invariably speaking the plain, hard truth—a quality which must have astounded them more than anything else that he did, so accustomed were they to peer for ulterior motives. This device Mr. Roosevelt used naturally, just as Bismarck often used it as one of the arts of diplomacy.

To be certain that his police orders were obeyed and that the reforms he recommended were carried out, he pursued the very simple, but effective, method of visiting the patrolmen of the force on their beats at night, very much as the good Haroun-al-Rashid visited the citizens of Bagdad. A very few such visits, with the punishment which followed, were quite enough to give the average policeman a wholesome regard for Mr. Roosevelt's authority.

There never was a man who had a keener appreciation of bravery than Mr. Roosevelt. “Every feat of heroism,” he says, “makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it.”

He was continually watching for it and rewarding it among his men. A lank, redheaded Irish patrolman, named Duggan, saw a burglar one night, on Park Avenue near Seventieth Street, making off with a bundle of silverware. He gave chase. The burglar threw away the bundle, and jumped the fence that surrounds the cavernous ventilating holes of the New York Central Railroad tunnel. Duggan followed him. The burglar ran to one of the holes, hesitated, and jumped a sheer twenty feet to the tracks below, regardless of the danger of being crushed by passing trains. Without a moment's consideration Duggan sprang after him, landed on him, and dragged him out by the collar. When the president of the Police Board heard of that, he straightway sent for Duggan and heard the story from his own lips, and when Duggan went away he was a roundsman. And this is only one instance among a hundred, every one of which was a link to bind him to his men. They learned that he was as quick to reward as he was to punish and that he had their welfare at heart. Previous to his administration, a policeman who ruined his clothing in stopping a runaway or in arresting a thief was compelled to buy a new suit at his own expense. Commissioner Roosevelt informed the force that he considered muddy clothing, when muddied in such a cause, a badge of honor, and that the Department would always make good the damage.

Mr. Roosevelt was the only police officer to whom the labor unions of New York came for counsel on friendly terms. Usually the police and the unions are at odds. A small strike, in which there was much bitterness between the strikers' pickets and the patrolmen, brought this condition forcibly to Mr. Roosevelt's attention. He promptly called a meeting of the leaders, spent an evening with them discussing their grievances, and finally made the very simple and sensible suggestion that they appoint duly authorized pickets, whose rights the police should protect. After that there was perfect confidence between the police department and the labor unions.

Dynamite bombs were left in his office, sensational newspapers attacked him with bitter malice, a part even of his own board was against him, but he neither wavered nor paused. When a police captain would not obey orders, he placed him under arrest; he appointed more than 2,000 new men to the force, honest men, and every one of them came in under civil service rules, without regard to politics, religion, or nationality. Within a brief half year from the day of Mr.

Roosevelt's appointment, every saloon in New York obeyed the law, crime had decreased, street gangs were broken up, and police blackmail was a thing of the past.

“In administering the police force,” he says, “we found that there was no need of genius, nor, indeed, of any very unusual qualities. What was needed was exercise of the plain, ordinary virtues, of a rather commonplace type, which all good citizens should be expected to possess. Common sense, common honesty, courage, energy, resolution, readiness to learn, and desire to be as pleasant as was compatible with the strict performance of duty—these were the qualities most called for.”

While Mr. Roosevelt took no very active part in the political campaign of 1896, he was an ardent supporter of the cause of honest money. He could brook no “quack cure,” as he called it, for financial distress. It was during this political contest that he published an address telling why he was a supporter of the Monroe Doctrine, an address in which his stalwart Americanism spoke in every line.

“Every true patriot,” he wrote, “every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the day when not a single European power will hold a foot of American soil. At present it is not necessary to take the position that no European power shall hold American territory; but it certainly will become necessary if the timid and selfish peace-at-any-price men have their way, and if the United States fails to check, at the outset, European aggrandizement on this continent.”

This is a most significant utterance in view of the recent war. Colonel Roosevelt has fought for his belief.

AS A ROUGH RIDER.

In 1897, Mr. Roosevelt began his work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, mention of which has already been made. He resigned on May 6, 1898, to become lieutenant-colonel of his own regiment of Rough Riders. It is an error which has had wide credence, that this was Mr. Roosevelt's first military service. As far back as 1884 he became a lieutenant of the Eighth Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York, afterwards rising to captain, and remaining a militiaman for more than four years. If there is one thing that he believes in more than another, it is the value of the warlike qualities of a nation.

“All the great, masterful races,” he says, “have been fighting races; and the minute a race loses the hard-fighting virtues, then, no matter what else it may retain, no matter how skilled in commerce or finance, in science or arts, it has lost its proud right to stand as the equal of the best. Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin.”

History bequeathed the idea of the Rough Riders to Mr. Roosevelt. He knew well what Marion's men had done in the American Revolution; how the Texas Rangers rode in the Mexican War; what Andy Jackson's sharpshooters did in the War of 1812; and he felt that this arm of the service would be invaluable in the Spanish War. Mr. Roosevelt has the rare power of personal attraction; once a friend with him, always a friend, and a warm friend, too. When he called for volunteers, the rough men of the West who had known him as a cowboy, policemen of New York, college boys, Wall Street traders, flocked from the width of the nation to his standard, and they were naturally men who possessed the fighting qualities of their leader. That was what made the Rough Riders. I talked with a number of officers and troopers in Mr. Roosevelt's regiment while they were camped at Montauk Point, and I found their admiration for their colonel to be boundless. Every man of them had something interesting to tell about him.

“Why, he knows every man in the regiment by name,” said one.

“He spent \$5,000 of his own money at Santiago to give us better food and medicine.”

“You ought to have seen him talk when some of our fellows weren't treated well in the hospital.”

A young lieutenant told an incident of a night in the trenches which well illustrates by what means Mr. Roosevelt held his power over his men. It was the night of the Spanish sortie on the captured trenches. The Rough Riders had lain, sweltering by day and shivering by night, for forty-eight hours in a mud ditch, with little sleep and little food. During nearly all of this time Mauser bullets sang over their heads. At the hour of the early morning, when men are cowards if they ever are, the fusillade increased suddenly, and the Spaniards appeared in a dense dark line at the top of the hill. For a moment the men in the trenches stirred restlessly, and then they saw Colonel Roosevelt walking calmly along the top of the entrenchment with a faded blue handkerchief flapping from the back of his hat, wholly unmindful of the bullets which hummed about him like a hive of bees. A cheer went up, and calls for the Colonel to come down, and that was the end of the restlessness. “It was the bravest thing I ever saw in my life,” said this cowboy lieutenant.

HIS HOME LIFE.

In 1886, Mr. Roosevelt married Miss Edith Kermit Carow, and they have five children, three sons and two daughters. Their home is at Sagamore Hill, about three miles from Oyster Bay, on Long Island Sound. A big, roomy, comfortable house stands on the top of the hill. Wide, green vistas open in front, so that a visitor sitting in one of the hospitable chairs on the veranda may see miles of wooded, watered country, a view unsurpassed anywhere on Long Island Sound. The rooms within everywhere give evidence, in the skins of bears and bison and the splendid antlers of elk and deer, of Mr. Roosevelt's prowess as a hunter. The library is rich with the books of which he is most fond —history, standard literature, and hunting. Portraits of the three greatest Americans, Lincoln, Washington, and Grant, have the place of honor over the cases, and there are numerous spirited animal compositions in bronze by Kemys, the American sculptor. Here Mr. Roosevelt lives and works. He never has been much of a society man, but he has drawn around him a society of his own, of men who have accomplished things in the world. He is a member of the Century Club, the Union League, and other clubs, and he is the organizer of the Boone and Crockett Club, of which he was for a long time the president.

Contrary to a somewhat general belief, Mr. Roosevelt is not a wealthy man, as wealth goes in a city like New York, although he has a moderate income, to which he has himself added materially by his literary work. He is a magnificent example of the American citizen of social position, means, and culture devoting himself to public affairs. Nothing can exceed the contempt with which he speaks of the predatory and useless rich.

“There is not in the world a more ignoble character,” he says, unsparingly, “than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune only to the basest uses —whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads for himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his iniquity.”

Personally, Mr. Roosevelt suggests two things at the very first glance: immense vitality and nervously active strength, and courtesy. In build he is of medium height, thick of chest and square of shoulders, and when he walks it is with a quick-planted, determined step that speaks out for his incessant energy. His face is round and bronzed, with a square chin, firm lips half hidden by a light mustache, and blue eyes looking out shrewdly from thick-lensed, iron-rimmed spectacles. Although still a young man, his ruddy face and elastic step make him appear even younger than he is.

In ordinary speech he is direct and nervously vigorous, although courteous, and he smiles much, showing his teeth. Although a busy man, he is unusually tolerant of interruption, and ready to exchange a kind word or a greeting with anyone, friend or stranger. It is the democracy of his character. In company of his choosing he tells a good story, especially if the tale has turned on hunting or ranch life, and he tells it with humorous appreciativeness.

But the stamp-mark of the man is his earnestness, his strenuous love for the serious business and responsibilities of life. Thinking of the call of the people for him to become candidate for Governor of New York, I asked him, "What of the future?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I don't know," he said. But his friends know that if there is work to do, in low places or high, and he is called upon to do it, he will do it with earnestness, energy, and honesty of purpose, and with the fearless patriotism of a tried American soldier.