

"Home Again!" The Return of Roosevelt



Plans For the Reception In New York--His Western Tour--Will He Run For the Presidency Again?

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

WHEN THE KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA PASSES THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]



WHEN Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, faunal naturalist, college lecturer and first citizen, steams up New York bay on June 18 he will be met by a reception committee of all the noises that ever have been and some others that are manufactured for the occasion. A faint suggestion of these acoustic disturbances would look something as follows: Crack! Boom! Toot-toot! Hurray! Has anybody here seen Teddy? Three cheers! (Followed by three cheers and several more.) What's the matter with— Oh, you Teddy! Siss-

oy sissy! When a band parade will take the place of the one on water, and the former president, former African hunter, former grand adviser and former and present big noise of three continents will ride up Broadway, preceded by the mounted police, mounted band and escort of rough riders and followed by everybody in the United States that has been able to get a place in the procession. It is estimated that there will be 20,000 men in line. Among these will be the Spanish war veterans, Syrians in fezzes, Mayor Jim Dahlman of Omaha with cowboys, Hungarians in national costume and every other nationality that goes to make up the composite product known as the American people.

It seems good, doesn't it? Just like the old days! After a dreary year of Payne-Aldrich tariff, Uncle Joe, the

of Mother and home. Already there is a dental gleam across the Atlantic, and a fresh snap and vivacity are in the air. Teddy is coming home! Get the old brass drum down from the attic, pull the bunting from the closet under the stairway and take out your vocal apparatus and dust it off. The Teddy bear is once more in fashion, the big stick is waving in the breeze, and the spear that knows no brother is glistening in the sun. The trust busters' march need no longer be played with the soft pedal. Throw back the lid, stand on the loud one and come down on all the keys at once. Bang! There—that's better! What a relief it is to do it in the good old way!

Wall Street Not Celebrating.

What about the pessimists who predicted that the colonel was certain to get African fever or the sleeping sickness and those other Wall street prophets who hoped that every lion would do its duty? They are all talking small now. Did they imagine that anything in Africa could withstand the Roosevelt luck? What good are Wall street prophets anyway? Most of them cannot even predict the future movements of stocks and so have to depend on a sure thing game of working the lambs for commissions. "A prophet is not without honor save in



his own country" was not spoken of the Wall street brand of soothsayer. He is without honor anywhere under the sun. Wall street is not celebrating the return of the colonel. That is one reason why the rest of the country is celebrating. Possibly the bulls and bears fear that Roosevelt is coming back to start another hunt in the financial jungle. On the way to Khartoum he dropped one significant remark to the effect that he had harder work ahead than that done in Africa. Just what is that harder work to be? Not writing evidently, for he finished his African book before his return to civilization. Possibly the big trust game has reason for being apprehensive. High financiers are timid about everything except taking other people's money, and the mere shine of the Roosevelt eyeglasses and teeth gives them the shivers.

"THE WORLD IS MINE!"

Herron—George D. Herron—expatriated as I recall because of certain sentimental complications, thinks Roosevelt will become not only president, but virtual emperor, that he will end the republic and that he will be the beginning of "the new dark ages." Thus the thing is seen to be not without an element of the fantastic, especially when dealt with by a fantastic mind. It is perhaps as well to keep ourselves



O. HENRY AS HE REALLY WAS.

Letters to His Publisher Told Always of a Need for Funds.

New York, June 15.—The character of the late "O. Henry" (Sydney Porter), author of whimsical tales, is summed up by an editor who handled much of his copy by the following selections from the author's letters to the editor. A number of them are here reprinted:

Thursday—Dear Old Bill: At last I have have anchor at — Waverly Place, and have an address to give you. I am in Gliman Hall's apartment, and can now continue to turn out the old blown in the bottle brand of fiction.

I am a man of damn few words. I want \$125 (don't read that a dollar and a quarter). That in addition to the \$150 that I screwed out of Merwin during your absence will make a total of \$275, which will be more than covered by the moral and enterprising tail that I hereby agree to have finished and delivered to you all by 10:30 a. m. Monday, August 27, or perhaps earlier.

Pursue the liberal quality and get the best stuff.

Personally and officially I greet you and make obeisance. Consistently, Bill the Hedonist.

P. S.—I want the dough, not a check (but a check will do), by the bearer, or else a few well chosen words of refusal.

Thursday—Dear Bill: Will you be nice enough to let me go over the proofs of all my stories before they

will again run for president. By the way, Wellman in one of his letters has a touch that is too good to be lost. It recounts how a young Englishman came down to the wharf in Egypt to see the former president. He gazed long and earnestly at that picture of health. Then he turned and said: "And just to think that man is now returning from a year on the equator! They tell me he has been out day after day eight, ten, twelve hours in the scorching sun. He has waded marshes up to his neck. He has fought his way through papirus and reeds and ooze and mud. He has never had a day of fever or met a touch of dysentery. Look at him and look at me, as I have been down here 700 miles from the equator only one year. I have tried to take care of myself. I have been in no swamps, done no hunting, no mosquitoes. I am a wreck—have had fever, have had dysentery, have taken barrels of medicine, have been in hospitals and am now going home. I am a shadow of my former self. That is the way with most of those who come down into this country, which is no place for a white man. We go bad. We waste away. But look at this Mr. Roosevelt. Isn't he a wonder?"

Here at home we who have known him all his life and who are of all shades of political opinion concerning him must echo that sentiment—isn't he a wonder?

These rollicking, tomfoolery letters hardly prepare one for the confession that O. Henry once made. When he was at the height of his success, he said: "I am a failure. I always have the feeling that I want to go back somewhere, but I don't know just where it is."

TEACHING BY MODEL FLATS.

New York, June 15.—Scattered throughout the city's tenement district are a number of so-called "model flats," in which no one lives. They are maintained for the sole purpose of teaching housewives in the vicinity how to get along on their small incomes.

In one everybody was busy today. Several little girls were standing around a kitchen table polishing food tins. Others were washing dish towels, and some were dusting the living room.

The place was very neat and home-like. Everything in it has its place. There was a bag for clothes pins, one for soiled linen and one for papers.

Jars had been provided for the different cereals and for salt and sugar and flour.

The pots and pans were so clean that one could almost see his reflection in them.

In the living room there was a kitchen table, six kitchen chairs and a home made bookcase. All were coated with alcohol stain, which gave them the appearance of mission furniture. There were scrim curtains on the windows and a number of pretty prints on the walls.

The bedrooms were extremely cozy. "We have two classes," said the young woman in charge. "One is for schoolgirls every afternoon, and one for their mothers and working girls every night."

The flats are maintained by the Practical Housekeeping association.

come to you on Monday the new story.

Greetings and undying veneration in either case.

Monday—Dear Bill: Herewith submitted one MS. Have another one ready to typewrite, which you can read tomorrow. Give the full speed ahead signal and whoop 'em through, bro or con. Great business. The mill is grinding at the old gait.

Yours, Bill H.

Monday—Dear Mister: Would you put a tail on this kite for me again? She will fly on the date advertised. Please send the cash if you've got it on hand.

Say—the story will be brought to you by me on Wednesday. It will be an all right one.

Hoping, etc., and yours truly, O. H.

These rollicking, tomfoolery letters hardly prepare one for the confession that O. Henry once made. When he was at the height of his success, he said: "I am a failure. I always have the feeling that I want to go back somewhere, but I don't know just where it is."

"My stories? No, they don't satisfy me. I see them in print and I wonder why people like them. I wait till they come out in book form, hoping that they may look better to me than. But they don't. It depresses me to have people point me out or introduce me as a 'celebrated author.' It seems such a big libel for such playmate goods."

Several little girls were standing around a kitchen table polishing food tins. Others were washing dish towels, and some were dusting the living room.

The place was very neat and home-like. Everything in it has its place. There was a bag for clothes pins, one for soiled linen and one for papers.

Jars had been provided for the different cereals and for salt and sugar and flour.

The pots and pans were so clean that one could almost see his reflection in them.

In the living room there was a kitchen table, six kitchen chairs and a home made bookcase. All were coated with alcohol stain, which gave them the appearance of mission furniture. There were scrim curtains on the windows and a number of pretty prints on the walls.

The bedrooms were extremely cozy. "We have two classes," said the young woman in charge. "One is for schoolgirls every afternoon, and one for their mothers and working girls every night."

The flats are maintained by the Practical Housekeeping association.

ures. You are to go out Kent avenue at 8 o'clock just above the Grand street ferry. There is a deserted bridge about a block away. About 12 o'clock on Friday night you will find a candle burning in the swamp below the bridge. Put the money there in gold. We ask this much of you because you are not rich. Leave the money and your daughter will be returned to you safe.

(Signed) D. H.

A COURT REBUKED JOHN D. JR.

His White Slave Grand Jury Report Wouldn't be Received.

New York, June 15.—After working in harmony since early in January, Judge O'Sullivan of the court of general sessions and John D. Rockefeller, jr., foreman of the special "white slave" grand jury, came to a disagreement in open court. Judge O'Sullivan refused to accept a presentment that the grand jury of which Mr. Rockefeller is foreman, desired to deliver and ordered the body to continue its sessions for two weeks. Mr. Rockefeller and a committee from the grand jury appeared before Judge O'Sullivan. Mr. Rockefeller, as the spokesman, said that the jury had completed its labors and desired to be discharged. Incidentally, he said, he wished to deliver a presentment.

Judge O'Sullivan brought one hand down on the desk with a force that caused every spectator in the crowded courtroom to sit up and take notice.

"The court," said Judge O'Sullivan, "will refuse to receive any presentment at this time. The court refuses the request of the grand jury that it be discharged and orders it to continue its sessions for two weeks."

In this vehement statement Mr. Rockefeller's face turned as white as his collar. He was totally unprepared for the reception from Judge O'Sullivan but insisted upon putting in his presentment.

"I have been delegated by the grand jury," he said, loudly, "and I wish to state—"

"I will allow you to state nothing," said Judge O'Sullivan. "Consult with me or with the district attorney. We are your legal advisers."

"But this presentment—," insisted Mr. Rockefeller.

"I have told you I will not receive your presentment," repeated the court. "You have been at work nearly six months. Why should you emasculate the good work you have done by spreading on the records of this court matters which will have to be expunged later on motion?"

District Attorney Whitman stepped in as a peacemaker. He said that while he had not been consulted about the presentment, he would suggest that the only way to find out what was in the document would be to receive it and place it on file.

Rockefeller, considerably agitated, left the room with the other members of the committee. Later on they met Judge O'Sullivan in his chamber. The presentment was shown to him. Whether it suited him or not could not be learned. He went home immediately after the conference. Mr. Rockefeller said he believed the tangle would be straightened out amicably. The so-called "Rockefeller grand jury" was sworn in on January 3. Mr. Rockefeller was made foreman by Judge O'Sullivan over his own protest. He said he was in poor health.

The court insisted that he was the man for the place and Mr. Rockefeller, consenting to serve, entered into the work with great enthusiasm. Finding the district attorney's office short of funds for investigation purposes, Mr. Rockefeller is said to have given \$20,000 of his own money for the pay of private detectives.

SMOTE THE BROADWAY EGO.

Blase Old Street Doesn't Know Good Shakespeare, Sothern Says.

New York, June 15.—E. H. Sothern, the actor, sallied away today after smiting the artistic temperament of Broadway.

"Broadway?" said Mr. Sothern as the German Lloyder, George Washington, warper out of port. "Broadway, huh; it isn't artistic. It doesn't know good Shakespeare. Broadway's rotten, and that's all I can say."

"Why, the best place in the United States to put on good Shakespeare is the west. And it's another fact that there's a whole lot more appreciation of real drama on Third avenue than Broadway ever could muster. We found that out playing at the Academy of Music. It was actually a treat to appear before them. They were all poor people, too."

Her Home Destroyed.

Mrs. Elta Bonney narrowly escaped with her life in a fire which destroyed her home, 1211 Pierce street, at 2 o'clock this morning. The residence of Henry F. Kennedy, 1209 Pierce street, caught fire and was badly damaged.

Mrs. Bonney was sleeping in her room when she was awakened by Officer Livingstone. She was all alone and had just barely time to crawl out of a window in her night clothes, and to pick up a little clothing as she went. Everything else that she owned was completely destroyed. She carried \$300 insurance.

Mrs. Bonney is a widow who has had more than her share of grief through her crippled son, "Peg" Bonney, who has a police court record that is long. The son had not been home for a week. There is no clew as to the cause of the fire, as there had been no fire of any kind in the house since 9 o'clock yesterday morning.

The fire department got to the blaze in quick time but the water pressure was very poor. Several streams of water playing on the fire were ineffectual.

Mr. Kennedy's home was very nearly destroyed.



Pictorial Phases of Theodore Roosevelt's Great Tour

room! To-o-o-o! Whoop! Wow! Roosevelt forever! He's coming! X-e-e-o-o-o! Bing! Bang! Tump-tump-tump! Ow-ow-ow! Hurray for Teddy! Hoop-la! Hail to the chief! My country, tis— Toot! Boom! Crash!

Raise this to the nth power, then prolong it indefinitely, and you will have the beginning of a blint of what will happen on this noisiest of days.

It will be a wonder. Everybody will be in New York that day either in person or by proxy. And everybody that is at all vociferous will be making some kind of sounds. Most of these sounds will be loud—at least as loud as their authors can contrive. The din thereof will have New Year's night and the Fourth of July rolled into one and then have enough noise left over to supply a large and busy collection of boiler factories.

Twenty Thousand In Line.

The official program of the Roosevelt reception in New York catalogues the event somewhat as follows: The entire reception committee, headed by Chairman Vanderbilt, will stream down the bay to meet the Auguste Victoria on Saturday morning, June 18. It will take the colonel aboard and return to the Battery with all the craft following that can possibly get in line. Embarking at the Battery, Colonel Roosevelt will be officially welcomed



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, CHAIRMAN OF ROOSEVELT RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

his own country" was not spoken of the Wall street brand of soothsayer. He is without honor anywhere under the sun. Wall street is not celebrating the return of the colonel. That is one reason why the rest of the country is celebrating. Possibly the bulls and bears fear that Roosevelt is coming back to start another hunt in the financial jungle. On the way to Khartoum he dropped one significant remark to the effect that he had harder work ahead than that done in Africa. Just what is that harder work to be? Not writing evidently, for he finished his African book before his return to civilization. Possibly the big trust game has reason for being apprehensive. High financiers are timid about everything except taking other people's money, and the mere shine of the Roosevelt eyeglasses and teeth gives them the shivers.

What will he do after his return? That is a question the answer of which is fraught with some moment to this country. Certain gentlemen of the press and of the conservation movement, popularly known as the "return from Elba" crowd, believe he will be a candidate for president in 1912. Certain other gentlemen of the press and of official station, known of all men as friends of the administration, are just as certain that he will get behind Taft. A man of the name of

would bring him home too late for his son's wedding. But he yielded to the suggestion to the extent of taking a later round trip to Cheyenne. Beyond these meager details it is given out that he will lecture, write books and help to edit the Outlook. What else the future holds for him and for us the American people and Theodore Roosevelt himself alone can tell.

Certain it is that he will have plenty to do after he informs himself of what has taken place during his fifteen months' absence, and whatever he does it will keep the country on the jump. It is impossible that his perennial energies should be bottled. They will find an outlet, and a political outlet at that. Of late the advices have linked his name with an ambitious tour of twenty-four states, with an address at one big mass meeting in each. This tour is to be made in connection with the Cheyenne trip, and the fortunate commonwealths included are as follows:

New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey.

Walter Wellman, who has been with him on the European tour, intimates that if the country demands it Roose-

are published? The printer, with his usual helpfulness, seems to always butcher the meaning by setting up words that do not appear in the MS. Also please kill your proofreader.

Hoping, etc., yours, O. H.

Dear Bill: Here she are. I reckon you or some intelligent person in the office can tell where the patches fit. If you don't like the new title say so. There are others. Fulsomely, Willie.

Mon Cher Bill: Can you raise the immediate goods for this and once more rescue little Ruby from certain death.

The big story will be handed in Monday for you to try on the piano. From next week on I'll show you a story every week. I'm going to make some of the best samples of 2,000 and 2,500-word stuff that's possible. That's the length that counts.

I'm feeling fine and hope these few lines will—say don't forget to send the \$25.

Don't do it if you refuse to do it. Yours ever, O. H.

Saturday—Hello, Mr. Bill: Say—a fool and his money, etc.

Is there anything doing for about \$49.98 today for the purpose of purchasing things offered for sale in the market? I had to send most of all that stuff abroad that you gimme the other day.

Don't press the matter if it seems out of order. I'll be even and ahead of the game pretty soon. There will

en table, six kitchen chairs and a home made bookcase. All were coated with alcohol stain, which gave them the appearance of mission furniture. There were scrim curtains on the windows and a number of pretty prints on the walls.

The bedrooms were extremely cozy. "We have two classes," said the young woman in charge. "One is for schoolgirls every afternoon, and one for their mothers and working girls every night."

The flats are maintained by the Practical Housekeeping association.

AT THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT.

"Leave the Gold by the Burning Candle; Get Your Daughter Back."

New York, June 15.—Eather Maud Mearson, a 17-year-old stenographer who disappeared from her home at 107 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street, last Monday, is held for \$1,500 ransom, according to a letter brought to the police by her brother, John Mearson, today. The communication follows:

"Brooklyn, June 13.—Mr. and Mrs. Mearson: Your daughter is still alive. She is in good hands, but is not at liberty. We ask you for the sum of \$1,500 for her return.

"We care not for the police; for they are only a pack of dirty crea-