

freed on the subject. We cannot spare him at all. Whatever we shall do with the factory law, which was just from a dead letter becoming an active force; with the tenement house problem, which means life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to a million wage-earners; with the franchise and the trusts, whom he gave the cold shivers by proposing to deal justly by them—whatever the bosses will do with us when he is gone who dealt justly by them also, I don't know. I know what happened in the police department when he was gone. May it help us to understand that the Roosevelt and the Warnings of our day are sent to set the rest of us to work, and that for us to stand by and see them do it, merely applauding and calling them good fellows, is not the meaning of it and not sense. Only when we grasp that is their real work done, and we need have no further fear of the bosses. There! I have said it; and, having said it, shall do what it is the business of every good New Yorker and every good citizen anywhere to do: take off my coat and help put Theodore Roosevelt where the mass of his countrymen want him, even though I have to give him up. As I understand it, that is the American plan.

I remember well when we first ran across each other. Seen him I had before, heading an investigation committee that came down from Albany with true instinct to poke up the police department. I had followed his trial in the legislature, always exposing jollery, fighting boss rule, much to the amazement of the politicians who beheld this silk-stocking youngster, barely out of college, rattling dry bones they had thought safely buried out of the reach of even old hands at that business. They comforted themselves with the belief that it was a fad and would blow over. It did not blow over. They lived to rue the day, some of them, when they "picked him up" as a handy man in a faction fight. They got rather more fight out of him than they bargained for. But they might have spared themselves their self-reproaches. They were not to blame.

He came to the Evening Star office one day looking for me. I was out, but he left his card with the simple message that he had read my book, "How the Other Half Lives," and "had come to help." That was the introduction. It seems only a little while ago, and measured by years it is not long; but what has he not helped with in New York since? We needed to have the police made decent, and he pulled it out of the slough of blackmail it was in. It did not stay out, but that was not his fault. He showed that it could be done with honest purpose. While he was there it was decent; and, by the way, let me say right here that there is a much larger percentage of policemen than many imagine who look back to that time as the golden age of the department, when every man had a show on his merits, and whose votes are quietly cast on election day for the things "Teddy" stands for.

We had been trying for 40 years to achieve a system of dealing decently with our homeless poor. Two score years before the surgeons of the police department had pointed out that herding them in the cellars or over the prison of police stations in festering heaps, and turning them out hungry at daybreak to beg their way from door to door, was indecent and inhuman. Since then grand juries, academies of medicine, companies of philanthropic citizens, had attacked the foul disgrace, but to no purpose. Pestilence ravaged the prison lodgings, but still they stayed. I know what that fight meant; for I was one of a committee that waged it year after year, and suffered defeat every time, until Teddy Roosevelt came and destroyed the nuisance in a night. I remember the caricatures of tramps shivering in the cold with which the yellow newspapers pursued him at the time, labelling him the "poor man's foe."

The poor man's foe! Why, the poor man never had a better friend than Theodore Roosevelt. We had gone through a season of excitement over our tenement houses. The awful exhibits of the Gilder committee had crowded remedial laws through the legislature—laws that permitted the destruction of tenement house property on the showing that it was bad. Bad meant murderous. The death records showed that the worst rear tenements killed one in five of the babies born in them. The Tenement House committee called them "infant slaughter houses." They stood condemned, but still they stood. A whole year was the law a dead-letter, until, as president of the police board, Roosevelt became also a member of the health board that was charged with the enforcement of the statute. Then they went and quickly. A hundred of them were seized and most of them destroyed. In the June number of the Review of Reviews I gave the result in the case of a single row, the Barracks in Mott street, which Mr. Roosevelt and I personally inspected and marked for seizure. (I was at that time executive officer of the Good Government clubs.) The death rate came down from 39.56 in the thousand of the living to 16.28—less than the general death rate of the whole city!

That work stopped too. They are seizing no more rear tenements since Tammany came back. It has been too busy putting up the price of ice, that

means life in these hot summer months to the poor man's babies, whether in front or rear tenement. I should have liked to see Theodore Roosevelt run on his record in our state this fall against the ice trust conspiracy—the man who saved the poor man's babies against the villains who would see them perish with indifference, so long as it paid them a profit. It would have been instructive—mightily!

It was human that some of the laboring men should misinterpret Mr. Roosevelt's motives when, as president of the police board, he sent word that he wanted to meet them and talk strike troubles over with them. They got it into their heads, I suppose, that he had come to crawl; but they were speedily undeceived. I can see his face now, as he checked the first one who hinted at trouble. I fancy that man can see it, too—in his dreams.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Roosevelt, "I have come to get your point of view, and see if we can't agree to help each other out. But we want to make it clear to ourselves at the start that the greatest damage any working man can do to his cause is to counsel violence. Order must be maintained; and, make no mistake, I will maintain it."

I tingled with pride when they cheered him to the echo. They had come to meet a politician. They met a man, and they knew him at sight.

It was after midnight when we plodded home from that meeting through snow two feet deep. Mr. Roosevelt was pleased and proud—proud of his fellow citizens. "They are all right," he said. "We understand each other, and we shall get along." And they did get along, with perfect confidence on both sides.

I read a story when I was a boy about a man who, pursued by a relentless enemy, dwelt in security because of his belief that his plotting could not hurt an honest man. Mr. Roosevelt constantly made me think of him. He spoke of it only once, but I saw him act out that belief a hundred times. Mulberry street could never have been made to take any stock in it. When it failed to awe Roosevelt, it tried to catch him. Jobs innumerable were put up to discredit the president of the board and inveigle him into awkward positions. Probably he never knew of one tenth of them. I often made them out long after they were scattered to the winds. Mr. Roosevelt walked through them with perfect unconcern, kicking aside the snares that were set so elaborately to catch him. The politicians who saw him walk apparently blindly into a trap and beheld him emerge with damage to the trap only, could not understand it. They concluded it was his luck. It was not. It was his sense. He told me once after such a time that it was a matter of conviction with him that no frank and honest man could be in the long run entangled by the snares of plotters whatever appearances might for the moment indicate. So he walked unharmed in it all. Bismarck confounded the councils of Europe at times by practicing Roosevelt's plan as a trick. He spoke the truth bluntly when the plotters expected him to lie, and rounded them up easily.

One charge his enemies made against him in which there was truth. It summed itself all up in that with a heat that was virtual acknowledgment of its being the whole arraignment: That there was always a fight where he was. "Always trouble," said the peace-at-any-price men, who counseled surrender when Roosevelt was fighting for a decent Sunday through the enforcement of the law compelling the saloons to close. "Never any rest." No! There was never any rest for the lawbreakers when he was around, nor for those who would avoid "trouble" by weakly surrendering to them. Roosevelt guarded New York exactly right when he set about his turbulent program of enforcement of law. The scandal was not that we were being robbed by political cant-throats, but that we submitted tamely. The formula we heard so often from his lips in the years that followed—honesty, manhood, courage—was the exact prescription we needed. We in the metropolis are abundantly able to run the robbers out of town and keep them out by just following the road he made for us when he ran them out of the police department. But he made it, fighting. It was true that there never was any rest while he was at it, night or day. When he had battled all day in Mulberry street, he would sometimes get up 3 o'clock in the morning and go out on patrol to find out the policemen who were stealing the city's time. It became suddenly possible to find a policeman anywhere at any hour of the night in New York. Within a year after the old Tammany regime had come back, an epidemic of night fires that cost many lives brought from the firemen the loud protest that policemen were not awake, and the chief found it necessary to transfer half the force of a precinct for sleeping on post.

No; there was never any rest when Roosevelt was around. There was none in congress during the six years he was a civil-service commissioner under Harrison and Cleveland; and as a result, where there had been 14,000 places under the merit and capacity rules of the commission when he came in, there were 40,000 when he went out. To that extent spoils politics had been robbed of its sting. There was even less repose in the navy department

when he went there as assistant secretary, fresh from the fight in Mulberry street, to sharpen the tools of war. It had a familiar sound to us in New York, when we heard the cry go up that Roosevelt wanted a row, and didn't care what it cost. He was asking, if I remember rightly, for something less than \$1,000,000 for target practice on the big ships. The only notice he took of it was to demand another \$500,000 about the time he got Dewey sent to the east. I was in Washington at the time, and I remember asking him about that. Commodore Dewey was sometimes spoken of in those days as if he were a kind of fashion plate. And I remember his answer, as we were walking up Connecticut avenue: "Dewey is all right," he said. "He has a lion heart. He is the man for that place."

Not many of us quarrel with him about that now, or about the wisdom of shooting away that million in target practice. It made "the man behind the gun," of whom we are all so proud. The fact is that Roosevelt, so far from being a hasty man given to snap judgments, is one of the most far-sighted statesmen of any day. He has shown it in everything he has taken hold of. It was in Washington as it was in New York. The thing that beclouds the judgment of his critics is the man's amazing capacity for work. He can weigh the pros and cons of a case and get at the meat of it in less time than it takes most of us to state the mere proposition. And he is surprisingly thorough. Nothing escapes him. His judgment comes sometimes as a shock to the man of slower ways. He does not stop at conventionalities. If a thing is right, it is to be done—and right away. It was notably so with the round robin in Cuba asking the government to recall the perishing army when it had won the fight. People shook their heads, and talked of precedents. Precedents! It has been Roosevelt's business to make them most of his time. But is there anyone today who thinks he set that one wrong? Certainly no one who with me saw the army come home. It did not come a day too soon.

When he had done his work for the ships and resigned his office to take the field, the croakers shouted that at last he had made the mistake of his life;—all to get into a scrap. His men didn't think so when he lay with them in the trenches before Santiago, sharing his last biscuit with them. They got to know him there, and to love him. I know what it cost him to leave his sick wife and his babies. I wanted to keep him at home, but I saw him go with pride, because I knew he went at the call of duty. He thought the war just and right. He had done what he could to bring it on as the only means of stopping the murder in Cuba, and he went to do his share of the fighting as a matter of right and of example to the young men to whom he was a type of the citizen and the patriot. As that type when he came home, we made him our governor in New York state. We ran him on the pledge of his record—the pledge of honesty, manhood and courage; and he kept the pledge. I shall let some one else tell the story of that. Just let me recall the last trip we took together, because it was so much like the old days in Mulberry street. There had arisen a contention as to whether the factory inspector did his duty by the sweat-shops or not, and from the testimony he was unable to decide. So he came down from Albany to see for himself. It was a sweltering hot day when we made a tour of the stewing tenements on the down town east side. I doubt if any other governor that ever was would attempt it. I know that none ever did. But he never shirked one of the [twenty] houses we had marked out for exploration. He examined the evidence in each, while the tenants wondered who the stranger was who took so much interest in their affairs; and as the result he was able to mark out a course for the factory inspector; that ought to double and treble the efficiency of his office and bring untold relief to a hundred thousand tenement-house workers—if it is followed when Roosevelt is no longer in Albany. That will be our end of it: to see to it that he did not labor in vain.

That is Roosevelt as I saw him daily during those good years when things we had hoped for were done. There stands upon my shelves a row of books, more than a dozen in number, beginning with the "Naval War of 1812," written when he was scarcely out of college, and yet ranking as an authority, both here and abroad, including [the] four stout volumes of "The Winning of the West," and ending with his "Rough Riders," the picturesque account of that picturesque regiment in the last war, which testify to his untiring energy as a recorder as well as a maker of history. The secret of that is the story of the police force and the sweat-shops over again: his enjoyment of the work. If I were to sum the man and his achievements up in a sentence, I think I should put it that way. But that would not mean an accident of the Dutch and Huguenot and Irish blood that go to make up his heredity. It would mean of itself an achievement. Theodore Roosevelt was born a puny child. He could not keep up with the play of other children, or learn so easily as they. He had to make himself what he is, and with the indomitable will that character-

ized the boy as it does the man, he set about it. He became at once an athlete and a student. When he joins the two, he is at his best. His accounts of life on the western plains, of hunting in the Bad Lands of Dakota, where he built his ranch on the banks of the Little Missouri, are written out of the man's heart.

Mr. Roosevelt's recent protest against the impertinent intrusion of the camera fiend upon the seclusion of his home life at Oyster Bay was perfectly characteristic of him, and of his way of saying the right thing at the right time. The whole country applauded it. In his home Mr. Roosevelt ceases to be governor of the Empire state, and becomes husband and father, the companion of his children, who treat him like their big, overgrown brother. His love for children, especially for those who have not so good a time as some others, is as instinctive as his championship of all that needs a lift. I doubt if he is aware of it himself. He does not recognize as real sympathy what he feels rather as a sense of duty. Yet I have seen him, when school children crowded around the rear platform of the train from which he had been making campaign speeches, to shake hands, catch the eye of a poor, little, cripple girl in a patched frock, who was making frantic but hopeless efforts to reach him in the outskirts of the crowd, and, pushing aside all the rest, make a way for her to the great amazement of the curled darlings in the front row. And on the trip home, on the last night of the canvass of 1898, when we were at dinner in his private car, busy reckoning up majorities, I saw him get up to greet the engineer of the train, who came in his overalls and blouse to shake hands, with such pleasure as I had not seen him show in the biggest meeting we had had. It was a coincidence and an omen that the name of the engineer of that victorious trip was Dewey.

That bent of his is easily enough explained. There hangs in his study at Oyster Bay, apart from the many trophies of the chase, the picture of a man with a strong, bearded face. "That is my father," said Mr. Roosevelt. "He was the finest man I ever knew. He was a merchant, well-to-do, drove his four-in-hand through the park, and enjoyed life immensely. He had such a good time, and with cause, for he was a good man. I remember seeing him going down Broadway, staid and respectable business man that he was, with a poor little sick kitten in his coat pocket, which he had picked up in the street."

The elder Theodore Roosevelt was a man with the same sane and practical interest in his fellow-man that his son has shown. He was the backer of Charles Loring Brace in his work of gathering the forgotten waifs from the city's streets, and of every other sensible charity in his day. Dr. Henry Field told me once that he always, occupied as he was with the management of a successful business, on principle gave one day of the six to visiting the poor in their homes. Apparently the analogy between father and son might be carried farther, to include even the famous round-robin; for, upon the same authority, it was the elder Theodore Roosevelt who went to Washington after the first Bull Run and warned President Lincoln that he must get rid of Simon Cameron as secretary of war, with the result that Mr. Stanton, the "Organizer of Victory," took his place. When the war was fairly under way, it was Theodore Roosevelt who organized the allotment plan, which saved to the families of 80,000 soldiers of New York state more than \$5,000,000 of their pay; and when the war was over he protected the soldiers against the sharks that lay in wait for them, and saw to it that they got employment.

That was the father. I have told you what the son was like. A man with red blood in his veins; a healthy patriot, with no clap-trap jingoism about him, but a rugged belief in America and its mission; an intense lover of country and flag, a vigorous optimist, a believer in men, who looks for the good in them and finds it. Practical in partisanship; loyal, trusting and gentle as a friend; unselfish, modest as a woman, clean-handed and clean-hearted, and honest to the core. In the splendid vigor of his young manhood he is the lightest figure in American politics today, the fittest exponent of his country's idea, and the model for its young sons who are coming to take up the task he set them. For their sake I am willing to give him up and set him where they can all see and strive to be like him. So we shall have little need of bothering about boss rule and misrule hereafter. We shall farm out the job of running the machine no longer; we shall be able to run ourselves.

When it comes to that, the vice presidency is not going to kill Theodore Roosevelt. It will take a good deal more than that to do it.

Large Attendance at University. Washington, Oct. 4.—The Catholic university of America opened for the coming scholastic year yesterday with the largest class of clerical and lay students ever enrolled by it. Nearly every section of the western hemisphere will be represented during the current session. Besides the leading archbishops of the American hierarchy nearly every bishop of prominence in the country has commissioned priestly students to take post-graduate courses.

TRAIN ROBBER KILLED.

Express Messenger Uses His Rifle With Deadly Effect.

HOLDUP KANSAS CITY TRAIN

Two Robbers Compel Crew to Cut Off Passenger Coaches and Attempt to Dynamite Express Car Near Council Bluffs. One of the Bandits Escapes.

Council Bluffs, Ia., Oct. 4.—Two highwaymen held up the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs train this side of Mosquito creek bridge, south of Council Bluffs, last night and Express Messenger Baxter from ambush, where he had concealed himself, shot one of the robbers through the heart.

The two men boarded the train at the Union Pacific transfer and climbed over the tender just as the train was crossing the Mosquito creek bridge. Engineer Donnelly and Frank Holman, fireman, who were in charge of the engine, were ordered to stop up as soon as the train had crossed the bridge. While the dead man held a revolver on the engine crew his companion went back and out of the baggage and mail cars, leaving the day coaches and sleepers standing on the main line.

Acting on orders, the engineer pulled the train half a mile down the track, where a stop was made. Here the robbers approached the express car and ordered Messenger Baxter to open the door. He told them to go to h—ll. Under compulsion Engineer Donnelly attached a stick of dynamite to the side door of the car and blew it open. In the meantime Messenger Baxter, seizing his gun, escaped from the door on the opposite side of the car. As soon as the door was opened one of the robbers entered the car, while his companion marched the engineer and fireman back to the engine.

Baxter crept around in front of the engine and seeing the robber standing guard over the engine crew fired one shot, killing him instantly. As soon as the shot was heard the robber in the car jumped to the ground and fled through a cornfield.

The dead man was picked up, placed on board and the train was backed into this city. The body was searched but nothing was found on it by which it could be identified.

It is thought the dead robber is a barber who worked for Bernhard in Council Bluffs about a month ago.

ARCHBISHOP KEANE'S PLANS

Head of Dubuque See Talks to His Priests at a Dinner.

Dubuque, Ia., Oct. 4.—Archbishop Keane revealed his plans to the 265 priests, who dined with him at the Hotel Julian yesterday. He declared for a campaign of Christian education. Praising the late Archbishop Hennessy's stand on this question and accepting the policy of the state as settled, he announced his purpose of establishing a Roman Catholic high school in Dubuque and of erecting the seminary, for which the late archbishop left a liberal sum.

St. Joseph's college and the parochial schools throughout the archdiocese would also be objects of his care. He announced a synod about a year hence, after the completion of his confirmation tour, at which the division of the archdiocese among others would be considered.

He declared his own willingness that the archdiocese should be divided and his responsibilities lessened, but a protest against division circulated during dinner was quite generally signed.

Little Change in New Parliament.

London, Oct. 4.—The results of yesterday's polling in the parliamentary general elections were less striking than those of Tuesday. The Conservative majorities still show increases in numerous contests, but in a less marked degree. On the other hand, the Liberals have gained additional seats. On the whole, the indications this morning are that there will not be much change in the complexion of the new parliament. Altogether, the Liberals have gained ten seats and the Conservatives seven.

Nebraska Couple Killed by Boxers.

Millard, Neb., Oct. 4.—News of the death of Mrs. Alice Troyer Young and her husband, who were murdered near Peking, China, by the Boxers on July 16, has been received by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Troyer of this place. Five years ago Miss Troyer left here and entered the missionary work of China. About a year ago she married Mr. Young, also a missionary. Mr. and Mrs. Troyer have lived here many years and their daughter was well known.

Wolsley Pleads for Sobriety.

London, Oct. 4.—Lord Wolsley, the commander-in-chief, in an open letter, asks the public wishing to honor the returning soldiers "to refrain, while extending them a hearty welcome, from offering them intoxicating liquors, as like all of us, they are open to temptation." The commander-in-chief also says he trusts the greeting to the brave soldiers will be something better than an incitement to excessive drink.

Japs Going After Boxers.

Peking, Sept. 27.—After the return of the German expedition to the southward yesterday, a small Japanese force left Huang Tsun for Tsing Yang, where the Boxers are supposed to be congregating. The Russians remaining in Peking are two battalions of infantry and a battery of artillery. Colonel Trotskiakoff commanding. They will hold the summer palace and Machiapo railway terminus.

BRYAN DENIES THE CHARGE

Says He Did Not Receive Money for Insisting on the Silver Plank.

Portage, Wis., Oct. 4.—Mr. Bryan's attention was called to a statement made by a Mr. Kingman that he received \$150,000 for insisting upon the silver plank of the Kansas City platform, and he said:

"It is hardly worth while to deny the charge of a man who hides behind a woman whose name he will not give, but in order that the most unscrupulous Republican may have no reason for repeating the charge I will say that it is absolutely false in every particular. No one ever offered, promised or gave me that sum or any other sum for urging that plank or any other plank in the Kansas City platform or any other platform. I do not know anything of Mr. Kingman, but it is said he is a cousin of Senator Cullom, and I do know something of Senator Cullom. The senator ought to know whether his cousin is trustworthy or not, and if the senator will state over his own signature that he believes what his cousin says and is willing to represent him in an investigation of the charge, I will make him a proposition which will give him an opportunity to produce his evidence."

Set of Spurs for Roosevelt.

Deadwood, S. D., Oct. 4.—When Governor Roosevelt mounted the platform at Chadron, where a 20-minute stop was made to allow him to address the people who had assembled there, State Senator Van Dusen of South Omaha presented Governor Roosevelt with a set of spurs of the cowboy type.

TELEGRAMS TERSELY TOLD.

Emperor William is now deerstalking in Rouminten, his hunting lodge in Western Prussia.

The St. Paul presbytery at Hastings, Minn., has voted for a revision of the Westminster confession of faith.

The Great Northern railway has issued a circular announcing a big reduction in homeseekers' rates to points on its line.

Marshal Leonhod von Blumenthal, the last surviving prominent general of the Franco-Prussian war, is dangerously ill in Berlin.

The resignation is announced of Augustus Newman, for 28 years assistant general freight agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad.

Reports received from all parts of Georgia indicate that the Democratic majority in Wednesday's election for state officers will be about 50,000.

The Railway Clerks' Mutual Benefit association elected Henry E. First of Cincinnati president. Milwaukee was chosen as the next place of meeting.

The Peruvian cabinet has resigned because of the scandal in connection with the purchase of arms in Belgium and the misuse of government funds.

The session of the live stock boards at Louisville adjourned Wednesday to meet next year in Nashville. Colonel C. P. Johnson of Illinois was re-elected president.

Advices from Havana indicate that much apprehension exists among the Americans there regarding the yellow fever, as the condition grows worse instead of improving.

C. E. Galloway, aged 89 years, died in Denver Wednesday from injuries received by being struck by a tramway car. He is believed to have been the oldest newspaper editor in the United States.

General Leonard Wood, commanding United States forces in Cuba, has made his annual report to the war department. It contains his previous recommendation that all troops in Cuba be mounted.

Kansas City and Orient Railway.

Mexico City, Oct. 4.—The concession for building the Chihuahua and Pacific railway has been formally transferred to the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway company. The stamps on the document amounted to \$6,000. The Kansas City and Orient will build from Kansas City to Topolobampo bay, now called Port Stillwell, in honor of the chief promoter of the enterprise. The government has given much encouragement to the enterprise.

Walnut Hall's Futurity.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 4.—An interesting card drew a large crowd to the second day's races held under the auspices of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' association. The futurity for 2-year-olds, purse \$5,000, was won by L. V. Harkness' Walnut Hall. At the conclusion of the 2,122 trot the judges fined Fred Noble, Georgia's driver, \$500 for laying up the first two heats.

Reduce the Price of Sugar.

New York, Oct. 4.—The sugar market is demoralized. The American company has reduced its prices for refined 15 points. Arbutckle Bros. have reduced their list prices 20 points for fine granulated. This is 5 points under the American and other refiners and it is rumored that other independent refiners are making reductions of 25 points.

Elliott Again Defeats Gilbert.

Kansas City, Oct. 4.—J. A. R. Elliott again defeated Fred Gilbert at Exposition park yesterday, the score being 90 to 97. The shoot was for the Sportsman's Review cup, the conditions being 100 birds to each man, 30 yards' rise, for \$100 a side.

Suicide at Clinton.

Clinton, Ia., Oct. 4.—John Krohn, aged 68, committed suicide yesterday morning by drowning in the Mississippi. He was one of the pioneer settlers of the county and had resided here 35 years. He was dependant on continued illness.