

ment 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 any one today who think 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 the 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 he 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 of 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 the "Rough-riders," the picturesque account of that picturesque regi^on in the last war, which testify to his uniring 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 characterized 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 companionship 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 speeches, to shake hands, catch the eye of a poor little crippled 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 canvas 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. Doctor 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 is 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 knightliest 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 it 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.—Reprinted by permission from the American Monthly Review of Reviews for August, 1900.

NEBRASKA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS. SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING, OCTOBER, 9-12, 1900, LINCOLN.

Tuesday, 10 A. M.—Executive meeting. 2 P. M.—Meeting of Board of Directors. 3 P. M.—Program. Meeting of the Federation. Mrs. Apperson, chairman.

Invocation. Address of Welcome, Mrs. H. M. Bushnell, Lincoln. Response, Mrs. Adelaide F. Doane, Crete. Address of President, Mrs. A. L. Apperson. Report of Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Hill, York. Report of Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Virginia D. Arnup, Tecumseh. Report of Treasurer, Mrs. Adelaide F. Doane, Crete. Report of Auditor, Mrs. A. B. Fuller, Ashland. Report of Librarian, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln. Report of Reciprocity Bureau, Mrs. A. A. Scott, Lincoln. Report of State Chairman of Correspondence, Mrs. Louisa Lowe Ricketts, Lincoln. Report of Credential Committee. Roll Call of Delegates.

Thursday Evening, 8:00 P. M.—Report of Biennial Delegates. 8:30 P. M.—Art, Mrs. F. M. Hall, chairman. (a) "Antiquity of Pottery," Mrs. Wiggenshorn, Ashland. (b) "Prehistoric Pottery," Mrs. Morey, Hastings. (c) "Potteries of the United States," Mrs. Perfect, Omaha.

(d) "Pioneers of Ceramic Art in America," Miss Butterfield, Omaha. (e) "The influence of Ceramic Art on the Home," Mrs. Brock, Lincoln. (f) "Ceramics as a Wage Earner for Women," Miss Lombard, Fremont.

Illustrated talk on the pictures and statuary of the Paris Exposition, Mrs. F. M. Hall, Lincoln.

Wednesday Morning, 9:30 A. M.—Meeting of the Federation, Mrs. Apperson, chairman.

Club Reports, Eighty-nine Clubs, two minutes each.

Wednesday Afternoon, 2:30 P. M.—Business meeting, Mrs. Apperson, chairman.

Unfinished Business, New Business. 3:30 P. M.—Music, Mrs. Barbour, chairman.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

Music of the American and Indian Negro, (illustrated) Mrs. H. P. Eames, Lincoln. Evolution of American Music..... Madam Baetens.....Omaha Polonaise Brillante—J. C. D. Parker Mrs. Lily Ruegg Button.....Fremont The Spirit of Spring—Henry Parker Miss Lora Holmes.....Lincoln Slumber Song—Valentine Abt..... Miss Lillian Kauble.....Plattsmouth A Day in Venice—Nevin..... Dawn..... Gondoliers..... Venetian Love Song..... Good Night..... Serenade—Liebling..... Miss Corinne Paulson.....Omaha One Spring Morning—Ethelbert Nevin The Nightingale's Lament..... Miss Belle Warner.....York Songs of the Sea—MacDowell..... To the Sea..... Song..... Flute Idylle—MacDowell..... Witches' Dance—MacDowell..... Mrs. Will Owen Jones.....Lincoln Merrily I Roam, Waltz Song, Schlieffarth. Mrs. Wagner Thomas.....Omaha Serenade.....Victor Herbert Miss Hagenow.....Mrs. Hagenow Miss Brownell.....Miss Eiche Lincoln

Wednesday Evening, 8:00 P. M.—Reception.

Thursday Morning, 9:30 A. M.—Reports of Biennial Delegates, Mrs. Apperson, chairman. 10:00 A. M.—Household Economics Meeting, Mrs. Pugh, chairman.

Report of Chairman, Mrs. Mary Moody Pugh, Omaha. 1.—"Are cooking school methods practical in everyday life?" Miss Rosa Bouton, Lincoln. 2.—"The domestic problem and its solution," led by Mrs. J. Paul, St. Paul. 3.—"Echoes from the domestic science session of the Biennial," Doctor Georgiana Grothan, St. Paul. 4.—"Food adulterations and what may be done to enforce pure food laws," Mrs. Harriet S. MacMurphy, Omaha. General Discussion. 5.—"Recitation, "Domestic Science," Miss Alice Howell, Lincoln. 6.—"Home making from a father's standpoint," Reverend Fletcher L. Wharton, Lincoln. 7.—"Science vs. drudgery," Mrs. Anna M. Steele, Fairbury. 8.—"How we may interest women in the practical department of club work," Mrs. Minnie Durland, Norfolk. 9.—"Ethics of home life," Reverend Mary Girard Andrews, Omaha. 10.—"Report of the national household economic annual convention at St. Louis," Mrs. Susa Gates, Provo, Utah. Thursday Afternoon, 2:30, P. M.—Mrs. Apperson, chairman. Report of Biennial Delegates. 3:00, P. M.—Educational meeting. Miss Haskell,

CURLED HAIR
—AND—
UPHOLSTERING.
B. F. Wilcox
No. 14th St.