

# Theodore Roosevelt, American, on His Sixtieth Birthday

Still Vigorous, a Spartan in Bearing, Giving Himself to the War

## To Theodore Roosevelt

Born October 27, 1858.

To-day your threescore years have tolled,  
And millions fain would grasp your hand,  
And pray that you be never old,  
You noblest servant in our land!

None lives that matches your good deeds;  
May all your years the tale fulfil;  
No eye so plainly sees our needs—  
Our captain once, our pilot still.

On fields of France your blood has flowed,  
In France fights all you hold most dear;  
'Tis well you were denied that road—  
You serve us better, fighting here.

Fight on! Reiterate each day  
The truths that none but you dare tell.

Guide us along the only way  
That does not lead us toward hell.

Amid the jarring and the lurch  
Of words, quacks, incantations,  
Cures,

Whose shoulder is the eagle's perch?  
Soldier of liberty, 'tis yours!

OWEN WISTER.

By John J. Leary, Jr.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT is sixty to-day.

"I don't know that it makes any difference," he said, looking over Long Island Sound from the piazza of his Oyster Bay home.

"I can tell you, though, that there won't be very much of a celebration here. There will be just a little family party—those of the children who are in the country and the grandchildren—that is, except Ted's. They are with maternal relatives in Port Chester, and the epidemic makes it rather unwise to take them about much. But I am going to them at the very first opportunity."

Opportunities for Colonel Roosevelt to visit very much are rare these days. For that matter, they have been rare since before this country entered the war and his was as a voice in the wilderness calling for it to prepare. When he has not been absent from his home speaking for preparedness, for the Red Cross, for Liberty Loans, for many and varied forms of war activity, he has been busy with his editorial work for "The Kansas City Star," "The Metropolitan" and other magazines and disposing of prob-

ably the largest mail that comes to any private citizen in America.

In the last year he has been seriously sick, once much nearer to death than most men ever go and live to tell of it. But this illness was a blessing in disguise, for it cleared up all of the after effects of the fever contracted during his exploration of the Amazon valley, which for years had bothered him intermittently, and left him in better physical condition than he had been for a long time. So good is this condition that in May last, when, on a speaking tour of the Middle West, he was attacked with erysipelas, he threw this serious disease off more easily than the average young person throws off a heavy cold.

Almost any other man would have taken the advice of the eminent Chicago physicians who sought to place him in a hospital. Instead, he insisted on continuing his speaking tour, and after visiting Omaha, St. Louis, Indianapolis and Bloomington, Ind., was apparently none the worse for his bout with the disease. A few days at Sagamore Hill and he was fully recovered.

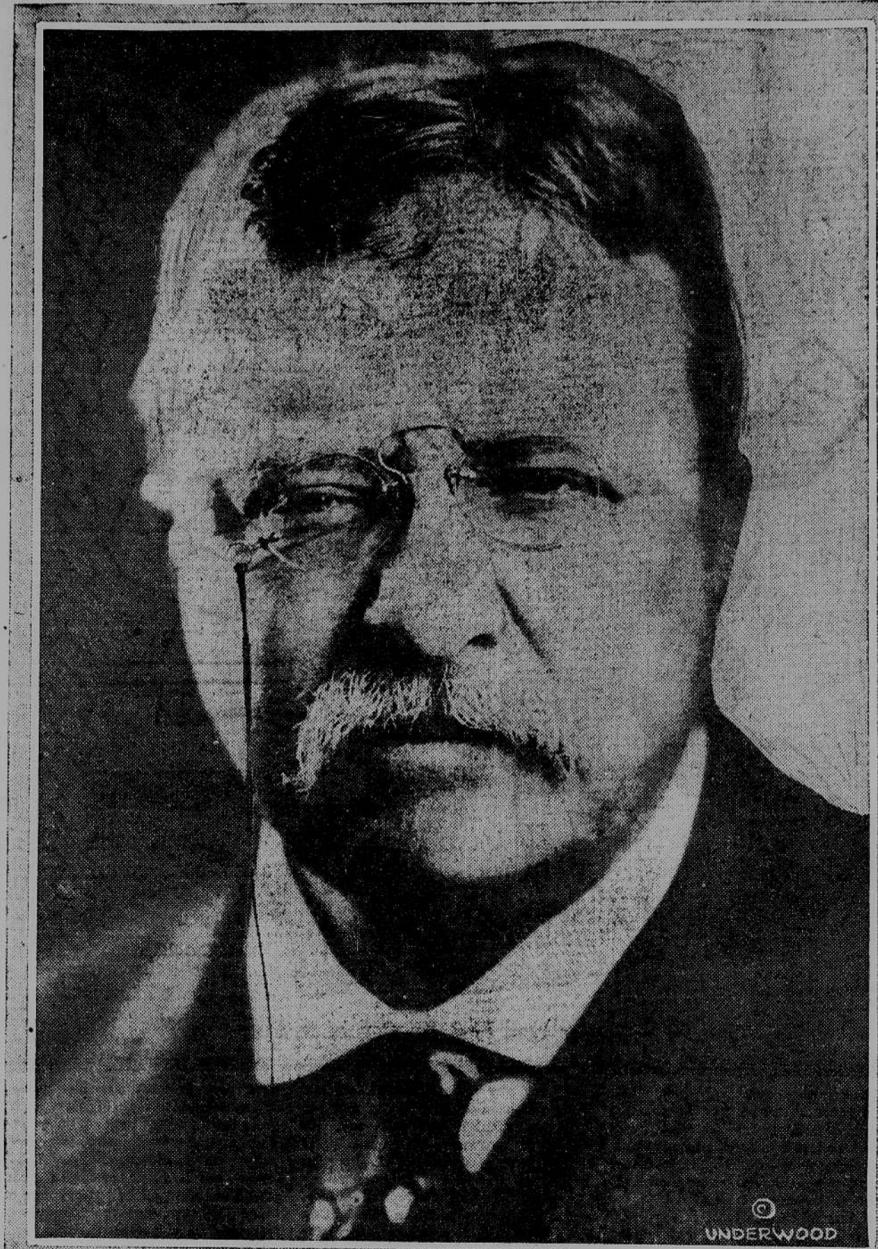
Then, as at the time he was discharged from Roosevelt Hospital after the serious operation which cost him the use of his left ear, friends urged him to take life more quietly. So far as he has been able to do so he has limited his public appearances, but he does an enormous amount of work at his home and in his offices in this city.

Most of this is directly or indirectly connected with the war. It is not the part he would like to be playing in the struggle. President Wilson's refusal to allow him to go to France in the army corps he had arranged to raise was a bitter disappointment. He has, however, been well represented by his boys, all of whom have won honors in the fighting, and one of whom, Quentin, the "baby of the flock," paid his devotion to his country with his life. Of the others, Captain Archie is now at home recovering from fearful wounds in leg and arm, and Theodore, now a lieutenant colonel, after being wounded and gassed, is once more back with his men on the firing line.

The blow of Quentin's death the Colonel bore like the Spartan of old, and while his grief was yet fresh declared Archie's mother and he were glad the boy had had his chance to serve before death came to him in the fighting.

From time to time men who have pursued with the Roosevelt boys in France, army officers and war workers who have known them there, call at Sagamore Hill with some little message, some word of them, sometimes with a souvenir or relic. These are always welcome, but not more welcome than are little parties of soldiers, yet to go to France, that frequently make their way up the hill.

The Colonel is never too busy to see them, to show them the famous trophy room and to share with them the great faith and will for a victorious peace that is in him. I have not heard that he ever speaks to any of these of the disappoint-



Theodore Roosevelt

UNDERWOOD

ment that was his when the final "no" to his request for permission to serve came from Washington—he is too good a soldier for that—but I have no doubt every mother's son of them would like to be serving under him.

"You boys will have something to talk about when you get back to camp," a resident of Oyster Bay said to one of these as he was leaving to report for duty. "Talk?" replied the lad. "The first thing I do when I get back to camp is

to write home to my mother and tell her I've just met the greatest man in the world. That's what everybody in the army I've met thinks, and now I know it." This feeling of the army toward the Colonel was reflected on July 4, when

"The Greatest Man in the World," Is a Soldier's Fervent Tribute

an army band, loaned to Oyster Bay for the day, appeared on Sagamore Hill. The Colonel was absent in Newark making his great appeal to the foreign element in that city to become thoroughly Americanized. No one on the hilltop knew they were coming, and it was some little time before telephoning developed that they were expected in the village.

The parade which they were to have led was over when the bandsmen arrived at the town hall, and some one took it upon himself to chide a sergeant of the old army who was of the band for getting lost.

"Lost nothing!" said he. "Colonel Roosevelt is Oyster Bay to every man in the army. How could we tell we would be sent anywhere else? And anyway, if we didn't see him, we at least can say we've seen his home."

Other than the soldiers and a small number of intimate friends and relatives, few visitors are received at Sagamore Hill these days. His friends, the taxi drivers at the station, discourage visitors who have no real business at the hill from making the journey, while the motorist who has no appointment is likely to be stopped at the road leading to the house.

Otherwise he not only would have little time for work, but he would have no time for the exercise he always insists upon—the secret of his splendid condition—not to mention time for the

grandchildren, who will be the real celebrants of his anniversary to-day.

The Colonel's exercise is what one might call—to use a term the Colonel made famous—a bit strenuous for a man of sixty. For example, there was not a day last week that he did not take a long horseback ride or spend several hours in the big lap streak dory that is known to all who frequent the waters of Long Island Sound near Oyster Bay. Friday, when I saw him, he had just come from Lloyd's Point, five miles from Sagamore Hill, whence he had rowed Mrs. Roosevelt and had a little picnic on the beach.

A few minutes previously he had handed a paper containing the substance of President Wilson's appeal to the country that it elect a Democratic Congress as a vote of confidence in him. I asked his opinion of it, and the brief statement printed in yesterday morning's Tribune, promising to make answer to-morrow night, when he speaks in Carnegie Hall, was his only comment.

But the manner in which he said it left no doubt in my mind that on the first working day of his sixtieth year Colonel Roosevelt will say something that Americans, irrespective of party affiliations, will read with interest.

It was the same old Roosevelt, with the same old punch, that made the promise to answer.

Apparently being sixty years old makes no difference to some men.

## Roosevelt and Unconditional Surrender

THERE can be no mistaking Colonel Roosevelt's stand. He is for unconditional surrender and nothing short of it. There follow here extracts from statements made upon recent occasions:

"When the German people repudiate the Hohenzollerns, then and not until then it will be time to discriminate between them and their masters. I hope the Senate and the House will pass some resolution demanding the unconditional surrender of Germany as our war aim, and stating that peace terms have never yet been formulated or accepted by our people, and that they will be fully discussed with our allies and made fully satisfactory to our own people before they are discussed with Germany."

"Let us also avoid confusing our own people by negotiations or pseudo-negotiations and adopt as our motto 'unconditional surrender.'"

"I earnestly hope that the President will instantly send back word that we demand an unconditional surrender and that we refuse to compound a felony by discussing terms with the felons."

"It is deeply creditable to us that

Bulgaria should have been forced to surrender to our Allies, while we remained neutral, and it is even more creditable to us that we did not long ago declare war on Turkey.

"I wish Congress would pass a resolution of war against Turkey to-morrow."

"I emphatically believe that we should finish this war now by fighting and not by conversation or note writing. I believe that we should accept from Germany nothing but unconditional surrender. I would not discuss peace proposals with Germany or her vassal allies. Let us first beat our foes to their knees and then ourselves say what the peace terms shall be. Our war aims should be the complete surrender unconditionally."

"We should fight this war through to a finish. We should put an absolute end to the threat of German world dominion, and instead of merely talking about future justice, we should bring justice now to all the nations oppressed by Germany and her allies. As for a league of nations, I should regard a proposal to include Germany, Austria and Turkey in it as on a level with a proposal to stop burglary and murder in New York by inviting all the burglars and gunmen to join the police force."

## Seven Days of War

By Arthur S. Draper

LONDON, October 26. GERMANY is not prepared for unconditional surrender. If she is ready to ask forgiveness for her wrongdoing and to promise to be good in the future it is because it pays and not because it is right. The abdication of the Kaiser seems likely to come soon, however the exchange of notes finally results. Not only the Socialists, but a considerable number of Liberals, consider him a stumbling block in the way of peace.

The veteran Maximilian Harden has raised his voice urging the Emperor to sacrifice himself as he demanded of many millions of his subjects. Harden said: "He will have to make a double concession: first, enter into a new bond with Germany and Prussia, contenting himself hereafter with being subordinate to the nation and, abandoning all idea of being independent, descend from the pinnacle of supreme lord in war, politics, Kultur and art. He must solemnly declare that he intends to be nothing more than a true citizen in the new German commonwealth."

"Secondly, he must take up the cross and at once conclude a peace, assuming the hard task, humbling himself if need be."

Kaiser Karl is in a desperate situation, with apparently no possibility of holding his empire together. Hungary is reported to be about to open separate negotiations. There is reason to believe that the German military leaders made their plans in anticipation of the early withdrawal of Austria and Turkey.

Austria has been more of a drain than a help to Germany in the last year. Ever since Austria's failure at the Piave, Germany has been sliding down hill. During the week the Germans fell behind a long series of water defences running from the Dutch frontier to the Aronne. In Flanders canals and rivers offer the best kind of defence against

tanks and the Germans are making full use of them in their rapid retirement toward Brussels.

King Albert's army followed in close pursuit of the enemy to the Derivation Canal, while the British Second and Fifth armies, under Plumer and Birdwood respectively, hurried his retreat to the Scheldt. By the middle of the week the British were before Tournai and Valenciennes and the larger part of the industrial region of Northeastern France was rid of the invader who had paralyzed the country for fifty months.

While the fighting from Valenciennes to Holland was largely between patrols and rear guards, with artillery figuring a little, fierce battles were waged on all the rest of the front right to the Meuse, where the Americans are slogging away under heavy handicaps and discouraging conditions.

The British Third and Fourth armies attacked almost constantly north and south of Le Cateau, meeting the sternest kind of resistance, but overcoming it and driving the Germans back toward the Valenciennes-Mauberge line. North of Laon the French found difficulty in breaking the Hindenburg line, of which the Serre River is an integral part. Here the Crown Prince is established almost as strongly as in the defenses along the Chemin des Dames. Gouraud is also.

Solf's reply to Wilson came as a disappointment; it reflected the change in the military situation; it showed that the German military staff had recovered its equilibrium; it showed that the Allied peoples had exaggerated the weakness of the Germans.

In less than three weeks Ludendorff and his associates had recovered from a bad case of nerves and the armistice clause in Solf's note is a certificate that is completed. The raids in Alsace have aroused speculation about the possibility of an offensive in this quarter. How many weeks the fighting can continue before the weather calls a halt is hard to say. In other years October was the last real fighting month, but it is possible that Foch will be able to continue the pressure well into December.

## Perspectives

By Ralph Block

### John Barrymore and Tolstoy

THERE are no formulas in "Redemption," which Mr. Hopkins is presenting at the Plymouth Theatre.

We have all pleaded for something more of living in the theatre and something less of make-believe. It has been a long waiting for something more than vain and sterile gestures. Now, quite simply, it would appear, Mr. Hopkins takes the empty husk and gives it blood and nerves and a voice to utter moving speech. He is not alone in this accomplishment. He has to his aid the matured and powerful art of John Barrymore and the esthetic sensibility of Robert Edmund Jones, but in the end these are simple things they bring, marked in common only by the great quality of imagination.

Tolstoy thought greatly and clearly when he thought directly of the spectacle of life. It was only when he tried to be abstract that he was confused. "Redemption" is tinged, perhaps, with the deep hue of his own experience; it carries through it a part of the irony of every man's life. It is the complete tragedy of moral aspiration, the tragedy of elusive voices in the air that no effort can recover when they are gone, of the universal urgency toward a more complete idealism than the scheme of existence is ever willing to surrender—an urgency that is always left frustrated. It has in it the quality and fabric of living everywhere. Under the world's composed faces these fevers that wrecked and betrayed Fedya Protasov are waiting to cry out, waiting to thrust us at the spinning rhythm of life in a desperate attempt to hold what we barely glimpse. We try and fail, and, like Fedya, die failing. There is no logic in this. But it is what living is. Against the background of to-day this is

a strange and startling Russia, which "Redemption" discloses. It is the Russia of an epoch that is completely separate now from our own, the Russia of Turgeniev even rather than of Tolstoy, the Russia that spread a thin but graceful adaptation of French culture on the uncouth human structure of an almost barbaric Russian life. On top are the graces of a new socialization; underneath is the old desire to live, to taste of the richness of things, to escape into the warm current of humanity and swim with it. Half held in one, caught at last in the other and swirled with it and dragged under, is Fedya Protasov, a man who dreamed of truth and beauty, but could not find it except in wine—where finally he lost it. "There was always something so terribly lacking between what I felt and what I could do," he cries out, and only in the end does he find a way to annul the terrible disparity by giving his life away for the two humans whom he had loved.

It was in adventure of the taverns and in strange gypsy abodes on the river bank that he first sought his escape. You understand without effort in the beginning of the play that Fedya is a man to be loved by many people. His wife, Elizabeta Andreyevna, still loves him, though at last she has separated from him because of his dissipations and his treatment of her. His friend, Victor Michailovich, a man of principle, cannot be rid of the memory of him; it is so strong that he goes, ironically, despite his own love for Elizabeta Andreyevna, to the house of the gypsies to fetch Fedya away and back. But the adventurer is enthralled by these glimpses of beauty the gypsies give him. "To think," he says with his hands lifted when they sing for him: "to think that man can touch eternity like that . . . and then nothing . . ."

nothing!" The essence of his character is in that.

Out of the characters of these three life is to make a thing which will net and entangle them and wound them all. To rid the world of himself, to free his wife and his friend, Fedya contemplates suicide. When he comes to it he fails. It is not possible. An ambassador had suggested divorce, but he cannot face the sordidness and dishonor of the framed-up evidence. The gypsy who loves him points the way out. He cannot swim. His clothes left on the river bank will tell a sufficient story. It will leave all of them free to live as they have chosen. Yet no man's destiny leaves him to bargain so freely. Years later a blackguard overhears his drunken tale in a tavern, tells the courts, and Elizabeta Andreyevna and Victor Michailovich are drawn from their fancied wedded security to answer the charge of bigamy. For Fedya only one atonement is left. He makes it, and kills himself with a pistol while the court is in session. He dies terribly, calling for Masha, the gypsy of his other years. So many people of the stage can act acceptably. So few can imagine character, which is the essence of drama, and make life out of it. It is not a thing done by methods, by fashions of wearing the hair or painting the features. It depends on a subtle inner understanding, a heat which takes hold of words and transforms them and gives to movement the color of life. John Barrymore has it. He makes of Fedya a passionate living protest against the discrepancies and imperfections of every system of living. He is the figure of all poets, all artists, all sensitive human beings who dream passionately of what is better than the reality they know; who fail of realization, always defeated by circumstance. Many times Fedya raises his hands in a vain supplication for an understanding the pitiless heavens do not return to him. Outstretched thus they become the symbol of the play.

It is a rich and splendid drama, rich with gathered color and those common things which go to make up the face of reality.

## Again We Tap the Ancients

WRITING in "Le Journal," of Paris, René Dubreuil quotes several interesting prophecies in connection with the present war from a book he has just discovered among some old manuscripts. He says:

"They are not modern prophecies. They date from the year 1660 and prophesy events to happen till the year 2063. I have just discovered them by accident among some old manuscripts and which bear the title: 'Perpetual Prophecies, Very Ancient and Very Certain, by Thomas-Joseph Moutl, a Native of Naples and a Great Astronomer and Philosopher.'

"Moutl foresaw the present war just as he correctly foresaw many other things. For 1789 he prophesies a 'great revolution in one of the Christian states'; for 1792 the 'great triumph of the arms of that same country'; for 1870 'a destructive war for that same country.'

"In so far as the present events are concerned the remote science of Thomas-Joseph Moutl is somewhat vague for the years 1914 and 1915. He prophesies a war, but the war which he describes is insignificant as compared to the present struggle.

"It is not until 1916 that his prophecies assume a more precise and definite character.

"Thus he foretells for 1916 that 'a crowned head will hold all nations enslaved.' For 1917 he speaks with great detail and, keeping in mind Russia, we feel that Moutl was not mistaken when he wrote: 'There will be in an empire a new form of government.' He then adds without mentioning the country: 'A new prince will ascend the throne.' Indeed, Emperor Charles of Austria ascended the throne a few months after the Russian revolution.

"For 1918 he has many prophecies: 'Great peace treaty.' 'Would it be the Brest-Litovsk treaty?' 'Fortunate discoveries in one of the most flourishing states of Christianity.' (We have indeed discovered

American) 'Marriage of a great prince.' (Would it be the marriage of Rupprecht of Bavaria with the Princess of Luxembourg?)

"For 1919 Thomas Moutl prophesies: 'Peace among the states. Great commerce on land and sea. A great prince will ascend the throne. The winter will be very cold. The grain harvest will be very bad. The vintage will be very poor, although the grapes will be excellent in appearance at first.'

"I am not maintaining anything as certain. I am merely copying what Moutl wrote about the year 1660 in the city of Orleans."

### Did Kipling Write Textbooks?

THE American Library Association's branch office in Brooklyn received a strange order from the Montauk (L. I.) hydroaeroplane station recently, says an association bulletin, which continues:

"Naval officers there wanted Kipling's poems, especially his poems of the sea."

"Next trip out around Long Island in his Ford truck the American Library Association's representative delivered the books, as per request, at Montauk, and wanted to know what in the world naval officers studying hydro-aviation could find of value to them in the poetry of Kipling."

"All seagoing men, replied the naval officer, can learn lots of valuable things from Kipling's poems. The sea poems are a textbook. A sailor who's been around the world can take 'The Song of the Cities' and explain things that no landlubber could possibly understand. A shipbuilder or an engineer on a ship can point out many interesting things in the story, 'The Ship That Found Herself,' that go completely over the average reader's head."

"Kipling, added the officer, is the only poet in existence who understands the navy and the men who are building the navy."