

IS T. R.'S SON A NEW THEODORE ROOSEVELT OR IS HE JUST THE SON OF THE GREAT T. R.?

Is It the Name or the Ability That Is Carrying Young Teddy Along the Pathway of His Illustrious Parent? This Question Divides Washington

HONESTY, AFFABILITY, LOYALTY AND COURAGE MARK HIS PERSONALITY

He Loves a Fight and Hates a Quitter, and His Friends Predict the Assistant Secretary of the Navy Will Go Far. Will He Too Become a President?

YES—they call him T. R., too. That, and Teddy, or Ted, or the Colonel, or "Mr. Secretary." But seldom, mark you, "Mr. Roosevelt."

Why? Don't ask that question. It can't be answered. Except that "Mr.—plain, everyday "Mister"—just naturally doesn't fit some personalities, any more than "Esquire" fits the wayfarer who begs a crust at your rear door. Can you imagine Napoleon's hosts or intimates calling him "Mister" Napoleon? You cannot. Do you suppose for a minute the associates of Julius Caesar referred to him otherwise than as the Emperor, or in some cases, possibly less complimentary terms?

Why do you suppose Lincoln was called "Abe," or "Old Abe," or "Honest Abe"? Easy: Because they fit. And why call the first T. R.—there it goes, you see—why call him anything but that? You just naturally can't. Those dry, uninteresting persons who write long and powerfully about men and events years after they have flickered across the screen of life may call him Mr. Roosevelt. But those who knew him—or those who know his son—not for a minute.

Names—that is nicknames or titles or handles or salutations or abbreviations or the various verbal identification marks by which men are known—are the reflection of personality.

So this is the story, not of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., son of "Teddy" or T. R., but of T. R. himself—the new T. R.—who stepped into public life as his father stepped out, the one finishing and the other beginning a career in the public eye. The first T. R. wrote his name in bold, strong characters across the page of history. What of young T. R.?

Any story of the son of an illustrious father is difficult, particularly any attempt to weigh, dissect, analyze his personality and character. For the two are inseparable. The son is the son of his father. During the father's life he stands in the shadow of his personality. Afterward he is illumined by the afterglow of the other's record. The name carries prestige.

Many Traits of Father Are Inherited by Son
"Roosevelt?" you say. "Well, T. R. was a great character. Don't know about young Teddy. Ought to be all right. Got a good start, anyway."

And when you get right down to bedrock you find yourself asking: "What is he 'in himself'?" "Is he a personality himself?" "Would he be where he is if it hadn't been for his father? (Of course, that can't be answered.)"

Are his traits his own or his father's? Are he entirely natural or affected? Are his mannerisms, his eccentricities, his own; are they natural; or are they a pose? And you may search long for the answers.

In Washington, where T. R. is best known, you'll find two schools of thought—a distinctive cleavage of opinion—that subject. The one will say: "He's not the old man. He tries to 'top' him, but can't get away with it. There's not much to young T. R. If he gets anywhere in politics, his name will take him."

And the others will say, with more vehemence: "Young Teddy's all right. I'm for him. He's got the goods. Maybe he hasn't the old man's originality or magnetism, but he'll go a long way on his own. He'll go up. They can't keep him down. Manners? His own! Perfectly natural. Don't think he's affected at all."

Looking him over yourself, watching him perform in public, talking with him, you will be increasingly impressed the more you see of him that if the traits of the elder T. R. "stick out" in the son, they are for the most part traits which were inherited by birth or unconsciously imitated; and that if any of them represents a venerable, an artificial surface, they have become so natural as to make them appear genuine.

But—T. R. does pose! You can get away from that. Consciously or unconsciously, he plainly "plays to the galleries." To what extent this is a natural inheritance, and to what extent it is the reflex of a conscious or unconscious desire for public attention and approbation, probably he himself does not know.

Looking beneath the surface for the fundamentals of character, you discover to recondition them. The Survey didn't have the \$10,000. The Navy Department did.

"Fit 'em up." Dawes ordered, speaking in the general direction of T. R. "I won't," was T. R.'s short and brusque response. "Why should we do it? We're giving you the vessels as it is. Why should we fit 'em up for some other department?" "Because," was the reply, punctuated with profanity, "they can't go to sea until they are fixed up; because if they don't go to sea we will have

tion of his fellows because he is unable to impress them. Capacity to impress others is sometimes natural, sometimes acquired. In either case it finds its expression in personality—always, of course, plus intelligence. And that throws the light on young T. R. from a new angle.

Voice Uneven, Almost Harsh, Is Marked Characteristic
It should be said further that the men who go farthest in politics usually have unusual personalities, or unusual

A chip off the old block. Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt exercising some of the vigor characteristic of his father when making an address recently in New York



Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., with his wife and children. The children, left to right, are Theodore, Jr., Cornelius and Grace Green Roosevelt

to get vessels that can go to sea, and because that would mean the purchase of two new vessels at a cost of one-million-dollar. Are you going to save a million or shall we take it up with the White House?"

They didn't go to the White House. The navy fixed 'em up.

And that is why some folks say that T. R. will co-operate—that he co-operates very well—when you hit him hard with a club.

Stubborn? Determined? Fighting for the navy? What else would you expect?

Roosevelt stands by the blood of the clan. He stands by his friends. He is loyal to any man or any cause in whom or in which he believes. And he inspires loyalty in those who come in contact with him.

Take the men who served with him overseas. They were won over by him. When the World War came and the Roosevelt boys went into it, as officers, there were those who scoffed and said: "Pretty soft. No danger that T. R.'s sons will ever see fighting. Promotions and press agent stories for fighting behind the lines. That's what it is to have the right connections."

One of the Roosevelt boys met his death in the air, felled by a German airplane.

All served with distinction. Young T. R. was wounded, gassed and decorated—and won a lieutenant-colonelcy.

"He would have won it if he hadn't been a Roosevelt," some say with outh; to know. "Young T. R. is a fighter."

And the men who fought alongside him in France will fight now if any one takes issue with that assertion. And T. R. is at large to them.

Never Runs From Fight; Likes the Smoke of Battle
There are two kinds of honesty: the honesty of the man who won't steal for fear of getting caught at it; and the larger honesty that is above trickery, above deceit, above insincerity and guile and knavery. Young T. R., say those who know him from close contact, is fundamentally honest in the larger sense.

"Of course," they say, "he plays politics. But there's nothing petty about it. He won't play cheap tricks or political advantage. He will make friends, and perform favors, and plan campaigns, and make speeches. He's a politician in that sense. But he's not a crooked politician."

All of which, it may be said, is a compliment not always spoken of those in politics—even in national politics.

There is another quality of the first T. R. that is found in his son and namesake. It is the quality of courage. Young T. R. is courageous, measured by past performance.

This is not only by his war record, but by many other things, big and little.

Within very recent weeks, for example, T. R.'s friends have been hanging on his coat tails, "sitting on his neck" and employing other equally effective means to keep him from jumping into the New York senatorial race as a candidate against Charles F. Brannan, Republican nomination. T. R. wants to run. His friends don't want him to. They tell him he's acting head of the navy, that he has a bigger field for the present where he is, that he ought to run for Governor instead of Senator when he does run, anyway.



He's happy in the limelight. Young T. R. in the Elks' parade at Atlantic City recently, greeting the multitudes with a wave of his hat and a typical Rooseveltian laugh

intelligence, or both. There are so many men in public life who are personalities as well; that to stand out among them a personality must be unusual. Not necessarily stronger, or sweeter, or more attractive—rather, he must be different. Men so often look, act, dress, talk and comport themselves so nearly alike that it takes one who looks, acts, dresses, talks or comports himself differently to attract attention. And T. R. does.

In appearance he is "regular"—medium height, smooth shaven, wiry and strong, muscular, but not stocky. In dress he is fairly regular—more of that later. In actions he does not differ materially from millions of other



A lover of sport. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy with Admiral Wilson applauding at a Navy ball game at Guantanamo

wide-mouthed, full-toothed, natural and exuberant. If you were in Atlantic City during the last day or two of the Elks' convention you saw it in all its changes. And that, by the way, brings up T. R.'s love of the limelight.

When the Elks parade was organized, the distinguished visitors and guests were placed near the head of the line, three abreast. Passing down the street, one of the paraders would be near each curb and a third would march in the middle of the street. Scattered out thus the spectators lined up on the sidewalks and, watching from vantage points in windows, could get a good view of each individual in line.

They put T. R. in the center of one of these groups. He marched down the middle of the street.

T. R. Gets Into Action; Waves Hat and Laughs

As the marchers passed by there was a sputtering of applause. Handclaps, now and then a cheer, an occasional shout. Then T. R. got into action. First of all, waving his hat with a flourish of applause for marchers in his group. Seizing it firmly in his hand, he waved it or simply started it in the general direction of the upper spaces, holding it aloft at an angle of from sixty to ninety degrees. He would wave little circles and patterns in the air with it. And doing so, the Roosevelt jaws spread open, a laugh wreathed his face, and two rows of Roosevelt teeth were bared to the vision of onlookers.

It's a different laugh from the first T. R.'s. The Colonel who won his title in Cuba, laughed with his teeth closed, or nearly so, as a bulldog laughs. The Colonel who won his honors in France laughs like a boy—wide-mouthed.

You notice one thing if you ever walk behind him. His shoulders are square and wide, his back flat. It is the back of a soldier. Far from it. Instead of a long, swinging, easy stride, the steps are quick and short. Emphatic, clicking along, perhaps a nervous walk.

Add to these qualities of character, personality and appearance the quality of "mixing" and you have a mental picture of T. R. 2d.

He is diplomatic in handling men. He can meet men of all types and all classes on their own level. An aristocrat by birth, he learned the fundamentals of human relationships from an illustrious father whose democracy never forsook him.

There is not the same force, not the magnetism, not the self-assertiveness, the bubbling exuberance, the impatience, the dominating qualities about young T. R. that were found in his father.

He is, for example, will listen. He

doesn't do all the talking. He will do his share. But he doesn't make monologues of conversation.

Has Tact, Diplomacy, and Can Handle Men

Illustrating his tact, diplomacy, ability to handle men:

Josephus Daniels, when he became Secretary of the Navy, a thorough-going Democrat in philosophy as well as political affiliation, conceived a particular type of naval officer who regarded himself as superior to common clay, better than his fellows, above the civilian. Daniels did not hesitate to indicate his dislike for such assumptions. He had no use for men who were "upstage" whether in uniform or out. He developed an open hostility toward the snobs and martinet in the navy and did much to humanize and democratize it during his service in the Cabinet.

But he never "made up" with the type of officer described. The two never got along.

With T. R. it is different. He sees their point of view. Whether he sympathizes with it or not, he mingles with them as an official duty, gets along with them, makes friends of them and wins their respect and loyalty. On the other hand he gets along with all others whom he sees, from the chief of operations down.

And T. R. has initiative and force, if not in the same degree and though not so versatile as his father.

For example, he is generally credited with having done more than any other individual to persuade President Harding to put into effect the present system of efficiency ratings for civil service employees of the government in Washington. He was confronted one day with the charge,

"I was responsible for it. But I didn't stir it around—stirred it around!"

Then there is no question but that he more than anyone else, organized and directed the fight that resulted in the defeat of the "little navy" bill in the House, and committed Congress to the support of the 5-5-3 naval ratio agreed on in the armament conference. He did an even bigger job in restoring the navy to the good graces of Congress.

Saves Day for 'Big Navy' When It Is Facing Defeat

Due to lack of tact on the part of certain spokesmen for the navy, and to irritations arising from the conviction of many House members that a clique was plotting to perpetuate and strengthen in office by insisting on a larger navy than was necessary to the national defense, the Navy got very much "in bad" at the Capitol. Then T. R.

stepped into the breach. He assumed charge of the situation just at the time the Naval committee had reported out or decided to report out the "little navy" bill, and when sentiment in the House seemed to be in favor of it.

Day after day young T. R. walked the corridors of the Capitol. He went from office to office, down with members of Congress, smoked, argued, argued and fought with them. He directed the strategy of the "big navy" men, or opponents of the "little navy," in the House. And when it was all over the "little navy" group had been defeated, and the navy was again restored to the good graces of Congress. It was a distinct triumph, and it was due largely to the quiet, effective, unassuming and almost unseen work of young T. R.

Since Denby's departure for the Far East, by the way, T. R. has been sitting in the Cabinet as acting Secretary of the Navy.

To advert to personal characteristics, T. R. is quite informal. One critic complained, because he wore a seersucker sack suit to the Hughes wedding reception, a highly formal affair, when almost every one else wore the formal morning costume, consisting of an uncomfortable long-tailed coat, uncomfortable gray-striped trousers and uncomfortable—and hot—black vest. But T. R. was happy, and comfortable, and enjoyed himself as much as any one.

He does not stick to the soft hats the elder T. R. affected. He will wear a soft hat, straw, plush, derby or almost any other variety that suits his fancy. His hats are as variable as the weather.

Swimming, Boxing, Riding Are His Favorite Sports

In athletics he prefers swimming, boxing, squash and horseback riding to other sports. He plays tennis, but not a great deal. He likes squash and swimming best. These hot summer days he takes a swim almost daily in the big tank at the navy yard in Washington. Like T. R., the first, he rides in Rock Creek Park or wherever fancy takes him.

It was recently proposed that he arrange an exhibition boxing bout—private, of course, and for a select group with Congressman Fred Britten, of Illinois, once a lightweight champion. He expressed interest in the suggestion, but said he was taking too good

care of his nose to expose it to Britten's battering.

"It's been broken twice," he complained. "I've had to get it glued again. It's spread all over my face now."

He possesses a keen sense of humor, asks and takes advice, consults those who surround him, is always amenable to suggestion, is always accessible. His latch-string is ever out. You see him in the order of your call or your engagement.

Newspapermen who "cover" the Navy Department find they can walk in on him almost any time. He confers regularly with two or three whose judgment and experience he finds valuable. Sometimes they stay for an hour. In this characteristic young T. R. is like his father. The one was as engagingly trusting, in his relations with the press.

"Of course," young T. R. will say after some special confidence, "you can't use that, but you ought to know it for your own information."

His courage was demonstrated most recently—to go back to that subject and also to Atlantic City—in his speech there two weeks ago. He was the first Government official of prominence to discuss the Illinois mine murders and condemn such crimes. He plunged into the theme unhesitatingly and expressed his views in terms which could not be misconstrued. Others had "let it alone."

Habits? A Pipe, Cigarettes, Sometimes a Glass of Beer

Habits? Yes—he has them!

A jimmy-pipe. And cigarettes, at times. But seldom a drink of anything containing a "kick." A glass of beer, perhaps. That's about all.

In this he is very conservative. He "What do they call him? Anything! 'Ted,' 'Teddy,' 'T. R.,' 'The Colonel.' But few use these to his face. Addressing him in terms which are respectful, 'Colonel,' and sometimes 'Mr. Roosevelt.' 'Ofstage it is usually 'Of him.

Of his political career more has been written than of his personality. He is almost the only progressive to get a place of prominence in the present Administration. They may have thought they were "burying" him as they tried to "bury" another Roosevelt politician—and failed.

To what extent the fact that his father served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy influenced the appointment of young T. R. to a similar berth, of course, no one can say. Certainly it was pleasing to him, politically and sentimentally, or he would never have taken it. Some day he will step out, run for Governor or Senator in New York—and probably be elected.

Will another Roosevelt some day be President of the United States, you ask? Well—stranger things have happened.