

# LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

**A Busy Career as an Author, Soldier and Statesman.**

He is a New Yorker Born and Bred.

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT, the twenty-sixth President of the United States, has for some years been one of the most interesting figures in public life. He has been politician, statesman, author, soldier and public speaker. Mr. Roosevelt belongs to one of the oldest families in this country and for two centuries nine of the name and family have held prominent and important place in public life, philanthropy, finance, commerce and politics. He was born in New York City October 27, 1858, and was educated in private schools and at Harvard College. His father, whose name was the same, was a sugar refiner, a man of wealth and learning, but with little or no taste for public life. His mother was before her marriage a Miss Bullock, of Georgia, member of a famous family of Scotch descent. Her great-grandfather was the Revolutionary Governor of that State.

As a boy Theodore Roosevelt was sickly, hollow chested and rather under-sized, but he possessed enormous nervous energy and early in life determined to become physically strong. When he entered Harvard College, he went in for athletics and began a systematic course of training to build himself up.

Soon after leaving Harvard Mr. Roosevelt made a long trip through Europe, where he proceeded to do things and see things in his own way.

In 1881 Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York and entered politics. He was nominated and elected to the Assembly and was re-elected for two additional terms. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1884 and took a prominent part in the proceedings. In that year he retired

from active politics and, going West, bought a ranch on the Little Missouri River in Western Dakota. There he hunted big game, tried cattle raising and devoted his spare time to studying the country and the people and to literary work.

From boyhood, Mr. Roosevelt had been a close and interested student of American history. In 1881, when he entered politics, he wrote a history of the naval war of 1812. This was followed during his public career by lives of Thomas H. Benton and Gouverneur Morris, "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail," "Essays on Practical Politics," a "History of New York," "American Ideals," "The Wilderness Hunter," "Hero Tales from American History," "The Winning of the West," classed as his greatest literary work, and later a life of Oliver Cromwell.

In addition to these books he wrote extensively and on a variety of topics for the leading magazines and reviews. Mr. Roosevelt did not remain out of politics. In 1886 he was the unsuccessful Republican candidate for Mayor of New York. After that experience he devoted himself for three

years to ranch life, study and literature. In 1889 President Harrison appointed him a member of the national Civil Service Commission, a position he held until May, 1895. In May, 1895, Mayor Strong appointed Mr. Roosevelt President of the

Board of Police Commissioners of New York.

In 1897 President McKinley appointed Mr. Roosevelt Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He provided shot and

shell and enforced ceaseless practice and drill on the ships of the navy. From the time he entered the office he seemed to realize that war with Spain was inevitable, and he set himself to the task of getting the navy ready for that war.

When war was declared Mr. Roosevelt promptly determined to reach the front. He proposed to the President to raise a regiment of mounted men to be composed of men who knew how to ride and shoot. His offer was accepted, and at his suggestion, Dr. Leonard A. Wood, an army surgeon,

every day ideal. In this home he has a splendid library and many rare trophies of the hunt. Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President, represents a high type of American womanhood. She was Miss Edith Kermit Carow and was born in New York City, of a well-to-do family. As a girl she knew young Theodore Roosevelt. It has been said that a boy and girl sentiment existed between them before he went to college; but soon after his graduation from Harvard he married Alice Lee, of Boston. Miss Carow went abroad to supplement her education by a course of study and travel.

When Roosevelt had lost his girl wife and was seeking solace in a European trip, he met Miss Carow. When he returned to America they began a correspondence. Their engagement followed and they were married in 1886.

Between Alice Roosevelt—the only child of the first marriage—and her father's second wife there has always been the warmest affection; and her

husband's sisters have been Mrs. Roosevelt's most intimate friends. Like her husband, Mrs. Roosevelt has a pronounced literary bent. She has nice brown eyes, and she wears her brown hair parted and carried back loosely from her temples. She dresses with a simplicity that is becoming.

Mrs. Roosevelt will have the assistance of a charming girl, Miss Alice Roosevelt, when she takes up her social duties at the White House. Miss Roosevelt is about eighteen years old. She has been bridesmaid at the wedding of a Boston cousin, and on several other occasions has been seen in society, but she has not been introduced formally. That probably will be a White House affair.

President Roosevelt has two sisters who will be prominent in the new Administration circle. The older one, Mrs. Cowles, lives in Washington. She is the wife of Commander W. S. Cowles, of the American Navy. Mrs. Douglas Robinson, the other sister of President Roosevelt, lives at No. 422 Madison avenue, New York City.

**Two Very Little People.** Nineteen years old and nineteen inches high. Such are the age and stature of Fatna, the famous East Indian dwarf. His weight is thirteen pounds. Smaun is his little sister. She is one year younger and one pound lighter. These creatures are veritable pigmies and quite different from some dwarfs, in that their members are in proportion to their size. Fatna's head is about the size of an orange and his arms are the size of broomsticks. In fact, he is a man in miniature, with none of the false proportions of infants.

for Governor was great. He was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of more than two-thirds of the delegates of the convention and was elected. When the Republican National Convention of 1900 met in Philadelphia,

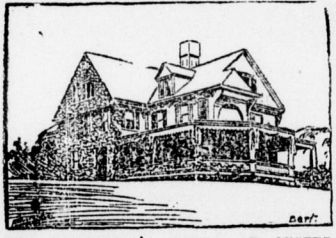
the demand for the nomination of Governor Roosevelt for Vice-President was irresistible.

Throughout his public career, which in a few short years has been crowded with more stirring events than usually fall to the lot of one man in a lifetime, Mr. Roosevelt's chief and almost only boast with his friends has been that he was first and always a family man.

President Roosevelt is happily married and his children not only love him, but make him their playmate and companion whenever he is with them, which is every moment that his public duties will admit. He lives in a beautiful home just outside Oyster Bay, L. I., and his home life is in



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. Drawn for "Harper's Weekly" by T. V. Chominski.



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.



AS A HUNTER. AS A SOLDIER.



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



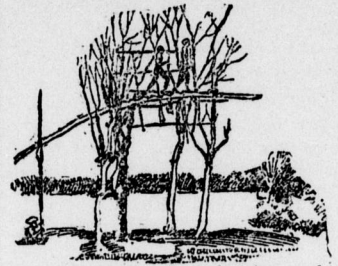
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHILDREN.

## REMARKABLE SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION

An Effective Method Long in Vogue in India.

In India a simple yet effective method of irrigation has long been in vogue, but only recently has it attracted the attention of foreigners.

The apparatus consists of a long,



clumsily fashioned balancing pole, which is fastened at the middle to the fork of a tree. At one end of this primitive balance, which is as stout as an ordinary beam, is fixed another long pole, the lower end of which is sunk into a well and carries a large vessel made of baked clay. At the opposite end of this pole are two coolies, who are constantly in motion and thus form a living counter balance.

One after another they walk with great strides over this narrow pathway, passing with a mechanical yet a rhythmic and supple movement from one end of the pole to the other, and hardly touching a slender bamboo balustrade, which is within their reach and which is intended to serve as a guide. When they arrive at one end and are bowed down beneath the weight they know that at the other end the enormous vessel has been filled with water and raised to the surface of the ground.

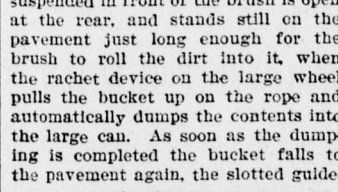
Large notches cut in the trees serve as a ladder for the barefooted Indians, and render it easy for them to reach the tip of the pole at the moment when, having arrived at the end of its course, it is almost vertical. While they are making this ascent with incomparable agility another man empties the water from the enormous vessel into trenches by simply oscillating the vessel, after which the manoeuvre is repeated.

The work of the coolies is by no means so onerous as it seems, for pains are always taken to have the pole balanced correctly and of the proper weight, and in this way the task is much simplified. The weight of the coolies themselves is also taken into account, and there are cogs by means of which the balancing pole can be lengthened or shortened, as may be desired.

"This method of irrigation," says Dr. H. Sicard, a traveler, "is not applicable everywhere, since it is essential that the subsoil should be moist, and doubtless it is inferior to the methods employed in Europe. On the other hand, it has the advantage of being entirely appropriate to the economic and social conditions of India, for machinery there is scarce and expensive, and man, though poorly paid, is still the most useful beast of burden."—New York Herald.

## Automatic Street Sweeper.

Since asphalt has come to be the most generally used pavement in the cities it is a common practice for gangs of men to be constantly at work with brooms, shovels and barrows keeping the pavements clean, but the labor is slow and the territory covered by one man comparatively small. To decrease the labor and increase the amount of pavement to be cleaned by one man, Jesse M. Harr has designed the machine which we show in the accompanying picture. In operation the sweeper is pushed along by the man, the long brush revolving rapidly to push the dirt ahead. The bucket suspended in front of the brush is open at the rear, and stands still on the pavement just long enough for the brush to roll the dirt into it, when the ratchet device on the large wheel pulls the bucket up on the rope and automatically dumps the contents into the large can. As soon as the dumping is completed the bucket falls to the pavement again, the slotted guide-



ELEVATOR AND DUMP ON THE PAVEMENT CLEANER.

bar serving to throw it out some distance in front of the brush, where it rests until the brush reaches it and pushes in the dirt again. Thus the sweeper is always in motion, and no time is lost except to empty the large can when it becomes full.

To Improve Mexican Horses. The Mexican Government is preparing to take decided steps to improve the breed of horses in that country by a law which has just been passed. President Diaz is empowered to enter into contracts with persons who will establish horse-breeding farms.

Married Life in London. A woman who took out a summons against her husband yesterday for assault stated that she possessed twenty-eight hospital cards as souvenirs of their matrimonial disputes.—London Globe.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

**Subject: The Defeat of Oblivion—Though the Earth and All Thereon May Pass Away, Yet Every Soul Will Be Remembered in Heaven.**

(Copyright, 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollected and cheers despondent Christian workers; texts, Job xxiv, 29, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxli, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, States, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

Why just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walk up Pennsylvania avenue, Washington; Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin; and you will meet in this year 1901 not one person who walked there in the year '801. What engulfment! All the ordinary efforts at perpetuation are dead failures.

Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" may go round with his chief to the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivions has a quicker chisel, with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting in one.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I. or of Charles Martel or of Marlborough or of Mithridates or of Prince Frederick or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,000,000 men of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,841,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylae and call the long roll. Not one answer. At the opening of our Civil War the men of the Northern and Southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals you cannot call the names of one thousand, nor the names of 500, nor the names of 100, nor the names of fifty.

Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes so interloped by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pedestal for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axle-tree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal, but he will not swallow anything that has been overworked if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed navigation and made all research impossible.

What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3000 years ago would sneer at us saying, "What are you doing here? There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind are not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die; their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon.

In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Clio, the goddess of history, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll might better be represented as limping on crutches. Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies or granite shaft or building named after its founder or page of recognition in some encyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease and is no immortality at all.

Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly, who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us. Absent for a few weeks or months from home it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been parted many years we inquire, "Did you ever see me before?" And they say, "Yes," and call us by name and we feel a delightful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand and running up from elbow to shoulder and then parting, the one current of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight.

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernatural existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty.

Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child, fallen on the curbstone, and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringency of the money market, that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more!" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide, that for

him was nearly a laver, in which he might wash and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear?

What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in processions of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them.

They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no end to their records. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction. Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had fed, added to a shipwreck, the droning rain, and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale?

It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class, or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passer-by, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting, or preach a sermon and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when you have been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

Another defeat of Oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by right influence we did in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheveled man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one of the man that we rescued, but no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel work, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen.

Oh, this character building! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, independent of crumbling mausoleums, independent of the whole planetary system. Aye, if the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day meet with an accident that should send worlds crashing into each other like telescoped railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations and galaxies should stop, and down into one chaotic mass should fall the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wringing man, whose name might truthfully be written, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." O time, we defy thee! O death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulchres! O eternity, roll on till the last star has stopped rotating in the firmament and is extinguished on the suphile pathway, and the last moon has illumined the last night, and as many years have passed as all the scribes that ever took pen could describe by as many figures as they could write in all the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from any soul in glory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to God and heaven!

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God Himself. You have seen aarrison roll up the face of the general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of the general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the fleshy part of the body, which can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that He has tattooed us upon His hands. There can be no other meaning in the firmament chapter of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands." It was as much as to say, "I cannot open My hand to help but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless but I think of you. Whenever I go up or down the tower like these two pictures of you with Me. They are so wrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of My hands, as though to announce an obnoxious thing, but on the palms of My hands for Myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in My fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands.'

What joy, what honor, can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and most affectionate being in the universe? Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God! The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build some palace as grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up all the stars of yesternight and to-morrow night put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sunrises and sunsets of all the days and the auroras of all the nights and hang them as upholstery at its windows. Let him take all the rivers and all the lakes and all the oceans and pour them into the fountains of this palace court.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchred. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just now a resurrection trumpet or a man when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again! Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerful resurrection trumpet a voice responds half human and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne; not into a graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all abloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Amputation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness has become the tear of joy. We have struck the lip with which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.