



EVERYWHERE on earth American flags today are flying at half mast, for T. R. is dead. He, whose vitality, as great as America's own, could energize a continent, died tranquilly in his sleep last Monday morning. The returning soldiers will find many changes in their country, but none that will touch them all more nearly than this, for our generation has lost a great companion. It will seem strange when we go home—for a long time it will seem strange—no longer to hear his familiar voice there, no longer to see the light from his window shining across America.

Never did any American have quite such a hold as his on the imaginations of his countrymen, and there is no American anywhere in the world today who has heard unmoved the news of his death. Yet on the affections of the A.E.F. he had a special claim. His four sons were of us. One lies buried now in a field near the Ourcq, the wounds of another long since sent him home, and it was a new Colonel Roosevelt who, limping slightly, led the troops of the 26th Infantry into Germany. Of all the banners won in a long and ardent life, that was the proudest—that four-starred flag which hung outside the house at Oyster Bay. His four sons and his heart were with us and, as all men know, it was the great grief of his life that he could not be with us himself.