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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A GREAT man has died and the whole world stands shocked and mourning. Humanity has lost its greatest exemplar of noble aims and single-minded devotion to the development of national welfare and glory. The youth of America had no finer inspiration toward which to strive and with the passing of THEODORE ROOSEVELT passes the world's greatest protagonist of lofty ideals and principles. Take him all in all he was a man, generous, impulsive, fearless, loving the public eye, but intent on achieving the public good. And because he was a man so splendidly human even his detractors admired him and his friends could not eulogize him too highly.

We mourn with the rest of the world as is fitting, but there is too in our sorrow a quality peculiar and apart. We have lost a friend. That he was our friend proves the justice

of our cause, for Roosevelt never championed a cause which was not in its essence right. He had his faults—of the head, not of the heart—and even when we suffered as the result of an impulse which we could not reconcile with what we expected at his hands, we were more grieved because *he* had hurt us than at the hurt itself. Even in our hot bitterness over the Brownsville affair we knew that he *believed* he was right, and he of all men had to act in accordance with his beliefs. It is good to remember that in 1917 he justified our trust when at the time of the East St. Louis riots he alone, of all Americans **prating** of liberty and democracy, uttered his courageous pronouncement at the meeting in Carnegie Hall.

"Justice with me," he shouted, "is not a mere form of words!"

Well may we grieve for him, soldier, statesman and patriot!