

monized with existence within doors. They cannot stand compression. About some of them there is the epic touch.

The passing of this veteran sculptor affords occasion for pause. If we review what has been done in this country during

the four decades of his life, we must acknowledge that the trend of American sculpture discloses his influence. We acknowledge this with satisfaction, for his conceptions were simple and clear beyond those of most men.

## MR. ROOSEVELT TAKES A VACATION

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

**A**FTER his two weeks of extremely interesting but not a little exhausting sightseeing and speech-making in Egypt, and after the week in Rome with the Vatican "incident," which brought down upon him a perfect avalanche of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt looked forward to Porto Maurizio with the happy anticipations of a man who is about to enjoy a well-earned vacation.

Porto Maurizio is a small but ancient and picturesque city on the shore of the Mediterranean, not far from the French frontier. Back of it lie hills and valleys thick with olive trees and vineyards, and still farther back is a fine range of mountains, at this season of the year capped with snow. Everywhere lead roads and paths enticing to the walker and affording a constant succession of beautiful views of the characteristic Italian landscape. To Porto Maurizio Mr. Roosevelt came for three days of "rest" and to make a visit to Mrs. Roosevelt's sister, Miss Carow, whose pleasant villa, overlooking the sea, stands in a flowery garden on a hillside just outside of what may perhaps be called the city walls. But in the lexicon of the cable, the telegraph, and the post-office there is no such word as "rest," and the eagerly anticipated "vacation" was broken into by a procession of messengers bringing communications, some, it is true, important, but most of them of the greatest unimportance, who trooped to the "Villa Magna Quies" (which, by a curious irony of fate, means the villa of great quiet) at literally all hours of the day and night. Friends of Mr. Roosevelt at home will do him a real service if they will remember that his time and attention while in Europe

are almost more than completely occupied with the innumerable engagements, both public and private, of his journey, and that it is impossible for him to take up the question of American engagements and invitations until he returns home.

The multitude of letters he receives is extraordinary, and even with the aid of a stenographer, who is accompanying him, and who works many hours a day, it is impossible to answer them all. Many of them are very touching in the appeals they make. I am not speaking of the appeals for personal assistance, of the begging letters and the like; for ninety-nine out of a hundred of these deserve no consideration, and, unfortunately, it is out of the question to try to sift out the one deserving from the ninety-nine undeserving. I allude to the appeals made to Mr. Roosevelt as leader, guide, adviser, as a man who is believed to stand against corruption and wrong-doing, as the champion of the plain people, of honest folk, rich or poor. As he said to me the other day, in speaking of these letters, "Why, these good people have expectations as to what I can do that would not be justified if I were George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and the Angel Gabriel all rolled into one." Mr. Roosevelt is not only very much touched, but at times rendered profoundly uncomfortable, by the openly expressed expectation of so many people as to what he will do, what he will advise. He certainly intends to try to do his best. To quote his own words, "The man who has been made President by the American people has been put under an obligation which he can never repay, and all his life thereafter he must remain

conscious of these obligations, and must strive so to carry himself that the American people shall not have cause to regret that they did once have him as President." But he feels very strongly that no one man can do more than a little, and that in especial there are sharp limitations as to what an ex-President can do at all.

One thing in particular has been impressed upon me by four or five weeks' intimate association with Mr. Roosevelt—the curious lack of consideration that people of the best intentions show for a man whom they admire, or who for some reason attracts their attention. If Mr. Roosevelt tried to handle his own mail in the way that he did a dozen years ago, or the way that the average citizen now does, it would be a physical impossibility for him to answer one in twenty, or sometimes one in fifty, of the letters he receives. This applies just as much to him when he is at home as when he is abroad; and of course what he has said about the people who write him letters applies even more to the people who want personal interviews with him. It is half amusing and half exasperating for an outsider to look on and see how much of the time of an already overdriven man is taken up in answering letters and requests for interviews which should not have been made. The letters range from requests for autographs, stamps, and picture postal cards to, for instance, requests for his views on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, or for his opinion on the Referendum as applied to matters of municipal expenditure, or for a description of a special kind of African antelope, because "the pupils in this school would find it interesting;" or for an article for an American college paper on "Politics as a Career for Young Men of Means;" or, from a Hungarian editor, for a paper about "Hungarian Emigration to the United States;" or for a review of a book of poems which was sent by the author; or for a "brief article" for a young men's lyceum on the question of international peace. I specify these because it happened that every one of these requests was contained in one morning's mail. The writers of these letters simply had not taken the trouble to think of the utter impossibility of any of their requests being granted, and of the fact that they

had no business to burden a very busy man with so much as making a request of this kind. Then, in addition, there are the kind and friendly letters which he receives, which, so far as possible, he acknowledges, but which it is simply out of the question for him to acknowledge at such length as he would really like to do.

Even while he was in Africa Mr. Roosevelt received requests that, without exaggeration, may be called appalling in their number and character. A favorite request was for tigers' claws, the writers being in beautiful ignorance of the fact that no tigers are found in Africa. Other unknown correspondents frequently asked for lions' claws, apparently not understanding that to take off the claws of course ruins the skin, so that each request was practically that Mr. Roosevelt should go out and kill a lion exclusively for the benefit of a correspondent of whose previous existence he had never heard. He was appealed to for monkeys, parrots, and lion cubs by other well-meaning people; one gentleman wanted a pair of small elephants, another a pair of zebras, another a two hundred and fifty pound snake—these requests evidently being made in bland ignorance of the fact that to meet them would have demanded a totally different type of expedition, especially equipped at a cost of many thousands of dollars, to catch wild animals for the purpose of distributing them gratis to unknown individuals. As for requests for horns and skins on the part of men who apparently thought that the expedition was conducted on a broad eleemosynary basis, they were legion—one man standing out above his fellows because of his modest request for "enough leopard skins to make an overcoat"!

All sorts of things are sent for his inspection or approval, or to reinforce a request for his special aid. Birth certificates, university diplomas, and papers of this kind which are of real value to the people who send them, are forwarded to him by writers who apparently suppose that he has nothing to do but to make parcels and packages and buy postage stamps. One lady in Austria inclosed some well-worn newspaper clippings evidently taken from her most precious archives, one of them being an obituary

notice of her late husband and the other a description of the costume she wore when she was presented some years ago at one of the royal courts of Europe. Another lady, a Russian, mailed to Mr. Roosevelt some papers connected with her son's university career, and because she did not get a personal reply by return of mail called at the hotel at seven o'clock in the morning in a state of great agitation which was really pathetic to behold. A Hungarian artist sent a registered package containing a pen-and-ink portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph which he had made with indescribable toil by shading the microscopic letters forming a biographical account in three thousand words of the Emperor's career. In the package was a large hand magnifying glass loaned for the purpose of examining the portrait, which the artist hoped would induce Mr. Roosevelt to give him a commission for a similar portrait of "the illustrious ex-President." Of course all these things have to be carefully sifted out, preserved, and returned, to do which involves an annoying expenditure of time and labor.

I suppose that the daily correspondence of any well-known public man would furnish similar displays of the curious workings of certain human minds.

While I was in the act of writing the words of the previous sentence a hall-boy of the hotel presented me with twelve visiting-cards, twelve letters, and four tele-

grams for Mr. Roosevelt, who at the moment is out inspecting the famous Agricultural Museum of Buda-Pesth. These communications constitute a sort of light afternoon supplement to the daily batch of letters, the majority of which arrive in the morning hours. Of the telegrams one is in French and one in Hungarian, and most of the letters are in Hungarian or in German. Of course the Hungarian correspondence has to be specially translated before it can be attended to, as none of Mr. Roosevelt's immediate party has had time between letters to learn what is perhaps the most difficult of all modern European languages. One letter, however, is from an entirely unknown correspondent in England. "I write to ask," she says, "if you would feel inclined to help me. I am the widow of a clergyman, and since his death I have had heavy expenses which I cannot meet on my small income, but if I could get clear of debt I think my daughter and I could manage. I am trying to get three hundred pounds to relieve me of my burden."

It is such correspondence as this that makes it impossible for a man of Mr. Roosevelt's public position to enjoy a real vacation unless he is absolutely cut off from the post-office, the telegraph, and the telephone.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

Buda-Pesth, Hungary, April 18, 1910.

## THE POWER

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

I do not think that you will ever know  
 How, as your scoffing critics come and go,  
 One shadow-silent, set apart from you,  
 Counts all your weaknesses but surface-true,  
 Veiling a clear, strong soul that, held in trance,  
 Waits to be roused by sudden circumstance  
 And valiant spirit, born to rise supreme:  
 One heart has faith in these, howso you seem.  
 Faith in that faith's own might shall yet prevail  
 (However, to men's eyes, you slip and fail),  
 And, recking not how wastrel years have passed,  
*Believe* you into what you *are*, at last!