

# SENATOR F. D. ROOSEVELT, CHIEF INSURGENT AT ALBANY

By W. A. WARN.

It is safe to predict that the African jungle never will resound with the crack of Franklin D. Roosevelt's rifle. The thought of the heartbeats and the wildness, the mobile springback, and the deceitful dig-dig does not set the blood tingling in his veins. As far as he is concerned the roaring lion may pursue unmolested its prey until such time as it shall lie down with the lamb. Not that this Democratic Roosevelt does not resemble his more illustrious relative and Republican namesake in a natural bent for bringing down big game. Only, if you should happen to see "Tiger," you will find that Franklin D. Roosevelt believes there is good hunting nearer home.

There are lots of people who profess to believe that there is nothing in a name. Some names glide lightly, smoothly over the tongue, and join the silence. Other names have a melodious sound like cathedral chiming at a great distance. Others come again, with a ring of romance that sends a soft, far-away glance into a woman's eyes. Then there are other names which make a big racket, like an alarm clock going off in the dark.

Franklin D. Roosevelt stepped lightly into the Senate Chamber on the opening day of the present session. He had a certificate of election, entitling him to a reserved seat, and he had come to claim it. Softly he made his way up the carpeted aisle. Unobtrusively he sank into the big leather upholstered chair behind a desk marked "26" in white lettering. It was the seat of whoever happened to represent the Columbia-Dutchess-Putnam district in the Senate.

His coming was not attended with the éclat that has marked his coming in and the going out of another branch of the Roosevelt name. But his patronymic had gone before him.

"Packy" McCabe, who divides his time these days between Albany County politics and the Senate Record, appeared for the first time behind the Senate Clerk's desk in full regalia of red tie and habiliments of light gray. Lieutenant Governor Conway admonished him to call the roll and ascertain if there was a quorum. He read the names on the Senate roster. "Mr. Allen, Mr. Argetsinger," and so on all the way down the list until "Mr. Ramsberger" had given an account of himself and gone down on the record as present.

Then Clerk McCabe coughed lightly to clear his throat. The crowd in the Senate Chamber heard a rasping sound and two gulps, but out of the choking noise came blurred and indistinct "Mr. Roosevelt." A softly spoken "Here," was heard from a corner of the Senate Chamber. For the next few moments the man behind Desk 26 was in the spotlight.

That desk and the man behind it have since, but this was the only incident which called the attention of his colleagues to the presence of Franklin D. Roosevelt on the first day of the session.

"Tom" Grady was the only man in the Senate Chamber to whom this was the second coming of the Senator. He had legislative halls and into public life at the Capitol. A generation ago he was on hand to assist in the welcome to Theodore Roosevelt when, as a boy just out of college, he came to Albany to begin the career that was crowned by seven years in the White House.

"Tom" Grady was not in great good humor that day. He had missed the majority leadership. It was his political funeral and some friends more kindhearted than discreet had forgotten to omit flowers. A sheaf of American Beauty roses reposed on his desk. He parted the foliage and peered through it at the newcomer after the fashion of an Indian brave lying in ambush for a paleface foe.

"Tom" Cullen, too, who counts nearly as many years of legislative service as does Grady, cast a sidelong glance at the new member who wore his hands over his scarred feature to feel if his war paint was as straight.

Those who looked closely at the lawmaker behind Desk 26 saw a young man with the finely chiseled face of a Roman patrician, only with a ruddier glow of health on it. Nature has left much unfinished in modeling the face of the Roosevelt of greater fame. On the face of this Roosevelt, younger in years and in public service, she has lavished all her refining processes until much of the elementary strength has been lost in the sculpturing.

Senator Roosevelt is less than 30. He is tall and lithe. With his handsome face and his form of supple strength he could make a fortune on the stage and set the matinee girl's heart throbbing with subtle and happy emotion. But no one would suspect behind that highly polished exterior the quiet force and determination that now are sending cold shivers down the spine of Tammany's striped mascot.

Senator Roosevelt is a fifth cousin of the warlike Colonel who bears the name. There is a dual relationship. Franklin D. Roosevelt married a daughter of Elliott Roosevelt, a brother of the former President. This fact makes Col. Roosevelt his uncle-in-law. Despite this long distance relationship there are traits of resemblance. There are points of difference, too. Unlike his uncle-in-law, Senator Roosevelt, for instance, would never indulge in pell-mell pedestrianism where angels would tread with soft foot falls.

For a few days Senator Roosevelt went about the Capitol unobtrusively enough. Then came the day when the scene of the Senatorial contest shifted to the Capitol. Rumors that he might stay out of Mr. Murphy's caucus last Monday night had reached Albany from Hyde Park, where the young lawmaker spent the recess with his family. These rumors made the more seasoned lawmakers who knew what it meant to defy a boss smile. Then Senator Roosevelt came to the Capitol himself. On the Sunday prior to the caucus he told his friends that he was going out to get some fresh air. He buttoned up his coat and started on a long, lone walk. Before he returned to the Hotel Ten Eyck, then the throbbing centre of the biggest game of politics in a generation, he had paid a visit to the Executive Mansion.

"Nobody has been authorized to say that I would stay out of the caucus," he declared in answer to questions. But when the next day came and the caucus with it Senator Roosevelt was the leader of twenty-one Democratic lawmakers who were willing to take their political future in their hands in order to register their independence and strike a blow for the freedom of conscience in public life.

Since then Senator Roosevelt has been the head and front of the insurgent movement that has caused Boss Murphy and his candidate for the Senate to sleep the nights and riveted the attention of the entire country on Capitol Hill.

## He's a Fifth Cousin of the Colonel, and He Stepped Into the Spotlight the First Day He Took His Seat as Leader of the Independent Democrats.

maker behind Desk 26 saw a young man with the finely chiseled face of a Roman patrician, only with a ruddier glow of health on it. Nature has left much unfinished in modeling the face of the Roosevelt of greater fame. On the face of this Roosevelt, younger in years and in public service, she has lavished all her refining processes until much of the elementary strength has been lost in the sculpturing.

Senator Roosevelt is less than 30. He is tall and lithe. With his handsome face and his form of supple strength he could make a fortune on the stage and set the matinee girl's heart throbbing with subtle and happy emotion. But no one would suspect behind that highly polished exterior the quiet force and determination that now are sending cold shivers down the spine of Tammany's striped mascot.

Senator Roosevelt is a fifth cousin of the warlike Colonel who bears the name. There is a dual relationship. Franklin D. Roosevelt married a daughter of Elliott Roosevelt, a brother of the former President. This fact makes Col. Roosevelt his uncle-in-law. Despite this long distance relationship there are traits of resemblance. There are points of difference, too. Unlike his uncle-in-law, Senator Roosevelt, for instance, would never indulge in pell-mell pedestrianism where angels would tread with soft foot falls.

For a few days Senator Roosevelt went about the Capitol unobtrusively enough. Then came the day when the scene of the Senatorial contest shifted to the Capitol. Rumors that he might stay out of Mr. Murphy's caucus last Monday night had reached Albany from Hyde Park, where the young lawmaker spent the recess with his family. These rumors made the more seasoned lawmakers who knew what it meant to defy a boss smile. Then Senator Roosevelt came to the Capitol himself. On the Sunday prior to the caucus he told his friends that he was going out to get some fresh air. He buttoned up his coat and started on a long, lone walk. Before he returned to the Hotel Ten Eyck, then the throbbing centre of the biggest game of politics in a generation, he had paid a visit to the Executive Mansion.

"Nobody has been authorized to say that I would stay out of the caucus," he declared in answer to questions. But when the next day came and the caucus with it Senator Roosevelt was the leader of twenty-one Democratic lawmakers who were willing to take their political future in their hands in order to register their independence and strike a blow for the freedom of conscience in public life.

Since then Senator Roosevelt has been the head and front of the insurgent movement that has caused Boss Murphy and his candidate for the Senate to sleep the nights and riveted the attention of the entire country on Capitol Hill.

"Gee!" said a Tammany "regular," in discussing Senator Roosevelt's hurry in creating a disturbance in the ranks of the legislative majority, "the other Roosevelt didn't lose much time in making trouble once he got here, but this fellow 'beat him' to it. His seat in the Senate wasn't warm before he became a bolter. Ain't it fierce?"

It was at the headquarters of the anti-Sheehan movement at the Hotel Ten Eyck that Senator Roosevelt consented to tear himself away from an insurgent conference long enough to talk for a few minutes to a representative of THE SUNDAY TIMES.

"Shoot away quick," he urged. "I must be back with my friends in about five minutes."

The words did not come with the explosive force that would have propelled them had they come from the centre of volcanic energy with which the name of Roosevelt is usually associated. The young lawmaker said it rather quietly, and in a softly modulated voice.

Then he began to tell of his early life at Hyde Park, in Dutchess County, where he was born in January, 1882. His father was James Roosevelt, who at the time of his death, ten years ago, was Vice President of the Delaware and Hudson Company.

"There wasn't much to it," said Senator Roosevelt. "A little rowing, much outdoor life, quite some study, and then I went to Harvard."

At Harvard he took enough time from his studies to become managing editor of The Crimson, the university daily. In his senior year he was President of the Class Committee. He graduated in 1904. Three years more at the Columbia Law School, and he was ready for life's fray.

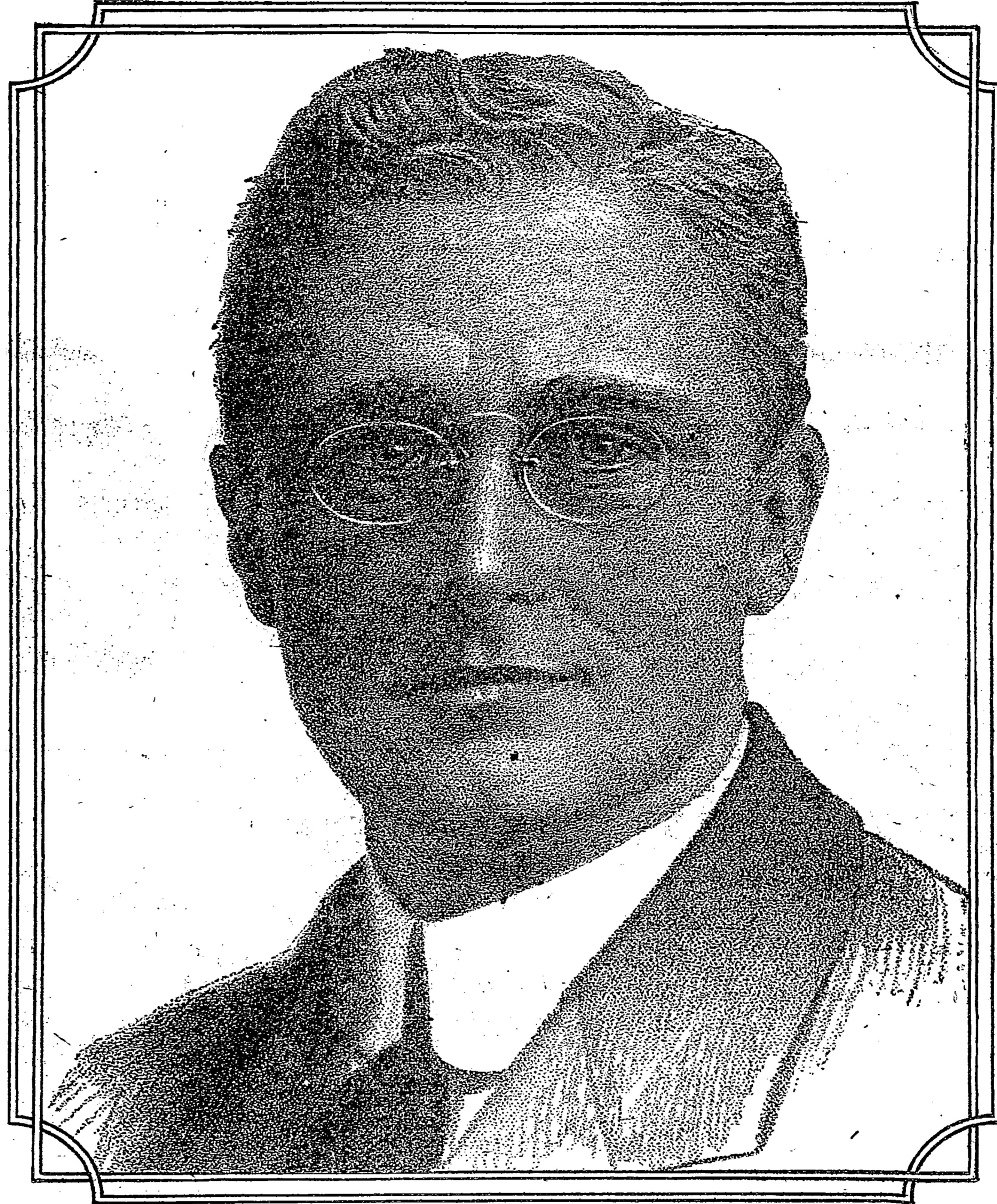
For three years, until last Fall, he was associated with the law firm of Carter, Ledyard & Milburn. He left the firm to run for State Senator.

His entry into public life at this particular time was the result of an accident. The district he represents has sent a Republican to the State Senate for more than a generation. The Democratic leaders in Dutchess, Columbia, and Putnam found it hard work to get a man to ac-

cept the nomination. Three days before the Senatorial Convention was to be held Mayor Saegre of Poughkeepsie, the Chancellor and some of the other leading Democrats in his home county urged young Roosevelt to become a candidate.

"They told me it was my duty to accept, and, thinking it over for twenty-four hours, I felt inclined to agree with them inasmuch as there was such a dearth of material," said young Roosevelt in discussing what led up to his nomination.

A whirlwind campaign, the first the Democrats had ever made of its kind in these counties, followed. Senator Roosevelt toured in an automobile the big territory he was destined to represent. He made speeches—three, four, five, or half a dozen a day—at all sorts of little wayside places. And then he was elected—a Democrat to represent a normally Republican district.



SENATOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

cept the nomination. Three days before the Senatorial Convention was to be held Mayor Saegre of Poughkeepsie, the Chancellor and some of the other leading Democrats in his home county urged young Roosevelt to become a candidate.

"They told me it was my duty to accept, and, thinking it over for twenty-four hours, I felt inclined to agree with them inasmuch as there was such a dearth of material," said young Roosevelt in discussing what led up to his nomination.

A whirlwind campaign, the first the Democrats had ever made of its kind in these counties, followed. Senator Roosevelt toured in an automobile the big territory he was destined to represent. He made speeches—three, four, five, or half a dozen a day—at all sorts of little wayside places. And then he was elected—a Democrat to represent a normally Republican district.

"We made bossism the issue," said Senator Roosevelt. "I knew this was the burning issue with the people who had suffered long under the dictation of bosses like Bob Hunter in Dutchess and Lou Egan in Columbia. So you see," he explained, "what we are doing here now is merely a continuation of the fight I carried on prior to my election and a discharge of my promises to the people."

The people through the boss-ridden counties Senator Roosevelt represents have not been slow in showing their appreciation of his efforts to resist Murphy's dictatorial methods at the capital.

"I got all these to-day," he said, displaying a great stack of letters. "They come by every mail, and between mails I receive telegrams and telephonic communications. I could pursue no other course in justice to my constituents, and these letters are the best evidence that the people at home feel that I am doing my duty."

"Have you heard from your uncle-in-law?" I asked the Senator.

He smiled quietly.

"No," he said. "I have had no word from uncle in a long time. But I will hear from him some time when this is over. I have no doubt. I am sure that any fight for principle would have his blessing and approval."

Funny, the Senator added after a moment of silence. "When I was a candidate people would write me almost every day and ask me if I was in any way related to Col. Roosevelt. It was very embarrassing at times, and I do not know at this moment whether the relationship helped or hurt in the campaign."

"Are you an admirer of your uncle-in-law?" I asked the Senator.

"Why, who can help but admire him?" he replied. "I differ with him on a great many questions, but they are the differences between men who both are seeking to do their best for the public good. Only he is doing it in the Republican way while I am trying to do in a Democratic way. It is a difference in method growing out of fundamental difference in party faith, that's all."

"My uncle-in-law will come back all right, no matter what some people believe. It is only a question of time before people generally will appreciate what he has done in arousing the public conscience and in driving corruption out of public life."

Senator Roosevelt's attention was called to the fact that so much praise of a Republican distinguished though he be, from Democratic lips seemed odd.

"I should not wish you to interpret what I have said as an endorsement of Republican principles," he replied. "I am a Democrat first, last, and all the time. There has been some talk about

old Roger, justly incensed, rolls over and strikes the intruder.

The dancers are dressed in gay colors, the women in simple gowns such as country girls might wear for their best with many ribbons and with sun bonnets. They wear silver-gray stockings and shoes with silver buckles. The men wear white knee breeches and blue-gray stockings, with bells strapped around their legs. They wear no coats, their shirts are frilled, and their braces are decked with ribbons and rosettes. They wear usually tall hats, trimmed with ribbons as gaily as possible. The aim is to have variety—at all costs, but there is no set rules as to dress.

Miss Neal has been in this country a month or more and says she has found the greatest eagerness among teachers of folk dances to learn the steps from one who got them from the peasants themselves. With Miss Neal is her famous young teacher, Miss Florence Warren, who may well say that she has set England to tripping. In one week she taught over 400 persons to dance the morris dances.

The headquarters of the Guild of Morris Dancers is at Stratford-on-Avon, which is especially suited for such a purpose not only because of its Shakespearean atmosphere, but also because the town has an endowed theatre to encourage such good deeds as the revival of English country dances. The theatre used to be closed in the summer, but now it has been opened during July and August, especially for the benefit of travelling Americans.

Back of all this enthusiasm for the morris dances there is, of course, a moral issue. Nobody maintains now that amusement is not a necessity for every normal human being. It has been fairly demonstrated that if innocent pleasure is not offered, people will run after the other kind. The morris dancers, as they skip about on velvet English lawns, have a feeling that they may be helping to solve a very deep question, that they may be doing their country a service infinitely great. The physical deterioration of English people is a plain fact, denied by none. The morris dancers hold that with the gayety and healthy exercise they bring they may be able to do something toward setting right this bad matter.

Easy Game. WHAT you need," said the kindly friend, "is a change of air. You should leave the city a bit—forget cares and worries. Travel! Breathe the pure ozone of the prairies. Go out to Montana and shoot mountain goats!" The restless one bristled. "Montana!" he snorted. "Why, I know a mountain goat in Newark!"

# ENGLISH EXPERTS HERE TO TEACH THE FAMOUS MORRIS DANCE

WHAT are the morris dances? Five years ago nobody knew the name, and now all England is dancing on the village green in the fashion approved by poets in all ages. Moreover, the dances have invaded this country now and bid fair to win almost as much popularity as they have achieved on their native heath.

They are dances of the English peasantry, just such as were jigged in the days when England was really merrie. How old they may be no one knows. The name morris, which is some times spelled morrice, is thought to be a corruption of Moorish, and the theory is that the dances have some connection with the Moorish invasion of Europe. It seems that at one period half the morris dancers used to black their faces, and they all danced something that appeared to be a terpsichorean representation of a battle between the Moors and the Christians.

The dances are older than that, however. Many of their features point back to pagan days, and they are full of suggestions of ancient rites, human sacrifice, and the like. The theory is that they are of great antiquity and of sacred origin.

Druid that they were danced by the Druid priests long before the cross conquered England.

Then the Church took them over, as it took over so many popular customs, and the symbols of the old pagans came to stand for the beliefs of the Christian religion. Mixed with these dances are doubtless certain Moorish dances which gave their name to all.

This is the way the morris dances came into their own in England. There was in London a club of working girls, called the Esperance Club, of which Miss Mary Neal was the Honorary Secretary. The girls opened their living as girls do in a great city, working in offices and otherwise cooped up from the fresh air.

It was part of the plan of the Esperance Club to provide healthy exercise and entertainment for its members, and in the pursuit of this end they learned to dance and to give plays. Their dances, Irish dances and Scotch dances, and looked around for other worlds to conquer. A suggestion in a paper on old English dances and folksongs gave them a new inspiration. They would look for the dances of England and give them.

and there in England until some fifty or sixty years ago, when the pall of propriety that marked the Victorian age fell over the land and smothered laughter. It did not seem decorous to the well-behaved pillars of society in the middle of the last century that human beings with immortal souls should spend time that might have been devoted to meditation on their latter end in skipping gaily about decked in ribbons and bells. The peasantry reluctantly followed the counsel of their well-to-do neighbors, and the country dances died, except here and there, when they were given at certain seasons of the year in a discreet and quiet fashion.

Fortunately, Miss Neal had her inspiration before the old men and women had gone to the grave with their secrets of the matter. When it became known that she wanted information in regard to the old English country dances she began to get letters from remote spots. Here there was an old man of seventy; there an old woman of ninety who still on occasion would dance a merry step for the entertainment of her village. In short, there was just time to catch the old customs before they faded away for good and all.

The first dances were taught to the girls of the Esperance Club by two old men from Oxfordshire, who danced dances that had been preserved in their family for five generations. Little they had thought that the old tricks so long despised would take on a new value, but bewildered though they were at the sudden visit to their village of a London lady, they were quite ready to pack their concertinas and go up to town to teach the girls.

It is said that no one in London is more than two generations from the country, and the girls of the club took to the dances as to their natural heritage. In two evenings they had learned six or seven dances, and the revival that was to spread all over England had begun.

The dances were first given in public at Christmas time, 1905. In the following Spring a more public concert was given, with enormous success. One of the London papers said it was "a little entertainment which may indeed light such a candle in England as will not immediately be put out."

So it was, indeed. For since that day morris dancers of the Esperance Club have taught in every county in England. Whole villages have been set a-dancing. Lord Lytton, who was much interested from the start, had his village taught to dance, and the Countess of Beauchamp arranged for a fête in which the three villages surrounding her country seat took part.

The dances are arranged for many people. They are not an entertainment given by a few highly trained exhibitors while the rest stand around and stare. The

point is that the whole people join in. It is an eminently democratic thing, and can live only as long as it preserves this spirit. The introduction of pedantry, of sophisticated art, would utterly kill the movement.

The Englishman and his American cousin have been distinguished among the nations for joylessness. They make merry heavily and they need drink to spur them on. The Latin races and the people of Eastern Europe have a truer idea of enjoyment, and take pleasure in the simple delights of dancing and singing. The morris dancers say that the English were not always heavy, that there is plenty of joy in them only it has been crushed out by Puritanism. They are attempting to revive in the English peasantry the old spirit that must have been a marked characteristic once, or England would never have been called merrie.

## Miss Mary Neal and Miss Florence Warren Are Introducing Dancing on the Village Green that Has Proved So Popular Abroad.

It is said that no one in London is more than two generations from the country, and the girls of the club took to the dances as to their natural heritage. In two evenings they had learned six or seven dances, and the revival that was to spread all over England had begun.

The dances were first given in public at Christmas time, 1905. In the following Spring a more public concert was given, with enormous success. One of the London papers said it was "a little entertainment which may indeed light such a candle in England as will not immediately be put out."

So it was, indeed. For since that day morris dancers of the Esperance Club have taught in every county in England. Whole villages have been set a-dancing. Lord Lytton, who was much interested from the start, had his village taught to dance, and the Countess of Beauchamp arranged for a fête in which the three villages surrounding her country seat took part.

The dances are arranged for many people. They are not an entertainment given by a few highly trained exhibitors while the rest stand around and stare. The

point is that the whole people join in. It is an eminently democratic thing, and can live only as long as it preserves this spirit. The introduction of pedantry, of sophisticated art, would utterly kill the movement.

The Englishman and his American cousin have been distinguished among the nations for joylessness. They make merry heavily and they need drink to spur them on. The Latin races and the people of Eastern Europe have a truer idea of enjoyment, and take pleasure in the simple delights of dancing and singing. The morris dancers say that the English were not always heavy, that there is plenty of joy in them only it has been crushed out by Puritanism. They are attempting to revive in the English peasantry the old spirit that must have been a marked characteristic once, or England would never have been called merrie.

In connection with the dances, there are, as has been said, many evidences that point to an extremely ancient origin. Miss Neal tells several stories along this line, one of them aptly illustrating the mixture of Paganism and Christianity that is found in the dances.

One of the Oxfordshire dances requires the presence of "the lord and lady," who enter in state and are respectfully greeted by the dancers. At first Miss Neal thought that the lord and lady stood for the village squire and his wife, but when she went to Oxfordshire and talked with the old people there, she found some curious light on the subject.

"The lady," she was told, "must be dressed in white and pale blue, and she is pure—oh, the purest woman that ever was." It would seem that the lady, in this costume was none other than the Virgin herself, and that the lord who brought her in was one of the saints, or even God Himself. Evidently this morris dance was a survival of an old morris play.

On further investigation it was found that the lady entered at eleven o'clock in the morning and stayed until nine o'clock at night. During these hours none were to touch her. Any one who jostled against her in the dances paid a fine. There was a lamb used in connection with this, and putting it all together it seemed to point back to Pagan days. The lady, who was the Vir-

gin in the Middle Ages, had been, further back than that, the maiden offered in sacrifice to the gods. At 9 o'clock she disappeared, in the morris dances. At that hour, ages ago, she had been put to death.

In some parts of England a pair of ox horns are used by the morris dancers, and these are tipped with gold, as was the case with the horns of animals used for sacrifice. The batons used in the dances are of great antiquity and had a religious significance long before the age of Christianity.

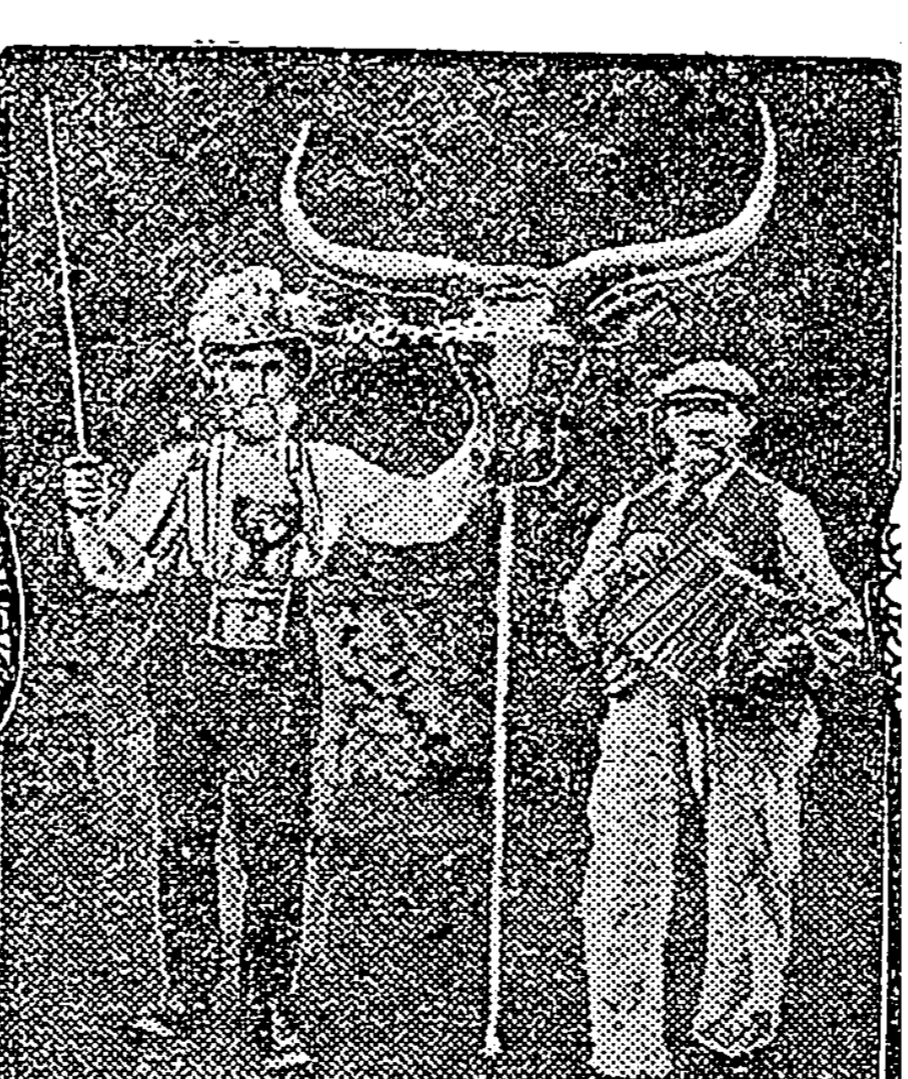
Some of the dances are danced on June 21, the longest day in the year and undoubtedly had some connection with the worship of the sun. One of the dances, that known as "bean setting," is danced only by men and is thought to have been a priestly dance of Pagan days, commemorating the coming of Spring.

The children's dance and song, "London Bridge is falling down," is thought also to date back to the time of human sacrifices. It was the custom when a bridge was built to sacrifice one of the people at the laying of the foundation stone. Later on it became possible to ransom this person by payment of a large sum of money—from which we get the custom of putting coins in foundation stones. The children's song refers to their "prisoner" and to a bag of money.

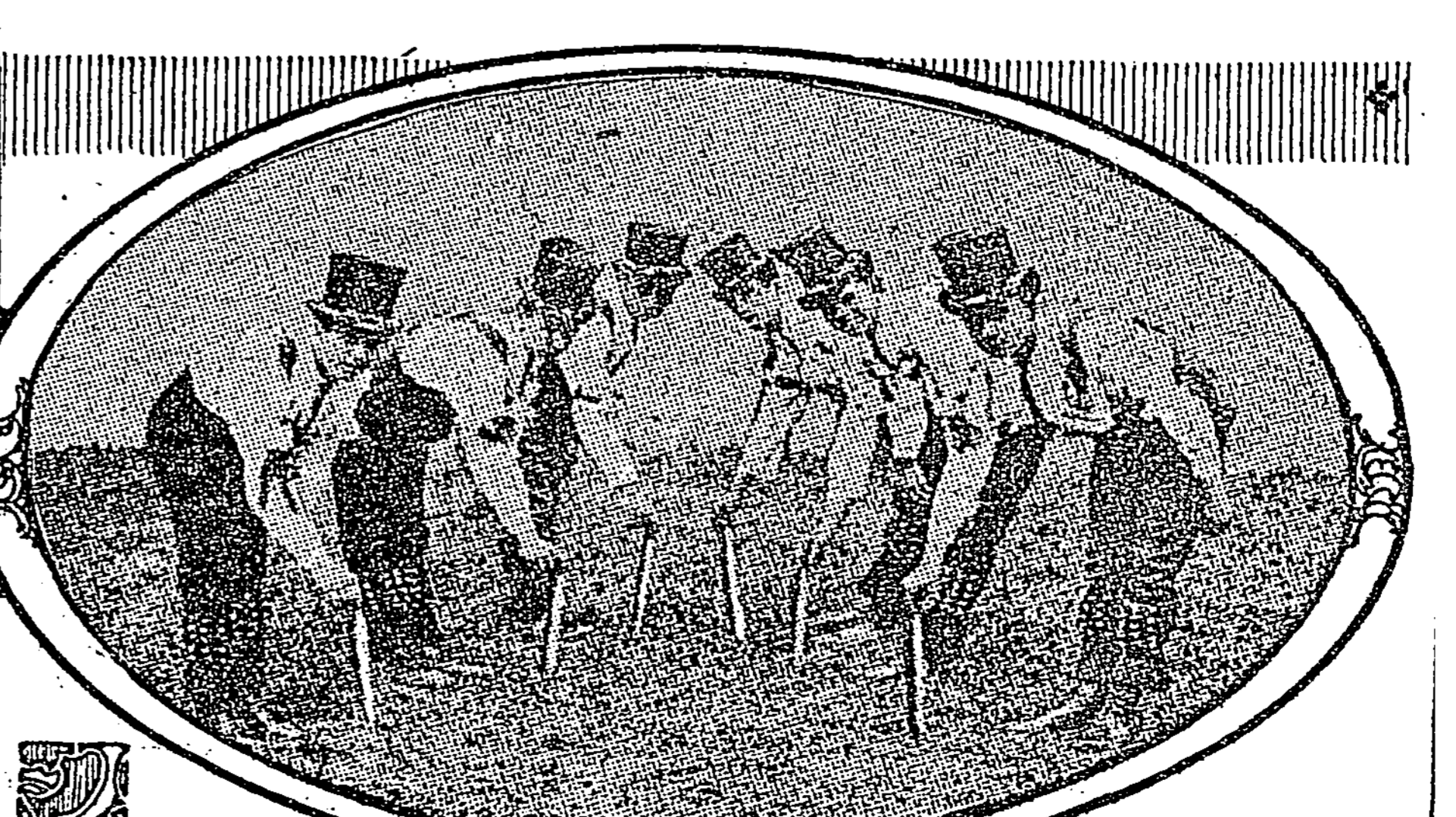
Yet another song, "Old Roger's Dead," refers to the ancient belief that at death the soul of the departed entered into trees. Old Roger lies down and dies; then some one comes and begins to pick apples from a tree that has sprouted, and



When I Was a Schoolgirl.



Berkshire Dancers Whose Tradition Goes Back to 1700.



Bean Setting.

"Was Ever Thus. They had just explained to her the meaning of that nifty little adjective 'pliquant.' She grew strangely depressed.

"Alas! I always thought that it meant somebody from Piqua, Ohio!" she groaned.

With a deafening crash, her last illusion tumbled to the ground before their eyes, and she gasped.

this little band of insurgents, as they call us, joining hands with the Republican minority against the regulars of our own party. That is not likely to happen. Only the other day, at the first joint session to be held for United States Senator, we had an opportunity to combine with the Republicans to prevent adjournment before a second ballot that would have shown a gain for the anti-Sheehan forces could be taken. But we set ourselves stoutly against any such alliance."

"Do you look for a split in the Democratic organization as a result of the present fight?" I asked the Senator.

"This is not a split in the party; it is not even a fight in the party," he replied. "We are merely a group of men who are taking rational view of a situation that is not very difficult to size up, and acting in accordance with that view. How could we afford to enter the caucus and be bound by its action when we were firmly and unalterably convinced that the election of Mr. Sheehan would mean disaster to the Democratic Party, not only in the State, but the Nation?"

"There is another question on which I have strong convictions, and that conviction has been strengthened by what has happened here since this fight began. There is nothing to gain by the Democratic Party through an alliance between Tammany Hall and the up-state Democrats until the character of leadership in the Tammany organization has changed. The control by Tammany Hall of the State Democracy will stand under present conditions as an insurmountable obstacle in the way of party success. This fight involves a much bigger question than whether or not Sheehan shall go to the United States Senate."

"Do you believe that political conditions are on the verge of undergoing a change for the better?"

"I most decidedly do," he replied. "But one thing should be emphasized. More people should take an interest in politics. It is everybody's business. Especially do I think more young men should take an active part, though it is difficult to see how public life and political work can afford any attraction to those who are young and ambitious as long as the name 'politician' is a by-word."

"It has been suggested that the members of the opposition are doing all they can to make life a burden for you."

"Well," said Senator Roosevelt, with a cheerful grin, "there is nothing I love as much as a good fight. I never had as much fun in my life as I am having right now. And I will say this for the other side. Except for a few who are too small and peevish to be taken into consideration, we have no reason to complain of the attitude of our opponents. All the big men from Cobalan down have been courteous to me. And there is much to relieve the seriousness of the situation. One pleasant feature is the good fellowship of my twenty comrades in the insurgent movement."

The Senator was asked how he—one of the youngest of the little insurgent band—happened to become its leader.

"Leader?" he said. "I should not claim that title; there really is no leader. There is no party, though. We are just determined to stay out. We need lay no deep and dark plans to confound the enemy. We are waiting for public sentiment to perform that function."

"I will betray one secret," said Senator Roosevelt as he hastened to join his insurgent comrades. "There is very little business done at our councils of war. We just sit around and swap stories, like soldiers at the bivouac fires."

The coming of a Democratic Senator on the stage at the Capital, at the very moment the curtain was about to rise on the most bitter contest in a generation with bossism as its chief issue may be regarded as a mere coincidence by persons who place no faith in a Providential supply of a man to meet every rising crisis.

Only the few next days, or may be weeks, will tell whether Franklin D. Roosevelt is the man of this Democratic hour.