

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WHO'S WHO —AND WHY: ROOSEVELT II



APPARENTLY IT IS quite impossible to keep Administration house without a Roosevelt, and this new Administration of ours prudently laid one in. Mr. Taft did not have a Roosevelt to his name—and look what happened to him!

Oh, yes, it is quite certain we must have an executive Roosevelt somewhere round the place. And isn't it a tribute to the versatility—to say nothing of the forehandedness—of that great family to find, no matter what the emergency may be, there is a Roosevelt for the job? No sooner comes along a Democratic Administration than gallantly steps forward a Democratic Roosevelt and offers himself generously for the duties entailed! A versatile family, as I have remarked.

Likely as not there is a Woman-Suffrage Roosevelt, a Socialist Roosevelt and a Prohibition Roosevelt concealed in the high grass awaiting the call and the opportunity. This present Roosevelt, who is keeping the record straight and preserving the precedent for Mr. Wilson, is by name Franklin D.; and at the present time he occupies the post once held by the illustrious Theodore—that is to say, he is assistant secretary of the navy. Theodore, as may be recalled, was assistant secretary of the navy just previously, prior to and before the war with Spain. That isn't so long ago, but there are many legends connected with Theodore's occupancy of the post. Indeed, as assistant secretary of the navy T. Roosevelt is the hero of many thrilling tales now embodied in the folklore of the nation.

There is this much about it though: He—Theodore—certainly set a mark as assistant secretary of the navy for all future assistants on the same job to shoot at; and it will be a long time before one of them hits it, so far as that goes. Still, we have hopes. Here, for example, is Franklin D. Roosevelt—he'll shed that middle D. before long—no Roosevelt should have more than one given name; albeit many standpat Republicans call Theodore an extra name beginning with

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D. However, here, as has been observed, is Franklin Roosevelt in the same chair from which that other Roosevelt emerged to become soldier, statesman, and whatever else your political beliefs compel you to dub him—ranging from best to among the worst. And think this over: Suppose we should have a war with Japan!

Hadn't considered that, had you? Slipped your memory entirely! Well, here it is, staring you in the face: Suppose we have war with Japan! Or suppose California secedes; or Hawaii joins Switzerland because the Democrats are going to put sugar on the free list; or suppose any old warscare you like—if you can't think up a warscare the general staffs of the army and navy will supply one for you; they keep a stock of them on hand to use when they want increased appropriations—but, suppose we have a war!

Should there be a war Franklin Roosevelt will simply resign as assistant secretary of the navy, simply organize a regiment, simply take command, and simply knock the spots off the invading foe. After that the world will be his. It is foreordained, prearranged—provided some one will kindly supply the war. Hey, boy, bring on a war! Fetch a war, I tell you, and be quick about it! Will that boy never come with that war?

So far as can be learned, this particular Roosevelt—he is a cousin or something—maybe a nephew; anyhow he is kin of T. R.—this particular Roosevelt early consecrated himself to public service. He had himself elected to the legislature in the state of New York, where he lives up-country and not far from the metropolis. He was and is a Democrat. It so fell out that the particular legislature to which Mr. Roosevelt had himself elected had in hand the task of selecting a successor to Chauncey M. Depew for United States senator to represent the Empire State with E. Root, in that distinguished and greatest deliberative—three cheers!—forum in the world! The Democrats were in the ascendancy and it had been decreed that William F. Sheehan was to replace Mr. Depew. The decree that was decreed was a fine, definite decree; but it wasn't inclusive. Though the decreer, by name Charles F. Murphy of Tammany Hall, so called, had earnestly striven to include all Democrats within the boundaries of his decree, he failed.

A little gathering of legislators, led by this same Franklin Roosevelt, refused to be decreed at by Mr. Murphy. As you might say, they decried his decree.

Stepping four paces to the front they announced in clarion tones that Charles F. Murphy might decree until he was purple as far down as his third chin for all they cared—and not a whit whitted they. In parliamentary language they didn't give a hoot how much he decreed or whom he decreed about. They told him—Mr. Murphy—he couldn't press down William F. Sheehan on their independent brows; and the chief teller was this same Roosevelt. The consequence was that the person who is now sharing the honor of up-

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holding the dignity of the Empire State in the Senate is by name O'Gorman—not Sheehan; and thus was the Democratic branch of the Roosevelt family exalted into fame.

He is a young man, this Democratic Roosevelt, and he seems to have a modicum at least of the family nerve and verve. He is taller north and south than his kinsman and not so tall east and west. He wears the family eyeglasses; but dentally he is quite inferior—that is to say, though he may have as many teeth as Theodore, he refrains from odontologic publicity. A clean-cut, good-looking, alert young fellow, his associates speak well of him; and his friends say he has ability and only needs a chance to demonstrate. He can demonstrate until further orders right where he is; for any young man who is assistant secretary of the navy has tons of demonstrating material close to his hand in the persons of those grizzled old seadogs who have grown grizzled while enduring the dangers of running the navy from their swivel chairs, and have fought nobly for years and years at every tea, reception, dinner and dance in the fashionable section of the Capital. If he can get a few of these grizzled old seadogs out on salt water he will be a Roosevelt indeed! That was more than his relative could do, notwithstanding his prowess.

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