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EDITORIAL

## ROOSEVELT IS ROOSEVELT.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**S**TEP by step Mr. Roosevelt is making good the claim made for him that he is a rubber-ball. The harder hit, the higher it jumps.

Now it is the Old Guard that has played papa to the prodigal, and whose fattened calf and wine the prodigal has sampled and found toothsome.

By the time the next Republican national convention takes place, a little over a year from now, Mr. Roosevelt will have swung the circle. Every discredited interest that he will have denounced will be found in his arms; every predatory Trust that he exposed will be occupying a niche in the Roosevelt Pantheon; individuals and associations, industries and pursuits, political, religious, eleemosynary and other undertakings—those he pronounced blessed and those he pronounced cursed—will all be within his capacious embrace and he within theirs. The one-time Censor, who was wont to bestow with austere countenance condemnation only, now scatters smiles only out of a countenance hilarious like *Punch's*.

And what may it all portend?

Does it portend the man's sagacity in managing men, and bending them to his own purpose?

Does it portend that all his foes having become his friends, and all his friends having remained such, Roosevelt is to be triumphantly nominated to be triumphantly elected.

If all this portends Roosevelt's triumphant nomination in 1912, then it also means his equally "triumphant" defeat. Roosevelt is a rubber-ball: He is hit hard to jump high; he is thrown high to fall low.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official website of the Socialist Labor Party of America.  
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[slpns@slp.org](mailto:slpns@slp.org)