

Chronicles of A Boy's Life

(by) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



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I WAS a sickly, delicate boy, suffered much from asthma, and frequently had to be taken away on trips to find a place where I could breathe. One of my memories is of my father walking up and down the room with me in his arms at night when I was a very small person, and of sitting up in bed gasping, with my father and mother trying to help me. I went very little to school. As I grew older I went to the public schools, as my own children later did, both at the "Cove school" at Oyster Bay and at the "Ford school" in Washington. For a few months I attended Professor McMullen's school in Twentieth street, near the house where I was born, but most of the time I had tutors. As I have already said, my mother was very kind and friendly. At one time we had a French governess, a loved and valued "mam-selle" in the household.

The common black at one officer to ten soldiers is found in cracks in and one soldier to two the rock and outside below workers. The office pieces of bread, eggs, etc. looks like this. These, they are divided into three sorts for every species. These kinds are officer, soldier, and is half under ground work. There are about and half above. There are several rooms in



The Register of the Roosevelt Museum of Natural History, Theodore Roosevelt At the Age of Ten.

Portrait of Mrs. Martha Bulloch Roosevelt, Colonel Roosevelt's Mother.

While still a small boy I began to take interest in natural history. I remember distinctly the first day that I started on my career as a zoologist. I was walking up Broadway, and as I passed the market to which I used sometimes to be sent before breakfast to get strawberries, I suddenly saw a dead seal laid out on a slab of wood. That seal filled me with every possible feeling of romance and adventure. I was walking up Broadway, and as I passed the market to which I used sometimes to be sent before breakfast to get strawberries, I suddenly saw a dead seal laid out on a slab of wood. That seal filled me with every possible feeling of romance and adventure.

As a small boy I had "Our Young Folks," which I then firmly believed to be the very best magazine in the world—a belief, I may add, which I have kept to this day unchanged, for I seriously doubt if any magazine for old or young has ever surpassed it. Both my father and I have the bound volumes of "Our Young Folks" which we preserved from our youth. I have tried to read again the Mayne Reid books which I so dearly loved at a boy, only to find, alas! that it is impossible. But I really believe that I enjoy going over "Our Young Folks" now nearly as much as ever. "Cast Away in the Cold," "Grandfather's Struggle for a Homestead," "The William Henry Letters" and a dozen others like them were first-class, good healthy stories, interesting in their own right, and in the next place teaching manliness, decency and good conduct. At the cost of being deemed effeminate I will add that I greatly liked the girls' stories—"Pussy Willow" and "A Summer in Lesle Goldthwait's Life," just as I worshipped "Little Men" and "Little Women" and "An Old-Fashioned Girl."

This, and Subsequent Natural Histories, Were Written Down in Blank-Books in Simplified Spelling Wholly Unpremeditated and Unscientific.

Mr. Arthur Cutler, Founder of the Cutler School in New York.

pathy with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical causes of deficiency in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious, or mentally stupid. This same summer, too, I obtained various new books on mammals and birds, including the publications of Spencer Baird, for instance, and made an industrious book-study of the subject. I did not accomplish much in outdoor study because I did not get spectacles until late in the Fall, a short time before I started with the rest of the family for a summer trip to Europe. We were living at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. My gun was a breech-loading, pin-fire, double-barrel, of French manufacture. It was an excellent gun for a clumsy and often absent-minded boy. There was no spring to open it, and if the mechanism became rusty it could be opened with a brick without serious damage. When the cartridges stuck they could be removed in the same fashion. If they were loaded, however, the result was not always happy, and I tattooed myself with partially unburned grains of powder more than once.

Man Exists After Death. It will be news to most people that man exists after death in the form of a gas endowed with intelligence. This is alleged to be the discovery of two Dutchmen, Messrs. Mattheus and Zaalberg Van Zelst, who are described as scientific spiritualists. The experiments are stated to have been carried on for several years "under the direct guidance of spirits from the other side." The Dutchmen constructed an apparatus by which they might measure the spirit of a person, whom they have christened the "man force." The experiments are said to have shown that the "man force" is not what can properly be termed "soul," as it was amenable and responsible to physical tests. On the other hand, it is not force, defined as a gaseous composition. In 1904 the two Dutchmen were told by the spirits to make two airtight cylinders and to cover the outer and inner sides of these cylinders with sheets of tin. The spirits stated that they would be able to penetrate the cylinder and would be kept there by the "man force." Attached to the cylinder was a highly sensitive recorder, and it is from records made that the scientific spiritualistic state they have reached.

The adventure of the seal and the novels of Mayne Reid together strengthened my instinctive interest in natural history. I understood much of Mayne Reid, excepting the adventure part and the natural history part—these enthralled me. But, of course, my reading was not wholly confined to natural history. There was very little effort made to compel me to read books, but I did not try to get me to read anything I did not like, unless it was in the way of study. I was given the chance to read books that they thought I ought to read, but if I did not like them I was then given some other good book that I did like.

EVEN UNTO DEATH

A STORY BY Jack London

It might have been due to mere coincidence, it might have been because there are undreamed-of bonds between the quick and the dead, and it might have been that Bat Morganston felt a blind consciousness of the future, when he turned suddenly to Frona Payne and asked, "Even unto death?" Frona Payne was startled for the moment. Her shallow nature would not permit her to understand the strength of a strong man's love; such things had no place in her flimsy standard. Yet she knew men well enough to repress her inclination to smile; so she looked up to him with her serious child's eyes, placing a hand on each brawny shoulder, and answered, "Even unto death, Bat, dear."

ter that important event, the river steamer, Cassiar, captained by her brother, was scheduled to sail. The Cassiar had the mingled honor and misfortune to be both the treasure-ship and the hospital-ship of the year. In her strong-boxes she carried five millions of gold, and her state-rooms were crowded with the rich and the famous. There were also Lower Country traders and Kings, returning from their winter labors or pleasures at Dawson. Among these—a little anticipation of the event—were listed Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crellin. But when the sick and heavy-lifted lifted their voices to heaven at the great delay, and the gold-shippers waxed clamorous, the Cassiar was forced to sail before her time, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crellin were yet man and maid.

At this moment, Frona Payne repeated, and her mind leaped back to the other man who had spoken those words. For the instant she felt genuine sorrow and remorse for what she had done. And at that instant the two dogs shut their jaws in the death-grip, and the long pine box poised on the edge of its pyramid. Her husband over to his feet, erect, just as in life, with the sun glinting on his silky brown locks, swept forward. It happened very quickly. Some say that his lips parted in a smile, that he flung his arms about Frona Payne and held her till they fell together to the deck. This would seem impossible, seeing that the man was dead; but there are those who swear that these things were done. However, Frona Payne shrieked terribly as they drew her from beneath the body of her bited lover, nor did her shrieking cease till land was made at Circle City. And Bat Morganston's words were true, for today, one should care to journey over to the hills which lie beyond Circle City, he will see, side by side, a cabin and a grave. In the one dwells Frona Payne; in the other, Bat Morganston. They are waiting for each other till their fetters shall fall away and the Trump of Doom break the silence of the North.

Flight From Europe to Asia. Beckman, the aviator of Cologne, who is preparing to make a sensational flight across the Atlantic this Spring from Europe to America, intends first to start from the De Rocha Cape, in west Spain, and fly across to Ferrol, the first of the Azores Islands, or 1000 miles. From there he is to attempt the flight across the ocean to Halifax, which will mean about 1800 miles. He will take on board 2000 pounds of gasoline and oil, and is to fly for about 11 hours at 90 miles an hour for the Azores trip. Then he will take on 4000 pounds of gasoline, and the flight to Halifax will last 24 hours at a somewhat slower speed. This German transatlantic machine is to be a monoplane no less than 33 feet in length and of 56 feet spread, having a supporting surface of 540 square feet. The weight of the aeroplane is 1500 pounds, and the framing is of steel tubes. It is to have two revolving cylinder motors, each driving one propeller. Wireless apparatus and searchlights will be carried on board.