On the eve of his renomination at Philadelphia nobody knows better than the President that there is but one issue in the coming campaign. That issue, he openly admits, is Franklin D. Roosevelt. In contrast to the tendency of other nations either to coagulate into one-party States or curdle up into innumerable shifting blocs, the two-party system miraculously survives in the United States. But the two parties performing this Summer in the traditional manner are only shadows of their former selves. The echoing names they bear are for the most part commemorative.

To recall the normal Republican or the normal Democratic vote is pure reminiscence, because the norm on which either is based is gone forever. Even less than four years ago is the country today divided on the old lines. For the moment—and the moment is clearly transitional—it is split into New Dealers and anti-New Dealers. Put still more simply, it is divided for and against Mr. Roosevelt. The New Deal is Roosevelt, his policies, his agencies, his social philosophy, his personality and the color of his mind.

Mr. Roosevelt is better known than when he flew to Chicago after his first nomination. He runs as President, and in all its history the nation has never before been so intimately acquainted with the voice, the smile, the ideas and the domestic life of a President.

He runs on a record written large across the face of this continent. Every one reads it because every one is affected by it. From Maine to California a good part of the population of every State is dependent as never before on the Federal Government, and no community, urban or rural, is not in visible and tangible contact with the administration at Washington. He runs in a way, with history, for however we dislike the pace and whether we think the pace-maker goes whirling around in circles, arriving nowhere, or veers right and left in a struggle to hold the course, it is plain that he rides a world-wide storm.

And still the marvel grows that he is so little shaken by the seismic disturbance over which he presides. All the rulers of Europe have shriveled or aged during the past few years. On the faces of Mussolini, Hitler, Stanley Baldwin, even the rotating governors of France, strain and worry have etched indelible lines. Caught off-guard, when they are alone, they are tired and baffled men who have paid a heavy price for power.

The face of the world has changed. You walk familiar streets and they are strange. People everywhere are like houses with the shutters down, withdrawn.
and waiting, as if life were held in suspense; or they are quarreling within their houses, hating one another because long-drawn-out uncertainty has rasped their nerves to the breaking point.

40 The United States has changed. To a traveler fresh from the murky atmosphere of Europe, the American air seems light and clear, but things and thoughts that were vague a year ago begin to crystallize. What was in dispute is taken for granted and what was taken for granted is in dispute. The political vocabulary is oddly different. We are not yet ready for great questions, but everybody seems uneasily conscious that the answers are catching up with us, and that in another four years we may face a division on principles as fundamental as the issues of the Civil War. [...]