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SAGAMORE HILL AND THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY

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Sagamore Hill and the Roosevelt Family

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DENVER SERVICE CENTER
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
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THE EARLY YEARS

BACKGROUND

Long before he purchased Sagamore Hill, young Theodore Roosevelt had fallen under the spell of Oyster Bay. He loved its wooded hills, its open meadows, its fascinating plant and bird life, its long stretches of pebbled beach and the ever-beckoning waters of the Bay and Sound. Here he came in the summer of 1873 as a boy of 15. They lived in a rented spacious house his father named "Tranquility." Here he found full opportunity for imaginative play and the development of his special talents as a budding naturalist.

From childhood he had suffered from frail health and severe attacks of asthma so that the out-of-doors held an especial appeal to him for the opportunities it afforded for body building exercises--walking, riding, hunting, and rowing. In one of his trips to Long Island Sound he noted in his diary that he "rowed rather over 25 miles." Here he "went chestnutting with Miss Alice Lee" whom he married on his 22nd birthday, October 27, 1880. The diary entry for August 5, 1878, describes a hunt near Oyster Bay.[1]

> went out woodcock hunting, tramping about twenty five miles through awful places, for the cock are now only found in very thick cover. I shot wretchedly, missing over half my birds. As the day was pretty hot both I and the dog are pretty well stove up.

For a nervous, timid, self-conscious, rather sickly boy who suffered so with asthma that he was unable to attend school, these were significant, formative years. Years later in a letter to R. W. Gildes dated August 20, 1903, Roosevelt wrote of his childhood.[2]

> Altogether, while thanks to my father and mother, I had a very happy childhood. I am inclined to look back at it with some wonder that I should have come out of it as well as I have. It was not until after I was sixteen that I began to show my prowess, or even ordinary capacity, up to that time, except

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1. Diary, Roosevelt Collection, Library of Congress.

2. Theodore Roosevelt Papers, Library of Congress, Series II, July 18-Aug. 26, 1903, Letterbook 41, p. 413.

> making collections of natural history, reading a good deal in certain narrowly limited fields and indulging in the usual scribbling of the small boy who does not excel in sport. I cannot remember that I did anything that even lifted me up to the average.

Roosevelt's love of nature and the great out-of-doors was so strong that when he entered Harvard he gave serious consideration to becoming a naturalist. In a letter to Frederick Jordan Ranlett June 24, 1907, he explained why he changed his mind:[3]

> In college I was determined to become a naturalist, but I was perfectly clear that I was to be an out-of-doors fauna naturalist, and this my college professors united in declaring was an impossibility and that the only really scientific man with a career worth having was the scientific man who limited himself to work in the study with the microscope. After a while I accepted this statement as probably true (in which I was in error) and at once made up my mind that I should try some other career.

The career he chose was politics. "My whole career in politics," he wrote E. K. Kinnicutt June 28, 1901, "is due to the single fact that when I came out of Harvard I was firmly resolved to belong to the governing class, not to be governed." As soon as he had set his goal he came to realize he could achieve it only "by taking the trouble to put myself in a position where I could hold my own in the decisive struggles for or against those who really did govern." "Accordingly," he continued, "I joined my district association, went around there steadily took part in all the work both at primaries and elections, peddled tickets myself etc. etc., about. Without my knowing it, without my even now being able to tell exactly when or how, I gradually found myself getting so that the various opportunities that came along passed in my direction. Some I took; some I at least partially failed to take, but I was always on hand, and I gradually acquired what may be called the 'political habit.'"[4]

It was in exactly this same way that he fitted himself for his Army career. It was not an affair of the moment to make himself Colonel of the Rough Riders--but the result of a carefully conceived plan as

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3. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, Selected and Edited by Elting E. Morison, V, 694.

4. Ibid., III, 102.

he explained to Kinnicutt:[5]

> When I left Harvard I joined the National Guard, for precisely the same reason that I began to take an active part in politics. I wanted to feel if foreign or domestic strife arose I would be entitled to the respect that comes to the man who actually counts in the conflict. My National Guard experience was invaluable to me in drilling the regiment. In the same way when I went out west I all the time had in view the possibility of using those western men, and my knowledge of them, in the event of war. Both at the time of the Chilean and the Venezuelan troubles I put myself in touch with my western friends and made ready to organize a troop of mounted riflemen. When the Spanish-American war came I was able to move in a groove which I had roughly marked out a long time before.

To the fixed goal he felt should be added "fairly good common sense, courage and integrity" with "a fair share of physical hardihood."

Roosevelt launched his political career in 1881 by winning election to the New York State Assembly as a representative of the 21st District. Then but 23, he was the youngest man in the Assembly. He was reelected in 1882 and 1883. During this period he spent a year in the study of law and published his first historical work, The Naval War of 1812.

It was to "Tranquility" he brought his beloved bride Alice Lee in 1880. A month after his marriage he gave thought to the purchase of suitable land for the construction of a home. On November 22, 1880, he signed a Quit Claim with Thomas Youngs of Oyster Bay for some 60 acres.[6]

On August 20, 1883, he completed the transaction for the purchase of 155 acres.[7] Five days later he happily wrote his sister, "Darling Bysie:

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5. Ibid.

6. Deed Quit Claim Dated Nov. 22, 1880, Lib 644 cp. 395 Rec. Dec. 30, 1554 5 p.m. Cons. $1.00, 60 719/1000 acres.

7. Deed F. C & W Dated Aug. 20, 1883, Thomas Young, Town of Oyster Bay to Theodore Roosevelt, Lib. 618 op. 224, Rec. Aug. 29, 1883 9 a.m. Cons. $20,000.

Bysie:"[8]

> Last Wednesday I went down to Oyster Bay hoping the survey would be finished, but it was not. Next week it will be done, and I shall then, as you directed, have your property mapped out, with monuments, making it continuous and adjacent to mine. I paid ten thousand dollars down and gave a mortgage for the remaining twenty thousand at five per cent interest. Your land will cost about $7,500; of this you will need to pay $2,500 down, while the remaining five thousand you can either pay down at once, thus clearing your property of all encumbrances forth with or else keep it as part of the mortgage, paying 5 per cent interest a year, and the principal whenever you feel inclined, or have saved enough. The details can be arranged in October--but as regards the $2,500, you had best write at once to Uncle Jim and tell him to turn it over to me, as I have already paid the ten thousand, and will need the money as soon as convenient.

It will be noted that there is an unexplained discrepancy of $10,000 in the purchase price recorded with the deed of "$20,000 00/100" and the price mentioned in his letter--"I paid ten thousand dollars down and gave a mortgage for the remaining twenty thousand."

On December 16, 1884, Theodore Roosevelt deeded to Anna B. Gracie, his aunt, a tract of 32 529/1000 acres for a consideration of $5,000.00.[9]

By the fall of 1883 Roosevelt was ready to begin the construction of his new home. The architectural firm of Lamb and Rich drafted the plans based in part on a rough penciled sketch by Roosevelt.[10]

The first of the buildings, consisting of a lodge and stable, were scheduled for completion February 1, 1884, at a cost of $5,160, as set forth in ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT October 20, 1883.[11]

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8. Letter of Roosevelt to his sister Anna ("Bysie" or "Bye") dated Chestnut Hill August 25, 1883 (Hagadorn file Roosevelt Birthplace).

9. Deed F C & W
Dated Dec. 16, 1884
Lib. 644 op. 406
Rec. Dec. 30, 1884
Cons. $5,000

Theodore Roosevelt
to
Anna B. Gracie

10. Maps and Illustration--Map A

11. Appendix Item A

Hopeful plans went suddenly away with the tragic death of his beloved wife on February 14, 1884, within hours of the birth of their first child, Alice. Previously that same day death had claimed his mother. Stunned, and almost beside himself with grief, Roosevelt felt life had lost its joy and purpose. On his diary page for that day he placed the sign of the cross and made this poignant entry: "The light has gone out of my life."[12]

The house was to be erected on the crest of the hill that provided a commanding view in every direction, sweeping west to the Bay and north to the Sound. At first he had considered calling it "Leeholm" but later he chose the name Sagamore Hill. Roosevelt described the site:[13]

> Sagamore Hill takes its name from the old Sagamore Mohannis, who, as chief of his little tribe, signed away his rights to the land two centuries and a half ago. The house stands right on top of the hill, separated by fields and belts of woodland from all other houses, and looks out over the bay and Sound. We see the sun go down beyond long reaches of land and water. Many birds dwell in the trees around the house or in the pastures and the woods near by, and of course in winter gulls, loons, and wild fowl frequent the waters of the bay and Sound. We love all the seasons, the snows and bare woods of winter; the rush of growing things and the blossom-spray of spring; the yellow grain, the ripening fruits and tasseled corn, and the deep, leafy shades that are heralded by the "green dance of summer;" and the sharp fall winds tear the brilliant banner with which the trees greet the dying year.
>
> The Sound is always lovely. In summer nights we watch it from the piazza and see the lights of the tall tail River boats as they steam steadily by.

The house was a well-constructed Victorian structure of frame and brick with wood siding on the upper floors a mustard color, the bricks red and the trim green.[14] There were prominent gables, dormers, and verandahs with three massive chimneys. In all there were 23 rooms, ten of which were bedrooms, and eight fireplaces. Additional rooms were provided for the maids on the third floor.

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12. Appendix--A 2 Diary--Library of Congress

13. Theodore Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography (The Macmillian Co., New York, 1913) p. 342.

14. Carleton Putman, The Formative Years, p. 532.

Other than the penciled sketch much of the design was left to the architects, especially on the exterior. Roosevelt stated:[15]

> I did not know enough to be sure what I wished in outside matters. But I had perfectly definite views what I wished in inside matters, what I desired to live in and with; I arranged all this, so as to get what I desired in so far as my money permitted; and then Rich put on the outside cover with but little help from me. I wished a big piazza, very broad at the N. W. corner where we could sit in rocking chairs and look at the sunset; a library with a shallow bay window opening south; the parlor or drawing room occupying all the western end of the lower floor; as broad a hall as our space would permit; big fireplaces for logs; on the top floor the gun room occupying the western and so that north and west it looks over the sound and bay. I had to live inside and not outside the house; and while I should have liked to 'express' myself in both, as I had to choose I chose the former.

With the house construction well underway, spring found Roosevelt in the West. Here was the excitement and escape he craved and the physical challenge of roughing it that he needed for muscle and body building. Here he made a considerable investment in the Chimney Butte Ranch in the Bad Lands along the Little Missouri. This ranch later became known as the Maltese Cross after its distinctive brand on some 400 cattle. Encouraged by the manner in which his herd survived the first winter, he decided to purchase another thousand head and establish the Elkhorn about 35 miles north of Medora.[16]

Upon the completion of Sagamore Hill in the summer of 1885 Bysie moved in with little Alice. Soon the bedrooms were filled with guests eager to play polo or follow the hounds. This gay life enticed Roosevelt east. He eagerly accepted the challenge of the chase, riding seven or eight times to only miss twice being in at the death. In one of the chases his horse failed to clear the top rail of a five-foot fence, rolled over on his side on a pile of stones and narrowly missed crushing his

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15. Theodore Roosevelt to the Editor Country Life in America, dated Sagamore Hill, Oct. 3, 1915. T. R. Papers.

16. National Park Service folder. Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, North Dakota.

rider. With his face dripping with blood, Roosevelt remounted and by hard riding, finished the race to be in at the death. When he got to the house it was found that he had a broken arm.[17]

Writing to his close friend Henry Cabot Lodge on October 30 he described his injury and ended with this comment:[18]

> I am always willing to pay the piper when I have had a good dance; and every now and then I like to drink the wine of life with brandy in it.

It was about this time that Roosevelt began seeing Edith Carow now and then. He had known her since early childhood but each was conscious of the tradition of romantic love and its code of fidelity to one even through death. Despite this they seemed irresistibly drawn to each other and on November 17, 1885, they became secretly engaged. Soon after this Edith's father died, leaving the family in financial difficulties. Shortly after this, Edith's mother decided to move to Europe where living costs for rearing two daughters were considerably less.

In the spring of 1886 Roosevelt returned to his ranches in the West where he remained throughout the summer finding escape for his restless energy and the opportunity to write. In a letter to Bysie, May 15, from Medosa he described well the pull of the ties east and west:[19]

> I miss both you and darling Baby Lee dreadfully, kiss her many times for me; I am really hungry to see her. She must be just too cunning for anything. Yet I enjoy my life at present. I have my time fully occupied with work of which I am fond; and so have none of my usual restless caged wolf feeling. I work two days out of three at my book or papers; and I hunt, ride and lead the wild, half adventurous life of a ranchman all through it. The elements are combined well.

In the fall he returned east to run unsuccessfully for Mayor of New York. Thus ended a colorful chapter in his career. Though his fortunes were now to be tied to the East, the frontier had left its indelible stamp upon him both physically and mentally.

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17. Herman Hagedorn, The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1954), p. 12.

18. Lodge Papers Library of Congress.

19. Morisan, The Leaders of Theodore Roosevelt, I, 101.

In November 1886 he sailed for Europe and on December 2, in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, he married Edith Carow. After an "idyllic three weeks trip" they returned to the Carow house in Florence, Italy. Here he spent much of his time in writing articles for the Century Magazine. The news from his ranches, however, was most depressing. He had suffered heavy cattle losses in a winter that had been pronounced the worst on record. The losses prompted him to write Bysie, January 3, 1887:[20]

> My financial affairs for the past year made such a bad showing that Edith and I think seriously of closing Sagamore Hill and going to the ranch for a year or two; but if possible I wish to avoid this. I have written Douglas to sell Sagamore (favorite horse) . . . If I stay east I must cut down tremendously along the whole line. Do you know what the cost for manure and farming has been this year? I must see if it pays to get my own hay and folder: I must live well within my income and begin paying off my debt this year, at no matter what cost, even to the shutting up or renting of Sagamore HIll, bitterly as I should hate such an alternative.

In a letter to Bysie of January 22 he advised that they would be home the last week in March whereupon he would soon leave for a couple of weeks in the West. The rest of the summer was to be "passed at Sagamore Hill, most quietly, as behooves our straightened finances." He felt forced to sell his horse Sagamore. Commenting on this he wrote: "I have never had any one possession I valued so much or so hated to part with, but it was a case of need, must dance when the devil pipes."[21]

Again to Bysie on February 12 he wrote:[22]

> I so long to see Sagamore Hill again with my rifles, in your gun case, my heads and all. I shall fit up the top room as my study; the library is too disturbed, and so I shall have up there my sanction to which people are not to come--not even the guests, unless I specially invite them.

On a late March day in 1887 Roosevelt brought Edith to Sagamore Hill for the first time. Soon they were busy arranging Edith's furniture--

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20. Ibid. p. 117

21. Ibid., p. 118.

22. Ibid., p. 122.

the handsome dining table, sideboard and chairs they had purchased in Florence prior to the news of the ranch disaster. Edith eagerly and efficiently assured the duties of running the house on a limited budget, making cost entries in her Account Book.

To assist her she had a cook, a waitress, a chambermaid and a family nurse "Mame" (Mary Ledwith) who had for years served the Carow family. There was also a farmer, Noah Seaman, and a boy who took care of the estate. Besides two work horses there were two riding horses, Sagamore--a "magnificant hunter"--and Caution. There was also a dog, Peter, and a rowboat. Such was Sagamore Hill in the spring of 1887.[23]

Shortly after arriving home Roosevelt felt impelled to go west and check firsthand the extent of his losses. On April 16 he wrote Bysie from Medora:[24]

> I am bluer than indigo about the cattle; it is even worse than I feared; I wish I was sure I would lose no more than half the money $80,000) I invested out here. I am planning to get out of it.

Returning home to Sagamore Hill, Roosevelt busied himself with chopping, rowing and writing his biography of Gouverneur Morris and answering inquiries relative to his recently published life of Thomas Hart Benton.

He particularly loved the exercise of rowing and the opportunity it afforded to be alone with Edith. Frequently with picnic basket and their favorite selected books tucked under their arms they would launch out to make a day of it. One of these ventures he described in a letter to Henry Cabot Lodge dated Oyster Bay, June 11, 1887:[25] "Last Saturday Edith and I spent the whole day in our boat, rowing over to a great marsh, filled with lagoons and curious winding channels, through which the tide runs like a mill race, we took Browning and Matthew Arnold you gave me along."

Riding, tennis, rifle shooting and chopping provided other welcome means of exercise whose combative challenge he loved. Edith, expecting a child, spent much of her time with books which she felt were absolutely essential to her well-being. Little Alice, bright and lovable, was adored by the family. Roosevelt spent hours romping with her. She loved to ride pig-a-back and have her father prance about the house

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23. Hagedorn, Sagamore Hill, pp. 14-15.

24. Cowles Mes., Harvard University.

25. Ibid., p. 128.

playing Sagamore. When the weather was bad he would build her innumerable block houses and people them with fascinating imaginary figures whose antics would excite high glee.

To the happy family a new addition came September 13--an 8 1/2 pound boy who was given the name Theodore. Though the doctor, J. West, arrived in time, the nurse did not. However, Roosevelt's Aunt Annie Gracie came over to take charge. Alice was delighted with the new arrival whom she dubbed a "howling polly parrot."[26]

The next two years were devoted almost exclusively to literary and historical work. The first two volumes of The Winning of the West appeared in 1889, the third in 1894, and the fourth in 1896. During this time to Sagamore Hill came many guests bringing their contribution of personality and ideas. Roosevelt needed people to talk to and draw out on thousands of subjects from birds, the beauties of nature, the peculiarities of animals and literary works, to politics. Though Edith liked people, she did not like too steady a stream of them or too many at one time. Home to her was a place to withdraw to from crowds and the eyes of the curious, the place for books, children, and open fires. These differing conceptions necessitated some adjustment in the first few years of their marriage.[27]

In March 1889 Roosevelt returned to the political scene with his appointment by President Benjamin Harrison to the Civil Service Commission. A firm believer in merit as opposed to favor, he galvanized the work of the Commission during the next six years and unhesitatingly challenged Cabinet officers and Members of Congress who tried to nullify or repeal the law. Service rules were considerably expanded to include 50,000 government employees not previously protected.[28]

On October 10 a second son was born who was given the name Kermit. Since the baby had arrived several weeks early, Roosevelt was notified by telegram. He immediately rushed for home but missed his connection at the 34th Street Ferry and the last train to Oyster Bay. Undaunted, he crossed to Long Island, chartered a special train, and arrived at Sagamore Hill at 4 a.m.

While Alice mothered the new arrival, Ted eyed him with suspicion. Kermit had more of his mother's qualities than his father's and as he grew older preferred the company of his mother in the house to the activity

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26. Hagedorn, Sagamore Hill, pp. 16-17.

27. Ibid., p. 18.

28. Theodore Roosevelt, American Ideals, with a Biographical Sketch by Gen. Francis Vinton Greene. Administration Civil Service. New York 1889 p. 6. The Review of Reviews, MCMIV.

of the outdoors with others. Ted adored his father and shadowed him wherever he went about the place. He liked especially the big room on the top floor which Roosevelt used for his workshop. To this room, first known as "the den," he gave the name "gun-room" which stuck.

August 13, 1891, brought new excitement to the family with the arrival of a new little sister named Ethel. With the larger family came new cares. Ted was suffering from headaches which eyeglasses did not relieve, Kermit was uncommonly pale and detached, and Alice was suffering intense pain in her ankle, necessitating the wearing of braces.[29]

Much of Roosevelt's spare time was devoted to writing essays on political subjects that later appeared in the volumes of the American Ideals. In these he emphasized the essentials of good politics--honesty, courage, fair play, and tireless work to which should be added a certain measure of expediency that attempts to achieve the end without sacrificing principle.

The children were developing definite personalities. Ethel, the youngest, had a mind and a way of her own. At 14 months her father described her as "a jolly, naughty, whacky baby, too attractive for anything, and thoroughly able to hold her own in the world." At 24 months Edith described her as "the merriest baby you can imagine and so fat she waddles when she tries to run . . . very bright but not in the least nervous like Ted . . . just a sturdy Dutch baby with quick intelligence." The summer she was three she ate a toadstool and swallowed a bottle of nitre without any noticeable effect.[30]

On April 9, 1894, a third son was born and given the name of Archibald after one of Roosevelt's Bulloch uncles on his mother's side.[31] As before, the children welcomed the new arrival with much clamoring hold him. That summer Kermit developed trouble with one knee, which necessitated the wearing of a brace. This was hard on the boy's strength and spirit, denying him needed exercise and the freedom of play with the other children.

With five children demanding her care and attention Edith's days were packed to the limit. Long hours were spent in sewing, teaching, and reading countless stories besides the time consumed in practical matters of running the household. To ensure a more efficient household

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29. Hagedorn, Sagamore Hill, pp. 20-23.

30. Ibid., p. 24.

31. Sagamore Hill files.

operation and a better budget accountability, Mrs. Roosevelt kept an Account Book which covered the years from 1889 to 1917. Entries were made month by month and year by year covering expenses for food, clothing, farm and household labor, doctor's bills, education, feed, repairs, fertilizer and

An interesting insight into wage cost is provided by the 1890 entry:[32]

1890

Wages	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June
Farmer	$40.00	$40.00	$40.00	$40.00	$40.00	$40.00
Gardener	38.00	38.00	38.00	38.00	38.00	38.00
Coachman						28.00
Cook	25.00	25.00	25.00	25.00	30.00	30.00
Waitress	18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00
Ch maid	18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00	18.00
Maid	16.00	16.00	16.00	16.00	16.00	16.00
Nurse	20.00	20.00	20.00	20.00	20.00	20.00
Laundress	27.75	24.35	24.00	24.00	24.00	25.00
Furnace Man	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00
Ex. help	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00
Board Man						18.00
Care room						1.25

The farmer, the gardener, and the coachman were carried through July, August, and September but not through October, November, and December. However, after that they were carried throughout the year. Under the heading "Butcher" she lists the monthly expenditures:

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32. Sagamore Hill Museum--Account Book.

Jan.	$109.80	July	$57.92
Feb.	126.80	Aug.	46.60
March	162.73	Sept.	29.17
April	111.28	Oct.	25.44
May	119.54	Nov.	98.71
June	40.76	Dec.	120.60

The sharply reduced expenditures in the summer months were in part due to lighter eating and the provisions of produce from the garden.

Sickness was a factor. An expensive item was the doctor's bill of $383.00.[33]

A close examination of the Account Book provides an intimate glimpse not only into family life but into the cost operation of the estate. In January 1890 there is listed a cost item of $40.85 for "Stable furnishing" and in March $200.00 for a horse and in May $162.50 for "Painting carriges." Major farm expenses were incurred in the spring. These she lists as follows:[34]

	April	May	June
Exwork Farm	$35.00	$31.49	$24.25
Exwork Garden	$20.00	$ 8.77	
Seed potatoes	potatoes $22.86	oats $ 8.75	harvesting
Plough & Harvest	ploughing $22.00	ploughing orchard $12.00	2-1 25
Fl. Garden	mowing lawn $25.00	Dickenson $ 6.90	stacking grain $30.60

Farm operating costs from July to December she lists as:

33. Ibid. Appendix Account Book - Item C

34. Ibid. Appendix

July	Haying $15.00	Reaping $12.00
Aug.	Thrashing $8.75	Cartingway $14.00
Sept.	Dsfail $16.50	wheat $18.36 Plough $50.00 Mow lawn $11.00
Oct.	Dsfail $16.50	Manures $240.00
Nov.	Fertilizer $37.92	
Dec.	Manure $180.00	Thrashing $35.00

She closes the year, 1890, with these summaries:

Hiring team for farm	$160.50
Ex in Farm	127.99
Ex in G	75.00
Plough & Harvest	327.00

In June 1890 she makes a significant entry--"Putting up dock 29.24." Rowing was an exercise they both thoroughly enjoyed and to have their own dock must have been a special pleasure.

For the size of the house the heating costs do not seem to have been excessive. Fortunately most of the wood was available on the estate and Roosevelt took special delight in cutting it. For the winter of 1890 she lists: Jan. $33.60, Feb. $59.63, March $45.14. In April she shows an expenditure of $82.73. This high figure represents in part no doubt the purchase of the next winter's coal supply, for in the next month she shows a cost item of $10.00 for unloading coal.

Under the heading "Personal" with a subheading "Tailor" she lists expenditures: Jan. $28.00, Feb. $8.00, March $7.50, April $15.00 blue suit, May $13.50, June $4.25. Then under the subheading "E.K.R." and "D" maker "she lists: Jan. Spl. $211.85, Feb. $14.06, April $1.85, June $3.00 al skirt." Further listed under "E.K.R." was Jan. $5.24 min 3.36 E.K.R., Feb. $1.55 (shoes), March $2.75 shoes, April $4.25, May Fur Cape $35.00, June $5.63."

There were expenditures that year on the water system, for in May she lists "Cor windmill 44.16." (Two years later she lists an expenditure of $376.65 for windmill.)

Under the heading "Personal" with subheadings "T.R." and "Tailor" she lists: Jan $28.00, Feb. $8.00, March $7.50, April $15.00 blue suit,

May $13.50, June $4.25. Further under "T.R." she lists:[35]

	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June
Guns	$5.00 2.35					
Shoes	8.50	$1.90	$14.00			
Optician				$24.75		
Mic Clothes			straw hat $ 3.00	$ 2.50 $ 3.50	paprins $20.00	$3.80 $1.50

The Roosevelts were great tea drinkers and ice tea in the summer was a special favorite. In June, July, and August, ice was much in demand, with expenditures of $15.90, $27.62 and $33.05 respectively. "High tea" became a favorite method of entertaining, being more suitable than champagne to their rather limited finances.

Almost each year since he had taken the position with the Civil Service Commission at a salary of $3,500 a year Roosevelt had, with some misgivings, watched his annual expenses grow--from $15,292.86 in 1893 to $16,794.89 in 1895 to $19,809.76 in 1896. He felt keenly the necessity of producing a supplementary income through his writings. He chafed under the loss of about a third of his inheritance of approximately $125,000 in the disastrous Badlands venture. At times he doubted that he had chosen the right field to adequately provide for his family.

During the period he was with the Civil Service Commission, residences were maintained both in Washington and New York. The year 1893 was the first in which Mrs. Roosevelt in her Account Book shows comparitive expences for Washington and Sagamore Hill:[36]

Sagamore Hill 1893

Farm		Garden		Wages	1280.87
Extra Labor	217.37	Extra Labor	51.30	Farm	1063.45
Carting re	238.00	Plantor	29.95	Garden	80.55
			80.55		

35. Ibid. Appendix-Item B

36. Ibid., Appendix - Item B

Implements & c	308.03	Starte	522.03
Manure	300.00	Home	1066.89
	1063.45	Taxes	419.36
			4435.12

House

Starte					
		Plumber	167.66		
Feed	339.99	Repairs	99.23	Rec. from farm	358.09
Expenses	182.04	Refinish knee	800.00	garden stable	4075.03
	522.03		1066.89		

Washington 1893

Rent and repairs	1650.53	
T.R's summer ex-	232.89	
	1883.42	1883.42

Living Expenses 1893

Wages	1522.00	
Provisions	3640.48	
Articles for Household	406.91	
Washing	463.41	
	6032.80	6032.80

Personal Expenses 1893

Moving Ex.	68.90		
Dress	1463.10	Doctor	366.88
Cash	263.02	Cator Express	235.48

1893

Sagamore	4075.03
Washington	1883.42
Living Expenses	6032.80
Personal Expenses	3301.61
	15292.86

In 1895 Roosevelt was offered the position as head of the Police Department of New York City. Some of his friends in Washington urged him to refuse it as being beneath his dignity, while others urged him to take it for the opportunity it afforded to enhance his career in the interests of better city government. In the two years he served in this capacity he placed the department on a thoroughly efficient basis, broke up an organized system of blackmail and won the admiration and support of the department.

In April 1897, approximately seven months before the birth of his fourth son Quentin (November 15) President McKinley offered Roosevelt the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. This was at a period when war was brewing with Spain over Cuba. Thinking that war was inevitable and desirable he promptly accepted. During the next nine months by speech and action he vigorously pushed naval preparedness.[37]

Affairs with Spain had come to such a pass by March of 1898 that Roosevelt felt there was no alternative to war, as is seen in his letter

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37. Theodore Roosevelt, Addresses

to his brother-in-law, Captain W. S. Cowles, U.S.N., commanding U.S.S. Fern, Havana, Cuba:[38]

> I am utterly disgusted at the present outlook in foreign relations. I can only hope that the Senate, under the leadership of men like Lodge, will rise to the needs of the hour and insist upon immediate independence for Cuba and armed intervention on our part. Nothing less than this will avail. Shilly-shalling and half-measures at this time merely render us contemptible in the eyes of the world; and what is infinitely more important in our own eyes too. I saw Clara Barton yesterday. Personally I cannot understand how the bulk of our people can tolerate the hideous infamy that has attended the last two years of Spanish rule in Cuba; and still more how they can tolerate the tremendous destruction of the MAINE and the murder of our men! I feel so deeply that it is with very great difficulty I can restrain myself.

In a letter of March 28, 1898, to Dr. Sturgess Bigelow of Boston, Massachusetts, he made his position clear, that if war came, what his duty should be:[39]

> I do not know that I shall be able to go to Cuba if there is war. The Army may not be employed at all, and even if it is employed it will consist chiefly of regular troops; and as regards the volunteers only a very small proportion can be taken from among the multitude who are even now coming forward. Therefore it may be that I shall be unable to go and shall have to stay here. In that case I shall do my duty here to the best of my ability, although I shall be eating out my heart. But if I am able to go I certainly shall. It is perfectly true that I shall be leaving one duty, but it will only be for the purpose of taking up another. I say quite sincerely that I shall not go for my own pleasure. On the contrary if I should consult purely my own feelings I should earnestly hope that we would have peace. I like life very much. I like thought and I like action, and it will be very bitter to me to leave my wife and children; and while I think I could face death

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38. T. R. Papers, Series II, 1898, Letterbook 4, Part Two.

39. Ibid.

> with dignity, I have no desire before my time has come to go out in the everlasting darkness. Moreover, I appreciate thoroughly that in such a war disease, rather than the army's rifles, will be what we have to fear, and that it will not be pleasant to die of fever in some squalid hospital without ever having seen an armed foe. So I shall not go into war with any undue exhilaration of spirits or in a frame of mind in any way approaching recklessness or levity but my best work here is done.

Writing to his brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, on April 2, he explained that it did not seem to him that it would be honorable for a man who had consistantly advocated a warlike policy not to be willing himself to bear the brunt of carrying out that policy. "I have a horror," he wrote, "of people who bark but don't bite."[40]

Eager to participate in any active fighting that might develop, he attempted to obtain a commission in the New York National Guard. When this seemed unlikely, he determined to raise a regiment of volunteer cavalry in the West. This he pushed despite all efforts of his friends to dissuade him, despite the fact that his wife was ill with five dependent children, and despite the protest that his valuable services were needed in the Navy Department.

Lacking technical military experience he persuaded his friend Dr. Leonard Wood, an army surgeon of Indian fighting experience in the West, to command the regiment as Colonel while he sought the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. On this basis he persuaded the President to authorize the raising of the 1st U. S. Volunteer Cavalry.

Then at last came the order for which he had so eagerly waited:[41]

> By direction of the Secretary of War Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, 1st United States Voluntary Cavalry, now in this city, will repair at once to San Antonio Texas, and on arrival report to the Colonel of his regiment for duty. The travel enjoined is necessary for the public service.

This famous regiment, largely recruited by Roosevelt, was nicknamed the Rough Riders, doubtless because the bulk of the men were from the

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40. Ibid., Letterbook 5 (April 9 - May 18, 1808).

41. T. R. Papers, Series I.

Southwestern ranch country and were skilled in the wild horsemanship of the great plains.[42] To them were added selected recruits from a number of eastern colleges and universities.

After six weeks training in San Antonio, Texas, the regiment was transferred to Tampa, Florida, where it shipped for Cuba, arriving in time to actively participate in the battles around Santiago. After the first skirmish, on Cuban soil Colonel Wood was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and Roosevelt moved up to the command of the regiment. Despite relatively heavy losses, the morale of the Rough Riders remained high. Their daring exploits at San Juan Hill were widely publicized by war correspondents such as Richard Harding Davis and others. Upon their return to the United States they were hailed as heroes. For Roosevelt the experience was one of great pride and personal satisfaction which held prime political promise for the future. Mrs. Roosevelt shared this pride, prizing his uniform above all his personal possessions.[43]

Roosevelt came home from Cuba to a clamorous welcome. Hardly had his ship arrived before representatives of his party were urging him to run for governor of New York. He was with his regiment at Montauk Point when the Republican State Convention met to nominate a candidate for governor. News of his nomination reached him at Sagamore Hill as did later the news of his election by a majority of some 20,000. To the office he brought an intimate knowledge of the practical operation of municipal, State, and Federal governments.

During the next two years he set a high standard of government operation based on honesty, efficiency, and tireless devotion to sound principles of administration. He initiated and carried through a first-rate Civil Service law, framed and actively supported a more equitable tax law, effected economics in the operation of canals, made merit the basis for appointment to office, and appointed commissions to study the educational system, the tenement house question, and the revision of the charter of the City of New York.[44]

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42. Theodore Roosevelt, Autobiography, p. 223.

43. T. R. Papers, Series II, 1902-1904, Letterbook, p. 106. In a letter to MacMonnies, December 14, 1904, she wrote: "I need not say to you how much I value the uniform more than anything I own." This uniform with campaign hat and leggins is on exhibit in the Old Orchard Museum at Sagamore Hill. A three-quarter length photographic portrait by George E. Rockwood, 1898, shows Roosevelt in Colonel's uniform wearing gauntlets and a hat with brim turned up on one side.

44. Roosevelt, American Ideals, pp. 9-10.

In 1900 Roosevelt was setting his sights to run for reelection as Governor. The Republican boss, Tom Platt, however, was eagerly hoping to shelve him by pushing him for the Vice Presidency. The effort succeeded and when the news of his nomination reached him at Sagamore Hill, Roosevelt accepted it with little enthusiasm. He looked upon it, in all likelihood, as the end of the political trail.

He was very much the gracious host, however, to the members of the Notification Committee, some hundred in number, who came by special train to Oyster Bay to formally notify him of his nomination. In the Roosevelt Scrapbooks there appears the following newspaper account of the event, July 12, 1900:[45]

Roosevelt Notified
By Senator Wolcott
Accepts the Republican Nomination for Vice President
Sorry to Quit State Politics
The Ceremony at the Governor's Home
at Oyster Bay--Indiana Wants to
Entertain His Whole Family

Gov. Theodore Roosevelt was formally notified yesterday that he had been nominated by the Republican National Convention for the office of Vice President of the United States. The ceremony took place at noon at the Governor's home, Sagamore, Hill, Oyster Bay, L.I., and was informal in every respect. The Governor, himself, was in a happy frame of mind. He raced from one end of his broad piazza to the other, out in the grounds and into the dining room, superintending the arrangements for the comfort of his guests and seeing to it that no one lacked part of his hospitality.

With the exception of the fifteen minutes occupied in the format notification by the committee appointed by the National Convention, the Governor seemed to have laid aside all the cares of the office he now holds and the anxieties of a National campaign, and he gave himself up to enjoyment among his friends. The occasion reminded one more of a huge house party than of a gathering of politicians.

The members of the Notification Committee went to Oyster Bay on a special train over the Long Island Railroad. Carriages of all sorts and descriptions were waiting at the station. Everything in Oyster that had wheels seemed to have been pressed into service to carry

45. T. R. Papers, Scrapbooks.

the members to the Roosevelt home. From many residences along the route came cheers as the Notification Committee and others rode by.

Gov. Roosevelt met the guests as they were driven up to the piazza and had a hearty shake of the hand for each. Most of the members of the party he knew personally, some intimately, and he had many an inquiry for absent friends. Mrs. Roosevelt stood by the Governor's side and those whom she did not know were presented to her by her husband. For each she had a welcoming smile and a word or two of pleasant greeting.

THE FORMAL NOTIFICATION

As soon as the guests had all arrived the Governor led the way to the northside of the house, where the official part of the ceremony took place. He stood in front of the door and faced Senator E. A. Wolcott of Colorado and the members of the committee, who were ranged in a semi-circle. Mrs. Roosevelt stood in the doorway and her face beamed with pride and delight as she heard the words of the Colorado Senator which told her that the Republican Party had selected her husband for the second highest office in the gift of the American people. . . .

UNDER RAPID FIRE OF CAMERAS

The Governor led the way to the north side of the house with this remark:

"This way gentleman; here are some misguided photographers who want our attention for awhile."

The Governor took a seat on the lawn. On his right Senator Walcott was seated, and on his left was Gen. Francis Vinton Greene, President of the Republican County Committee. Around them were grouped members of the committee, invited guests and the leaders of the party. . . .

MRS. ROOSEVELT POURS TEA

Even the photographers finally were satisfied, much to the relief of the Governor, who led the way to the dining room in response to a summons from Mrs. Roosevelt that the luncheon was ready. The hostess poured the tea, which was the only beverage served, either at the house or on the train.

After luncheon the members of the party roamed around the grounds until time to return to the city. Senator Wolcott and Alexander Laverty of Nebraska, each

> smoking a cigar, selected a particularly fine piece of greensward a few rods from the house and laid down flat on their backs in the grass.
>
> "This is great Alec," remarked Colorado's Senator. "I haven't had anything like this since I was a boy. I could stay here all day."
>
> "Right you are Senator," was the replay of the Nebraskan. "This is something like living." Walcott stated that Roosevelt was chosen or elected because he stands for courage and conscience in politics.

Leaving the Governorship of New York on January 1, Roosevelt decided that the interval between then and March 4 would be well suited for a protracted mountain lion hunt in Northwest Colorado. In a letter to H. L. Sage of Victoria, Australia, March 7, he described the hunt: "They are really cougars--great cats, about the size of an Indian panther or leopard. I hunted them with dogs and killed twelve--eight with the rifle and four with the knife, when the pack had them on the ground. I also killed five lynx. My biggest panther weighed 227 pounds and looked like a small African lioness. The weather was bitterly cold, but I never had a more enjoyable hunt. . . ."[46]

Everything seemed to go well at the inauguration. Most of the Roosevelt clan were there to witness the event. With the move back to Washington came the problem of finding a suitable house. Fortunately, the Bellamy Storer house was available and they gratefully took it. "Edith looked over the house and was simply delighted with it," he wrote Storer on March 6.[47] He closed with the comment: "Edith and all six children, together with both my sisters and their children and various cousins and most of their children, were down to see me sworn in. Everything went off nicely as possible. So far I am rather enjoying my new duties."

Within eight days after the inauguaration Roosevelt seemed to be having second thoughts about the Vice Presidency. He chafed under the limitations placed upon him as is seen in his letter March 12 to William Howard Taft, President of the United States Philippine Commission:[48]

> I envy you your work. More and more it seems to me that about the best thing in life is to have a piece of work worth doing and then to do it well.

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46. T. R. Papers, Series II, Letterbook 28, Part One, p. 37.

47. T. R. Papers, Series II, Letterbook 28, Part One, p. 24.

48. Ibid., Letterbook.

> For the same reason that I think this country should count itself fortunate because of the chance to do well its share of the great world work, so I think the individual fortunate, no matter what may be his risk and labor, if to him likewise falls such a chance. I did not envy you while I was Governor of New York nor while I was on the stump last fall taking part in the campaign which I believed to be fraught with the greatest consequences to the Nation, but just at present I do envy you, for now I am living in Capua, and though I am enjoying myself and am immensely amused and interested from the standpoint of an historical observer by what I see going on before me in the Senate and in Washington generally, yet I am not doing any work and do not feel as though I am justifying my existence.

Writing from Sagamore Hill on March 16 to Cecil Spring-Rice, he confided:[49] "I have really enjoyed presiding over the Senate for the week the extra session lasted. I shall get fearfully tired in the future no doubt and of course I should like a more active position. But it is an office of honor and dignity; and when I think of the great variety of opinions which I have expressed with extreme freedom and with a not altogether judicious absence of reserve on every conceivable subject, the wonder is that I should ever have been elected to it. It is very pleasant to be back in Washington with the Lodges and Henry Adams and other old friends. We are in Oyster Bay now, where we shall stay until October first."

Agressive both mentally and physically, Roosevelt was ever looking for ways to improve the quality of government. One scheme which seemed to hold high promise was to encourage particularly capable young college graduates and top students to become interested in politics and public life. The idea had evolved from a well attended breakfast of Dr. Endicott Peabody of Groton. Roosevelt writing from Sagamore Hill to Richard Derby, May 13, pushed the idea vigorously:[50] "What I think I will do is to get all of them to come down here to my place in the morning, take lunch, spend the afternoon, ten [sic] take dinner or high tea and go back in the evening. Unfortunately I have not a large enough house to accommodate them for the night. Do you think the end of June right after the close of the college year would be the best time, or the end of September, or sometime between?"

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49. Ibid., Letterbook.

50. T. R. Papers, Series II, April 8, May 31, 1901, Letterbook 28, Part Two, p. 884.

The date was finally set for June 29 and invitations were sent to a number of prominent men in both business and politics to attend. On June 10 he wrote General F. V. Greene:[51]

> On Saturday the 29th inst. several young Harvard fellows who are interested in politics are coming out here, and I am going to ask a number of college graduates like John Proctor Clarke, James R. Shelfield, William Church Osborn and others who have taken a practical part in politics to come out here to meet them. I wish very much you would come and bring Warwick.

Others invited included Captain F. Norton Goddard, Colonel W. Gary Sanger, Reverend Endicott Peabody, Colonel Franklin Bartlott, and Herman Kinnicutt. The subject of the session was "Applied Decency in Public Life."

In a letter to the Reverand Endicott Peabody of July 12, Roosevelt explains in some detail the success of the session:[52]

> I got thirty men, graduates and undergraduates from Yale and Harvard, among the former being men like Colonel Franklin Bartlett, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Judge John Practor Clarke, James R. Sheffield, James Reynolds of the University Settement, Alfred Warriner Cooley, Sc. Sc. They all came out for lunch, spent the afternoon, took dinner and went back to town. It was a most interesting occasion. I never saw men show a better spirit. I got Clarke and Reynolds and others who had practical experience in political life to give their views and make their statements. Then I got some of the undergraduates, or men who had just graduated, like Gordon Brown of Yale and young Derby (both of them Groton Boys, by the way) to state what they thought could be accomplished. There were as might be expected many widely diverging opinions. . . .
>
> The feeling seemed to be unanimous against attempting too much. Young Clarke was the only fellow who thought we should have many meetings. My own view was very strongly that we should begin with Harvard and Yale (taking in Princeton, of course, if it is ready) and let the two political courses of Lawrence Lowell

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51. T. R. Papers, Series, Letterbook 29, Part One, p. 163.

52. T. R. Papers, Letterbook 29, Part Two, p. 492.

at Harvard and Judge Townsend at Yale serve as the rallying points. We could in connection with, but outside of, these two courses, arrange for two big meetings at each college during the winter, each to be addressed by some man of prominence who has actually been in politics. We could with this start up the debating society. But I was interested to find that every man who had practically done decent work felt most strongly that it was unwise to lay too much stress upon talking, that though talking was necessary, yet that the initial work of the useful type in politics must be done by actual participation in the primaries and political associations, and that no speech making should be indulged in until a year or two or three years, according to the needs of the case, had been given the young fellow in which to find out actually the facts. As a man goes on in politics he will find that the power to make a speech is one of utmost importance to help him in doing good work. But it is never the most useful quality, and during his first years it does not begin to be as important as the willingness and ability to do actual work at the polls and in preparing for the polls. . . . The only men who have actually accomplished work for good in politics were those who deliberately went in, not to speak, but to do the actual work.

So successful was the session that Roosevelt wrote Professor Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, July 18, 1901:[53]

> Are you anywhere in this neighborhood now? Could you come out here and spend the night of Friday the 26th inst? There are some matters I want to talk over with you in connection with trying to arouse our young college students, and especially the seniors to active interest in politics. If you can come, take the 4:30 train from Long Island City for Oyster Bay. The last ferry leaves foot of E. 34 St. N.Y. at 4:20 P.M.

Wilson came and was much impressed with the second conference as is seen in his letter to Roosevelt, July 28:[54]

> . . . we had a most delightful and refreshing time at Oyster Bay. I reached home much heartened in many

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53. Ibid., p. 564.

54. Ibid., Series I.

> ideals and shall not, I am sure, need to be reminded when the next term opens, to take in hand the scheme we discussed. I hope and believe that it will come to something, and I thank you for having made me a partner in the matter.

The health of the family had been good in the spring of 1901. Ted was at Groton and doing well. "He stands second in his Form and got into the semi-finals in the light weight boxing and is also Captain of his Domitory Eleven," Roosevelt wrote John C. Greenway April 11.[55]

One of Roosevelt's favorite exercises was chopping, which he put to practical use in providing firewood and clearing vistas. In a letter of April 9, he advised Ted:[56]

> I am still chopping vigorously in the trees my course having met with the hearty approval of Seaman [foreman] which I think did much to convert mother, who had previously looked upon my course with suspicion.

In a letter to Taft on April 26 he painted a rosy picture of the carefree life of Sagamore:[57]

> I am rather ashamed to say that I am enjoying the perfect ease of life at present. I am just living out in the country, doing nothing but ride and row with Mrs. Roosevelt, and walk and play with the children; chop trees in the afternoon and read books by a wood fire in the evening. Mrs. Roosevelt is as fond of the woods and fields as I am, and now that spring is well on, we are revelling in the fresh green sprouts on tree and bush; in the red of the blossoming maples and the sweet scent and coloring of the May flowers. Do you care for birds? The robins, meadow larks, song sparrows, field sparrows, vesper finches, blue birds and red wings are all in full note now.

All through the first three weeks of April Roosevelt had waited expectantly for the skins and skulls of his lion or cougar hunt to arrive. Finally they came and he proudly acknowledged the shipment in

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55. Ibid., Series II, April 8 - May 31, 1901, Letterbook 28, Part Two, p. 511.

56. Ibid., p. 477.

57. Ibid., p. 727.

a letter to John B. Goff of Meeker, Colorado, April 22:[58]

> The skins and skulls arrived all right accepting one skull. The missing skull is that of the big male lion we killed by moonlight which has the bullet through it. I should rather like that as a trophy. Do you think there is any chance of your finding out what became of it?
>
> Gunther says that this is the best collection of mountain lion skins that he has ever had sent to him by any hunter, professional or amateur.

The sight of so many skins and skulls was apparently too much for Mrs. Roosevelt in a house already heavily bedecked with previous trophies of the hunt. It would appear that she made her point for on May 6 Roosevelt wrote Messrs. Gunther Sons:[59]

> Mrs. Roosevelt has set her heart upon not having most of those skins mounted with the skulls. Is it possible to make a good rug with the skin perfectly flat head and all? The big lion and three or four of the others I shall want with the skulls in, but will adopt your suggestion and put in plaster heads in all probability.

On the same day he wrote Dr. C. Hart Merrian, Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.:[60]

> By the way, do you think those skulls should be kept out of the skins or not? Mrs. Roosevelt is rebellious about having the skulls put in the skins, at any rate save in a few of them. So if there is any real object in keeping the skulls out I am perfectly content.

The letter of Roosevelt to Gunther of May 8 would indicate that a compromise was reached in the Sagamore household:[61] "Mrs. Roosevelt feels that she would like five of those skins without skulls and without the heads stuffed, so that the skins will lie perfectly flat. Take the four smallest skins including the young one and one of the big males,

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58. Ibid., p. 624.

59. Ibid., p. 762.

60. Ibid., p. 766.

61. Ibid., p. 829.

but not the largest. The largest male and the other males and the remaining females have the skulls put in. Let me know when they are ready as I intend to send off four of them and have the other eight sent out here. Will you put the skulls in at any rate to the two largest bobcats?"

But the issue of the skins and skulls was not yet settled for on May 19 he wrote Merrimam:[62]

> I am in receipt of the memorandum about the skulls. All right, I shall send that missing skull on to you as soon as it turns up. I do not know whether I made it clear that all the skulls are now yours to do whatever you wish with them--I mean permanently--and I am delighted if they add to the value of your collection. Your experience with the panther crying is very interesting and so is Brewer's letter about the attact on the child.

With Ted now at Groton, Roosevelt decided to visit him the first week in May. He came away feeling his son was "doing well." "I am entirely satisfied," he wrote May 7,[63] "with your standing both in your studies and in athletics. I want you to do well in sports, and I want even more to have you do well with your books; but I do not expect you to stand first in either if so to stand would cause you overwork and hurt your health. I always believe in going hard at everything whether it is Latin or boxing or football, but at the time I want to keep the sense of proportion. It is never worth while to absolutely exhaust one self or take big chances unless for an adequate object. I want you to keep in training the faculties which would make you, if the need arose able to put your last ounce of pluck and strength into a contest. But I do not want you to squander these qualities."

The letter continued in a newsy way describing the beauties of Sagamore Hill in the first week of May:

> The weather has been lovely here. The cherry trees are in full bloom, the peach trees just opening; while the apples will not be out for ten days. The May flowers and the blood root have gone, the anemonies and bellwart have come and the violets are coming. All the birds are here pretty much and the warblers troop through the woods.

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62. Ibid., p. 856.

63. Ibid., p. 837.

Then in family news he reported that Kermit had ridden Diamond the day before and had done "excellently" - had "evidently turned the corner in his riding." Poor Mother was having a hard time with Yagenka for she had rubbed her back and could not have a saddle put on her. Knowing she need exercise he had ridden her bareback and found her gaits so easy that it was really more comfortable to ride her without a saddle than Texas with one. Consequently he had given her "three miles sharp conteering and trotting."

The pets came in for comment too. "Dewey Jr. is a very cunning white guinea pig," he wrote, "I wish you could see Kermit taking out Dewey Sr. and Bob Evans to spend the day on the grass." Archie was the "sweetest little fellow imaginable." Quentin the "small boisterous person" was in "fearful disgrace" having that morning thrown a block at his mother's head in sheer playfulness, but "the enormity of his crime had been brought fully home to him" and he had fled "with howls of anguish" to his father's arms. Ethel was industriously hoeing up the weeds in the walk "to earn enough money to purchase the Art Magazine." Alice was going to ride Yagenka bareback that afternoon while he was going to teach Ethel on Diamond after Kermit had had his ride.

He closed the letter by recounting an amusing anecdote at the dinner table:

> Yesterday at dinner we were talking of how badly poor Mrs. McKniley looked and Kermit suddenly observed in an aside to Ethel, entirely unconscious that we were listening: "Oh Effel, I'll tell you what Mrs. McKinley looks like--like Davis' hen dat died--you know, de one dat couldn't hop on de porch."

[Davis was the much beloved Negro gardner.]

During the latter part of the summer there had been a good deal of sickness in the family. A mountain vacation seemed to hold an enjoyable and healthful promise. That July had been a month of family misfortunes was quite evident from Roosevelt's letter to Lodge, August 20:[64]

> From the domestic standpoint July should be called "Little Rosamond's month of misfortune's" in our family. All the children have awful colds. I had to make a fortnight's whooping western trip with an attack of bronchitis which naturally got no better and threatened into something worse; Ted and Quentin had to have slight surgical opera-

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64. Ibid., Series II Letterbook.

> tions; and Alice got an abscess under one tooth which threatened to be very serious indeed, though the ugly possibilities of the case have now pretty well vanished. She had to be sent to the Roosevelt Hospital in New York where Edith and I have been for the last four days and nights with her. I am now out at Oyster Bay for forty-eight hours when I shall rejoin Edith at the hospital and take Quentin there if necessary.

The family were at Tahawus, New York, in the Adirondacks when the tragic news came of the assassination attempt on the life of President McKinley at the Buffalo Exposition in New York. Roosevelt rushed to the President's side, where he remained until his recovery seemed assured. He then returned to the Adriondacks. He was high up on Mount Marcy when word was brought to him on September 13 about 2:15 p.m. by Hanson Hall, a mountain guide, of the President's serious turn for the worse. Shocked and distressed at the news, Roosevelt left immediately. On the first stage of his reckless journey he was driven in a light wagon by David Hunter over a rough road that was little more than an old trail. At Adon Lair, "Mike" Cronin was waiting for him in a buckboard with a span of black horses all hitched and restive for the journey.

Quickly Roosevelt lighted and climbed aboard and they dashed off into an inky darkness pierced only by flickering gleams of light from a lantern swinging crazily from the dashboard. To make matters worse a misty rain was falling which made footing unsure for the horses, adding materially to the hazards of the narrow, tortuous road. As the vehicle pitched wildly over the pockmarked road, Roosevelt sat grimly with watch in hand apparently intent only on speed and the distance yet to go. At one "ticklish bit of road" the driver became a bit uneasy and started to hold the team back when Roosevelt protested, urging him to "push on!" As they approached another "risky spot," the driver asked if they should slow up until they struck a better road. "Not at all; push ahead!" said Roosevelt, "if you are not afraid I am not. Push ahead!" They did. Luckily it was a clear road throughout. The last sixteen miles were covered in one hour and forty-three minutes--a record that no doubt stood for years even in day driving.

"I tell you," said Cronin, "Mr. Roosevelt is a nervy man. I shall never drive over that dark road again without seeming to hear him say "Push along!; Hurry up! Go faster!"

While Cronin and his distinguished passenger were reeling along the mountain defiles, a small group of watchers were gathered at the North Creek station anxiously awaiting their arrival. There a special train was ready. Alighting quickly, Mr. Roosevelt rushed to the platform where he was met by Secretary Loeb, who hurridly filled him in on the news of McKinley's death. When they reached the private car, the conductor waved his hand for the start and soon they were speeding on their

way past Luzerne, Corinth, and Saratoga to Albany and then on to Buffalo where a new destiny awaited him.[65]

The oath of office was administered to President Roosevelt by U. S. District Judge Hazel, on Saturday afternoon, September 14, 1901, at the residence of Mr. Ansley Wilcox, in Buffalo, New York.[66] With characteristic decisiveness the young President (the youngest to assume office up to that time--43) broke the precedent of the past, set by the three former Vice Presidents who had assumed the high office by requesting the former cabinet members to remain and announcing that he would continue unchanged McKinley's policies for the honor and prosperity of the country. Not only did this have a quieting, stabilizing effect upon the nation, but it gave Roosevelt the opportunity to watch performance, evaluate others and make such substitutions later as seemed desirable.

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65. New York Herald, Sunday, September 15, 1901.

66. T. R. Papers, Series II, 1905-1909, Letterbook 107.

Intimate Glimpses--Horsemanship

Intimate Glimpses--Horsemanship

As a horseman, Roosevelt could more than hold his own whether in following the hounds, clearing the hurdles, match play at polo, or the rough and tumble of the roundup. He sat in his saddle well and his endurance seemed inexhaustible. The two years in the West had given him the best of his basic training and by almost daily canters in the East he kept fit. He loved the open spaces, the broad expanse of sky and never seemed more alert to the beauties of nature than when on horseback. He was particularly fond of long rides in the country with Mrs. Roosevelt. This was almost a daily ritual either at Sagamore Hill or the White House.

Seldom did he appear at a worse advantage than on a Sunday afternoon in July 1888. He wrote Lodge:[1]

> On Sunday afternoon I went out for a quiet horseback stroll with three Careys and Arthur Clark; as you may imagine, I had to do some tall jumping. Not having been over a fence since last October, I sat pretty loose in the saddle; to the uproarious delight of the Careys; finally after going over some big timber, my horse bolted at a fence, stopped short, and then bucked over, while I literally sat on its ears and used my legs as a throat latch. As I wiggled back into the saddle I thought my companions would have rolled off their horses and they howled till it sounded like a boiler factory.

Polo at Sagamore Hill was quite a social event in the late 80s and early 90s. Close friends were invited to participate. On July 14, 1888, Roosevelt wrote Lodge:[2]

> Edith and I are delighted at the prospect of your visiting us; come at any time; only let us know as far ahead as you can, so as to arrange things (not household arrangements, but with Douglas, Ellicott,

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1. Selections From the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, I, 68-69.

2. Ibid, p. 69.

> etc). I am going to make you play polo on one of my ponies. Douglas and Corinne will be down, and perhaps Elliott and Anna; either at Aunt Annie's house or here. We will shoot, play tennis, ride--do anything.

A month later they were having match play at Sagamore Hill with the home team taking the polo honors and Roosevelt a bad spill. He wrote Lodge on August 12, 1888:[3]

> We have great fun here with the polo. When Douglas came down we organized a four--he and I, Thorpe and a man named Farr--and Elliott brought over a Meadowbrook team (himself, Frank Appleton, Dick Richardson and Carroll) to play us. We whipped them finely, six goals to one (made by Elliott). At the very end, while busily engaged in riding Elliott out, I got a tumble that knocked me senseless. I was all right in an hour, and perfectly recovered in three or four days.

July 31, 1890, finds him again writing Lodge about "the great fun with the polo"[4] despite the fact that his head was "cut open again" in one game but "not badly." Both Douglas and Fergusion were visiting and the latter was "beginning to play very well."

In a letter to Lodge, July 15, 1892, he again discussed match play at Sagamore:[5] "My team came off better at polo than I had hoped; I made two goals myself. Douglas' team whipped the crack Winchester team finely, and then went to pieces in a game with Morristown and lost by half a goal. I tell you a corpulent middle-aged literary man finds a stiff polo match rather good exercise!"

At Sagamore Hill in the first week of August 1903, Roosevelt decided to take Bleistein, out for an hour-and-a-half ride accompanied by Ted on Renown. He described the painful results to Lieutenant Roland Fortesque in a letter of August 6:[6] "As he is a big powerful hunter with corresponding gates, and as I rode him on the trot, canter and gallop, I succeeded in skinning the inside of my legs and am uncomfortable in consequence. I found no difficulty at all in sitting him."

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3. Ibid., p. 70.

4. Ibid., p. 99.

5. Ibid., p. 122.

6. T. R. Papers Series II, Letterbook 41, p. 249.

In the summer of 1908 Kermit, after a rather bad spill, had received some good riding pointers from David Gray of Buffalo, New York. On July 16 Roosevelt wrote Gray thanking him for his kindness and informing him that Kermit[7] "has shortened his stirrups and is practising just along the lines you mention." He then added:

> I wish I had been with him when the thing happened, for I think I could have given him advice out of my own experience. I tend to ride with too long stirrups myself because of my western experience (and the whole trouble with Kermit's riding is that he practically learned to ride out in the West and then has had only the teaching of one or two cavalrymen, who also usually ride with their stirrups too long). Up at Genesco once I was given a very big and hard-jumping horse, the name of which I at the moment forget. It was one of the best jumpers I have ever been on; would take anything; never refused and never came down; but over the first few jumps I think I left the saddle at least two feet. I found finally, as I told Kermit, that instead of paying no heed to my seat but to adapting myself unconciously to the horse's movement, I was obliged in this case to make a conscious effort to remember at each jump that immediately after the horse rose I had to bend backwards from the hips. So far did I bend backwards that once the horse actually touched the brim of my soft hat with his haunches as he gave a great twist in going over a fence. I kept my seat all right after I had once learned what I had to do.

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7. T. R. Papers Letterbook 82.

Intimate Glimpses--Courage

Intimate Glimpses--Courage

No one who knew Theodore Roosevelt doubted his courage, though many thought he took needless risks. His war record in Cuba and more specifically his gallantry at San Juan Hill attests well to his courage and coolness under fire. In this action as he led the advance he had a horse shot from under him.

With keen interest he greeted new advances in mechanical science that involved national defense whether on sea or land and evaluated them from firsthand experience. Such was the case of the submarine Plunger. In August 1905 he had her brought to Oyster Bay for an operational test. Under the command of Lieutenant Charles P. Nelson, the Plunger arrived in Oyster Bay at 6 o'clock in the evening, August 22, and anchored in the outer bay in rear of the President's yacht Sylph. Accompaning her was the tug Apache. With a crew of eight she entered Oyster Bay at a speed of 8 1/2 knots.

For the next few days Lieutenant Nelson and his crew worked on the submarine's machinery to assure its successful operation for the test. Finally everything was pronounced in "perfect order" and the test was set for August 25. The experiment had just such an element of excitement and risk as to be irresistable to the President, especially when it was heightened by a high wind and a pouring rain. With eager anticipation Roosevelt left Sagamore Hill about mid-afternoon and drove to the pier. Dressed in khaki, he got out of the car to find a heavy sea rolling in the Sound. With waves breaking over the pier he donned oilskins and gingerly made his way out to board the Dart, the tender of the Sylph. Making their way through rough water they reached the Apache, crossed her decks and entered the conning tower of the submarine. Immediately the order was given to cast off and the submarine sailed out into the Sound followed by the Apache.

When they had reached a point about two miles from shore the Apache was ordered to stand by and the Plunger then began her descent. Gradually the conning tower submerged and only the periscope could be seen above water. Then it too disappeared as the craft reached a depth of twenty feet in an area where the water was 30 - 40 feet deep. While the submarine remained stationary at this point for awhile the workings of the mechanism were explained to the President who showed a keen interest in everything but particularly the torpedo mechanism. Roosevelt chatted with the men and complimented them on their efficient operation.

After he had been thoroughly briefed the craft was started forward, then stopped and reversed. Intently watching the operation, Roosevelt

finally took over the controls himself. Later the Plunger descended to the bottom where at a distance of 40 feet from the surface she remained for sometime. It was at this time that the President's attention was attracted to a school of porpoises swimming past the portholes.

Lieutenant Nelson then executed a number of maneuvers in which the Plunger rose to the surface alternately stern first and bow first. Finally, after a 55-minute test, the ship surfaced and the maneuvers were pronounced a great success.[1]

The next day the Times carried an article critical of the venture under the heading "Our Submerged President." It begins: "It is so well known that the Chief Magistrate of the Republic will not 'take a dare' that the emotion of regret and disapproval with which his fellow citizens learned yesterday that he had been diving in a submarine was unmingled with any appreciable admixture of surprise." The article goes on to point out that there was an "appreciable element of peril" in the submarine at that stage of its development and this element was all that was needed to make it irresistibly attractive to the President. "Doubtless he will be liked," the article grudgingly admits, "all the more for the boyish delight in running risks which belong to his character. He is liked all the more whatever he does. . . . 'Whatever hurts him helps him.'"

The point was made that "his life was not his own; that eighty millions of people, to speak only of his countrymen, have an interest in its prolongation, and that these millions are seriously concerned when they hear that the President has been intrusting 'Casear and his fortunes' to some newfangled, submersible, collapsible, or otherwise dangerous device."

About this time experimental flights were being made over the city in strange-looking contraptions. The article continues: "We have no doubt that the President is secretly aching to soar in that yellow sausage which has been floating over Manhattan in these latter days, 'dim pinnacled in the intense inave' and threatening instant death to its navigator. It is most fortunate that the aerial machine in question will hold but one, because if it held two the President would insist upon being the other."[2]

On August 31 the President wrote Grant La Farge:[3]

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1. The New York Times, August 23 and 26, 1905.

2. The New York Times, August 27, 1905.

3. T. R. Papers Series II, July 28, Sept. 4, 1905 vol. 57.

By the way, I was immensely amused at the fuss made over my going down in the Plunger by people who did not realize that you and Ted were in far greater danger when you were sailing that afternoon; and moreover it was not the same thing because [there was] a point in my going down in the Plunger while you and Ted were only out for fun!

Intimate Glimpses--Accidents

Intimate Glimpses--Accidents

As might be expected in such a vigorous, adventurous life, there was always the piper to pay. Roosevelt was conscious of this and took certain precautions but his actions were generally characterized by courage and boldness. He had nothing but contempt for timidity and weakness. Life was a glorious gamble and he liked nothing better than pitting his strength and skills against the odds--yet he was in no hurry to enter prematurely the great "blackness." Some of his rather numerous accidents involving horse falls and other bodily injuries were the result of the lack of sufficient skill or errors in judgment while others such as the Pittsfield, Massachusetts, trolley car accident and the New Orleans riverboat accident were through no fault of his.

Horse falls were fairly numerous in fox hunts, polo, hurdle jumping and big game hunting and roundups in the west. These he took philosophically. Four of them resulted in broken bones, others simply in scratches and bruises. Once in a fox hunt he rode through much of the chase with a broken arm but still managed to get in at the kill. He dismounted "with one arm dangling and his clothes like the walls of a slaughter house." In the summer of 1888 he was knocked insensible at polo at Sagamore Hill.

Intimate Glimpses--Nearsightedness

Intimate Glimpses--Nearsightedness

Theodore Roosevelt probably more than any other political figure of his day caught the public fancy as the leading exponent of virile manhood. His image had been colored in the West by high adventures as a big game hunter and in the East by well-publicized accounts of his participation in sports--boxing, wrestling, tennis, and other forms of vigorous exercise like rowing, chopping, riding, and swimming.

That this should be so is all the more remarkable when one considers with what handicaps he started life. Not only was he a sickly youth frequently incapacitated by asthma but he was extremely nearsighted. Without his thick-rimmed glasses he could not recognize his own children 10 feet away. An amusing incident illustrating this occurred when he and the family were swimming at Oyster Bay in July 1908. Henry L. Stimson, then a United States Attorney, came by while the Roosevelts were on the beach and waved gaily but received no nod of recognition whatsoever. Somewhat hurt and perplexed at this treatment by a good friend, he wrote the President to receive this explanation:[1]

> I am more amused then I can say at getting your letter and finding out who it was. Now do remember hereafter that when I haven't my spectacles on I can see no human being. I can't tell a white man from an Indian. I would not recognize my own sons ten feet off. And I don't wear spectacles in bathing. We are driven nearly frantic by parties of picnickers who, if they happen along when we are swimming together, come up with wild enthusiasm, certain that Mrs. Roosevelt and I and the children, while swimming or standing on the beach in drenched bathing clothes, will be glad to hold an impromptu levee. I have found that with these ardent picnickers, the time I was swimming was just the one time that I had to be absolutely firm in refusing to shake hands or spend the time in genial conversation. I hadn't the vaguest idea who you were, nor had Mrs. Roosevelt. I simply took it for granted that you were one of the ordinary picnickers or holiday makers with whom we have exactly such experiences. Hereafter if you see me without my spectacles, be sure to proclaim your identity.

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1. T. R. Papers, Series II, June 13, July 18, 1908 Letterbook 82.

Intimate Glimpses--Home Life

Intimate Glimpses--Home Life

Probably in no field did Theodore Roosevelt perform with more credit than in the home. In every sense of the word he was the devoted husband and the loving father filled with affection, imagination, and the boyish love of play. He and Edith were ideally suited to each other and each gained strength and inspiration from the other. Not only was there love but admiration and respect. To a very fine degree they developed a sense of companionability whether it was a quiet evening reading to each other before an open fire, a brisk morning canter, a leisurely walk in the afternoon among their flowers or through the woods where they thrilled to the bird song, or enjoyed a swim at the beach, or a long row and picnic on the Sound. They loved the simple life, the land, the woods and the water, the flowers and the birds--and the escape that Sagamore Hill gave them, where they were free to do and dress as they pleased beyond the prying eyes of the public.

All of this love and affection for the place they instilled into their children, who found life there an endless high adventure. With breathless excitement and anticipation during the Presidential years, they greeted the advent of summer and the return to Oyster Bay. Sagamore Hill thus became a sort of never-never land--home in the finest sense of the word where the love and affection of the parents were met by adoration from the children.

The children were treated as equals and encouraged to develop individuality of action and expression. Though they were given a wide leeway, they were made to understand there were bounds of fair play and responsibility that had to be respected. When they overstepped these limits, they knew they had to expect the punishment they received. Play was well-mixed with a stimulated appreciation of books that covered a wide field from "Br'er Rabbitt" and Robinson Crusoe to Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare and the like. For hours on end they would sit enthralled as one parent or the other read to them aloud. For excitement and change, they would play character parts of a story with wild enthusiasm.

They were reluctant to go to bed, so eager were they to meet the full challenge of each day. In each adventure the father was there to take the lead, whether it be a scramble, a bareback ride, a locked-hands race down a steep bank, a swim, a row, or an overnight campout at Lloyds' Neck.

When Roosevelt was away or the children were off at school, he wrote them frequently, filling them in on "family doings" and on "affairs

of state." These charming letters are humanly revealing in love, affection, parental wisdom and the color of everyday life.

With September 14, 1901, there came a sudden change in this leisurely life. The tempo was greatly quickened as Sagamore Hill was readied to become the Summer White House. There was much painting to be done by Tomasky and repairs to be made to the windmill by Corcoran. On January 16, 1902, the President's secretary Loeb wrote Noah Seaman, the foreman:[1]

> Herewith find the bill of Corcoran, sent to you for approval; also bill of Tomasky. Mrs. Roosevelt wishes me to call your attention to the letter of Mr. Tomasky and particularly to the portion thereof underscored with blue pencil. She wishes to know what you have to say in reference thereto.
>
> The phaetan was received here all right.

This bill of Tomasky, which covered extensive painting of outbuildings as well as the house, produced quite a hassle which was finally resolved by Erlen Roosevelt at their request.

The same day Loeb wrote Scaman: "Mrs. Roosevelt would like to have you send her the floor measurements of the bath room in the house at Sagamore Hill. Please send these as soon as possible."

In the spring, attention was also given to acquiring a new mount, expecially since Bleistein the previous fall had developed a tenderness in the right fore foot. On April 26 Roosevelt wrote Trumbull Cary:

> I may have to have a second horse. Is "the Philosopher" the right type for me? Does he jump well, and has he good manners? Remember I am President and no longer either fit or desirous of matching myself with any members of the Cary family when it comes to riding. I want an animal who will behave decently on the somewhat slippery asphalt streets when he meets automobiles, who will not run away or buck off his venerable rider, and yet has good endurance, can go over rough country, and at need jump a fence. . . .[2]

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1. T. R. Papers, Series II, Sept. 26-Oct. 4, 1901-1902, Letterbook 105.

2. Ibid., Series II, 1902, Letterbook 34, p. 171.

Sagamore Summers

1902

Sagamore Summers--1902

When Philosopher went lame on a trial, Roosevelt shipped him back and requested another horse as near like him as possible. He was sent Renown, whome he praised in a letter to Cary, May 28:[1] "I like Renown very much and shall keep him. . . . If only Philosopher had not been lame I should have preferred him above Renown. But Renown is a beauty and I shall be easy with him for the next six months as he is such a young horse." The asking price for Philosopher was $650 and Renown was somewhere near this price.

In an earlier letter of May 3 to Miss Margaret Cary, Roosevelt had explained:[2] "I do not often jump, but I do sometimes and I like to have a horse that can jump, and I find that my present horse 'Bleistein,' who otherwise suits me exactly, is not really easy in his mind (nor am I in my mind) when I take a fence that is four feet high. Maybe this is my fault; and always hitherto if he has touched the bar it has broken and we have not gone down; but still they say a stout, elderly President cannot afford to take chances."

With a new horse there came the offer of another pet--a dog. In a letter to Mr. E. A. McFarland of March 17, Roosevelt graceously declined the offer with the explanation:[3] "I do not think that Mrs. Roosevelt could stand another pet in the house at present! We are beginning to feel a little like a zoo anyhow!" However in the latter part of May, shortly before leaving for Sagamore Hill, he did accept a dog--"Sailor Boy"-- a gift of Fred Erb of Lafayette, Indiana. On May 26 he wrote: "'Sailor Boy' has come and we are immensely pleased with him. Ted, who is the shot gun man of the family, has been made his special master. He is in every way what you described him to be, and I am sure will be excellent in the field. I thank you very much."

"I like my children to have pets," he wrote Miss Louise Patterson of Cleveland, Ohio,[4] "I want them to grow up feeling that it is inconceivably base to be cruel to the weak. I do not know whether I most despise cowardice in the face of strong or cruelty to the helpless."

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1. Ibid., p. 442.

2. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 34.

3. Ibid., p. 429.

4. Ibid., Series II, July 29-Oct. 25, 1902, Letterbook, p. 165.

That the pet family had grown almost to zoo size is seen in Roosevelt's letter June 9 to Joel Chandler Harris:[5]

> All of the younger children are at present absorbed in various pets, perhaps the foremost of which is a puppy of the most orthodox puppy type. Then there is Jack, the terrier, and Sailor Boy, the Chesapeake Bay dog; and Eli, the most gorgeous macaw, with a bill that I think could bite through boiler plate, who crawls all over Ted and whom I view with dark suspicion, and Jonathan the piebald rat, of most friendly and affectionate nature, who also crawls all over everybody; and the flying squirrel; and two kangaroo rats; not to speak of Archie's pony, Algonquin, who is the most absolute pet of them all.

It must have been an awesome responsibility to transport such a menagerie to Sagamore Hill that summer.

Concerned about the progress of Kermit at Groton, Roosevelt had written the Rev. Endicott Peabody on June 4 and requested him to send a tutor out for the summer. By June 10 arrangements had been made to get Mr. Hinchman and rooms were engaged for him in the village. He was to get $100 per month and board and lodging. "I hope he can get Kermit in trim," he wrote Peabody on June 16.[6]

All was a stir of excitement as Edith and the children packed up and departed for Sagamore Hill. That morning, June 10, he wrote Douglas Robinson:[7] "Edith has just gone off with all the children to Oyster Bay departing in a carriage with Molly and four children and three tame rats."

Writing the same day to P. M. F. Selmes he said:[8] "I do not believe you could drive with a club any of my children away from Sagamore Hill this summer. They love the place and now they do not see very much of it."

Roosevelt hoped that his plans for the summer would permit him to attend the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton.

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5. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 35, p. 77.

6. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 35, p. 147.

7. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 35, p. 97.

8. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 35, p. 94.

On June 16 he wrote Cleveland H. Dodge:[9] "Woodrow Wilson is a perfect trump. I am overjoyed at his election, and unless my arrangements render it absolutely impossible to get back in time I will attend his inauguration with the utmost pleasure."

That he had a high regard for Woodrow Wilson is seen in his letter to Grover Cleveland, June 17:[10] "I have long regarded Mr. Wilson as one of the men who had constructive scholarship and administrative ability; and I am very glad from every standpoint that he is to be the new President of Princeton."

Though he fully intended to attend the inauguration, he was to be prevented by the Pittsfield, Massachusetts, trolley car accident of September 3.

The summer was to mark a high water mark for Ted for it gave him his first opportunity at prairie chicken shooting. The trip proposed by Mr. H. R. McCullough was originally supposed to have included the President but on July 1 he had to decline:[11] "It begins to look like I could not possibly get out on that chicken shooting trip. You were kind enough to say that you would like Ted to go anyway. If you still mean it I shall be very grateful. He would not be in the way, for he has been taught to efface himself in the presence of his elders and betters. He will tramp all day, and is a fair wing shot. Of course for him to go out prairie chicken shooting on the first of September would be the dream of his life, which he would never forget."

Receiving a favorable reply from Mr. McCullough in a few days he wrote on July 8:[12] "You are more than kind. Ted will go and have a delightful time I know."

With the President and his family at Oyster Bay, the public was eager to get any news descriptive of life at Sagamore Hill. Just such an intimate glimpse was furnished in the July 6 issue of the Washington Times:[13]

> The President And His Home at Oyster Bay, Little Fishing Village on the North Shore of Long Island Now the Virtual Capital of the United States, and

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9. Ibid., p. 150.

10. Ibid., p. 159.

11. Ibid., p. 282.

12. Ibid., p. 310

13. T. R. Papers Scrapbooks. Section Three The Washington Times, Washington Sunday July 6, 1902.

so it will Remain for the Hented Term--Quiet Home Place Expected to become a Political Center and the Abode of Fad and Fashion.

. . . Not Altogether Pleasing

This transformation of Sagamore Hill from a quiet, unpretentious summer home into a national capital will undoubtedly be far from pleasing to Mr. Roosevelt, who has always spent the hot months in retirement with his family unhampered by social restrictions of dress or manners. He usually goes about bare-headed, clad in white flannels, and joins frequently in playing with his bare-legged, sunburned children. For with all Theodore Roosevelt's strenuous ambition and varied experiences, he is supremely a "home man," and both he and Mrs. Roosevelt, to say nothing of the children, enjoy real contentment only when they are living in the ivy-clad cottage at Oyster Bay. . . .

Hour's Ride From New York

Oyster Bay is one hour's ride from New York, on a fast train. The place contains about 3,000 inhabitants, who are engaged principally in the shell fishing industry. The lofty Sagamore Hill on whose slopes Mr. Roosevelt owns 100 acres of land, within the near radius of which are located the vast estates of W. C. Witney, E. D. Morgan and others, is two and one-half miles from the station. The carriage service over that route consists of half a dozen world-weary "hacks," the drivers of which are so accommodating that they will drive around a sleeping dog or wait until he wakes up before proceeding. The road winds through sandy highways, flanked by wooden houses of a white or neutral tint tucked away behind arbors or trees and finally makes a steep ascent up Sagamore Hill.

Ideal Country Seat

The Roosevelt homestead is an ideal country seat. The handsomest apartment is the library, which contains 5,000 choice volumes and has an open fireplace extending entirely across one end of the room. Above this is seen a wonderful display of heads of horned animals--deer, rams, antelopes, mountain sheep. The floor is covered with rugs made from the skins of lions, bears, buffaloes, and panthers. In fact the whole interior of the house is a sort of mute testimony to Mr. Roosevelt's prowess in chase.

Portrait of His Father

Conspicuous in the library is a portrait of a man whose strong bearded face one would instantly recognize as the President's father, and that picture Mr. Roosevelt cherishes more highly than any trophy, however valuable. "My father," he told an intimate friend, "was the finest man I ever knew." He was a merchant, well-to-do, that drove his four-in-hand through the park and enjoyed life immensely. . . .

No Snobbery. . . .

At Oyster Bay President Roosevelt appears more a man of letters and a country gentleman than the political head of the great nation, and he enjoys the surroundings there so much that as many persons have remarked to him, it is a wonder that he should be tempted therefrom. In reply to one of these queries, Mr. Roosevelt laughingly replied: "That is just it. I suppose I am more domestic than anything else, and I can tell you now that if defeated, even for the highest office, I should not be bitterly disappointed. Settling down here with my books, my family will always be my greatest happiness--something I am always looking forward to."

Wrestling that summer was one of the favorite pastimes at Sagamore Hill and Ted had learned a new grip. Roosevelt, writing W. S. Bigelow on July 10, explained:[14] "The grip which Ted tried, which worked so well, was the one in which you take your adversary's hand and then duck under his arm. He threw his man with a perfect smash, fell on him with his knees, and took all the fight out of him."

Few things were looked forward to with keener anticipation that a night camp out. They had just had one when on August 11 Roosevelt wrote Lodge:[15] "Friday I spent the night camping out for the benefit of Kermit, Archie, and a small cousin. They all had a thrilling time enjoying the discomforts, and were compensated by hearing a fox bark and later seeing it. As there was an 8-mile row the next morning back, and very little intervening sleep, I was able to accept the ending of the trip with philosophy."

Not only did Kermit have a tutor that summer but so did Ted--Mr. Gordon Russell, the son of the Reverend Alexander G. Russell of

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14. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 35, p. 342.

15. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 36, p. 123.

Oyster Bay. The President considered him "a scholar and a teacher and a gentleman in every sense of the word." He was a graduate of Princeton.

Anxious to get some new curtains, Edith, on August 26 wrote Mrs. John Le Clair, R. F. D. No. 3, Enosburg Falls, Vermont:[16]

> I wish you would make me some curtains for three windows, that means six curtains. They must be two and three-quarters yards long and the same width that you make your rugs, of dark blue like the rug you gave me with pattern at the bottom and plain at the top. They will be for our house here at Oyster Bay, so that I shall not need them until next June.

In September the tariff question was giving him concern and he felt it desirable to confer with some of the Senators. On September 11 he wrote the Hon. M. S. Quay:[17] "There are several things I want to see you about--chiefly to thank you! but also to speak a word about the tariff. Will you be in New York prior to the 19th instant? If so could you come out and lunch with me at 1:30 p.m.? You can take the 10:00 o'clock train from Long Island. Any day will suit me, except that on the 16th Hanna, Aldrich, and Allison are coming here."

On the eve of his return with the family to Washington, Roosevelt wrote Corinne filling her in on the summer's activities which he felt was "as lovely a summer as we have ever passed." He compliments her on his nephew Stewart, who had visited them and proved to be an interesting companion and "as good as gold." To Ted he proved "the most fascinating of friends." He writes:[18]

> Stewart, Ted and I took an hour and a half ride bareback together. Ted is always longing that he could go off on a hunting trip with him. I should be delighted to have them go off now, and though I have no doubt that they would get into scrapes, I have also no doubt that they would get out of them.
>
> We have had a lovely summer as lovely a summer as we have ever passed. Alice has been at home very little--spending most of her time in Newport and elsewhere, associating with the Four Hundred--individuals with whom the other members of her family

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16. Ibid. Series II, 1902-1904. Letterbook 106.

17. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 106.

18. Ibid.

have exceedingly few affiliations. But all the rest of the children, ours, Laura's, and Christine's and Emlen's have been here, and we have had the happiest, healthiest, most old-fashioned kind of summer together. Ethel finds Loraine a soul-satisfying companion. They ride a great deal, and are very fond of books and of sewing. Moreover Ethel has entirely of her own accord undertaken the summer education of Archie in music, and of Quentin in everything. She is a little trump.

Quentin has little Edward Mackaye as a friend, in addition to the Secret Service men, with whom he is on terms of attable familiarity. Archie goes with Nick; Kermit by preference with Philip, and under duress with Oliver; and Ted with George and Jack; and Christine associates with all of them, as well as with Edith and me, and is a dear girl. The two Russell boys and Ensign Hamner have been with the children all the time, playing tennis, going out in the row-boat for a night or two, shooting in the marsh, etc. etc.

Edith and I have been a great deal with the children, and in addition to that we have ridden horseback much together, and have frequently gone off for a day at a time in a row-boat, not to speak of picnics upon which everybody went. In the intervals I have chopped industriously. I have seen a great many people who came to call upon me upon political business. I have had to handle my correspondence, of course, and I have had not a few worrying matters of national policy, ranging from the difficulties in Turkey to the scandals in the Post Office. But I have had three months of rest and holiday by comparison with what has gone before. Next Monday I go back to Washington, and for the thirteen months following there will be mighty little let-up to the strain. But I enjoy it to the full. What the outcome will be, as far as I am personally concerned, I do not know. It looks as if I would be renominated. Whether I shall be reelected, I have not the slightest idea. I know there is bitter opposition to one from many different sources. Whether I shall have enough support to overcome this opposition, I cannot tell. I suppose few Presidents can form the slightest idea whether their policies have met with approval or not--certainly I cannot. But as far as I can see these policies have been right, and I hope that time will justify them. If it does not, why, I must abide the fall of the dice, and that is all there is about it.

A Maurice Low visited Sagamore Hill that summer to gather material for an article that appeared in the October 11 issue of the Saturday Evening Post. He writes:[19]

> On the lawn back of the house is a hurdle over which the President exercises his horse, and a little farther off is a field inclosed by a rail fence, one of the top rails of which is missing. "I knocked that off in jumping the other day." says the President, and then he mentions the fact that a great many exaggerated statements have been made about his riding and shooting. "I am not a bronco buster;" he says. "I never was. When I was on the ranch there were horses I never dared to ride, although I ride as well as the average man who rides for pleasure; and I have been four times thrown and had broken bones. It is the same with my shooting. To the men who never handle a rifle or a pistol my shooting is perhaps very wonderful, but I am not in the same class with a professional."
>
> The President's great love for Nature and outdoor life reveals itself in all that he does and says. One reason why Sagamore Hill has such a great charm for him, apart from its associations and the fact that it is his home, is that, to use his own expression, "he doesn't live in his neighbor's pocket." There is no other house in sight. The children can run about barefoot, they can do what they please, and there are no neighbors to object or criticise. There is an open space all around the house, so that is always bathed in plenty of light and air and sunshine; behind it are great trees, oak, and chestnut and hickory. In the background lie the Sound, the Bay and the opposite Connecticut shore--a setting full of color for a panorama which is always full of motion, for Sound and Bay are dotted with boats. . . . The President never tires of the view.
>
> As the President walks about the grounds, pointing out the beauty of the scene or a field of waving corn--and he is enough of an amateur farmer to take some pride in his crops--or stops to fondle a puppy which has to be tied up because, puppylike, he insists on eating things which are not good for his infantile internal economy, or takes a look at Archie's pets, the conversation turns on children.

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19. The Saturday Evening Post, October 11, 1902.

The writer continues, painting an intimate picture of the interior of the house:

A Glimpse of Sagamore Hill

Mr. Roosevelt's house, its interior, is exactly what one would imagine it to be. The exterior creates the impression of genuine comfort, of a place in which people live and not merely spend a fragment of their lives, and the interior shows at a glance the purpose of the place and bears the marked individuality of its distinguished owner. To begin with, it is the President's only house his home. His parents came to Oyster Bay many years ago, and the President has been living there for the past twenty years, summer and winter. The wide reception hall is full of trophies of the chase that have fallen before the President's rifle. There is a skin of a mountain lion that the President shot on his celebrated Colorado trip a year ago; there is the head of a magnificant antelope, there are the branching antlers of a noble elk. The slouch hat that the President wore in the Cuban campaign as the colonel of the Rough Riders, his revolver and his sword, hang on the horns of a deer. You pass into the library, which this summer has been cabinet room, reception room and office, and here again you notice the individuality of its master.

The President's Home

"Mightiest among the mighty dead loom the three great figures of Washington, Lincoln and Grant," were the words the President used in a speech on Grant delivered a couple years ago, and therefore one is not surprised to see the faces of these mighty dead on the wall or have the President call your attention to them. Nor are you surprised to see a Mauser from San Juan Hill; a trophy sent to him from some of his Rough Riders in the Phillipines; a curious carved stick presented him by some of the Boer Generals, a dozen other striking and quaint things, each of which is valuable because of its association. The President says he wants the house to have distinctive memories for his children; he wants them to remember it when in after years they go out into the world. It is quite certain that Sagamore Hill will always be to the Roosevelt children the one spot that will be quite different to them

> from any other. No matter what houses they may build for themselves, Sagamore Hill will hold in their memories an affection that can never be effaced.
>
> The library is full of books, but that is not peculiar to the library. In Sagamore Hill one feels himself to be in an atmosphere of books and you can find them not only downstairs but you see that they have overflowed into rooms above. There is scarcely a room that has not its bookcase. Some of the books are of extreme value, but that is their least consideration to the President. He cares little for "first editions" or bindings; his books are for use and not merely for show.

It was unfortunate that such a pleasant summer should have been cut short by the President's speaking tour and the near tragic trolley car accident in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, that seriously injured his left leg.

Summer 1903

Summer 1903

A big bonus of Roosevelt's Western trip in the spring of 1903 was a new horse--a perfect beauty named Wyoming, a gift of the well-wishers of that State. On June 7 a wire was despatched to the Hon. Francis E. Warren, U. S. Senator, Cheyenne, Wyoming:[1]

> Please send horse immediately to Washington. Wire me when may be expected. Many thanks.

On June 13 Roosevelt wrote Senator Warren:[2]

> I thank you very much for all you have done about the horse. I shall give Mr. Wright anything he wants for he is entitled to it.
>
> Wyoming has come and is a perfect beauty. Mrs. Roosevelt is just as pleased with him as I am.
>
> With hearty thanks my dear Senator.

The horse, of course, was taken to Sagamore Hill, where he proved one of the favorite mounts.

Shortly before the President left Oyster Bay, there appeared in the Pilot, one of two newspapers of the village, a complimentary poem by John H. Simonson. On June 22 he wrote a gracious note of appreciation:[3] "I liked your little poem in the Pilot so much I must write to tell you so. You understood exactly how I want my neighbors and fellow townsmen to feel. When I am back on Long Island around Oyster Bay, I am at home among my old friends, and I want them to feel that I am their old time friend and neighbor, neither more nor less."

The same day he wrote Governor William H. Hunt thanking him for the gift of some Porto Rican Coffee:[4] "I write to tell you how much I have enjoyed the Porto Rican coffee. Our whole family have taken to it so that now we want no other. Your interest in all that pertains to Porto Rico and its products is so great that I thought you might like to be informed of the fact."

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1. Ibid., p. 48.

2. Ibid., p. 117.

3. Ibid., Letterbook 40, p. 223.

4. Ibid., Letterbook 40, p. 221.

The President left Washington June 27 at 8 a.m., arriving in Oyster Bay at 4:20 p.m.--thus making the trip in 8 hours and 20 minutes. Among others accompanying him was Secret Service man Frank H. Tyree.[5]

It was good to be back home! Two days later he wrote Lodge:[6]

> I am enjoying more than I can say being here at Oyster Bay with Edith and the children. It is cool enough to make wood fires pleasant, and I have already begun to ride, row, chop, etc.

The problem in foreign affairs that gave chief concern at the Summer White House that year was the Alaskan boundary dispute. In a letter to Lodge, June 29, Roosevelt explained his irritation and outlined the limits to which he was prepared to go:[7]

> Now about the Alaskan business. I have written Hay at once that England must be kept right up to the mark. I am by no means certain that I would acquiesce in deterring the matter until next summer. I do not want it hanging on during the presidential campaign. I dislike making any kind of threat, but my present judgment is that if the British play fast and loose the thing to do is to declare the negotiations off, recite our case in the message to Congress, and ask for an appropriation to run the boundary as we deem it should be run.

The Fourth of July was the occasion, especially during the Presidential years, for a big celebration at Oyster Bay, with fireworks, parades, and speechmaking; and almost invariable the President took a prominent part. This time it was the occasion for a double celebration and the President on July 4 sent his congratulations to Clarence H. Mackey, President of the Pacific Cable Company:[8]

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5. Secret Service Papers, Daily Reports of U. S. Secret Service Agents 1875-1936, F. C. Tritle vol. 2 (Jan. 1 - June 30, 1877), F. B. Tyree vol. 1-2 (July 1, 1902 - Jan. 1, 1904).
Tyree to John E. Wilkie, Chief U. S. Secret Service. July 1, 1903. National Archives.
Note: These files were just opened in 1969.

6. T. R. Papers Series II, Letterbook 40, 1902.

7. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 40, p. 313.

8. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 40, p. 347.

> Congratulations and success to the Pacific Cable which the genius of your lamented father and your enterprise made possible.

When pressure mounted as in the Alaskan Boundary dispute, Roosevelt would summon key personnel to Sagamore Hill for a conference. John Hay was invited, in a letter of July 4, to come "next Tuesday night."[9] He had previously wired him, "Have much to talk over with you."

He wired Elihu Root July 8:[10] "Come down next Sunday and spend the night and Monday if you can."

In a letter to Whitelaw Reid, July 14, he wrote:[11] "Are you anywhere near the Sound this year so that you could come over, if possible bringing Mrs. Reid, and take lunch or dinner with me? There is much I should like to discuss with you. Come by land or water, and we shall be glad to see you."

This summer found Ted and George Roosevelt eagerly anticipating a trip to the Black Hills as guests of Seth Bullock. Plans were shaped up by Roosevelt in a letter to Bullock, July 7:[12]

> On August 20th Ted will reach Deadwood. His cousin George Roosevelt will be with him. George is of the same age but a bigger boy, being six feet tall. They are both of them hardy, and, as easterners go, they are fair riders and can shoot a little. If it comes to walking you need not have the least uneasiness about either of them,--they can walk twice as far as I can, and I guess they can ride twice as far, too. They will bring their own guns and clothes, but unless you say to the contrary I would rather that you would get bedding, slickers, and if necessary, saddles and bridles for them. Will this bother you too much? Of course send all the bills to me.
>
> I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in taking these boys out. It will be everything for them to have two or three weeks in the Black Hills and in the ranch country. I hope they can see a round-up, or at least a good big ranch. If they can get any shooting they will naturally be very much pleased, so will I.

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9. Ibid. Series II Letterbook 40, p. 348.

10. Ibid., p. 383.

11. Ibid., p. 443.

12. Ibid., Letterbook 40, p. 387.

In the famed Yellowstone country Roosevelt had found "Oom" John Burroughs a delightful companion. Now he was eager to visit him at his home, "Slabsides." On July 6 he wrote:[13]

> On Friday morning at eight we shall be at the West Park landing. Ted can not come as I find he has an engagement with his cousins so that Mrs. Roosevelt and I will be alone. We look forward to the lunch at Slab Sides. In order to get through Hell Gate and back here on time we shall have to leave the landing at three o'clock in the afternoon.
>
> In Kansas I got a baby badger which I brought home for the children. He is very friendly and playful. To save him from the numerous dogs of the family we have him in a large cage with a wire top and with a broad bottom and sides two feet under ground. He was perfectly delighted with the chance to dig burrows and he has made them just as elaborate as the space at his disposal would permit, and he digs them just as any other plains badger would dig them. Of course he has done it because it was his inherited instinct to do it, and by no possibility could he have been taught. Most of this talk about the old birds and animals teaching the young is the veriest nonsense imaginable. . . . I have not the slightest doubt that there is an immense amount of <u>unconscious</u> teaching by wood-folk of their off-spring. In unfrequented places I have had the deer watch me with almost as much indifference as they do now in Yellowstone Park. In frequented places, where they are hunted, young deer and mountain sheep, on the other hand, and of course young wolves, bobcats, and the like--are exceedingly wary and very shy when the sight or smell of man is concerned. Undoubtedly this is due to the fact that from their earliest moments of going about they learn to imitate the unflagging watchfulness of their parents and by the exercise of some associative or imitative quality they grow to imitate and then to share the alarm displayed by the older ones at the smell or presence of man. . . .
>
> Moreover, I have no doubt that in certain occasions, rare though they may be, there is a conscious effort at teaching. I have myself known of one setter dog which would thrash its puppy soundly if the latter carelessly or stupidly flushed a bird. I have no reason to doubt that something similar may occur in

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13. Ibid., Letterbook 40, p. 373.

> the wild state among such intelligent beasts as wolves and foxes. Indeed I have every reason to believe that with both of these animals it does occur--that is, that there is conscious as well as unconscious teaching of the young in such matters as traps. . . .

Roosevelt had just returned from an all-night camp-out with three of his children and six cousins when he wrote Edward S. Martin, July 30:[14]

> I hope Jonas is well. Tell him I have just had three of my off-spring and six cousins off on an all-night's expedition to camp out, not far from where we picnicked that day he was here. We rowed in three boats, and there was a heavy wind against us coming home next day; we had plenty of exercise. My own children and their cousins have the fond belief, which I would not for anything unsettle, that there is a peculiarly delicious flavor in the beefsteaks and sliced potatoes which I fry in bacon fat over a camp fire.

A happy occasion in the family was a birthday and when it was the Mother's it called for a special celebration. Roosevelt describes Edith's of August 6 in delightful detail in a letter to Emily, her sister:[15]

> To-day is Edith's birthday, and the children have been too cunning in celebrating it. Ethel had hemstiched a little handerchief herself and she had taken her gift and the gifts of all the other children into her room and neatly wrapped them in white paper and tied with ribbons. They were for the most part taken downstairs and put at her plate at breakfast time. Then at lunch in marched Kermit and Ethel with a cake, burning forty-two candles, and each candle with a piece of paper tied to it purporting to show what animal or the inanimate object from which the candle came. All the dogs and horses--Renown, Bleistein, Yagenka, Algonquin, Sailor Boy, Brier, Hector, etc. as well as Tom Quartz, the cat, the extraordinarily named hens--such as Baron, Speckle and Fiera--and finally even the boats and that pomegranate which Edith gave Kermit and which has always been known as Santiago, had each his or her on its tag on a special candle. Edith is very well this summer and looks so young and pretty. She rides with me a

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14. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 41.

15. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 41, p. 273.

great deal, and loves Yagenka as much as ever. We also go out rowing together, taking our lunch and a book or two with us. The children fairly worship her, as they ought to, for a more devoted mother never was known. The children themselves are as cunning and good as possible. Ted is nearly as tall as I am and as tough and wiry as you can imagine. He is a really good rider and can hold his own in walking, running, swimming, shooting, wrestling and boxing. Kermit is as cunning as ever and has developed greatly. He and his inseparable Philip started out for a night's camping in their boat the other day. A driving storm came up and they had to put back, really showing both pluck, skill and judgment. They reached home (after having been out twelve hours) at nine in the evening. Archie continues devoted to Algonquin and to Nicholas. Ted's playmates are George and Jack, Aleck Russell, who is in Princeton, and Ensign Hammer of the Sylph. They wrestle, swim, play tennis, and go off on long expeditions in the boats. Quentin has cast off the trammels of the nursery and become a most active and fearless though very good tempered little boy. Really the children do have an ideal time out here, and it is an ideal place for them. The three sets of cousins are always together. I am rather disconcerted by the fact that they persist in regarding me as a playmate. This afternoon, for instance, was rainy, and all of them from George, Ted, Laraine and Ethel down to Archibald, Nicholas and Quentin, with the addition of Alect Russell and Ensign Hammer came to get me to play with them in the old barn. They plead so hard that I fianlly gave in; but upon my word I hardly knew whether it was quite right for the President to be engaged in such wild romping as the next two hours saw. The barn is filled with hay, and of course meets every requirement for the most active species of hide-and-seek and the like. Quentin enjoyed the game as much as anyone, and would jump down from one hay level to another fifteen feet below with complete abandonment.

I took Kermit and Archie with Philip, Oliver and Nicholas out for a night's camping in the two row boats last week. They enjoyed themselves heartily, as usual, each sleeping rolled up in his blanket, and all getting up at an unearthly hour. Also, as usual, they displayed a touching and firm conviction that my cooking is unequaled. It was of a simple character, consisting of frying beef-steak first and then potatoes in bacon fat over the camp fire; but they certainly ate in a way that showed their words were not uttered in a spirit compliment.

By the way Edith has suddenly become very much interested in this camping out, and the first clear night intends to go out with me and spend the night at some good point on the sound, where we can get the full benefit of the moonrise and of the sunrise.

We are looking forward to seeing you next winter.

On Edith's birthday Roosevelt wrote Sir Thomas Lipton, Care New York Yacht Club, New York, N. Y., inviting him to be his guest on August 17 in a review of the Squadron in the Sound:[16] "It would give me much pleasure to have you on the Mayflower with me when I review the Squadron in Long Island Sound on the morning of the 17th. I have asked Oliver Leslin and Woodbury Kane to come also. Will you not bring Mr. Fife with you? And if there is any other person whom you would like to bring along, by all means do so. The review begins at nine in the morning. Can you join me on the Mayflower in Oyster Bay Harbor at half past eight.?"

That summer Edith was sporting a new pink sunbonnet for work in the garden among the flowers she loved. Roosevelt comments on this and other matters of family interest in a letter to Emily August 16:[17]

I wish you could see Edith in her pink sunbonnet. It is very useful for her work in the garden, and it is also very becoming. She lends Yagenka to Kermit and Ethel so often that she has taken to riding Wyoming. I should think she would like him, and perhaps she does; but she protests very much about his gait, which is single-foot; and I am going to make Ethel and Kermit ride him and surrender Yagenka to her own exclusive use.

Archie and Nick continue inseparable. I wish you could have seen them the other day, after one of the picnics, walking solemnly up, jointly carrying a basket, and each with a captured turtle in his disengaged hand. Archie is a most warm hearted, loving, cunning little goose. Quentin, a merry soul, has now become entirely one of the children, and joins heartily in all their plays, including the romps in the old barn. When Ethel had her birthday, the one entertainment for which she stipulated was that I should take part in and supervise a romp in the old barn, to which all the Roosevelt children, Ensign Hammer of the Sylph . . . Bob Ferguson and Aleck Russell . . . were to come. Of course I had not the

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16. Ibid., Series II Letterbook 41, p. 245.

17. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 41, p. 364.

heart to refuse, but really it seems, to put it mildly rather odd for a stout, elderly President to be bouncing over hayricks in a wild effort to get to goal before an active miget of a competitor, aged nine years. However, it was really great fun.

One of our recent picnics was an innovation, due to Edith. We went in carriages and on horseback to Jane's Hill, some eight miles distant. The view was lovely, and there was a delightful old farmhouse half a mile away where we left our horses. Speck von Sternburg, of Germany, rode with Edith and I, looking more like Hans Christian Anderson's little tin soldier than ever. His papers as Ambassador had finally come, and so he had turned up at Oyster Bay, together with the Acting Secretary of State, to present them. He appeared in what was really a very striking costume, that of a hussar. As soon as the ceremony was over, I told him to put on civilized raiment, which he did, and he spent a couple of days with me. We chopped, shot, and rode together, He was delighted with Wyoming; and, as always, was extremely nice with the children.

The other day all the children gave an amusing amateur theatrical, gotten up by Loraine and Ted. The acting was upon Laura Roosevelt's tennis court. I suppose Edith has written you about the costumes. All the children were most cunning, especially Quentin as Cupid, in the scantiest of pink muslin tights and bodice. Ted and Loraine, who were respectively George Washington and Cleopatra, really carried off the play. At the end all the cast joined hands in a song and dance, the final verse being devoted especially to me. I love all these children and have great fun with them; and I am touched by the way in which they feel that I am their special friend, champion and companion.

To-day all, young and old, from the three houses went with us to service on the great battleship Kersarge--for the fleet is here to be inspected by me to-morrow. It was an impressive sight, one which I think the children will not soon forget. Most of the boys afterwards went to lunch with the wretched Secretary Moody on the Dolphin. Ted had the younger ones very much on his mind, and when he got back said they had been altogether too much like a March hare tea party, as Archie, Nicholas and Oliver were not alive to the dignity of the occasion.

In a letter to Lodge the same day Roosevelt wrote:[18] "Edith is riding Wyoming. She shares your view about the single-foot gait, and says that when she is on him she feels as if she were 'an Abbot on--an ambling pad! To-morrow I review the twenty ships of the squadron, which are now anchored in two lines in the Sound. It is an impressive sight."

Summer was drawing to a close when a bizarre incident occurred that threw a scare into the family. Roosevelt describes the incident in a letter to John Hay, September 4:[19]

> There was nothing whatever in that crazy man incident. He was a poor demented creature with a revolver, who was wholly undecided whether to see me as a friend or to protest against my having done him some unknown wrong. He came in a buggy, so there was no danger of his getting past the secret service man, who simply arrested him and took him to the village. By noon the next day our entire family had forgotten even that he had come, and would not have recalled it had it not been for the papers.

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18. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook 41.

19. Ibid., Series II, Letterbook.

Summer 1904

Summer 1904

Concern was felt in the latter part of March 1904 that things might well not be the same at Sagamore Hill that summer for three of the horses were sick. In a letter to Stewart Edward White, March 25, inviting him to visit them at the White House, Roosevelt explained:[1] "Unfortunately neither you nor I will be on my good horses for they have had the influenz and I have had to send all three of them to the country; and of course you understand that it is really a very mild kind of decorous ride around Washington anyhow. On Wednesday afternoon we will either walk or ride or exercise with the Japanese wrestlers, just as you wish. I am only sorry we cannot shoot. On Thursday, stay to lunch if you can, but I shall not press you, as in the morning I am always engaged in my work."

Though he does not specifically say so, the supposition is that he sent the horses to Sagamore Hill where they would be under the supervision of Noah Seaman and other members of his estate staff.

On May 28 Roosevelt wrote Kermit at Groton telling him of the death and funeral of Peter Rabbit, of Archie's singing and of the children's delight at going to Sagamore Hill the next week:[2] "Yesterday poor Peter Rabbit died and his funeral was held with proper state. Archie, in his overalls, dragged the wagon with the little black coffin in which poor Peter Rabbit lay. Mother walked behind as chief mourner, she and Archie solemnly exchanging tributes to the worth and good qualities of the departed. Then he was buried, with a fuchsia over the little grave."

"You remember," he continued, "Kenneth Grahame's account of how Harold went to the circus and sang the great spheral song of the circus? Well, yesterday Mother leaned out the window and heard Archie, swinging under a magnolia tree, singing away to himself, "I'm going to Sagamore, to Sagamore, to Sagamore, to Sagamore, I'm going to Sagamore, oh, to Sagamore!" It was his spheral song of joy and thanksgiving.

The children's delight at going to Sagamore next week has completely swallowed up all regret at leaving Mother and me."

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1. Ibid., Series II, 1904, Letterbook 46.

2. Ibid., pp. 96-97.

With the Republican nomination tucked securely under his belt, Roosevelt, now back at Oyster Bay for the summer, looked expectantly forward to July 27 when notification would be formally made to him at Sagamore Hill. On July 14 he wrote Grant LaFarge inviting him to "come out" for the occasion:[3] "Can you come out and spend a night with me? You could come out Tuesday evening, the 26th, and stay next day and see me notified of my nomination, and hear my short speech. In this speech I hope briefly to outline the reasons why I think I and those associated with me are entitled to the nation's confidence."

July 30 found Roosevelt writing to Bye, confiding in her something of the strain he was under, something of the pride he felt in his record of the last seven years, and, above all, his gratitude for having "the happiest home life of any man":[4]

> I certainly do not know anyone quite like Edith. She spent part of the last hour before we left Oyster Bay in reading Shakespeare's King John aloud with Ethel and Ted, each taking one or more parts--both of the children being delighted when it fell to Mother to speak as the executioner. . . .
>
> The next three months will be wearing times. I have no idea what the outcome will be, and I know that, as I shall hear little but what is favorable, it will be impossible for me to tell. However, come what may, I have achieved certain substantial results--have made an honorable name to leave the children, and will have completed by March 4th next pretty nearly seven years of work, dating from the time I became colonel of my regiment, which has been of absorbing interest and of real importance. So if defeated, I shall feel disappointed, I shall also feel that I have had far more happiness and success than fall to any but a very few men; and this aside from the infinitely more important fact that I have had the happiest home life of any man whom I have ever known.

As campaign headquarters, Sagamore Hill saw much coming and going as party bigwigs met to map out the strategy. Nothing quite sparked the campaign as did the cartoon of Homer Davenport published in the Evening Mail (New York) November 5, 1904. The cartoon had its inception at Sagamore Hill in a July visit of Davenport. Formerly a Democrat, he had drawn many anti-Roosevelt cartoons and consequently was

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3. T. R. Papers Series II, June 15 - Aug. 11, 1904, Vol. 48.

4. Ibid., Series II, Vol. 48.

received with some skepticism by the President. However, when he assured the President he was for him, he was welcomed warmly and was personally escorted around the place. They chopped down a dead chestnut, took a swim, ran a race, boxed a few rounds, walked five miles and dressed for dinner. Davenport was much impressed by Roosevelt's sincerity, boundless energy, and devoted patriotism. At the station with Loeb, he was still trying to formulate his cartoon when the latter happened to mention that the President with his strength had "a full set of enemies." "Enemies? Of course," said Davenport, "But as far as I am concerned he is good enough for me." Then in a flash of inspiration he said, "That's it!" "He's good enough for me." The cartoon shows Uncle Sam standing behind Roosevelt with his hand resting approvingly on the latter's shoulder with the capthio: "After all is said and done, he's still 'Good enough for me.'" An immediate hit, the cartoon was widely circulated in newspapers and billboards, all over the country.[5]

By the third week in September it was time to again "put up the house" and return to Washington. About a month later, October 26, Roosevelt wrote Kermit "about nothing but politics," an assessment of the election campaign. "As you know, while at Oyster Bay," he wrote, "I was really freer and able to enjoy myself more than in previous summers. In a sense, however, this freedom from work has meant more worry, because I have felt as if I was lying still under shell fire, just as on the afternoon of the first of July at Santiago."[6]

"On the whole," he wrote, "this has been an easy campaign for me, because my real campaign work has been done during the three years that I have been President; in other words, I am content to stand or fall on the record I have made in these three years, and the bulk of the voters will oppose or support me on that record and will be only secondarily influenced by what is done during the campaign proper. There remains, however, a sufficient mass of voters to decide the campaign overwhelmingly one way or the other, who have to be aroused from apathy and forced to vote or converted or kept from going over to the enemy, and it is to influence these voters that the active management of the campaign has been directed."

He had "continually" wished to take the stump himself and had "fretted" at his inability to "hit back." He would be "heartily glad" when the next two weeks were over and the issue was decided one way or the other. He had sent Kermit $5.00 "to celebrate after election if we win, or console yourself if we lose."

To his credit he felt he had a "big sum of substantive achievement": "the Panama Canal, the creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor

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5. Hermana Hagedorn, The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill, pp. 205-07

6. Morison, The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, IV, 992-95.

with the Bureau of Corporations, the settlement of the Alaska boundary, the settlement of the Venezuela trouble through the Hague Commission, the success of my policy in Cuba, the success of my policy in the Philippines, the Anthracite Coal Strike, the success of such suits as that against the Northern Securities Company which gave a quaranty in the country that rich man and poor man alike were held equal before the law, and my action in the so-called Miller case which gave to trades-unions a lesson that had been taught corporations--that I favored them while they did right and was not in the least afraid of them when they did wrong."

He then evaluated the situation: "We need 239 votes in the electorial college to give me a majority. Of these I think we are practically sure to have 200 from the following states: California 10, Illinois 27, Iowa 13, Kansas 10, Maine 6, Massachusetts 16, Michigan 14, Minnesota 11, Nebraska 8, New Hampshire 4, North Dokata 4, Ohio 23, Oregon 4, Pennsylvania 34, South Dakota 4, Vermont 4, Washington 5, Wyoming 3. Then in addition it looks now as though we should probably carry the states of Wisconsin 13, Utah 3, Connecticut 7, New Jersey 12, Idaho 3, which number a majority, and we now come into the region of entire doubt. I should put the following states as doubtful: New York 39, Rhode Island 4, Delaware 3, Indiana 15, West Virginia 7, Colorado 5, Montana 3, Nevada 3, 79 votes. If we get all those I have enumerated as sure and as probably our way and also any one of these doubtful states we win. Then in addition, there is a very small chance of carrying Nevada or Maryland, and an even smaller chance of carrying Missouri; but in all probability these three states will vote in company with the eleven ex-Confederate states, which are solidly Democratic because there is in reality no popular election in them and their Democratic majorities represent a mixture of force and fraud."

Just how accurate this evaluation was Roosevelt had no way of knowing until November--then he was "stunned" by the magnitude of his "overwhelming victory." Kermit was the only member of the family not present to share in the joys of the victory election night, but Roosevelt filled him in with a letter of November 10:[7]

> I am stunned by the overwhelming victory we have won. I had no conception that such a thing was possible. I thought it probable we should win, but was quite prepared to be defeated, and of course had not the slightest idea that there was such a tidal wave. If you will look back at my letter you will see that we carried not only all the states I put down as probably republican, but all those that I put down as doubtful and all but one of those that I put down as probably democratic. The only states

7. Ibid., Vol IV, pp. 1024-1025.

that went against me were those in which fraud and violence have rendered the voting a farce. I have the greatest popular majority and the greatest electorial majority ever given to a candidate for President.

On the evening of the election I got back from Oyster Bay, where I had voted, soon after half past six. At that time I knew nothing of the returns and did not expect to find out anything definite for two or three hours; and had been endeavoring not to think of the result, but to school myself to accept as a man ought to, whichever way it went. But as soon as I got in the White House Ted met me with news that Buffalo and Rochester had sent in their returns already and that they showed enormous gains for me. Within the next twenty minutes enough returns were received from precincts and districts in Chicago, Connecticut, New York and Massachusetts to make it evident that there was a tremendous drift my way, and by the time we sat down to dinner at half past seven my election was assured. Mrs. Cortelyou was with us at dinner, just as interested and excited as we were. Right after dinner members of the Cabinet and friends began to come in, and we had a celebration that would have been perfect if only you had been present. Archie, fairly plastered with badges, was acting as messenger between the telegraph operators and me, and bringing me continually telegram after telegram which I read aloud. I longed for you very much, as all of us did, for of course this was the day of greatest triumph I ever had had or ever could have, and I was very proud and happy. But I tell you, Kermit, it was a great comfort to feel, all during the last days when affairs looked doubtful, that no matter how things came out the really important thing was the lovely life I have with mother and with you children, and that compared to this home life everything else was of very small importance from the standpoint of happiness.

Summer 1905

Summer 1905

Sagamore Hill came full blown in the summer of 1905, reaching a new high in national and international prestiege. On the national front it was the home of America's most popular family and the Summer White House of a man who had just recently been elected by the greatest majority ever before received by a Presidential candidate. On the international front it drew the spotlight of world attention as its host separately entertained the peace envoys under its hospitable roof and so conducted the negotiations as to pave the way for a peaceful settlement of the Russo-Japanese War. Basking in the light of this world esteem, Roosevelt realized that summer a fond dream--a new addition to his beloved Sagamore Hill known as the North Room. He was immeasurably proud of its original design of its spacious sweep, of its vaulted ceilings and paneled walls and of the inviting warmth of its great fireplaces.

The architect was his close friend, Grant La Farge, who had drawn up the plans during the winter and had engaged the firm of Heins & La Farge to do the work.[1] The contract was submitted to the President for signature February 20, 1905, and on March 20, the New York Times announced groundbreaking ceremonies at the President's home for an addition of "42 x 38 feet at the base."[2] Work progressed so well that by June 30 Roosevelt wrote La Farge to tell him: "you cannot imagine how delighted I am with the new room and how glad I am that I should owe to you this, which is the most attractive feature of my house by all odds. Really I like it better than any room in the White House, which as you know is my standard of splendor!"

In a letter of July 13 to Grant La Farge he bubbles with delight in his description of it.[3] He considered it one of the handsomest rooms he had ever seen. "Moreover," he writes, "what delights my American soul, it is not an imitation of any thing." He didn't see how anything could be "more original" and yet "more beautiful and appropriate." "Having such a room in the house," he continued, "makes a real addition to my pleasure and will be a joy to me as long as I live."

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1. Ibid., Series I, Box 87, Feb. 1905.

2. Ibid., Series II, June 12-July 24, 1905, Letterbook 56.

3. Ibid.

Even before construction had begun on the new addition, word had come from Noah Seaman, in a letter of February 9, that all was not well at Sagamore Hill--that a dreaded disease, the San Jose scale, had infected the orchard and threatened to kill many of the trees both there and in the surrounding area. It was an imported insect of the bark louse family that reproduced very rapidly and depended chiefly upon the wind and birds to spread it to other trees. Its name was derived from the San Jose Valley of California where it first wrought its havoc about 1880. Not until 1893 had any evidence of it been found east of the Rocky Mountains, but that year a number of young trees died in an orchard in Charlottesville, Virginia.[4] Investigation revealed that they had become infected from some plum trees planted nearby that had been purchased in California. The female insect was wingless and slow in its natural spread while the male insects were winged and so small as to be seldom detected by the natural eye. The oaks, hard maples, chestnuts and evergreens were practically immune to them but the fruit trees were quite susceptible.

The scale was found to be vulnerable to attacks of several fungi, parasitic flies and lady beetles but these were of limited quantity. The most successful method was spraying. The community was aroused and a committee was appointed to draft a plan of attack. They quickly came up with a seven-point program entitled "Plan of Co-operative Campaign Against San Jose Scale in Oyster Bay and Vicinity." Work of spraying was to begin immediately under the supervision of State inspectors from the Agriculture Department and continue into March and April. The President immediately forwarded $50.00 "as a contribution to the cause."

An inspection of the Sagamore Hill trees was made February 18 by a representative of the State Department of Agriculture in company with Mr. Charles F. Swan, chairman of the Oyster Bay Scale committee.[5] It revealed that the scale was "threatening to choke out the life of many of the President's best fruit trees." Emlen Roosevelt's trees were also affected so were those of Thomas S. Young.

Easily one of the best articles on Sagamore Hill and "the home life at Oyster Bay" was that that appeared in the new magazine, The Country Calendar, by Henry Beach Needham. Plans for it were made in mid-June in a conference of Albert Shaw with the President.[6] A photographer would be sent down to photograph him and members of the family at work and play--including photographs of him in his rowboat

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4. Ibid., Series I, Feb. 1905, Box

5. New York Sun February 19, 1905.

6. Ibid., Series I, June 21-July 7, 1905, Box 92.

and Mrs. Roosevelt on horseback. Writing Loeb on June 28, Shaw requested that a time be set that would be convenient with him for the work to be done. This was followed by a letter to the President reminding him of his promise and requesting his cooperation in securing "some excellent pictures for the article upon his home life at Oyster Bay."

So busy was the President that summer that when he really had a quiet day it made the headlines of the New York Times Saturday July 1, 1905:

PRESIDENT'S QUIET DAY
AT OYSTER BAY HOME

Went Rowing for an Hour with
Mrs. Roosevelt
Judge Calhoun A Caller
President Will Not Attempt to Influence Russian and Japanese
Peace Envoys

Special to the New York Times

Oyster Bay, June 30. President Roosevelt spent a quiet day at Sagamore Hill. In the forenoon he received Secretary Loeb, and spent several hours going over with him a mass of correspondence which had accumulated during his New England trip.

After luncheon the President went rowing with Mrs. Roosevelt. The start was made from the pier of the J. West Roosevelt estate at the foot of Sagamore Hill. The President manned the oars, and he and Mrs. Roosevelt spent more than an hour on the sparkling waters of the bay.

The article goes on to explain that the caller was ex-judge William J. Calhoun of Danville, Illinois, who spent about an hour with the President discussing the Cuban situation and the work of his special mission there. Though some had thought that Oyster Bay would be the scene of the "momentous conference," the President had made it plain that he had no intention whatever of influencing the peace envoys in their selection of a meeting place.[7]

With negotiations at a standstill, Roosevelt decided to try the personal approach first with Japan. In response to an invitation, Baron Kaneko visited Sagamore Hill on July 7 and spent the day and

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7. The New York Times Sunday, July 2, 1905.

night in earnest discussions with the President.[8] At this time the Baron made it clear that Japan expected an indemnity. The Sunday, July 9 issue of The New York Times carried a rather lengthy article under the heading:[9] "KANEKO'S MYSTERIOUS VISIT TO OYSTER BAY." However the reporter could get little or nothing out of the Baron as to what had been discussed. He did admit that he and the President had known each other for fifteen years.

The visit undoubtedly paved the way for the extension of an invitation to Japanese envoy Takahira to lunch at Sagamore Hill at "one p.m. Friday the fourteenth."

Diplomatic precedents were broken July 13 when the new Russian Ambassador, Baron Rosen, presented his credentials to the President--at Sagamore Hill.[10] Hitherto all emissaries from foreign countries had presented their credentials to the Chief Executive at the White House. The Baron, an experienced diplomat, was escorted to Sagamore Hill by Third Assistant Secretary of State Pierce. Usually upon presentation the Ambassador delivers a customary speech of greeting to which the President makes a formal response. Such was not so in this case. One reason given was that Rosen was in a "delicate" position because of his double role of Ambassador and peace envoy.

The Times reporter covered the visit:

> The official visit of Ambassador Rosen to Sagamore Hill was marked by absence of formality from the very start. The naval yacht Sylph, which had been held here to await the President's pleasure since his arrival at Sagamore Hill, went down to New York in the morning to bring Ambassador Rosen and Mr. Pierce. It was 10:25 a.m. when the Sylph bearing the distinguished visitor rounded Centre Island Point, and came to anchor off the J. West Roosevelt landing.
>
> While on her way to the anchorage a launch with a number of newspaper correspondents on board drew alongside the Sylph. Ambassador Rosen, who was on deck, waved his white cap to the newspaper men in the most genial fashion, but declined to make any statement.
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> There was some delay before Baron Rosen and Mr. Pierce boarded the electric launch which in the

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8. The New York Times Sunday July 9, 1905.

9. T. R. Papers July 8 - 23, 1905, Box 93.

10. The New York Times Friday July 14, 1905.

meantime had been lowered from the Sylph. They were tossed about roughly on the turbulent waters as the launch sped to the landing, and the Ambassador's frock coat was drenched with spray as he stepped ashore. There was no one on the pier to welcome the visitors, save Archie Roosevelt, who was playing about the landing, and the visitors unescorted climbed the hill to a waiting carriage in which they were conveyed to the President's summer home.

President Roosevelt received them on the porch at Sagamore Hill and escorted the visitors into the spacious library, where Mr. Pierce presented the Russian Ambassador to President Roosevelt.

'I'm very glad to see you and give you welcome, Baron Rosen,' said President Roosevelt.

Ambassador Rosen then placed in the hands of the President the letter of recall of his predecessor Count Cassini, and his own credentials. He was then introduced to Mrs. Roosevelt and to Gov. Winthrop of Porto Rico, who was a visitor at Sagamore Hill.

Baron Rosen and Mr. Pierce took luncheon with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Then they again boarded the Sylph, which got underway for New York at 2:30 o'clock; Baron Rosen is staying at the St. Regis.

Jacob Riis arrived at Oyster Bay on an evening train and is a guest at Sagamore Hill tonight.

On Saturday, July 15, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt went to Locust Valley to attend the wedding of Robert M. Ferguson, former Lieutenant of the Rough Riders, to Miss Isabelle Selmes, daughter of Mrs. Tilden R. Selmes. Accompanied by one of his nephews and Theodore, Jr., the President rode the seven miles on horseback while Mrs. Roosevelt followed in a carriage. The President wore his riding clothes and a broad-brimmed Panama hat. The ceremony was performed at Pond Farm, the estate of F. W. M. Cutcheon. Dr. Hector Gordon Monroe of Farmington, Connecticut, officiated. Ferguson was not only a frequent visitor at Sagamore Hill but accompanied the President on many of his hunting trips.[11]

Determined to try again, Roosevelt wrote Baron Rosen July 18 on the summer's hottest day, 95°:[12]

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11. The New York Times Sunday July 16, 1905.

12. Ibid., Series II, 1905, Letterbook 56.

I should like to see you again and I should like to see Mr. Witte informally before the meeting. I will arrange it by asking Mr. Takahira to bring out Mr. Komura too on some other day. Do you care to see me before Mr. Witte comes, or shall I wait and get you to bring him out informally before the regular presentation?

In an effort to beat the heat on the summer's hottest day, July 18, the President decided on a camping trip that night. The New York Times on Wednesday, July 19, covered the outing:

ROOSEVELT OFF CAMPING
WITH TEN YOUNGSTERS

Flotilla of Four Bound for the
Cape of Happy Chance
Hunting Tales in Sight
But Oyster Bay Last Night Gazed in
Vain for the Gleam of the
Campfire

Special to the New York Times

OYSTER BAY July 18. The whereabouts of the President of the United States to-night is more uncertain than at any time since his bear hunting expeditions in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains this Spring.

It is likely, however, that while this dispatch is being written Mr. Roosevelt is sitting by a blazing campfire somewhere on the shores of Long Island Sound telling hair-raising stories of the hunt and the Western plains to ten listening youths, who make up his party.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon a little flotilla of four rowboats set out from the J. West Roosevelt pier and struck out for the outlet of the Sound. A fresh breeze was blowing and the surface of the Sound was a-dance with rippling waves. In a moment everybody was aware that the President was off for the camping-out expedition which has been a regular yearly feature of his stay at Sagamore Hill. To add a tinge of adventure to the expedition no set plans had been made in advance, and it was understood that the selection of a camping place was to be left largely to chance.

The President was Admiral in Chief of the little flotilla, and with his boat a couple hundred feet in the lead determined the course the others were to follow. With him were his young son, Archie, and two sons of the Landon family, which resides on an estate near Sagamore Hill.

Theodore, Jr. had charge of the second boat. With him was his younger brother, Kermit. The third boat was manned by Philip, Jack and George Roosevelt, sons of Emlen Roosevelt, the President's cousin. In the fourth boat were two sons of J. West Roosevelt.

The boats were loaded down to their gun wales with tents and other camping utensils. There was a large supply of meat and other edibles to be cooked over the camp fires.

The President entered with great vim into all the preparations for the quaint adventure. He personally superintended the loading of supplies, and looked to every detail of the fitting out of the little fleet with as much zest and earnestness as if he had been preparing for an important naval expedition. Although the dominating idea of these excursions is merely to give the President's children the healthy outdoor life the President enjoyed for so many years in the West, and to have everybody in the party get an object lesson in "roughing it," the President wants nothing left undone that could be done to provide for the safety of the expedition.

To-night scores in Oyster Bay are down on the water front gazing seward for the gleam of the President's campfire. There is nothing so far to tell where the camp has been established. He has generally camped somewhere in the vicinity of Lloyd's Point on the Sound.

The first test to confront the party will be the preparation of supper from the stock of provisions taken along. Then over the campfire the President spends a couple of hours telling the youngsters reminiscences of his hunting trips, while the younger members of the party undoubtedly will be looking with anxious eyes to the bushes for bears and other wild beasts conjured up by the story. Then everybody rolls himself in a blanket and goes to sleep while the glowing embers of the fire die.

The President and his party will eat an al fresco breakfast on the camping ground. At 10 o'clock camp will be broken and the President will return to Sagamore Hill and his official duties.

Relaxed from his campout, Roosevelt came back to greet General Horace Porter, who had just recently returned to this country after having relinquished his post as United States Ambassador to France. He had lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and discussed plans for the reception and final disposition of the remains of John Paul Jones at Annapolis, Md.[13]

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13. The New York Times, Thursday July 20, 1905.

While the President had been off on his camping party, Mrs. Roosevelt "entertained a party of relatives and friends on board the government yacht Sylph. The yacht took a moonlight sail down Long Island Sound."[14]

In reply to the President's invitation for a visit, Dr. Lambert wrote July 19:[15] "It really looks now as if I would get off on Friday and spend Saturday and Sunday with you. I will come prepared to play tennis, ride horseback, shoot, or row or most any other thing you may wish. I will be out on the 4:30 train Friday." This was the sort of guest Roosevelt really enjoyed.

Other invited guests were coming for the weekend. Morton of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States wrote an acceptance note July 19:[16] "Your note of the 15th is at hand. I will be very glad to come down and spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday with you."

Following his delightful visit to Sagamore Hill the Friday before, Henry Beach Needham wrote a warm letter of appreciation for the wonderful cooperation he had received from the President for his article on homelife at Sagamore. The undated letter marked "Sunday" [19th?] reads:[17]

> Since the delightful day at Sagamore Hill on Friday--my red-letter day--I have thought of little except your remarkable amiability and your kind consideration. How any man could submit to so much that must have been trying, particularly after a day of very important conferences is beyond my ken. One might expect it from a candidate for office, but from a President who is about to "inherit the earth"--certainly it was asking too much. And yet here am I, like 'Oliver' asking for more. Really Mr. President, if you succeed in showing just a shade of annoyance I shall not be surprised; in fact, shall consider you more human.
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> As you doubtless understand, I am, at Dr. Shaw's request to write the text which will accompany the pictures taken by Mr. Beckley for "The Country Calendar." While I am greatly pleased to have this assignment, my main interest is in the bigger "story" for which I have

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14. Ibid., July 21, 1905.

15. Ibid.

16. Ibid.

17. Ibid.

been gathering material from your friends, and which will appear in McClure's Magazine. This, I can truthfully say, occupies most of my thoughts, and this, after I talk with John Burroughs at West Park, will, in the writing, consume my time at our country place at Newport for six weeks to come. I know that, if I do justice to the subject I shall write something which will be an inspiration and help to the youth of America.

Of course I must have pictures, and it is with some hesitancy that I beg to tell you of four I hunger for. First, I want one of the President as a Boy,--a vacation picture, taken when you were a frolicsome youngster, if it can be had; second, the President at College,--one of an out-door or sporting character, if possible; third, the President as a Ranchman; and fourth, the President at his Favorite Game--Tennis. I am keen on the game myself and I want to bring out particularly the fact that you enjoy it. I intended to ask you for it Friday, but after Hewitt had got you over the fence into the hay field, and then held you up at the Stable, I lacked the nerve.

If you were willing, this picture could be taken with the least possible annoyance to you, by Hewitt or any other photographer you prefer.

Other than the tennis picture, I have asked for nothing which will cause you the annoyance of again facing the camera. Yet I am asking a great deal. If you consent, you have but to inform me where I can obtain the pictures. But on the other hand, if you sit on me hard, I shall say to myself, "Serves you right." In either event, Mr. President, I beg to assure you of my unbounded respect and admiration and to thank you for your most considerate treatment.

I have had another bully talk with Dr. Lambert. He is the very salt.

The pictures for this article proved excellent. They were taken by O. P. Beckley of J. Horace McFarland Co. Mt. Pleasant Press, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. On July 20 the rough proofs of the negatives were sent out to Sagamore Hill for selection and approval.[18] These photographs are highly valuable for the detail information they provide at a moment of peak interest in Sagamore Hill life.

The visit of Baron Komura to Sagamore Hill for important discussions of the Japanese position was set for July 27. However Minister Takahira,

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18. Ibid., Series I, Box 93.

who was the other peace envoy accompanying Komura, paid "a flying visit" to Sagamore Hill the day before, where he conferred with the President for an hour before returning to New York.

The New York Times on Thursday, July 27, 1905, gave the projected visit good coverage and emphasized its importance as "fully acquainting" the President, prior to the beginning of the peace negotiations, "with the terms on which the Japanese Government is willing to end the war:"

KOMURA TO VISIT
THE PRESIDENT TO-DAY
Will it is Said, Tell Him the
Japanese Peace Terms
An IRREDUCIBLE MINIMUM
Washington Hears That It will Be
Submitted to the Russians when
the Conference Begins

Special to the New York Times

OYSTER BAY, July 26--President Roosevelt to-morrow will receive at Sagamore Hill Baron Komura, who will be accompanied by Minister Takahira, the other plenipotentiary of Japan in the peace negotiations. They will take luncheon with President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and will return to New York on an early evening train.

Minister Takahira came from New York on the 12:20 train to-day and made a flying visit to Sagamore Hill. For an hour he remained in conference with President Roosevelt. Two hours after his arrival at Oyster Bay he was again on his way back to New York.

Following the visit of the Japanese Minister, at which the meeting between the President and Baron Komura was arranged, it was learned on good authority that to-morrow's visit, far from being a mere social courtesy, will be most important in its bearing on the negotiations for peace. There is good ground for the belief that Baron Komura has been intrusted by his Government with the mission of fully acquainting President Roosevelt, prior to the beginning of the peace negotiations, not only with the terms on which the Japanese Government is willing to end the war, but also with an outline of the programme Japan proposes to carry out in the Far East after peace has been concluded.

It is learned that Baron Rosen is expected at Sagamore Hill before many days. It is also reported

that the representative of a third foreign Government is coming to see the President, and that his visit will have a bearing on the peace negotiations. Who this diplomat is could not be learned here to-night.

Preparations for the formal reception of the peace envoys by President Roosevelt are in progress. The date for the reception has not as yet been determined upon, nor will it be fixed, it is believed, until after the arrival in this country of M. Witte.

An important change in the arrangements for the reception was announced here to-day. President Roosevelt, instead of receiving the envoys at Sagamore Hill, as at first intended, will meet them on board the naval yacht Mayflower, where M. Witte and Baron Komura with their respective suites, will be formally presented to each other.

The Mayflower, which is one of the most luxuriously fitted vessels in the United States Navy, will furnish a suitable setting for the historic ceremony. The President will meet the envoys, who will come to Oyster Bay on two cruisers, on the quarterdeck of the Mayflower.

The formal introduction of the peace envoys will take place in the cabin of Commander Cameron MacRae Winslow, and will be followed by a luncheon, after which the envoys will go direct to Portsmouth on board the Mayflower and the dispatch boat Dolphin. The vessels will be escorted by two cruisers on which the envoys will be taken to Oyster Bay.

Eager to meet the opposing envoys separately at Sagamore Hill before their formal meeting on the Mayflower, Roosevelt invited Baron Rosen to come four days after the visit of Baron Komura on July 27. To the President's invitation Rosen on July 23 wired:[19] "Will come down Monday July 31st by 11:02 A.M. from Long Island City."

On July 25 the President set out on another overnight camping trip accompanied by Theodore, Jr., Kermit, Archie, and a number of the cousins. They left Sagamore Hill just before dusk, launched their boats at the bathing beach and rowed out to some secluded spot a few miles off. After a delightful outing sparked by one of Roosevelt's breakfast specials, they returned to Sagamore Hill.[20]

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19. T. R. Papers Series I, July 8-23, 1905, Box 93.

20. The New York Times, Thursday July 27, 1905.

The New York Times on Friday, July 28, 1905, carried an account of the visit of Komura to Sagamore Hill the day before:

KOMURA AND PRESIDENT
HAVE LONG CONFERENCE
The Japanese Envoys Pay a Visit
to Sagamore Hill
An Amistice Discussed?
Dinner to the Plenipotentiaries Given
by Kaneko Last Night--Witte
Sails for New York

Special to the New York Times

OYSTER BAY, July 27. Baron Komura and Minister Takahira were received by President Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill to-day.

While the visit is looked upon as being of the utmost importance in Connection with the peace negotiations, the coming and going of the two envoys was almost unostentatious. Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira arrived here a little after noon. At the station the President's carriage was in waiting. Minister Takahira, who has been here often enough in the last fortnight to know his way about pretty well, conducted his colleague to the carriage.

Goelet Gallatin of New York who is a friend of President Roosevelt and came down on the same train, took a seat beside the President's colored coachman Julius, when the two envoys occupied the rear seat of the carriage. They were driven to the President's house at a brisk pace. The envoys seemed oblivious to the beautiful scenes on the way to Sagamore Hill. All the way they were discussing some engrossing topic, with their heads close together.

At Sagamore Hill the President was out on the porch to receive the envoys. He greeted them cordially. Baron Komura and Mrs. Roosevelt met frequently some years ago, when the Baron represented his Government at Washington. Baron Komura was introduced to Mrs. Roosevelt, and the whole party, including Mr. Gallatin, then went to luncheon. Afterwards the two peace envoys and Mr. Roosevelt spent more than an hour in conference in the library.

While Secretary Barnes, after conferring with the President, announced that no statement on the conference would be made for publication at this time, it is not denied that matters of the gravest import came up for discussion.

> Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira left Sagamore Hill in time to take the 4:20 P.M. train for New York. Baron Komura made a bee line for the special parlor car. Mr. Takahira remained on the platform long enough to have a few questions fired at him by the correspondents waiting at the station.
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> The Minister, speaking for both Baron Komura and himself, said they had had a delightful and satisfactory visit and talk with the President. Baron Komura had desired to pay his respects to President Roosevelt, and, on behalf of the Emperor, to thank him for his efforts to bring about peace in the Far East. This mission had been accomplished. Minister Takahira added that it might be inferred that the pending peace negotiations had been discussed.

The Tuesday, August 1 issue of the New York Times announced: "M. WITTE TO SEE PRESIDENT. He will call at Sagamore Hill Before the Formal Reception." The article goes on to explain that the visit of Baron Rosen on July 31 was made chiefly to arrange for the visit of M. Witte for the next Friday. Rosen was described as wearing a gray frock coat, gray trousers, and a straw hat. He graciously consented to pose for a photograph before leaving for New York.

In a confidential dispatch to Whitelaw Reid, August 3, Roosevelt wrote explaining his position:[21]

> In all matters where I am asked to interfere between two foreign nations all I can do is this. If there is a chance to prevent trouble by preventing simple misunderstanding, or by myself taking the first step or making some suggestion about it when it has become a matter of puctilio with the two parties in interest that neither of them should take the first step, then I am entirely willing and glad to see if I can be of any value in preventing the misunderstanding from becoming acute to the larger point. If, however, there is a genuine conflict of interest which has made each party resolute to carry its point even at the cost of war, there is no use of my interfering, and I do not try and never shall try in such case unless I am myself willing in the last resort to back up my action by force. I have a horrar of the individual who bluffs and, when his bluff is called, does not fight, and have always

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21. T. R. Papers Series II, Letterbook.

acted upon the cardinal principle of the Western man in the good old days. . . never draw your revolver unless you are prepared to shoot.

Right in the midst of the whirl of diplomatic activities John E. Roosevelt invited the President to accompany him on an automobile trip. Roosevelt declined the invitation with this explanation:[22]

> I greatly wish I could come, but I have to leave Thursday and Friday next week and with these peace negotiations on it means I have got to be here in order to do my work on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The automobile proposal tempts me and I would close if it were not for this fact which forbids it. I cannot afford to take chances. I have been on but two automobile rides since I was President. On one of those I was warned, and the fact that I was warned (or rather my chauffeur was warned) by a policeman was twisted and exaggerated in every way and went all over the United States, and weeks of correspondence followed. I cannot take the chance of having some fool or some malicious person say that I am going improperly fast again, and if we had some accident in which some outsider was hurt (I would not give a rap about any of us in the machine being hurt) no matter how blameless we were I should never hear the end of it. My automobile must wait until I am out of the presidency.

The diplomatic tempo feverishly mounted the first weekend of August--with the visit of Witte and Rosen to Sagamore Hill on Friday and the formal introduction of the envoys on the Mayflower on Saturday. The New York Times carried the account of the visit of the Russian envoys to the President's home in the issue of August 5:

PRESIDENT RECEIVES
WITTE AT OYSTER BAY
Entertains Him and Baron Rosen
At Luncheon

FORMAL CEREMONY IS TODAY
Japanese and Russian Peace Envoys
Will Then Be Presented on
Board the Mayflower

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22. Ibid., Series II, 1905, Letterbook 57.

Special to the New York Times

OYSTER BAY. Aug. 4. President Roosevelt to-day received Sergius Witte, Russia's chief peace plenipotentiary, at Sagamore Hill. M. Witte was accompanied by the Russian Ambassador, Baron Rosen, who is the other peace envoy sent by the Czar. The two envoys were entertained at luncheon by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

There was the same lack of formality about the reception of the two Russian envoys which characterized the visit of Baron Komura and Minister Takahira, the two envoys sent by the Mikado about a week ago. The President was glad to make the acquaintance of the distinguished Russian under less ceremonious auspicies than those which will surround the official function to-morrow.

M. Witte, who had his first experience of railroad travel in America on his trip to Oyster Bay, arrived here on the slow accommodation due here at 12:20. To mitigate the tedium of the trip the railroad company had attached a parlor car to the train for the special accommodation of the two Russian dignitaries.

Instead of the stiff-backed station wagon in which Barron Komura and the Japanese Minister made the journey from the station to Sagamore Hill a little more than a week ago, the President had sent a smart four-seated covered carriage to meet M. Witte and Baron Rosen. Into this Baron led the way as the two envoys alighted from the train through a crowd of newspaper correspondents, photographers, and mere curiosity seekers.

The Russian Ambassador was plainly annoyed at the attentions forced upon him and his distinguished colleague and did everything in his power to shield M. Witte from the throng of would-be interviewers and the battery of cameras. Nevertheless questions were fired in French at M. Witte, to all of which he replied by shaking his great head gravely and smiling his apologetic, melancholy smile. The starting of the carriage was attended by a perfect volley from the clicking cameras.

M. Witte's attire emphasized the informality of the occasion. He wore a broadbrimmed Panama hat, a black cutaway coat and gray striped trousers. Baron Rosen again wore a gray frock coat and a white straw hat.

The visit of the two distinguished Russians at Sagamore Hill lasted about two hours. The President received them on the piazza of his Summer home. After

M. Witte had been introduced to Mrs. Roosevelt and the usual greetings were over luncheon was served. After luncheon Mr. Roosevelt and the two envoys retired to the library, where they spent about an hour in conversation over their cigars.

At 4 o'clock the carriage was again waiting at the door to take M. Witte and Baron Rosen to the railroad station at Oyster Bay. The three miles from Sagamore Hill had to be covered in twenty minutes to enable the envoys to catch their train. Baron Rosen had expressed his preference for an arrangement which would bring them to the station at the last minute in order to avoid the cameras.

The photographers, however, were on board. . .

A rundown on the plans for the meeting on the Mayflower had appeared in the August 4 issue of the New York Times:

To-morrow morning at 9 o'clock the Japanese envoys will take launches from the anchorage of the New York Yacht Club, at the foot of East Twenty-third Street, and will be taken aboard the cruiser Tacoma, Commander Reginald F. Nicholson which will then sail for Oyster Bay. At 10 o'clock the Russians will leave on the cruiser Chattanooga, Commander Alexander Sharp. The original plan was for the Russians to leave at 9 and the Japanese at 10, but it was changed yesterday.

On reaching Oyster Bay the Tacoma will anchor, receiving an ambassadorial salute of nineteen guns from the vessels there. When the President's arrival on the Mayflower is announced by his flag about 1 o'clock the Japanese envoys will go aboard and be received by him. Thirty minutes later the Russians will go aboard, and the formal introduction will take place. A luncheon in the cabin will follow.

The President will leave the Mayflower after the ceremonies are over, and the Japanese will then board the Dolphin, while the Russians will remain aboard the Mayflower. The cruise to Portsmouth will be made on these two vessels. Mr. Peirce will go to the Galveston, so as to show no favoritism.

There was high excitement and quite a bustle and stir at Sagamore Hill that Saturday morning as the President and the family dressed for the big affair on the Mayflower. No one recognized better than the President the extent to which his prestige was riding on the success of that meeting. Despite all of his personal tact and skill, all the warmth of his hospitality, and the dramatic force of his personality, there was no definate assurance that peace could be secured, so adament were the envoys.

It was truly a historic moment and the Times reporter was there to record it in the August 6 issue:

PEACE ENVOYS MEET
ON THE MAYFLOWER
President Makes Occasion as
Informal as He Can

His Toast Needs No Reply
At the close of the Day Ships Start
for Portsmouth--Oyster Bay
Reverberates with Salutes

> OYSTER BAY. Aug. 5. History was made to-day in this unpretentious fishing town which by chance has become the Summer capital of the United States. At 1:35 o'clock this afternoon on board the yacht Mayflower, anchored in the shadow of Sagamore Hill, Japanese and Russian envoys clasped hands and President Roosevelt took the final steps in his effort to end the war by formally bringing the peace plenipotentiaries together.
>
> The ushering in of the historic conference took place under the happiest auspices. If the sentiment that pervaded the initial ceremony aboard the Mayflower can be taken to signify anything it should augur well for the future and go far to shatter the pessimistic prophecies of the last few days. With President Roosevelt doing the honors both the Russian and Japanese envoys soon put aside the formal manner that goes with diplomatic functions and greeted each other almost genially in the cabin of the President's yacht. It was evident that President Roosevelt was making a special effort to finish off with as much grace as possible sis [sic] share of the work.

A guest to Sagamore Hill usually left with fond memories. Certainly that was the case of French Ambassador Jesserand as is seen from his letter of August 9:[23] "When we return in September, I suppose you will still be at Oyster Bay, were it even somewhat late in the month there is in your letter a phrase where the words Sylph, lunch and Sagamore Hill appear in the most pleasant combination--It will be no small pleasure to us, if it is not too late, to find that these same words can still be hitched together."

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23. T. R. Papers, Series I, Aug. 7-21, 1905, Box 95.

The New York Times, Tuesday, August 15, 1905, carried the news of a family picnic and a birthday party for Ethel the day before:

ROOSEVELT FAMILY PICNIC
President Takes Them for an Outing
on Joynness Hill

Special to the New York Times

> OYSTER BAY. Aug. 14--Following the custom of former years, President Roosevelt took his family to-day on a picnic. The place selected for the outing was Jaynness Hill the highest spot on Long Island, which is about six miles from the President's Summer home.
>
> President Roosevelt was back in time to transact official business with Secretary Barnes this afternoon. There was a birthday party at Sagamore Hill to-night in honor of Miss Ethel Roosevelt, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt.

On August 17 Postmaster General George B. Cortelyou and Mrs. Cortelyou visited Sagamore Hill and were entertained at luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. Though Mr. Cortelyou claimed his visit was chiefly a social one, he had a long conference with the President which revived the rumor that he was slated to succeed Shaw as head of the Treasury Department upon his resignation, which was expected in the near future.[24]

Not only was this proving a big summer for the President; it was a big one for Archie, who had developed an insatiable love of the sea. In a letter to Kermit, August 18, Roosevelt wrote:[25]

> Archie is devoted to the "why." The other day while Mother and I were rowing we met him sailing out, and it was too cunning for anything. The 'why' looks exactly like a black wooden shoe with a sail in it, and the crew consisted of Archie, of one of his beloved playmates, a seaman from the Sylph, Obery and of course Skip--very alert and knowing.

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24. The New York Times, Friday, August 18, 1905.

25. Letters to Kermit from Theodore Roosevelt, Edited, Introduction and Preface by Will Irwin (New York, Charles Scribners Sons, 1946); p. 151.

The Conference at Portsmouth was bogged down and the prospects for peace were dim when Roosevelt determined to make one more supreme effort in personal diplomacy. On August 18 he wrote Third Assistant Secretary of State Peirce:[26]

> See Witte at once and present him this message from the President and get an immediate answer from him.
>
> To Mr. Serquis Witte: I earnestly request that you send either Baron Rosen or some other gentleman who is in your confidence to see me immediately, so that I may through him send you a strictly confidential message.

Contacts were also made with the Japanese envoys to see if concessions could not be made especially in the question of indemnity, that would break the deadlock.

The New York Times, Saturday, August 19, 1905, covered these developments:

> ROSEN SUMMONED
> BY ROOSEVELT
> Komura Cables Mikado
> Urging Concessions
> WITTE IS WITHOUT HOPE
> Expects to Leave Ports-
> mouth on Tuesday
> PRESIDENT AT WIRE LATE
> Midnight Conversation with As-
> sistnat Secretary Peirce--
> Pressure on Czar
> and Mikado
>
> It was learned early this morning that President Roosevelt had sent a message to Portsmouth asking Baron Rosen to come to Oyster Bay immediately.
>
> The President stated that he had a message of the most confidential character to communicate to the Baron.
>
> By the Associated Press. PORTSMOUTH, N.H., Saturday, Aug. 14, -- At midnight Assistant Secretary Peirce was hurriedly called to the Hotel Wentworth, where a message was awaiting him from the President. He immediately wrote a lengthy reply and then conferred with the plenipotentaries.

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26. T. R. Papers, Series II, 1905, Letterbook 57.

Later he was called to the telegraph instrument and for half an hour carried on a conversation by telegraph with the President, who was at Oyster Bay.

At 12:50 A.M. the telegraphic conversation with the President ceased and Mr. Peirce left the hotel in his automobile. He said he was going home, but beyond that declined to make any statement.

"I can tell you nothing," he said to all the anxious inquiries of the newspapermen.

The Associated Press has reason to believe that the purpose of the President's conversation with Mr. Peirce was to arrange for one of the Russians to go to Oyster Bay. The President is understood to be already in communication with the Japanese through Baron Kaneko.

Mr. Roosevelt is undoubtedly prepared to make a last effort to induce the warring countries to compromise.

The understanding here is that the pressure brought to bear upon the two Emperors is being concentrated, and there is a strong chance that before to-night something may be done.

Special to the New York Times

PORTSMOUTH, Saturday, Aug. 19.--President Roosevelt, according to the best information obtainable here this morning, has determined to present to the Russian envoys the results of his communications through Baron Kaneko with Japan.

It is practically a certainty that the real work of establishing peace will be done during the next few days, not at Portsmouth, but at Oyster Bay.

The dispatch calling for Mr. Peirce was received here at 9:30 to-night, but Mr. Peirce could not be found and it was long after 11 before he was reached. Then he dashed up to the hotel in an automobile, arriving just after midnight.

The summoning of Rosen on the 19th was preceded by the summoning of Kaneko on the 18th in a desperate effort to obtain from the Japanese Emperor concessions which would be sufficiently attractive to induce the Russian envoys to sign. Thus at this critical period the pendulum swung from Portsmouth to Sagamore Hill. Up to this time the President had refrained from any action that might be construed as interference in the work of the envoys. At the beginning of the negotiations he had announced that neither by word nor act would he participate in the proceedings of the conference though he would gladly offer his help whenever requested.

When Rosen came to Sagamore Hill this time the President was able to place before him substantial inducements that were worthy of Russia's consideration.

The Sunday issue of the New York Times headlined the glad news August 20:

PRESIDENT'S ACT
MAY BRING PEACE
Rosen Cheerful After Seeing Mr. Roosevelt
PROPOSITION TO RUSSIA
Belief that It will End Portsmouth Deadlock
SATO SURE OF SUCCESS
Would Wager 5 to 1 That A Treaty Will Be Made--European Capitals Are Hopeful

Special to the New York Times

OYSTER BAY Aug. 19--For an hour to-day the centre of activity in the negotiations to end the war in the Far East shifted from Portsmouth to Sagamore Hill.

For that space of time this evening President Roosevelt, in conference with Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador at Washington and junior Russian peace envoy, used all the influence which is his and every plea at his command in an effort to turn the tide and pave the way toward peace between Russia and Japan.

Wishing to keep the French informed of significant new developments Roosevelt sent the following dispatch:[27]

Oyster Bay, N. Y.
August 21, 1905

Jusserand,
The French Ambassador,

Have just sent the following cable to the Czar:

"I earnestly ask Your Majesty to believe that in what I am about to say and to advise I speak as the ernest well-wisher of Russia and give you the advice I should give were I a Russian patriot and statesman. The Japanese have as I understand it abandoned their demands for the interned

27. T. R. Papers, Series II, 1905, Letterbook 57.

ships and the limitation of the Russian naval power in the Pacific, which conditions I felt were improper for Russia to yield to. Moreover I find to my surprise and pleasure that the Japanese are willing to restore the northern half of Saghalin to Russia, Russia of course in such case to pay a substantial sum for this surrender of territory by the Japanese and for the return of the Russian prisoners. It seems to me that if peace can be obtained substantially on these terms it will be both just and honorable, and that it would be a dreadful calamity to have the war continued when peace can be thus obtained. Of the twelve points which the conference have been discussing, on eight they have come to a substantial agreement. Two which were offensive to Russia the Japanese will as I understand it withdraw. The remaining two can be met by an agreement in principle that the Japanese shall restore or retrocede to Russia the northern half of Saghalin, while Russia of course pays an adequate sum for this retrocession and for the Russian prisoners. If this agreement can be made the question as to the exact amount can be a subject of negotiation. Let me repeat how earnestly I feel that it is for Russia's interest to conclude peace on substantially these terms. No one can foretell the result of the continuance of the war and I have no doubt that it is to Japan's advantage to conclude peace. But in my judgment it is infinitely more to the advantage of Russia. If peace be not made now and war is continued it may well be that, though the financial strain upon Japan would be severe, yet in the end Russia would be shown of those east Siberian provinces which have been won for her by the heroism of her sons during the last three centuries. The proposed peace leaves the ancient Russian boundaries absolutely intact. The only change in territory will be that Japan will get that part of Saghalin which was hers up to thirty years ago. As Saghalin is an island it is, humanly speaking impossible that the Russians should reconquer it in view of the disaster to their navy; and to keep the northern half of it is a guarantee for the security of Valadivostok and eastern Siberia for Russia. It seems to me that every consideration of national self-interest, of military expediency and of broad humanity makes it eminently wise and right for Russia to conclude peace substantially along these lines, and it is my hope and prayer that Your Majesty may take this view.

The same day he wrote Jusserand again informing him that he was sending Choate as American representative to Morocco, inviting him and Mrs. Jusserand to Sagamore Hill and venting steam that had been raised to the explosive point by the exasperating action of the envoy:[28]

> I am delighted with your letter. I shall send Choate as our representative to the Morocco Conference because I want some man with whom I can talk in closest confidence and who really amounts to something. I was pleased that he accepted.

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28. Ibid., Series 3B Box 3, 1905.

I have only time to write you a line to say that as soon as Madame Jusserand and you return and are able to make the trip we shall put the Sylph at your disposal and get you to come out here to lunch.

I have just sent you a cable about the peace matters. Dealing with senators is at times excellent training for the temper; but upon my word dealing with these peace envoys has been an even tougher job. To be polite and sympathetic and patient in explaining for the hundredth time something perfectly obvious, when what I really want to do is to give utterance to shoops of rage and jump up and knock their heads together--well, all I can hope is that the self-repression will be ultimately helpful for my character. When they drive me too nearly mad I take refuge in Maspero and study the treaty between Rameses II and the Hittites, comparing it with Rameses' preposterous boastings over his previous victories, and feel that after all we are not so far behind the people who lived a few thousand years ago as I am sometimes tempted to think.

Though the tide seemed now to be turning, responding to the personal intervention of the President, it took one more visit to Sagamore Hill by Kaneko with new concessions to bring final agreement and ultimate peace. This time the request for the visit was made by Kaneko rather than the President. Arrangements were made by telephone late on the night of the 20th for the visit the next day.

The New York Times on Tuesday, August 22, carried the account of the visit and the brightening prospects for peace:

CONCESSIONS BY
JAPAN EXPECTED
Kaneko Pays Another Visit
to the President
ENVOYS AWAIT ORDERS
Czar's Final Instructions to Witte
Prepared-Joint Intercession
by Powers Talked of

Special to the New York Times

OYSTER BAY, Aug. 21,--It is believed that Japan has consented to modify her demands on Russia.

Another visit to the President was paid to-day by Baron Kaneko, who is now generally regarded as the confidential representative in the United States to the Tokyo Government, and this time the visit was not at the President's initiation. Arrangements for it,

on Baron Kaneko's initiative were made by telephone at a late hour last night. This is regarded as indicating some new decision in Tokyo's response to representations made by the President.

When Baron Kaneko visited the President last Friday he plainly intimated that his mysterious mission had come to an end and that there would be no necessity for him to return. Within an hour of his departure the President sent a message to Portsmouth which brought Baron Rosen to Sagamore Hill.

It is now known here that after the envoys had adjourned on Friday and when, apparently, there was nothing left for them to do but to sign the protocols recording their agreements and disagreements. President Roosevelt again tendered his good offices to Japan and notified Baron Kaneko that he would summon one of the Russian envoys and follow a similar course in Russia's case. At the same time Baron Kaneko was asked to sound his Government as to whether in the interest of peace certain concessions could not be made by Japan that would enable Russia to conclude a treaty with less damage to her national honor.

There seems to be little room for doubt that Baron Kaneko to-day brought the President Japan's answer and that this was drawn up at the Cabinet meeting which was held at Tokyo yesterday.

Following Baron Kaneko's visit, President Roosevelt had his acting secretary, Mr. Barnes, with him for two hours. In addition to the matter which the Baron had presented to him the President received and considered an accumulation of dispatches and letters. The replies to these were forwarded in the afternoon. Late in the day important messages were received from Portsmouth, the responses to which occupied the President's attention for a considerable time.

Not the slightest indication of the character of the correspondence was permitted to become public.

Sunday, August 20, the President spent a quiet day at Sagamore Hill. In the morning he, Mrs. Roosevelt, and several of the children attended services at Christ Protestant Episcopal Church. In the afternoon he went for a five-mile hike with Dr. Alexander Lambert, his former family physician, who had been visiting at Sagamore Hill for several days.

The Sagamore Hill grounds were heavily visited that day by throngs of people on foot and in an odd assortment of buggies and carriages. Pedestrians were not permitted to wander about the grounds but the vehicles were allowed to follow the driveway around the house as long as they kept moving. Over 100 vehicles passed through the grounds that day.[29]

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29. The New York Times, Monday August 21, 1905.

No doubt the submarine Plunger bacame a lively topic of conversation at dinner August 22 for she had just arrived at 6 p.m. for a test dive and inspection by the President. All Monday night and Tuesday morning Lieutenant Charles P. Nelson and his assistants worked on the submarine's machinery. Finally everything seemed in perfect order for the test.

On August 23, Roosevelt sent a dispatch to Henry White, American Ambassador to Italy, bringing him up to date on the progress of peace negotiations:[30]

> I am in the last throes of trying to get the Russians and Japanese to make peace. The Russians are the worst, because they stand up with Chinese or Byzantine folly and insist, as Witte has just written me, that Russia will not admit itself vanquished--making it all I can do to tell them straightforward truths in uncomplimentary language. On the other hand, the Japanese have no business to continue the war merely for the sake of getting money and they will defeat their own ends if they do so. The English Government has been foolishly reluctant to advise Japan to be reasonable, and in this respect has not shown well compared to the attitude of the German and French Governments in being willing to advise Russia. I have not much hope of a favorable result, but I will do what I can.

On the same day, August 23, General and Mrs. Leonard Wood were guests at Sagamore Hill. The President had not seen him since his return from the Philippines where he had ably served as commander of the American forces there. Since his return he had been under the doctor's care much of the time. The President was anxious to see his old friend and discuss not only the operation of the American army there but the development of the islands and the need of new legislation.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt also entertained at luncheon that day Major General George W. Davis, former Governor of the Isthmian Canal Lone, Francis E. Leupp,[31] Commissioner of Indian Affairs, William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, and T. H. P. Farr and Archer Harman, relatives of the Roosevelt family.

A howling northeaster was whipping up whitecaps on the Sound when Roosevelt on August 25 began his gossipy letter to Kermit:[32] "General

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30. Ibid., Series 3B 1905, Box 3.

31. The New York Times, Thursday, August 24, 1905.

32. T. R. Papers Series II, 1905 Letterbook 57.

spent a night and day here, and I took a ten-mile tramp with him. I rowed cunning Mother around Lloyd's Neck and we stopped for luncheon at Sharp Point. Mr. Phil Stewart and Dr. Lambert spent a night here, Quentin greeting the former with most cordial freindship and in explanation stating that he always liked to get acquainted with everybody. I take Hall to chop, and he plays tennis with Phil and Oliver, and rides with Phil and Quentin."

Then with high anticipation he added: "The Plunger has come to the Bay and I am going out on it this afternoon--or rather down on it." Then some hours later after one of the most daring and thrilling experiences of his life he added this postscript in long hand: "N. B. I have just been down for 50 minutes; it was very interesting."

He closed the letter with this paragraph: "Last night I listened to Mother reading the Lances of Linwood to the two little boys and then hearing them their prayers. . . . The other day a reporter asked Quentin something about me; to which that affable and canny young gentleman responded 'Yes, I see him sometimes; but I know nothing of his family life.'"

The President was in the library of Sagamore Hill on August 29 busily engaged in dictating letters relative to the peace negotiations when at 12:50 the telephone rang. Secretary Loeb "dropped his pen and stepped up to receive the message"--the message that all the world had been waiting to hear.[33] In a moment Roosevelt knew that peace had come at long last. It was a proud moment for him--and for the nation. It represented a great triumph for personal diplomacy conducted with consummate skill under the shelter of his own roof by a man of high courage, sterling character, and brilliant intellect. Here repeatedly he had met the envoys of Russia and Japan and through the warmth of his hospitality, the force of his personality, and the sincerity and logic of his reasoning had broken down barriers and accomplished what Portsmouth had found to be the impossible. Sagamore Hill never had a finer hour.

On September 2, a rainy day, Roosevelt wrote Alice,[34] Care of Hon. Lloyd C. Grissom, American Minister, Tokyo, Japan, a long letter reviewing the course of the peace negotiations which involved all kinds of experiences with the envoys and their Governments, having to write to the latter time after time as "a very polite but also very insistant Dutch Uncle." Whenever he wrote to the Czar the Russians would divulge it, almost always in twisted form, but the Japanese never revealed anything. The Russians became angry because they thought he was writing only to them, but in the end the Czar seemed very appreciative.

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33. The New York Times, Wednesday, August 30, 1905.

34. Ibid., Series II, 1905, Letterbook 57.

"It has been a wearing summer," he wrote, "because I have had no Secretary of State and have had to do all of the foreign business myself, and as Taft has been absent I have also had to handle everything connected with Panama myself. For the last three months the chief business I have had has been in connection with the peace business, Panama, Venezuela and Santo Domingo, and about all of these matters I have had to proceed without any advice or help."

He continued: "It is enough to give one a sense of sardonic amusement to see the way in which the people generally, not only in my own country but elsewhere, gauge the work purely by the fact that it succeeded. If I had not brought peace I should have been laughed at and condemned. Now I am over-praised."

He closed the letter with a bit of family news: "At present we are having a house party for Ted and Ethel. Ted and Ethel count themselves as the two first guests, and then, by way of a total change, Steve and Cornelia Landon, and finally Jack Thayer and Martha Bacon. To-day is rainy and I look forward with gloomy foreboding to a play in the barn with the smaller folks this afternoon. Mother and I have had lovely rides and rows together. I chop a good deal and sometimes play tennis. I am still better than James Roosevelt and Jack."

On September 2 there was an unwelcome visitor to Sagamore Hill who gave a stir to the "Presidents Guards." She was described as "a middle-aged woman who dresses handsomely, usually in blue, wears many diamonds, and puts her finger mysteriously on her lips when asked regarding the purpose of her visits." She had appeared four times within a month in a persistent effort to gain access to the President's home. Needless to say she had begun to get on the nerves of the Secret Service men.[35]

The rain whipped by a howling northeaster was coming down in torrents when Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt attended church in Oyster Bay on Sunday, September 3. Upon the completion of the service, Roosevelt sent the children home in the carriage over roads made "wretched" by a rain that had fallen heavily since midnight. Then in "high spirits" he set out to "trudge" three miles home in the height of the storm--accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt.

He loved to "rough it" and pit his strength against the storm. Rarely did he permit the rain to stop him when he felt he needed exercise, whether it were walking, riding, chopping or playing tennis.

Among other invited luncheon guests at Sagamore Hill were Vice President and Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks who visited the Roosevelts on Friday, September 8.[36]

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35. The New York Times, Sunday, September 3, 1905.

36. T. R. Papers Series I, 1905, Box 96.

The following Sunday, Baron Kaneko left the Long Island City Station at 11:32 a.m. and arrived in Oyster Bay at 12:46 p.m. to keep a luncheon date with the President. It was probably at this time that Roosevelt entrusted the skin of a large bear that he had shot to Kaneko, who was to present it to the Emperor as "a trifling token of the regard" he had for him and for "the great and wonderful people" over which he ruled.[37]

On September 15 Roosevelt wrote Lodge,[38] informing him that Root and Choate were coming out to visit them on Wednesday, September 20, leaving Long Island City at 4:43 in the afternoon, and suggesting that he come too. They would be met and brought to Sagamore Hill. "In the first place," he said, "it would mark at the very outset how you and Root were consulted together, and that would be a good thing. In the next place, there are many things we could talk of together. I wish to Heaven I could get Choate, as a public service, to go to Japan as Minister. I think it would speedily be made an embassy, and he would be rendering a service like that rendered by John Quincy Adams when he went to Congress after being President."

Root had been appointed Secretary of State about July 8 following the death of John Hay, while Choate had been Ambassador to England for the last six years until his resignation May 29, 1905. On May 30, Whitelaw Reid was appointed in his place.

On September 17, Lodge wrote[39] saying: "Fortunately I am free and can come on Wednesday. I will . . . take the 4:43 for Oyster Bay and I shall enjoy it immensely."

Roosevelt's love of horses did not carry over to automobiles. He seldom rode in them, conscious of the likelihood that his driver might be involved in an accident that would injure someone in another car or on the street and cause political embarrassment. Then too there was the additional possibility he might break some speed regulation and never hear the last of it. Furthermore he did not like the "chug-chug" noise that disturbed the quiet of the countryside. So pronounced was this aversion that he had a sign placed at the entrance to the Sagamore grounds prohibiting their entry."

Reputedly the first car to enter the grounds was that of the Duchess of Marlborough, who visited Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt September 20. The New York Times, Thursday, September 21, carried the story:

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37. Ibid., Series I, 1905, Box 97; Series 3B, Box 3.

38. Ibid., Series II, 1905, Letterbook 58.

39. Ibid., 1905 Box 97, Series I.

DUTCHESS VISITS PRESIDENT
Former Miss Vanderbilt Arrives in
First Auto Allowed in His Grounds

Special to the New York Times

OYSTER BAY. Sept. 20.--The Dutchess of Marlborough, who was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, paid a visit to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill to-day, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay. . .

The party arrived in a motor a little after 3 o'clock this afternoon. They spent about half an hour with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt before they took their departure.

This is said to be the first time that an automobile has been permitted in the grounds of the President's Summer home. Mr. Roosevelt fearing that otherwise he would constantly be annoyed by the "chug-chug" of the motor cars, which are very numerous in the neighborhood, has caused a sign bearing a stern infunction against machine propelled conveyances to be placed at the turning of the road leading up to Sagamore Hill. . . .

As the leaves of the dogwood brightly reddened and splashes of scarlet and yellow appeared on the oak and hickory, there came realization of summer's end--and what a summer it had been! From the start the place had been a beehive of activity with exciting new construction--the handsome North Room, a new windmill, and a new water system. With these added facilities had come endearing new comforts and expanded opportunities for gracious hospitality. Luncheons and teas followed in an endless round in which high national officials met to decide affairs of State while foreign emissaries had met to decide the peace of the world. The sweep of these momentous events had brought fresh lustre to the President, the house and the nation. Sagamore Hill had become a keyword inseparately linked with Theodore Roosevelt.

For the past few days the President had been busy at work on his Message but now it was time to "put up the house," pack and leave shortly for Washington. It had been determined[40] that they would leave Oyster Bay at 11 a.m. Saturday, September 29 on a special train to Long Island City, where they would take a boat to Jersey City, there to board a Pennsylvania train to Washington.

Kermit had returned to Groton and had just written that he was finding it hard to settle down. On September 27, Roosevelt wrote to

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40. The New York Times, Monday, September 25, 1905.

reassure him and fill him in on the family news:[41]

> I am confident you will do well this year. You have grown mentally no less than physically during the last twelve months, and I have grown to have a steadily increased respect for and confidence in you. . . .
>
> Have you started at your football? I think this is important, too, although of course it must be sacrificed to your studies if necessary. But it would be good for you to have the bodily development that comes from football, and it unquestionably has some effect in helping you with the other boys. . . .
>
> Yesterday the Rector came out to lunch, and he was just as nice as he could be. . . .
>
> Darling Mother, who I suppose is seeing you to-day, will be back here tomorrow, and I shall have two days of real holiday with her to wind up the summer before I go back to the White House. I do not expect an easy time during the next three and a half years; and I expect any amount of attack, and, in all probability, a good deal of unpopularity, because of the very fact that I got such a phenominal majority last year, and because of the praise I have had from the peace business and some other matters. There is bound to come a reaction. But as regards my personal fortunes, I shall have nothing to complain of in any event if only I can keep the government going on a decent basis. My reward has already come and it has been very, very great.
>
> To-day it has begun to rain. I shall probably have to chop industriously for exercise this afternoon. Archie is out fishing. Oliver and Nick have both become his constant companions, and at five o'clock the other morning they went off to see an automobile race together. I have been reading to Archie and Quentiquee in the evenings since Mother went away, and they come in and look over my ditty box while I am dressing, hungry for treasures, and are just as cunning as they can be.

Oyster Bay was agog with excitement as the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, Ethel, Archie, and Quentin left Sagamore Hill for the station. Enroute there was an accident as the rear axle of the high phaeton broke, forcing them to borrow a carriage of Mrs. Weeks. As they drove up they found "all the village was out to say goodbye." Flags and bunting decked the station

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41. T. R. Papers Series II, 1905, Letterbook 58.

and the train. Grouped near the platform were school girls in white holding small American flags.

Above the door through which the party was to pass, a symbolic flower arrangement had been placed showing a dove on the wing above the National coat-of-arms with the word "Peace" beneath. Around the emblem were grouped the colors of the United States, Japan and Russia.

Standing on the platform that had been roped off for the occasion were twenty young women in white with shoulder knots of blue and red. With the Methodist Minister leading, they sang "God be With You Till We Meet Again." Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were obviously quite touched at this "friendly and neighborly" sendoff.

As they boarded the train, Archie was "hugging a small dog that looked as if he had eaten its own pedigree." The dog of course was Skip.

As the train pulled out, the President stood on the rear platform of the last car and waved his hat repeatedly in acknowledgment of the cheers of the crowd. Then with a final wave of his hand he shouted: "Goodbye and good luck!"[42]

In a letter to Kermit recounting the sendoff at Oyster Bay and the ovation reception in Washington Roosevelt again revealed his love of Sagamore Hill:[43] "Mother and I had two lovely days after she got home, spending them as real holidays. The trip on horse was rather good fun, though we felt very homesick and melancholy at leaving Sagamore Hill. We love the White House, but after all there isn't any place quite like home."

Prior to his departure, Roosevelt had received the offer of a particularly jilting memorial to the success of his peace efforts from Siebrecht & Son Nurseries of New York:[44] "I would, with your permission plant out my own collection, the following trees upon your estate Sagamore Hill

1. Japanese Cedar
   representing Japan

2. Russian Mulberry
   representing Russia, and

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42. The New York Times, Sunday, October 1, 1905. T. R. Papers, Series II, Letterbook 58.

43. T. R. Papers, Series II, 1905, Letterbook 58.

44. Ibid., Series I, 1905, Box 97.

3. American Oak
to represent the great and glorious United States.

The oak to stand as a guarantee and guardian over the Japanese Cedar and Russian Mulberry."

In a letter two days later, September 8, 1905, the President accepted the offer "with great pleasure." [45]

On November 4, Noah Seaman wrote the President:[46]

> The trees came from Siebrecht & Son 425--5th Ave. and I planted them where the President wished them to go there is an American oak, a Japanese Cedar, a Russian Mulberry.

In his letter offering the trees, Henry A. Siebrecht wrote: "All three trees will thrive well in the climate of Long Island, and will grow in memorial of the grandest service to the world ever rendered by any of our Presidents."

It would seem of immeasurable value to reestablish the location of this significant memorial planting and to feature it as a phase of the grounds tour of Sagamore Hill.

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45. Ibid., Series II, 1905, Letterbook 58.

46. Ibid., Series I, 1905, Letterbook 99.

Summer of 1906

Summer 1906

The year 1906 brought change in the family life of Sagamore Hill--one of the little birds had left the nest. Alice, in a colorful White House ceremony that attracted international attention, was married February 17 to Nicholas Longworth, Congressman from Ohio. In a letter to historian John St. Loe Strachey February 12, Roosevelt spoke highly of the bridegroom:[1]

> Longworth is a good fellow. He is a Harvard man, like myself, was on the varsity crew, was a member of my club, the Porcellian and was and is much the best violinist who ever left Harvard. It is a delight to hear him play. He has worked his way along in politics and has shown that he has good stuff in him. I hope he can continue, and I believe that my daughter will be of some assistance to him for she gets along well with politicians, is interested in public matters, and showed to real advantage under trying conditions when she visited the Philippines, Japan and China this summer with the so-called "Taft party" of Senators, Congressmen, their wives and outsiders of various kinds.

In the construction of the North Room and the installation of a new windmill and water-system, there had been a number of loose ends that needed clearing up before the summer season. One of them involved the chimney, which did not draw properly. With their love of open fires, this was a defect that definitely had to be corrected even if it entailed the rebuilding of the chimney. On April 21, 1906, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote Mrs. Noah Seaman:[2]

> I have written at once about the chimney and the carpenter work. I think Seaman had better write to the plumber, because not being on the spot I do not know just what to say, and of course I do not want the work to go over until another year, but they should do it properly now.

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1. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt Selected and Edited by Elting E. Morison, V, 149.

2. T. R. Papers Series II, 1905-1909, Letterbook 107.

> Send me the sizes of Mary's and Rose's rooms, and I will try to get them some rugs and I will send the paper for the drawers and closets.
>
> There are some plants going to Seaman by freight. Tell him to put them in wherever he wants to; I have no choice.
>
> The children will go to Sagamore the same time they did last year--about the sixth of June.
>
> I will attend to the hall paper as soon as Seaman send [sic] estimates.

Eager to get to Sagamore Hill as soon as possible, Ethel, Archie, Quentin, and Mademoiselle left June 6. Five days later Roosevelt wrote "Blessed Ethel":[3] "I am very glad that what changes have been made in the house are good, and I look forward so eagerly to seeing them. After all, fond as I am of the White House and much though I have appreciated these years in it, there isn't any place in the world like home--like Sagamore Hill, where things are our own, with our own associations and where it is real country."

By the third week in June, Mrs. Roosevelt prepared to leave for Sagamore Hill. Eager to see the place and the children, she was reluctant to leave the President. "Mother is torn by conflicting emotions," Roosevelt wrote Ethel June 24,[4]

> regret at leaving me and longing to see all of you. She is too cunning and pretty for anything, and seems at the moment to be really well and enjoys the rides that we take almost every afternoon. She has just disciplined me with deserved severity. Except when the weather forbids we breakfast and lunch on the portico and take dinner on the west terrace, which is really lovely. This afternoon we spent an hour sitting under the apple tree by the fountain.

He then commented on the spirited new horse: "You will love Audrey; but I do not want Mother to ride her until you have thoroughly tried her, for gentle though she is, she is a high-spirited mare, and if she has not had much exercise will kick and buck a little from mere playfulness

The President arrived at Sagamore Hill about July 1. Enroute, Jimmy Sloan, one of the Secret Service men travelling with the Presidential party, roughed up an overzealous photographer of the New York World.

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3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children, p. 165.

4. Ibid., p. 313.

The account got in the papers and Sloan reported briefly to headquarters in Washington:[5] "I neglected to state in my report for yesterday that I had sent the following telegram . . . Wilkie Washington, D. C. Will send letter explaining articles appearing in morning papers about trouble with photographer. Signed Sloan, sent over White House wire.

"I received the following telegram in answer Jimmy Sloan Your report very satisfactory. If by any chance you should be fined we will pay it--? The distinct understanding that the next time it happens you put the other fellow in the hospital. Signed Wilkie."

Apparently there were from 8 to 10 Secret Service men assigned to the President at Oyster Bay. Among them were Sloan, Henry, Connell, Murphy, Washer, Eberstein, McHugh, Tate and Summers. On July 14, Sloan appeared before Judge Franklin and pleaded guilty to the assault on the New York World photographer and was fined $10.

With hundreds of people on foot or in carriages being permitted to walk or drive through the grounds so long as they kept moving on the road, the Secret Service men had to be ever ready to handle cranks or the overly aggressive. Sloan discussed one of these incidents involving a crank in his report of July 7:[6]

> In Oyster Bay N. Y.
>
> Engaged in special detail at the President's home. At 1:30 p.m. as I was on duty at the Mill I happened to look down towards the woods and saw Isabelle Cass just starting up the back road to the house, I went down to where she was and after talking to her for about half an hour persuaded her to accompany me to the village, she insisted on seeing Mrs. Roosevelt and it is useless to try to convince her that she cannot. She told me today that it was not necessary for her to see Mrs. Roosevelt at the house but that she could see her some time when she went out for a walk or when she drove into the village but she was going to stay until she did see her if it took all the rest of her life. This woman I think is a harmless crank but she causes us a great deal of worry by her persistant ways. I have told Sec'y Loeb all about her

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5. Secret Service Papers. Daily Reports of U. S. Secret Service 1875-1936. F. C. Tritle Vol. 2 (Jan. 1-June 30, 1877) F. B. Tyree Vol. 2 (July 1, 1902 Jan. 1, 1904) National Archives.

6. Ibid.

> but he has had several talks with her and still says that we will not do anything with her unless we absolutely have to. I am afraid unless something is done that she will continue to stay around until she meets the President or Mrs. Roosevelt either in the woods or on the road in the vicinity, as they are always walking around the place. She has made an attempt each Sunday at church to get to some member of the family but so far we have been able to keep her away.

Roosevelt was thoroughly enjoying his summer but he was slowing up a bit and was beginning to question the value in relaxation of overexertion. He wrote Lodge August 6:[7]

> I have been having a real rest this summer, and incidentally have grown to realize that I have reached that time of life when too violent physical exercise does not rest a man when he has had an exhausting mental career. Roswell has behaved excellently ever since that one day when he reared so badly, and I think he will be all right in the end. . . .
>
> We have been having a delightful summer. The secret-service men are a very small but very necessary thorn in the flesh. Of course they would not be in the least use in preventing any assault upon my life. I do not believe there is any danger of such an assault, and if there were it would be simple nonsense to try to prevent it, for as Lincoln said, though it would be safer for a President to live in a cage, it would interfere with his business. But it is only the secret-service men who render life endurable, as you would realize if you saw the procession of carriages that pass through the place, the procession of people on foot who try to get into the place, not to speak of the multitude of cranks and others who are stopped in the village. I have ridden and rowed and chopped and played tennis. We are about to have an evening picnic in the boats. I always especially welcome anything in the boats, because it gives me a chance to row Edith, so I get some exercise without having her tired out.
>
> Archie is off for a week's cruise with Captain Joshua Slowm--that man who takes his little boat, without any crew but himself, all around the world.

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7. Ibid., pp. 346-347.

Oddly enough there was another crank incident the very next day--more of the same in the person of Isabelle Cass. Sloan reported August 8:[8]

> Engaged in special detail at the President's home. At 11:00 o'clock a.m. I was informed by James Costiman that Miss Cass was on the road to the mill. About 11 a.m. Mrs. Roosevelt left the house to go down through the woods to Emlen Roosevelt's. I then went out on and met Miss Cass and after I had talked with her for a few minutes I started toward the village and she followed me. I went along with her until I met our wagon and then returned to the Mill. I had a talk with Sec'y Loeb after I returned to the Mill and he promised to see her and try and persuade her to come here. I don't think he can do anything with her as she is determined to stay and only laughs at what he says to her.

In a chatty letter to Lodge on August 9, Roosevelt provided a bit of news of the doings of Sagamore Hill: "Yesterday we took a picnic, about twenty of the various households rowing and sailing to the end of Lloyd's Neck, some five miles off, where we took dinner, and afterwards came home by starlight. Kermit and I rowed Edith. In pushing off after dinner there was quite a heavy surf, and one boat upset--fortunately only with boys in it, so that it was merely a huge addition to their delight and to the delight of all the rest."

Four days later one of the cranks was back needling the Secret Service and irritating the Roosevelts. Sloan reported another attempt of Miss Cass to get to the President or some member of the family at church, August 13. The agents had to prevent her from so doing. They finally got her to sit in a second seat back of the President.

Sloan reported on August 14[9] that he had a talk with Mr. Hoffman, Supervisor of the Poor of Nassau County, and stated the facts to him in the case of Miss Isabelle Cass. Hoffman had said that he had appointed two doctors to try another woman and that "if I wanted him to have them call and examine Miss Cass that they would go up and see what could be done with her."

> At 5:30 p.m. they visited the house where Miss Cass boards and after an examination they decided that

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8. Secret Service Papers Daily Reports of U. S. Secret Service F. B. Tyree, Vol. 2.

9. Secret Service Papers Daily Reports of U. S. Secret Service F. B. Tyree, Vol. 2.

she was of unsound mind and should be confined in an Asylum and also told her that it would take two or three days before they could get the papers back from Mineola the County Seat and that if she were here at the time they were sent back that she would be sent to Kings Park in the Asylum. She told them that she had intended to leave the village that day but that she was waiting for her laundry and then she said that she did not intend to leave here and would fight those and all other Commissions that were appointed to try her.

On Wednesday night, August 15, a man breached the Secret Service protective screen around the house, approached the President who was sitting on the porch and handed him a note addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt.[10] Charles Reider, the butler, stepped forward, seized the man by the arm, and escorted him off the porch.

Greatly shaken and annoyed by the incident, Mrs. Roosevelt considered there had been a serious dereliction of duty and demanded the transfer of all but two of the agents stationed at Sagamore Hill. Sloan reported the affair to his chief, John N. Wilkie:[11]

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following, my report as Operative of this District for Wednesday the 15th day of August 1906 written at Oyster Bay, N.Y. and completed at 9:00 o'clock a.m. on the 17th day of August 1906.

In Oyster Bay N.Y.

Engaged on special detail at the President's home Agent Somner informed me this morning that shortly after his arrival at the Hill last night there was a man from the Landon place walked up the back road and went up to the porch where the President was sitting and handed him a note addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt and that Charles Reider the Butler had taken the man by the arm and walked him down off of the porch and told him never to come up there again that way but to come up the front way and give any notes or anything that he had to deliver to the Secret Service men at the front of the house. Somner says that at the time

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10. Secret Service Papers Daily Reports of U. S. Secret Service F.B. Tyree Vol. 2, National Archives.

11. Ibid.

> this man was coming up the road that he must have been down in the toilet or coming through the stable, as he walked through there to get a drink and that he was in the toilet and the stable probably eight minutes. From what I have been told Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel are very much annoyed to think that any one would be able to get passed our men and get to the President without being seen. After Sec'y Loeb returned from the Hill today he sent for me and told me that Mrs. Roosevelt had suggested him to tell me to have all of the men that are on this detail at this time with the exception of Connell and myself taken away from here at once. I told the Sec'y that Murphy was not here and asked him if it included him and after awhile he said that it did not include Murphy. He said for me to take the matter up with the chief at once so that he could be selecting men to take the places that were to be made vacant. I told him that I would write at once and notify the Chief and after having a talk with Mr. Tucker I decided to wait and use the Phone after six o'clock. At 7:15 p.m. I talked with Mr. Moran over the Phone and told him what had happened and that I had told the Sec'y that he would be here on Friday or Saturday and that I would have him come in and talk the matter over at that time and that that was agreeable to the Sec'y.

Sloan requested that McHugh and Washer be allowed to stay and Secretary Loeb agreed. The others however were transferred.

In evaluating the situation, it is of interest to recall Roosevelt's comment to Lodge ten days before: "The Secret-service men are a very small but very necessary thorn in the flesh. Of course they would not be in the least use in preventing any assault upon my life." Though he chafed underguard, he recognized they shielded him from endless annoyances and reduced the dangers to his life short of providing him complete protection. Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel thought he had not been provided the protection he was due.[12]

On September 1, a big naval review was held in the Sound and the next day Roosevelt went off on the Missouri to observe gun practice. He had invited a number of his friends to share the excitement. Upon his return, he gave a glowing account of it in a letter to Root on September 4:[13]

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12. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, Morison vol. 5, p. 372-378.

13. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt V, 394.

> I have just finished the naval review and it has been a thoro success. It was by all odds the most formidable American fleet ever gathered together, and I defy anyone with a spark of national pride in him not to feel moved at such a sight. We had on the Dolphin and Mayflower, in addition to the Bacons, the Grant La Farges, the Dunnes, and Connoly the man who wrote those "Out of Glouchester" stories. I wanted both Dunne and Connolly to grow to have a personal feeling for the navy--to get under the naval spell because I want them both to be our allies in keeping the people awake to what it means to have such a navy and such officers and men as those who man it.

This was followed on September 12 with a telegram to Robert Bacon:[14]

> Oyster Bay, September 12, 1905
>
> Hurry instructions to Navy Department to send at once additional ships to Havana and get as many marines on them as possible. We should have a large force of marines in Havana at the earliest possible moment on any vessels able to carry them. Cable Steinhart that the message has been received and that we shall send ships and marines as soon as possible for the protection of American citizens and American property. Come here on Friday without fail and see that Assistant Secretary Newberry or Secretary Bonaparte comes at the same time.

A similar telegram was sent to Bonaparte. Such a telegram could only indicate a rapidly worsening situation. With one conference following another, once again Sagamore Hill was in the thick of international action. The next day Roosevelt, miffed at the landing of troops without orders, telegraphed Bacon:[15]

> You had no business to direct the landing of those troops without specific authority from here. They are not to be employed in keeping general order without our authority. Notify me immediately if they cannot be taken to the American Legation with the field pieces and kept there. Scrupulous care is to be taken to avoid bloodshed. Remember that unless

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14. Ibid., pp. 408-09.

15. Ibid., p. 409.

> you are directed otherwise from here the forces are only to be used to protect American life and property.

Following receipt of this order, Bacon ordered the small detachment of marines back on their ships.

In a letter to President Eliot, September 13, Roosevelt stated[16] that he had been asked by Palma to intervene. "These people," he wrote,

> have had for four years a decent, respectable government of their own. They are not suffering from any real grievance whatsoever. Yet they have deliberately plunged the country into civil war, and if they go on will assuredly deprive themselves of their liberty. I am thinking of sending them a word of solemn warning, but I do not know whether it will do any good. Taft is coming down to consult me about it. . . . I expect to do some tall thinking in the effort to bring about a condition which shall, if possible, put an end to anarchy without necessitating a reoccupation of the island by our troops.

Kermit had gone back to school, and in a letter of September 23 Roosevelt brought him up to date on Sagamore Hill news:[17]

> Life has moved on very quietly since you left. Mother and I are just going out for a row. If you were here either we should take you along on the row, or we would go walking with you. We had a lovely ride together one day, and I have played tennis a good deal, beating Gordon Russell two sets in singles, by the way, and I have chopped trees, especially where it would clear our vista.
>
> Quentin the other day hurt Mother's feelings terribly by making a strong plea to be allowed next fall to go to the Fay School with Mike Landon. Mother said that this was the first time that one of the little birds had been willing to leave the nest even before it could fly--that all the other little birds had been reluctant to go even when it was time for them to fly. I guess that no one of the older boys, or indeed of the older children, has wanted to go off

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16. Ibid., p. 410.

17. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, V, 421-22.

to boarding school before the actual necessity arose. . . . Archie has been taken off by good cousin Emlen for a day on his new thirty-footer, and started off this morning just before church time a most happy little boy; Mother and I with Ted and Quentin driving to church, where we were joined by good Ethel after she had finished teaching her Sunday School class.

On the night of September 24 there had been another stir of excitement at Sagamore Hill involving strange lights and noises in the bushes. Highly concerned, James Amos, the butler, called Sloan at his home at 3:45 a.m. and said he was "wanted on the Hill at once"--that there was someone out in the bushes and the men on watch could not catch them. Sloan reports the incident:[18]

Chief U. S. Secret Service
Treasury Department
Sir: I have the honor to submit the following, my report as Operative of this District for Monday the 24th day of September 1906 written at Oyster Bay, N. Y. and completed at 9:00 o'clock a.m. on the 26th day of September 1906.

In Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Engaged in special detail at the President's home. At 3:45 a.m. James Amos the Butler at Sagamore Hill called at my house and said that I was wanted at the Hill at once that there was some one out there in the bushes and that the men on watch could not catch them, accompanied by Agent Connall I left for the Hill and arrived there at 4:00 a.m. As soon as we arrived there I was convinced that something had happened. Agent Washer said that he had not seen anything only a loose horse. There has been a pile of rubbish east of the stable that has been burning for several days and on one or two occasions other Agents have seen that flare up during the night. I looked around the place and saw nothing to warrant our staying and with Cornall returned home.

Operator Dick's report is included in Sloan's report:

In Oyster Bay, N. Y. On Special Detail at the President's home.

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18. Secret Service Papers Daily Reports of U. S. Secret Service F. B. Tyree, National Archives.

> At 2:00 a.m. while on watch with Agent Washer I heard some talking at the stable and went there to investigate I found that it came from the place occupied by the colored help. I told them one of their horses was out. I returned to the house and shortly after heard several of them after the horse, they found him. I heard one of them call attention to the others to a flash light in the garden and another remark that it was one of the S.S. men. I stepped to where they were and told them it was not as Agent Washer was on with me and he was at the front of the house at that time the light showed up several times and I went to the garden to investigate and five of the men followed me, we made a thorough search and found nothing. I returned and reported the matter to Agent Washer, leaving the others on watch and in about half an hour the Butler went to the village after you and you arrived in a short time.

The Cuban crisis was now beginning to jell somewhat. Investigation by Taft had revealed that the Palma government left much to be desired. Not only was it guilty of wrongs which they were unwilling to right but, they showed no "real capacity for self-defense." When Palma had at first asked intervention, he had stated his intention of resigning; now, however, he seemed disinclined to do so. "Under such circumstances," Roosevelt stated in a telegram to Taft September 26,[19] "as the least of two very serious evils it seems to me that we must simply put ourselves for the time being in Palma's place, land a sufficient force to insure order, and notify the insurgents that we will carry thru the program in which you and they are agreed, keeping control simply until this program can be carried thru. I do not have much hope that with the example before them of success in an insurrection the people who grow discontented with the new government will refrain from insurrection and disturbance sometime in the future, but there is a slight chance and in my opinion we should give them this chance."

With the situation changing so rapidly, it was comforting to the President to know that he had someone of Taft's ability to gauge it and keep him informed. "I must trust to your judgment on the ground," he wrote in a dispatch to Taft September 26,[20] "how to meet each successive change as it occurs." He then added: "Let me repeat that if possible you have any action in landing a force and taking possession of the government or restoring order upon the need of protecting American

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19. Ibid., pp. 424-45.

20. Ibid., p. 426.

interests, and avoid so long as it is possible the use of the word intervention or the use of terms that will imply that the rebels are in the position of an insurrection against us. This I advise primarily with a view to complications here, and of course it is always subject to the needs of the situation being such as to require us to risk any political trouble here in order to do our duty in Cuba. I think you understand thoroughly what I mean, however, which is to do anything that is necessary no matter how strong the course, but to try to do it in as gentle a way as possible, and to try to use terms which will be as little as possible of a challenge to opposition. But the main thing after all is to bring about a satisfactory result in Cuba and with this in view I am willing of course to incur any criticism and run any risk.

In his closing paragraph, he informed Taft that he was leaving Friday at 11 o'clock on the Mayflower on a trip to Buzzard's Bay to observe target practice at 8 o'clock Saturday--returning to Oyster Bay by 11 p.m. Taft was advised to "shape" his action so that it would not be necessary to cable him while at sea though he could be reached by wireless telegraphy. If the situation was sufficiently critical, Taft was to wire him to abandon the trip.

The next day he wrote Lodge:[21] "I am greatly disheartened at what has occurred and doubt very much whether in the end we shall not have to exercise a more immediate control over Cuba; and of course it is possible that we shall be unable to make a working scheme even now, and that we shall have to take possession of the island temporarily this fall. But I shall do all that I can to avoid this and I hope to be successful."

On Friday, September 28 aboard the Mayflower, in a telegram to Taft he authorized the landing of troops and the establishment of a provisional government:[22]

> All right land forces and issue proclamation as suggested in my name, but if possible emphasize fact that you are landing only at Palma's request and because there is no Government left so that it is imperative to establish one and to land forces to protect life and property, also tell that the Government you form is only provisional and temporary until Cubans can form one for themselves. I suppose you will get insurgents to disperse by telling them you will carry out substantially the agreement to which they once before assented.

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21. Ibid., p. 427-428.

22. Ibid., p. 434.

Back at Oyster Bay on September 30, the situation had developed to the point he thought a congratulatory telegram was in order for Taft:[23]

> Have directed that the six thousand men go to you. You might announce that they are to relieve the sailors and marines. This may make it a little easier as regards any Cuban insurgents who may wish an excuse to be suspicious of our good faith. Shall I cable Winthrop to join you at once? I presume you will wire Funston and Duvall yourself. I congratulate you most heartily upon the admirable way you have handled the whole matter. It is another great public service you have rendered. Will you also congratulate Bacon most heartily for me upon what he has done? I am especially pleased with the agreement which the revolutionary committee signed. Have directed the State Department to continue Cuban foreign relations, consuls, and ministers as if no change had occured.

By October 1 Roosevelt was back in Washington and comfortably settled again in the White House. On October 14 he wrote Kermit comparing life there with Sagamore Hill:[24]

> Mother and I were talking the other day about how thoroly we enjoyed the White House, for the sake of the beauty of the house and surroundings and for the sake of its traditions and associations, and what satisfaction we feel in having turned it into what it should be--a degnified house for gentlefolk; just the right type of house for the head of a democratic republic. Yet at the same time we also agreed that year by year we would both of us find it, not harder, but easier, to leave. Sagamore is our home. It is Sagamore that we love; and while we enjoy to the full the White House, and appreciate immensely what a privilege it is to be here, we shall have no regrets when we leave.

Shortly after his return from a trip to Panama that November, the President was alerted to the close call Sagamore Hill had from destruction by a forest fire the night of November 27. The fire had started in the woods around Cooper's Bluff on the estate of Emlen Roosevelt and was making its way to Sagamore Hill when detected by Captain William Bingham, who had alerted Noah Seaman, who in turn alerted the foremen

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23. Ibid., p. 435.

24. Theodore Roosevelt Papers, Houghdon Library, Harvard University.

of the estates of Emlen Roosevelt and Mrs. James A. Roosevelt. A force was quickly assembled which employed backfiring measures that, aided by a slowing wind, enabled them to bring it under control short of damage to the President's property.[25]

The Times article gives the full story:

FIRE NEAR PRESIDENT'S HOME
Mr. Roosevelt's Sagamore Hill Residence Narrowly Escapes Destruction.

OYSTER BAY. L.I. Nov. 28.--President Roosevelt's home on Sagamore Hill had a narrow escape from destruction by fire last night, and probably the only thing that saved it was the fact that the wind was blowing in an opposite direction to that in which a forest fire on Cooper's Bluff was eating its way.

Cooper Bluff is on the estate of W. Emlen Roosevelt, a cousin of the President, which adjoins the Sagamore Hill property. Capt. Willaim Bingham, who lives at Cold Spring Harbor, across the bay, was the man who discovered the fire, and he lost no time in telephoning to Noah Seaman, the Superintendent of the President's country seat, that the woods on Cooper Bluff were ablaze. Capt. Bingham offered to send fifty men in boats to help fight the fire, but this was afterwards found to be unnecessary.

Seaman telephoned to Supt. James Mills of the W. Emlen Roosevelt estate and James Russell, Superintendent of the property of Mrs. James A. Roosevelt, asking them for assistance to fight the flames.

All the men available on the different estates were hurriedly assembled, and the combined forces started for the burning woods. They found that the fire had started north of Sagamore Hill and was gradually making its way toward the President's property. The ground was littered with fallen leaves, which made good fuel for the fire, and the flames were rapidly consuming everything in their path.

The wind from the north was a strong ally of the fire-fighters, who resorted to back firing to stay the progress of the flames. If the wind had been from the opposite direction it is believed that nothing could have saved the President's home and several of the neighboring residences.

After two hours of hard work the advance of the fire was stayed, after it had burned over five acres of valuable woodland.

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25. The New York Times, Thursday, November 29, 1906.

Summer of 1907

Summer 1907

With the time set for departure for Sagamore Hill one week away, Roosevelt's thoughts were turning to home and the need of a new station wagon. On June 6 Loeb wrote Seaman:[1]

> Enclosed find papers sent by Studebaker Bros. Co. showing shipment of station wagon. Please return them at once the rubber cover furnished by them for the protection of the vehicle in transit, tagging it with the blue tag supplied by them for the purpose. Examine the wagon and see that it is in good condition, and hand me back their bill for its cost when I reach Oyster Bay.

By June 13 the family was back at Oyster Bay and busily engaged in opening the house for summer. In the midst of everything, the President stopped the next day to write Kermit and tell him he was: "as pleased as Punch" that he should have stroked such a fine race. "It was great." He would have given much to have seen "that final spurt." "We had a very nice time at Jamestown on Georgia Day," he wrote,[2] "Auntie Bye and Uncle Will, Auntie Corinne and Uncle Douglas, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant La Farge went down with us. I think it very touching of the Georgians to have built a reproduction of my grandfather's house, the house in which my father and mother were married, as the Georgia State Building. They received me with wild enthusiasm and for the moment loved me very much indeed--which will not in the least interfere with their hating me quite as much a year hence if anything whatever happens in the meantime that they do not like. There was the usual awful crush when we tried to set lunch. . . . The naval review was a great sight, of course, and I tell you I feel mighty glad to think of all these battleships, now that there is this friction with Japan."

He closed with a comment on the delight at being home:

> Yesterday we came home. The place is too lovely for anything and it is delightful to be here. Lovely tho the White House is, it is not home; and Sagamore Hill is. Today Mother and Ethel and I are all busy

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1. T. R. Papers Series II, 1901-1909 Letterbook 108.

2. Morison, The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, V, 688-89.

> as bees arranging the books that came on from Washington, and generally fixing things.

June 26 was a beautiful moonlight night and as was their custom on moonlight nights the colored servants gathered for a sing--the coach man, the groom and the two horsemen. Soon they were joined by the two white grooms. They must have been in good voice for they enticed the President and Ethel, who had retired for the night, to come down to the piazza where dressed in "scanty attire" they listened to the Sagamore, sextet seranade. "The coachman and colored groom really have excellent voices," Roosevelt wrote[3] Lodge the next day, "and the other four sing well in the choruses (curiously enough, altho all four are Virginians, we have no trouble along the color line) and it is really pleasant to hear them." "Edith," he explained,"had gone off to New London to meet the boys."

The "old barn" that had given so much joy to so many of the Roosevelt clan collapsed in 1904 and plans for a new one were prepared and submitted that fall for approval. Mrs. Roosevelt, however, found them too elaborate and so wrote Seaman October 3, 1904:[4] "I hope to keep Sagamore all my life and as long as I have a stable, such a barn would be more than we need." She did not feel they needed a barn with so much concrete. What she really wanted was "a barn like the old barn without any cellar."

The new barn was not finished until July 3, 1907, at which time Loeb wrote[5] Douglas Robinson informing him of the fact and advising him that Mrs. Roosevelt wanted it insured "at once for $2,500."

Thus once again Sagamore Hill played a hospitable role in trying to resolve an international crisis. Following the conference with the Japanese Ambassador Aoki and Admiral Yamamoto on the 12th, Roosevelt wrote Root the next day:[6]

> I am more concerned over this Japanese situation than almost any other. Thank Heaven we have the navy in good shape. It is high time, however, that it should go on a cruise around the world. In the first place I think it will have a pacific effect to show that it can be done; and in the next place, after

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3. Ibid., p. 696.

4. T. R. Papers, Series II, 1902-1904, Letterbook 106.

5. Ibid., Series II, 1901-1909, Letterbook 108.

6. Ibid., pp. 717-718.

talking thoroly over the situation with the naval board I became convinced that it was absolutely necessary for us to try in time of peace to see just what we could do in the way of putting a big battle fleet in the Pacific, and not make the experiment in time of war. Moreover, the hideous cowardice and stupidity of many of our people, which make the hideous sensationalism and offensiveness of many of the yellow press, are almost as serious a menace to us in our foreign relations. . . .

Aoki and Admiral Yamamoto were out here yesterday at lunch. Aoki is a singularly coolheaded and wise old boy. I am afraid he is much more so than his fellow countrymen. Yamamoto, an ex-Cabinet Minister and a man of importance, evidently had completely misunderstood the situation here and what the possibilities were. I had a long talk with him thru an interpreter. He kept insisting that the Japanese must not be kept out save as we keep out Europeans. I kept explaining to him that what we had to do was to face facts; that if American laboring men came in and cut down the wages of Japanese laboring men they would be shut out of Japan in one moment; and that Japanese laborers must be excluded from the U. S. on economic grounds. I told him emphatically that it was not possible to admit Japanese laborers into the United States. I pointed out to him those rules which Wilson quoted in his memorandum, which show that the Japanese Government has already in force restrictions against American laborers coming into Japan, save in the old treaty posts. I pointed out that under our present treaty we have explicitly reserved the right to exclude Japanese laborers, I talked freely of the intended trip of the battleship fleet thru the Pacific, mentioning that it would return home very shortly after it had been sent out there; at least in all probability. I also was most complimentary about Japan and repeated at length the arguments that I had written to Takahira and Kaneko. How much impression I made upon him I cannot say. Meanwhile, I have received, and enclose to you the disquieting statistics of the Japanese arrivals in the United States for the fiscal year just closed as compared with the fiscal year preceding. There has been a great increase in these arrivals; and for the last two months, during which the new policy has been in effect, while the increase is less marked, it still exists. . . . If there is not a falling off in the number of Japanese arrivals, I think we can safely count upon at least a very dangerous agitation

> in Congress next year for their total exclusion by a law modeled after our Chinese exclusion act.
>
> The New foundland business and similar matters are mere child's play compared with this Japanese business, from the standpoint of its ultimate importance.
>
> I am not at all sure that later you ought not to come out here and have a talk with me. When you do I hope you will bring Mrs. Root.

For a man who drank with such definite moderation as not to include bourbon, it is of special interest that Sagamore Hill could boast of having one of the finest Madeira wine cellars in New York. In a postscript, Roosevelt confides this to Lodge in a letter of September 4:[7]

> Edith has just come in very much pleased, having had an expert out to recork some of the Madeira which her grandfather left. As you know, a good deal of it he brought over in 1816. The expert told Edith that he knew of but two people who had as good cellars of Madeira, one being Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and the other (tell it not to Gath!) John Kean. The worthy John, I doubt not, inherited it likewise; but Mrs. Vanderbilt's grandfather, if I am not greatly in error, would have preferred an inferior quality of gin, and I think in her case the Madeira has been acquired and not inherited.

In a brief letter to Emily Carow September 13, Roosevelt requested that she do him a favor, before her visit, and get him a copy of Ferrero's The Greatness and Decline of Rome, which he had been "greatly interested in."[8] He closed with news of the family:

> We are passing our last days at Oyster Bay. Next Tuesday, Archie, who has grown very much stronger this summer, starts for Groton with Kermit. Kermit has just come back from a trip on horseback with Fitzhugh Lee and the Thirteenth Cavalry, and from a shooting trip. He brought back a hamper of game of his own shooting--prairie chickens, ducks, and venison.
>
> Ted has just returned from a visit to John Greenway, in Minnesota, on business, this having reference

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7. Ibid., pp. 783-84.

8. Ibid., pp. 792-93.

to his future career. Ethel has been having a house party, and they have all been enjoying themselves in a delirious manner.

Yesterday we all had a picnic at Jayne's Hill.

Though he was "up to his ears" in writing his message and the speeches he was to make on a western trip shortly after his return to Washington, Roosevelt took time out, September 20, to write Nannie Lodge a long, newsy family letter:[9]

> Quentin is devoted to his little Canadian governess, who has been in Quebec this summer, and he writes her frequently in French--that is, in what, by an elastic construction of the word, can be called French. His letters are purely off his own bat and neither instigated nor supervised by anybody. The other day he brought me one to address and post, and without his knowledge I made a copy of it which I enclose. Will you send it back after you have read it?
>
> Edith is now putting up the house, and we feel a little melancholy, as we always do when the summer is over. I suppose I will have an awful time with Congress this winter. But the summer has been very pleasant and satisfactory for all the children. Ted has circulated somewhat irrelevantly from Beverly to Northern Minnesota. He will try to get thru college in three years so that next summer he can go to work, just before he is twenty-one. I shall be glad if he can do this, for I do not see that there is anything more that he can get out of college. He has had a very good time, as I of course wish him to have, and he is mature enough to settle down to earning his own living. He is a very vigorous, hardy boy, able to get on with all kinds of people; and I am sincerely glad to say that he combines such natural prowess in field sports with such indifference to them. That is, he is a good shot, and especially a good rider, but he does not really care for hunting or for horses. He will take out one of my hunters if anybody is here who will ride the other, and then will jump over every fence there is near by. Once this summer he got a slight concussion of the brain thru his horse coming down with him while he was larking it over a very still fence nearly five feet high, on our own place.

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9. Ibid., pp. 798-801.

But he does not really care for horses, and he will not miss them very greatly when the future comes and he can not have them. He is fond of reading and fond of writing poetry; but he will not bother with trying to polish his poem, having what I think is the very wise feeling that he could not do enough as a poet to justify himself in doing nothing else, and that if he does anything else it is a positive disadvantage to him to be known to write poetry. I should like to have him go out to northern Minnesota in the iron country, under John Greenway, and buckle down to the roughest work. But I shall not force him to do anything which he does not really wish to undertake, and very possibly something else will turn up which he will think will be better.

Kermit is very different. He has none of Ted's natural prowess. With horses, for instance, he took a long time in learning how to ride them. But he has become a good rider, and cares far more than Ted does. This year he spent a few days at the Wadsworths' at Genesco at the time of the sports, taking part in the sports and riding all the young hunters, many of them not yet trained. He got bucked off of them now and then and had falls with them at different fences, but he thoroly enjoyed himself. Then he went up for a week to take charge of Groton camp for poor boys sent out by different societies from Boston. He did this work well, and I am extremely glad to have him do it, for I hope the children will grow up with the feeling that they must not be selfish and must do a certain amount of work for others. Then he went off three weeks to the West--first for a week marching with the Thirteenth Cavalry in company with Fitz Lee, and then on a prairie chicken shoot to Dakota, topping off with a deer hunt in Wisconsin. The cavalrymen said he did very well on the march with them, and he made a good bag of prairie chickens and ducks and one deer. He has more genuine literary taste than any other of the children, being much like Edith in this way. What he will do in after life, I do not know. If he enters college, it will be next fall. If he developed any strong taste for any particular kind of work, I should not try to send him to college.

Archie passed the happiest summer he has ever passed, because he found out the thing of which he was most fond, namely sailing. He has a dory, and is president of the local Dory Club. He has won half a dozen silver, bronz and pewter cups in races, sometimes taking as crew Captain Norman, the pilot, sometimes Seaman, our hired man, who is an ex-oysterman, and

sometimes a sailor from the Sylph. He also knows definitely what he wants to do in life. He wants to enter the navy, and if I can get him an appointment to Annapolis and he is able to pass the entrance examinations, his career will be settled. Tho he has any amount of character, he is not a bright little boy and I do not know whether he will be able to pass the entrance examinations even if I can get him the appointment. Anything connected with the water he delights in. Small tho he is, he dove twenty-two feet to bottom from the Sylph this summer, but two or three of the Sylph's men being able to make the dive. He had a heart-breaking experience just before he left for Groton, for Skip was run over and killed by an automobile. Skip was never out of his company day or night, and even sailed all of his races with him, and you can imagine Archie's grief--and indeed, for the matter of that, the grief of the rest of us. So poor little black Skip was buried under the stone that bears the names of the dogs for which we have cared the most; and next morning Archie and Kermit started for Groton together--Archie's first experience away from home.

Quentin is a roly-poly, happy-go-lucky personage, the brightest of any of the children, but with a strong tendency to pass a very happy life in doing absolutely nothing except swim or loaf about with other little boys. However, Edith has made him ride a good deal, and yesterday he took his pony over--or, to be more accurate, he went over in more or less close connection with his pony--a three-foot fence. He went over it five times, and the last time sat very well.

Ethel is a dear. She is sixteen new and well grown and she and Ted have house parties and go off very occasionally to house parties. She teaches a Sunday school class and helps Edith in the house, and leads just about such a life as Edith herself led at such an age; and altho she has a tendency to be too nervous and excitable and to do too much, she is a very satisfactory child, on the whole.

Edith is well. But of course there is always a good deal of bother for her. I shall be away for over three weeks in October, first on a speech-making trip and then for a two weeks' bear-hunt in the Louisiana canebrakes. Edith intends to occupy these three weeks in as unmixt rest as can possibly be obtained. She does not want to go anywhere. I have been trying to find some place that she would like to go on a trip by herself or with some friend, but there isn't any such place. Of course while I

am President no trip with me would be anything save wearisome exertion.

As for me, I have worked every day this summer for three or four hours, but I have had plenty of holiday, too, and am in fine shape. I have played tennis; I have taken Edith rowing and riding; I have chopped industriously; and now and then have shot at a mark with the rifle. There is plenty of work ahead. I do want to leave certain things to my successor in such shape that the work I have done won't be undone. The Panama Canal is getting along very well. I hope to get it so started that my successor will not be tempted to change the type or do something of the kind, as he is certain to be advised to do by various people, and as he will be tempted to do in order not to appear to be merely carrying out my policy. So with the navy, I want to put the navy on such a basis that it can not be shaken from it. I am very well pleased with the personnel of the officers up to and including the grade of lieutenant-commander; but beyond that the percentage of good men diminishes very rapidly. They come to command rank too old. They lack initiative and training; they are inert and unable to bear responsibilities. I am exceedingly sorry that Harry has retired, for I should like to feel that he was second in command on this Pacific trip and able to take Evans' place should the need arise.

As for my internal policies, the last few years have convinced me more than ever that it is to the ordinary plain people that we must look for the future welfare of the Republic, and not either to the over-educated parlor doctrinaires, nor to the people of the plutocracy, the people who amass great wealth or who spend it, and who lose their souls alike in one process and the other.

Love to Cabot. His letters are a continual pleasure and strength to me.

Another summer had come and gone to take with it much of the glamor of the old days. Change was now the order of the day. The children were growing up and all too soon now there would be a change of top command. This was apparent in the increasingly critical mood of Congress and the nation. Roosevelt was reluctant to release the reins for he loved power--not for power's sake but for the good he could do with it--and there was yet so much that needed being done. It was now so important that the choice of his successor be a wise one to assure the continuance of his program. Taft had emerged as the most likely prospect and there was comfort in that thought.

It was always hard to leave Sagamore but somehow it was a bit easier if one could crowd the very last hours with a burst of energy. This he did in part on September 22, as he wrote Archie the next day:[10]

> Yesterday Mother and I, for the first time I can remember, tookaa Sunday off, so to speak, and rowed around Lloyd's Neck, portaging the isthmus. We wanted to have one good row before we left. We had a delightful time, and tho it threatened a storm it did not burst until we were within a half mile of the home beach, where we did not care.
>
> [Handwritten] P. S. (Tuesday) Monday it rained hard and blew a gale all [day]; nevertheless I did about two hours chopping. This morning the weather is glorious, and mother and I have just come in from a two hours ride.

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10. Ibid., p. 805.

Summer of 1908

Summer 1908

The eve of spring 1908 found Roosevelt "up to his ears" in work as usual. He was having a bigger hassle than ever with Congress, which obviously was dragging its feet, conscious that his Presidential days were numbered. This was especially irritating to a vigorous man accustomed to power. There was so much yet to be done which could only be accomplished through the wise choice of a successor and Taft seemed obviously the man. Much of his attention that spring and summer was devoted to securing, first, Taft's nomination, and second, his election. His influence was indispensable to the realization of both of these objectives.

Facing the dismal boredom of an ex-President, he felt impelled to find some escape--the African trip seemed to be the best answer. He confided to Henry Adams in a letter of March 9[1] that he had been rereading his grandfather's diary relating to the way he had faced up to boredom by, after a two-year interval, successfully offering for Congress. "Oh Lord!" he wrote, "I wish I did not sympathize with him and the rest of his family about being bored! The capacity to be bored whether treated as a sin or a misfortune is an awful handicap."

How many times now, as the curtain was ringing down, he must have regretted that fateful statement following his election in 1904:[2]

> I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibilities this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

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1. Ibid., p. 968.

2. The Evening Star, Washington, D. C., November 9, 1904.

Mrs. Alice Longworth told the writer in an interview, February 10, 1970, that the family considered the statement the most serious error of his political career. There seems little doubt that he deeply regretted it, but once having committed himself in such an unequivocal fashion he felt honor bound to abide by it. This was a time when he solely missed Edith's restraining influence.

In the midst of other worries, he was concerned by the Dean's news from Harvard--that since January 1 Ted had cut 38 lectures without sufficient excuse. "I am really at a loss to understand how Ted could have been so silly," he wrote Kermit March 15. "He is over 20; he is a junior, and hopes to graduate this year; and I cannot treat him as if he were Quentin. Quentin, for instance, thanks I believe to his excitement over baseball, did not do his lessons well this week and Miss Dulin complained to his Mother. Of course we will discipline Quentin. . . If Archie, thru sheer inability, failed in mathematics, I should be very sorry but I should not in the least hold it against him; but where Ted gets on probation because he has been such an utter goose as pointlessly to cut his resitations I am not only much irritated but I also become apprehensive as to how Ted will do in after life."

Thinking of the family and home, Roosevelt recalled the annoyance he had had the last few summers with English sparrows and decided to do something about it. On the same day he wrote Clinton H. Merriam:[3] "Is there any kind of air gun which you would recommend which I could use for killing English sparrows around my Long Island place? I would like to do as little damage as possible to our other birds, so I suppose the less noise I make the better."

It was about this time that Roosevelt began to seriously plan for his African trip. With boyish enthusiasm and minute, methodical attention to detail, he entered into it confident that it would rescue him from boredom and would provide the graceful, colorful exit from power he needed to become once again a private citizen of Oyster Bay.

His correspondence on the subject was voluminous. Not only did he seek on an intercountinental basis the advise of the leading hunters of the day as to the best routes to follow, the nature of the country he would invade, the training and capabilities of the safari personnel, the means of transport, the type of equipment to carry, food, shelter, medicines, clothing, the effectiveness of different rifles, the characteristics of the various beasts he would encounter, but correlated this with obtaining licenses and permissions of entry from foreign governments and working out the details of supplying exhibits for the National Museum in Washington. Further he entered into contracts for the publication of the venture.

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3. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, Morrison vol. 6, p. 971.

So nearly did this trip dominate so much of his attention in his last days at the White House and at Sagamore Hill that summer that it would seem to warrant a fairly comprehensive examination to better evaluate the man. Here was certainly a prime example in which an impulsive man did not go off half-cocked. He was determined the trip would succeed, for at stake was possibly the life of his son Kermit, who was to accompany him, his own life--and his reputation. He was a proud man, and failure on such an expedition with the eyes of the world upon him would be unbearable, particularly if it were the result of a serious oversight or poor planning. "In this life," he had recently written Kermit,[4]

> No matter how much energy and ability and foresight we show, we are often certain to be trampled upon by men and events. We are often defeated under circumstances where all our courage and ability do not enable us to cope, either with some adversary who is naturally more formidable than we are, or with a combination of events from which it is not humanly possible to wrest success. Therefore we are sure to have a sufficient number of defeats anyhow. The only way to come out ahead is not wantonly to court defeat where by the exercise of ordinary prudence and forethought and skill and resolution it is possible to be sure of victory.

With her usual attention to detail, Mrs. Roosevelt checked with Noah Seaman to determine the best purchase price for timothy hay--whether it should be bought at Oyster Bay or in Washington and shipped down with the horses. She had also started packing some household goods and books for the permanent move to Sagamore Hill. Through Loeb she wrote Seaman June 2:[5]

> I wrote you a few days ago asking you to advise me as to the present price of first-class timothy hay in Oyster Bay, and as to how much it will be necessary to bring from here, in case it seems advisable to purchase it here. As only two weeks intervene between now and the date of shipment of the horses etc., I shall be glad if you will write me at once, so that Mrs. Roosevelt may have time to give the matter attention.
>
> On the 16th, several of the stablemen, with the horses, supplies, and a number of boxes of household goods, books, ets., will reach Oyster Bay

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4. Ibid., May 15, 1908, p. 972.

5. T. R. Papers Series II, 1905-1909, Letterbook 107.

> in the afternoon (probably at 5:49 p.m.) Mrs. Roosevelt wishes you to meet them with wagons for hauling the boxes and trunks to Sagamore Hill. Also have wagons on hand upon the arrival of the President and party on the 20th to take charge of the trunks belonging to the family. As soon as possible I will give you information as to the number of pieces. . . .

Frank Michler Chapman, American Museum of Natural History, wrote the President June 5 requesting permission to show him later at Sagamore Hill the Biograph pictures of a "remarkable colony of birds" that he had made the previous March on Pelican Island, Florida.[6] Two days later the President replied:[7]

> That is a most attractive invitation, but I am afraid at Oyster Bay we have no means of arranging to see the photographs. We have no electric light and no suitable rooms. Could you not come down to Washington next fall when we have returned here, and give us a chance to see the pictures in the White House? Then we could have a number of people that ought to see them also. When you come I shall go over the question of what we should do about photographic matters on my African trip. My son Kermit, who is going with me, has always been much interested in photography.

It was haying time at Sagamore Hill when Roosevelt wrote Alice June 29:[8]

> "Big Bill" was out here Saturday, and just as dear as he always is. He told me all about you. When he came out I had just stopt haying, and I besought him to tell you this fact so as to refute your cruel suspicions that I had hitherto hayed with a view to my political future.
>
> Quentin is really too funny for anything. He got his legs fearfully sunburned the other day, and they blistered, became inflamed, and ever-faithful Mother had to hold a clinic on him. Eyeing his blushed and scarlet legs, he murmured, "They look like a Turner

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6. T. R. Papers Series I, 1908, Box 133.

7. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, VI, 1061.

8. Ibid., Series II, 1908, Letterbook 82.

sunset, don't they?" And then, after a pause, "I won't be caught again this way, quote the Raven 'Nevermore.'" I was not surprised at his quoting Poe, but I would like to know where the ten-year-old scamp picked up any knowledge of Turner's sunsets.

I am having great fun planning out my African trip. I hope you and Nick will have a delightful summer.

When the Roosevelts left for Sagamore Hill, they extended Archie Butt a warm invitation to visit them at Oyster Bay on July 24. In the third week of July, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote Captain Buff confirming their verbal invitation and reminding him that he was expected on the 24th. She said, "I sometimes feel doubtful about my guests, but I know that you will like Sagamore Hill." His visit fully justified her expression of confidence. Few guests have left us such an intimate picture of life at Sagamore Hill as the four letters he wrote from "Oyster Bay, L. I." July 24-28, 1908.

In his letter to his mother July 24, he gives a delightful picture of the simplicity of homelife, the food, table manners, and chit-chat, and the like:[9]

The greatest surprise to me so far has been the utmost simplicity of the home life at Sagamore Hill. I am constantly asking myself if this can really be the home of the President of the United States, and how is it possible for him to enforce such simplicity in his environment. It might be the home of a well-to-do farmer with literary tastes or the house of some college professor.

There was no one at the house when we [Beckman Winthrops accompanied him] got there. Mrs. Roosevelt had been out to see some sick neighbour and the President was playing tennis. They both came in together, however, he in tennis garb and she in a simple white muslin with a large white hat of some cloth material, with flowers in it, a wabbly kind of hat which seems to go with trees and water. He welcomed us with his characteristic handshake and she most graciously and kindly. The President was so keen for us to take a swim that he did not give us time to see our rooms before we were on the way to the beach.

I do not know when I have enjoyed anything so much. I could not help remarking how pretty and

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9. The Letters of Archie Buff, pp. 62-69.

young Mrs. R. looked in her bathing suit. I did not admire his, however, for it was one of those one-piece garments and looked more like a suit of overalls than a bathing suit, but I presume he did not think it dignified for the President to wear one of these abbreviated armless suits which we all think are so becoming. I confess to liking to have as much skin surface in contact with the water as possible.

Dinner was at 8:00 and we hurried home to put on evening clothes. I had asked Mrs. R. if the President dressed for dinner and she said that he always wore his dinner jacket, but to wear anything I wanted, as the only rule they had at Oyster Bay was that they had no rules or regulations. I finally wore white trousers and white waistcoat with the dinner jacket and black tie. He said it was a custom he liked more than any other for summer and that he often wore it himself. He put Mr. Winthrop on his right, and I sat on his left. There was no special formality, the only deference which was paid to the President was the fact that all dishes were handed to him first, then to Mrs. Roosevelt, and after that to the guest of honour, and so on.

Miss Ethel was late in coming to dinner and every one, including the President, rose. From the conversation which followed I learned that it had always been a rule in the household for the boys to rise when either their mother or father or their sister came to the table. In fact, Kermit said that since such was the custom the girls ought to make it a rule to be on time for their meals, and this remark started the Roosevelt ball rolling. The President said that he thought Ethel ought to try to be on time, too; that he preferred that no notice be taken of him when he came to his meals late, but that since Mrs. Roosevelt (with a deferential wave of the hand toward her) insisted upon this modicum of respect being paid to the President he always tried to be on time to his meals. Mrs. Roosevelt said that she did not insist upon the mark of respect being paid to the President but to their father, whereupon all laughed, and Ethel said she would try to be on time to all her meals except breakfast.

I was very hungry and enjoyed my dinner, being helped twice to nearly everything. We had soup, fish, fried chicken, and corn on the cob, and jelly. There was nothing to drink but water. The President asked me if I would have something, but as it was not the custom I declined.

"We often have something," said the President, "so do not hesitate to take what you want. We are not the tipplers that our friends in Wall Street would make us out, but don't mistake us for prohibitionists."

I was much interested in meeting the family in this way and never saw less restraint than at the President's table. Every child has something to say, and when one makes a remark it is certain to bring forth a volley of denials or contemptuous rebuttals from the others. In fact, there was nothing studied or formal, and every member came in for a little fun before the dinner was over. Even the guests did not escape.

When Mrs. Roosevelt reproved Kermit for putting his elbows on the table the President said that his children were well behaved as a rule, but that when he saw me do the same thing he felt that the example would be quickly followed. I then told how you had urged me to mind my table manners, especially while at Oyster Bay, and how you had no faith in me even at this late day. The President said he would not give a hang for a boy, no matter if he was forty, in whom his mother could not find something to reprove.

I forgot to mention the fact that the fried chicken was covered with white gravy, and oh, so good! The President said that his mother had always said it was the only way to serve fried chicken; that it gave the gravy time to soak into the meat, and that if the gravy was served separately he never took it.

Ted is now grown up and while not handsome, has a keen face and is certainly clever and with a splendid sense of humour. Kermit is very attractive in manner and in appearance, and I have an idea that he is his mother's favourite, though of course, she would deny it, just as you do when accused of favouring me over the others. Archie is the one who was so ill, and still looks very delicate. He is the pugnacious member, evidently, for he takes up the cudget at every chance. Quentin is the youngest, and a large bouncing youngster, who brought in his last-made kite to the table to show his father, and who explained to me the merits of the newfangles kites for flying purposes, which controversy would not interest you in the least.

There, I have introduced you to the family, and will stop, as lunch is nearly ready, the first bell having been rung some ten minutes ago. By the way the bell is a cow bell, just the kind you hear on cows in the cow lot, but sounds as sweet as any other if one is hungry.

I shall resume where I left off before lunch. After dinner we all went on the broad veranda which runs around part of the house, and which affords a beautiful view of the sound. The house sits on top of the hill and there are only one or two trees in its immediate vicinity. The ground slopes in all directions from the porch, and near the foot of the hill trees grow in great profusion and in many varities. What charms me especially about the location is that there is not another house visible from it and nothing to mar the landscape. As the President says:

"We have no one looking into our pantry and there is no need to close a shutter."

We smoked and chatted on a hundred different subjects and made plans for the following day. Mrs. Roosevelt finally took her knitting inside and was soon followed by Mrs. Winthrop. Miss Ethel evidently found us dull, and went walking with her dog Ace, and the boys went to the Mayflower to spend the night. The President, Winthrop, and I sat and talked on every subject which three men knowing something of the affairs of the day (I have only a smattering, perhaps) can talk. The talk naturally drifted to Taft's nomination and the chances for his election. The President seems to think that he will be elected, though there are certain elements of danger.

"If the people knew Taft there would be no doubt of his election," he said. "They know what he has done, but they don't know the man. If they knew him they would know that he can be relied on to carry out the policies which I stand for. He is committed to them just the same as I am and has been made the mouthpiece for them as frequently as I."

He did not think Taft would break the South. . . .

He then referred to the recent decision in the Standard Oil case and added:

"Like Andrew Jackson, when the enemy gains some advantage I advance a foot nearer. I have never betrayed the people yet, and I don't propose to do so now by default. If a technicality protects the criminal we must overcome the technicality. I am popular because I am trusted and I believe my policies to be best for all classes. If ever the unidentified class in this country feel that the legislative class is not to be relied upon then may the wealth and culture really expect trouble. In this country we have got to play the game squarely, for if we don't we will not be allowed to play it at all. The people are too well educated to be fooled. . . .

Well, I have rambled on, incoherently at times, but possibly with some interest to you. The fact that you tell me you have kept all my letters and that they will be sort of a diary some day inspires me to write more fully than I otherwise would. The only interest I have in writing is the hope that you will be entertained by what I say, so that when I have not you to write to I fear that my diary will come to a sudden close, for the simple record of facts to me has always been most distasteful. I should like to convince you, too, that the President is all that I think him, but when I read what I have written it seems to me that I have brought out facts which might put him in an unenviable light rather than in a favourable one, for I remember that one of the things you stored up against him was his criticism of the Presidents: just, possibly, but you thought it bad taste.

One thing he does most successfully, he makes you forget that you are in the house with the President, and that you are merely the guest of a very charming, witty, and hospitable gentleman. I will remain over Sunday; at least I think that is as long as my invitation lasts. The life is going to be strenuous and healthy. I see endless tennis and swimming and boating and riding ahead of me, and I am keen for it. Why was I not born a countryman instead of a horrid city type from which I cannot escape?

Archie Butt's first letter dated: "Oyster Bay L.I July 24" was on the day of his arrival, Friday. His next letter was written on Saturday the 25th but was dated the 26th:[10]

Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay
July 26

My Dear Mother

This is the end of a very busy day and a very delightful one also. Our other guest arrived soon after breakfast this morning, and while I am writing he is sleeping. I think I may have spoken of him before. He is a Mr. Phillips--William Phillips, I think. At any rate [he] is a Harvard man and a New Englander.

I feel toward New Englanders as a friend of mine did toward the Democrats of New York. He said he knew there were some good Democrats, but he thought he

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10. The Letters of Archie Buff, pp. 69-75.

knew them all. I feel that there are some mighty nice New Englanders, but I think I know them all. At any rate, I am constantly surprised how many more nice ones there are to meet. Phillips is one of them. He is rich, has a motor yacht, and yet works hard. He was in the diplomatic service somewhere in the East and then came to Washington, where he has been put at the head of a bureau of Eastern affairs, in the State Department. He was expected last night with us, but did not arrive until this morning. He came by boat and anchored while we were in swimming. I know him chiefly as a friend of Captain Logan, which is a good recommendation in itself to any one. I am not jealous of his yacht, but I am of his English travelling bag, one of the biggest and clumsiest ones I have ever seen, but holds a complete wardrobe.

It rained all the morning, but that did not prevent us from going in swimming and playing tennis. We started off with a good breakfast and everyone was keen for it. Peaches and cream, handed twice, and fried liver and bacon, and strange as it may seem, hominy but grits, as they call it in the North.

"Why Mr. President," I exclaimed, "this is a Southern breakfast. I have never seen hominy served anywhere out of the South in this way before."

"What did I tell you Edith? Yes, it is just the breakfast my mother always had, varied as to the meats, of course. I have the hardest time with most of my guests, who usually want to eat hominy with sugar and cream, and some think it is a fruit. We eat it just as you do in the South with salt and butter and nothing more."

The President has his own coffee pot and slop bowl and cream pitcher and sugar. I think it is a complete set in itself. Mrs. Roosevelt says that it is next to impossible to get his coffee to suit him, and as he is a great coffee drinker she provided him with a service of his own, and if the cofee is not right he has no one to blame but himself. He drinks several cups at breakfast and makes each one a matter of great formality. It is really interesting to see how much pleasure he gets out of it.

I note with some hestitancy to speak of it that the President is a good eater. You think me a large eater; well, I am small in comparison to him. But he has a tremendous body and really enjoys each mouthful. I never saw any one with a more wholesome appetite, and then he complains of not losing flesh. I felt like asking him to-day: "How can you expect to?" He does not smoke and the time when other men take to the weed

he gets the papers and magazines and for about ten minutes is absorbed in them. He takes only the New York Herald and New York Tribune. He knows he will not find anything in them to upset his digestion.

"I could not stand the Evening Post or the Sun after a hearty meal," he said.

Secretary Loeb sees that he hears what evil is published of him just before meal time. He says he could never fight on a full stomach. But while he does not take any of the other papers at his home, everything reflecting on him or which would be a guide to him in any way he has laid on his desk.

"I always want to see the laundatory things, so I think it my duty to read the contrary."

After breakfast we went on the porch and shook our fists at the rain. The President said the rain would not bother us, as we (he and I) had played a record game with the Postmaster-General one afternoon in the rain. While we were sitting there Quentin was seen scuttling around the corner. His mother said:

"I know what that means."

She called to him and when he came she whispered to him and I heard him say:

"Oh Mother, I thought you would forget."

"Mothers never forget these things, even if little boys do." she laughed, and he went out as we all have done on similar occasions to clean his teeth. Oh, horrors of boyhood days!

We all went swimming after tennis and a lot of fun we had. Every one joined in the water fight and sides were chosen to see could clear the float.

I cannot help but think that Mrs. Roosevelt feels anxious over the forthcoming African hunt. The President talks about it continuously and spends much of his spare time studying maps and reading up on jungle literature. What makes me interpolate something about it now is the thought of Kermit, the second son, whom the President is going to take with him. He is a splendid fellow, but looks more musical and literary than a huntsman. It may be that the President thinks he needsjust this experience, though he says Kermit has more endurance than any child he has. But if he were mine, I should say good-bye to him with a good deal of anxiety. There is some beautiful understanding between him and his mother. He always stands near her with his arm around her waist, and he never comes in a room that he does not go up and kiss her. I asked Miss Ethel this morning if he was not Mrs. Roosevelt's favourite. She said that it makes Mrs. Roosevelt angry to be accused of it, so evidently

it has been noticed before. But in talking to Mrs. Roosevelt later about it, I told her what I had said to Miss Ethel, but she said she has been accused of being fonder of Kermit than the others, but it was due solely to the affectionate nature of Kermit, that he gave more affection and in the same proportion invited more display of affection.

As I came out of the water my leg was bleeding from a number of scratches from barnacles under the float. The President noticed it and asked how it happened. I laughingly said that Phillips had done it. The President then told the crowd that Phillips had worn his spurs in the water and that I had said that if Phillips was a gentleman he would cut his nails. Poor Phillips, who is the most ultra-type of cultured Bostonian, could see no humour in the remark at all. All during the day the President would refer to it and ask me solicitously if I had used antisceptics, as he heard poison from nail scratches was considered very dangerous.

There were a number of persons to lunch, several magazine editors and an artist, a sculptor and Dr. Lyman Abbott. The conversation was on more conventional lines and the charm of the informal meal was missing. I noted that a Rhine-wine cup was served and that the President only took one cup of it. It was not bad, either. When I think how seriously the people of Newport asked me if the President was drunk every night I simply get boiling. He does not seem to mind these reports at all. He told me this morning that when they are not saying that he is insane, they sadly admit the drunken theory.

"What difference does it make?" he said. "Only that which is true is going to last. The people have their own methods of finding out the truth."

But for all that, I should like the roof of this simple home to be removed for twenty-four hours and that the eighty million pair of eyes could be focussed on Sagamore Hill. What a revelation would be its simplicity, its naturalness, its moral poise, its genuine family life, and above all its united love and happiness! I am beginning to be affected by it. I keep forgetting that this is an historic visit I am making, that my host is the President of the United States and that I ought to try to chain in mind things which are happening about me.

If he should come back from his African hunt, and the South with the rest of the country should call him to the Presidency again, what a vindication for his life and policies! Or if he should never return, what a

priceless memory will be theirs who have served with him as I have, and who have seen this phase of his life!

In the afternoon Miss Ethel gave her much-talked-of Coney Island party. We went by motor along the Shore road, through Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and then to Coney Island. There were just the Winthrops, Phillips, Miss Ethel and myself. We did everything and took in the Bowery. It was my first trip to the island. We went there in two hours and a gunter from Sagamore Hill and made the trip back in two hours and a half.

I started this letter last night after coming in and got up at six o'clock, took a fresh-water bath and while waiting for breakfast have finished it. This is Sunday and I may or may not go to church. Whether I go or not, I am sure you will be there, so in thy orisons, dear mother, be all my sins remembered. Good-bye.

Your affectionate son,
Archibald

Most of Archies next letter relates to the church service, the President's participation in it, and to his plans for the African trip:[11]

Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay
July 27 [26th]

My Dear Mother

It is well on into Sunday night, but I will not go to bed before giving you some idea as to how the day has been spent. I have been to church, seen something of the religious side of the President and watched the marvelous character of Mrs. Roosevelt itself. She seems so perfectly unconscious of herself that one can study her at length without being balked in this study by conscious moments of anything resembling pose. She really constitutes the atmosphere of the house, a sort of feminine luminiferous ither, pervading everything and everybody.

The President with his rugged personality, the children with their Rooseveltian characteristics, might easily convert this home into a disorderly household if it were not for the ever-softening influence of Mrs. Roosevelt. She is perfectly poised and nothing

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11. The Letters of Archie Butt, pp. 75-88.

seems to annoy her, and she permits nothing to disturb the routine of her housekeeping. I had noticed her routine at the White House, but there everything is so ordered and governed that it would run of its own momentum, but here one sees Mrs. Roosevelt just as she is, and her life and order at Sagamore Hill make me doubt whether after all the routine of the White House would be run so smoothly without her influence and guiding hand.

She came down Sunday morning to breakfast, breakfast being a half hour later than usual. Everybody was in a gay humour and each had to give an account of him or her self of the night previous before the President was satisfied. Mrs. Roosevelt announced at table that she and the President and the children were going to church and that they would not expect any of their guests to go unless urged to do so by their conscience, but that she would ask Mrs. Winthrop, but there her invitations would end. One by one the men spoke out and each had some excuse to offer for not going. At each excuse there was a burst of merriment, and when Ted finally said he had to remain to look after me, I dumfounded them all by announcing my intentions to go. Kermit at once said with characteristic cynicism that if I was going only to make character with his mother it was unnecessary; that she was already committed to me.

I held my own against the onslaught of good-natured banter of the table, and it was finally agreed that I should have a seat in the automobile, in spite of the fact that Ted said my going to church would upset all arrangements, for the reason that every seat was already taken and the detective would have to be left behind, in which case the President might be killed and his death would be due solely to me. Long before this we had seen that Ted had mapped out a morning in which I was a chief actor. I did not tell them that I had received your letter only the night before expressing the hope that I would go to church and that it was with a feeling somewhat of loyalty to you that I decided to do so. I did not regret it later, for it turned out to be a delightful experience.

Before getting ready for church we began to make plans for the afternoon, and I soon saw that the President was not to be included in any of the arrangements for the day. He told me later that he did not regard it as wicked or careless of holy things to play tennis or golf on Sunday, but he simply did not do any of these things on Sunday on account of the effect it might have on other people.

"I never want to see the observance of our American Sunday changed," he said. "There is a great deal to condemn in it, possibly, from a foreign standpoint, and a great deal that is narrow, but I believe it is wholesome and strengthening. It is very hard not to be able to shoot, for instance, on Sundays, but then the majority of our people believe it is wrong and I certainly would be the last to try to change their opinions. If I were a private citizen I would possibly join you to-day in tennis, but were I to do so as President all the papers in the country would have something to say about it and the example might be harmful to many. I am afraid that I sometimes shock the sensibilities of our people, but I never want to do so in any matters pertaining to the morals or the religious prejudices of the people.". . .

The motor car came sooner than I had expected it; in fact, the presidential family had to be kept waiting while I put on shoes instead of the pumps I had slipped on for breakfast. . . .

The President has two pews on the side aisle, he and Mrs. Winthrop and I occupied the first one, and Mrs. Roosevelt, with Kermit and Ethel, occupying the one behing us. The President bowed his head in prayer just as all good Episcopalians do on entering church, and so did each of us. As the service proceeded I noticed that the President followed the service without the use of the Prayer Book, singing the chants, even going through the Te Deum, without notes, as it were. He sang all the hymns and said the creed aloud. But I noticed that he did not bow his head in the creed nor did he at the Gloria. I suppose this was too much form for a member in good standing of the Dutch Reformed Church.

He has a poor idea of music, I imagine, for while he sang all the choral parts of the service, he was usually an octave lower than the choir in the hymns, but he did fairly well in the difficult Gregorian chants, much better than I who had sung in a choir at Sewanee, and I recognized the impossible formations of the syllables in the Te Deum and remembered, with a smile, how I used to work my jaws in it so that the precentor would not know that I was not singing. Well the President got through it in the most wonderful manner. I came to the conclusion before the service was over that the President was at heart an Episcopalian whatever his earlier training might have been. The hymns were evidently those sung in the North and not

in the South, for I did not recognize one. I think the South likes strong, sentimental hymns, while every one which was sung at Oyster Bay had some poetic value. They had an estra hymn interpolated without any reason, "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," and as we left the church the President said:

"Why do you suppose, Edith, that they put in an extra hymn, and if they do put it in, why in the name of goodness don't they put in one which people can sing?"

"That is too funny," added Mrs. Roosevelt, "for they have added another hymn because they heard that you liked more singing."

"Did I ever say so?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Roosevelt, "you did in the presence of one of the choir last summer, so you have no one but yourself to blame."

"Well, then, please suggest to them if they do me the kindness to add more hymns to sometimes put in 'Jerusalem the Golden,' or 'Oh, Paradise, Oh Paridise,' or something in which I can lift up my voice and praise."

This led to a discussion of hymns, and it was with some interest to hear each one mention his or her favorite hymn. Mrs. Roosevelt likes such hymns as "Nearer My God, to Thee" and "Art Thou Weary," etc. while the President said his favorite hymn was No. 457 beginning "Christ is made the sure foundation." His second favourite is "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty." He also expressed great admiration for "Jerusalem the Golden" and "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." For the first time I realized that I had no favourite hymn, but I think at my funeral I should like to have sung "Nearer, My God to Thee." I have thought of it during the day and I believe that I shall take "Nearer My God to Thee" as my favourite.

We left the President and his family at the West Roosevelts, where they go every Sunday to see "Aunt Emily," a charming elderly woman who seems to be a sort of prophetess of the clan. Often after playing tennis we go over there, and we have never failed to find a large pitcher of orange or lemonade on the back porch. Whether any one comes for it or not, it is always kept there for the boys who care to come in for it. It is not necessary to speak to any one, and once coming from swimming, Ted and I drank the entire pitcher and there was none for Kermit a little later, and to have heard the row it raised one would have thought the ten tables of commandments had been broken. As fast as the pitcher becomes empty it is supposed to be refilled immediately.

I went to Oyster Bay in the motor, as I felt I would be de trop at Aunt Emily's. I got out my pipe and borrowed some tobacco from the detective Mr. Sloan, and enjoyed the ride back to Sagamore Hill. Mr. Sloan is the head detective, and a fine gentlemanly appearing man he is, too. There are several, and two ar are always on duty at Sagamore Hill. They station themselves night and day at angles where they can cover the entire house, and there is always a feeling of protection, though the President says it would have no effect at all on a really first-class anarchist.

"It would be a pretty poor anarchist who could not get me any hour he wished while I am playing tennis, riding horseback, and swimming."

The detectives try to do their duty, but it is impossible for them to know what the President will do. He never takes them into consideration, and he darts from the house sometimes and is well a mile away before they have a chance to follow him. He will be on horseback and he says nothing to them, so that they cannot follow him. He seems to be utterly devoid of fear and never takes the possibility of accident into consideration. Sloan tells me that fifty detectives could not keep him covered, and that he really gets angry at times being followed, yet they do not allow his feelings in the matter to change their orders at all and one always tries to keep him in view. I seldom saw the detectives myself and often wondered what use it was to have them at the house when he was not there, but one day when we were all out of matches the President, who was playing tennis while two of us were not, there being six on the lawn, said:

"Why not see if the detectives have any? You will possibly find them with a weather eye from that clump of bushes over there."

I followed the directions just where the President said they would be, lying in the grass smoking a pipe himself. He laughingly told me that while they were supposed to guard the President most of their time was taken up hunting places to conceal themselves in as he hates to be spied on all the time.

"If we did not keep out of sight we would soon lose our jobs. He only lets us come here because the Madame wants us. If it was not to please her he would ship us away."

I found later that Mrs. Roosevelt not only insists upon the detectives, but keeps tab on them to see that they do not yield to the wishes of the President and keep too far out of sight.

To-night it was almost like fairyland. The air was soft and the President in a perfect gale of good humor. Hardly any one talked but he, and he filled the evening telling of boyhood days and the fun he has had when he goes camping with the children. It was almost as if Uncle Remus were among us to amuse us with stories, except that there was no dialect. He spoke of the fact that the boys never seemed to remember that he is growing old and "shame upon me to have to admit it--fat." He recounted, for instance, last summer when they had dug or burrowed holes through all the haystacks and that nothing would do but that he should go through some of them. Also he said they ran in odd directions and once he got so badly mixed up that he had to burrow a new way for himself.

"The next day Justice Moody came to visit me and I put Kermit up to taking him through them. Of course he did not want to go and saw little fun in it at best, but to please them he went, and so did I to see the fun. Well, he got stuck in one hole and it was with some difficulty that he was gotten out. It was one of those circuitous routes which go up in the hay and then down. It would have been an easy job for Fairbanks, but Moody's build was not exactly made for quite such sudden turns. Next to Phillips going in swimming with his spurs on, I think it was as funny an incident as we have had here."

He talked a great deal about his proposed African trip.

"You know," he said, "how you feel when you have all but finished one job and are eager to get at another. Well, that is how I feel. I sometimes feel that I am no longer President, I am so anxious to get on this trip."

He told us where he was going, the route he would take, and so on. He has seen many hunters and has many maps laid out.

"If I were younger," he said, "I would do so and so, but I will never be the same man I was and I will have to cut my work to my capabilities. I shall avoid now what I would eagerly have sought ten years ago."

"Don't you think, Mr. President, that after you are out a month or so all your old vigour will return, and that you will be as good physically as you were in the Spanish War?" I asked.

Before he could answer, Kermit who simply worships his father, said he felt sure that he would be as

strong as ever. The President said he would like to think so, but he knew he could not stand as much now as he could stand in the Spanish War; that he often felt inclined to stop and rest, and such a thing was unknown to him in the past. When asked by Winthrop what was the most dangerous animal he would find to hunt he promptly said: "the lion." He thought that most hunters thought the elephant, others the tiger, and to many more the hippo, but from what he had heard and read he felt that the lion was by far the most dangerous, because he was the quickest.

"Others do not think him so, for the reason that you can kill the lion by shooting him in any part of the body, but his alertness and agility make him the most dangerous to me."

He said that Mrs. Roosevelt would meet him in Cairo as he came out of the desert, that he expected to be gone a year, and by that time he would be sufficiently forgotten that he could return to the United States without being a target for the newspapers. . . .

And so the night wore on, and I am here trying to think of some of the many things he said which made us all roar at the time, but nothing seems to come back to me. His humour is so elusive, his wit so dashing and his thoughts so incisive that I find he is the hardest man to quote I have ever heard talk. His style of narration is so peculiarly his own that it is hard to reproduce it. In fact he does not reproduce it himself in writing. He can not follow himself with pen in hand. In conversation he is a perfect flying squirrel, and before you have grasped one pungent thought he is off on another limb whistling for you to follow. I can do all that he does physically; I think that is one reason why he finds me agreeable to have about him and I can follow him at times in conversation, even adding my share, but let him have the reins once between his own teeth fairly and squarely and he simply runs riot with the conversation. . . .

By the way, to-night at dinner Kermit announced that I thought of going on Monday, but that he asked me to remain longer; but that I had declined to do so, as I had not been invited. This took some retraction on the part of Kermit and some explanation on the part of myself, but finally I agreed to stay, after which Kermit said that he had put the matter that way as he knew it was the only way to keep me.

"People are always afraid of staying too long in this house, so they hurry off as if they had not enjoyed themselves."

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt both told me after dinner that they wanted me to remain as long as I could, that while they felt that Sagamore Hill would bore many people they were conscious I was enjoying myself and that was all they wanted to know. As we went to bed that night Phillips said:

"What a wonderful man and what a still more wonderful woman! What a privilege it is to have seen this household as we have seen it."

"Yes," I added, "that is the greatest thing he has yet done, to hold his family simplicity and home-like love and surroundings as he has done here. . . . I think Mr. Roosevelt cuts down trees merely for the pleasure of hearing them fall. Just as he swims and plays tennis merely for the pleasure of straining his muscles and shouting. Yet when he reads he has such powers of concentration that he hears no noise around him and is unable to say whether people have been in the room or not. He is fondest, he says, of history and biography, and when he goes to light literature he wants ghost or detective stories. . . .

In Archie Butt's last letter from Sagamore Hill, which he dates July 28, he writes:[12]

I can keep up with the President in all his outdoor sports, but I confess to being tired out and wanting to sleep when I come in, especially after eating the large old fashioned meals which are most temptingly served in this house. I would have no trouble in keeping pace with the President, but when he is busy I do some stunts with Ted, then possibly walk late in the afternoon with Miss Ethel and ride with Kermit. . . .

By the way, the President told me this morning that Uncle Remus had printed our letter, as he called it, regarding the adoption of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" as our National Anthem. "And I fear a few bricks coming our way, Captain Butt." The Jews, he said, had already protested against having a hymn as the national anthem with the name of Christ in it. But Julia Ward Howe was a Unitarian, and the Jews acknowledge the savior as a leader.

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12. The Letters of Archie Butt, pp. 88-91.

Yesterday when I tried to get a smash over the net I landed the ball on the President's head.

"If you would emulate your statesman Ty more in placing your hits your partners would be in less danger," he laughed.

I think the President begins to feel worried about the political outlook for Taft. He does not like the lack of enthusiasm which is evident, or the situation as it is developing in Ohio and New York. . . .

The first week of August brought a feature addition to the furnishings of Sagamore Hill--the painting "Seats of the Mighty," a gift of Arthur Hamilton Lee. On a trip to England Roosevelt had seen the painting in Lee's home and had expressed great admiration for it. "Overwhelmed" by the gift, Roosevelt wrote August 7, a warm letter of appreciation:[13]

Really my dear fellow, I am overwhelmed. I do not know whether to be most touched by your generous kindness, or most surprised at the way in which you have read my inmost thoughts. Upon my word, I feel almost uncomfortable, for I feel as if my admiration of that picture must have been really too open. Ever since I first saw it in your house it has appealed to me as very, very few pictures ever have appealed, and I have really looked forward to seeing it again when I should go to London and could see you. Therefore you can imagine how I prize the gift. But my dear fellow, great tho the value of the gift is, I prize infinitely more the spirit that lay behind it. Your letter also made me feel almost uncomfortable, for it said the things that of all others I would like to have said of me, and yet which I realize in the fullest manner I do not deserve to have said of me in the way in which you have put them. But I prize them none the less for that; and even if you are mistaken, I am glad you should feel as you do. I am especially pleased at your feeling that I "made good" at Chicago. Many of my English friends have been unable to see why I acted as I did, but it seemed to me all-important that when once I had given my word, even "without consideration" so to speak, that word should be made good. . . .

Give my love to Mrs. Lee. Mrs. Roosevelt joins me therein, and she is just as much touched as I am by your thoughtful kindness. Indeed, I never remember to have received such a gift. It will always be one of my most cherished possessions.

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13. Ibid., pp. 1158-1159.

Still not satisfied with his expression of appreciation he added a handwritten sentence: "The 'Seats of the Mighty' now hangs in the North Room; I go hither to see it the whole time; I can't tell you what a living pleasure it is, and always will be, to me; there just ar'n't words that will express all I feel about such a gift coming in such a way."

The Sagamore Hill rifle-range saw heavy use that summer as Roosevelt experimented with various rifles and different types of ammunition including the soft-nose bullet. He further wanted to be assured that he had an ample supply of ammunition. In answer to a letter of August 10, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, Connecticut, wrote him the next day:[14]

> As per your request we will see that the 30-30 which you sent us is thoroughly repaired and put in first class order before returning it.
>
> Also, we note that of the ammunition which you have ordered, you will want about twice as many prepared with soft point as with full metal patched bullet, that is, of the 1,000 45-90, 350 are to be full metal patched and 650 soft nose; of the 2,500 .30 caliber Model 1903 and 2,500 45-405 W.C.F., 800 are to be full patched and 1,700 soft nose, respectively. . . .
>
> As to spare parts, we would very strongly advise the carrying of duplicate sights and sight elevators, as these are quite liable to injury through slight mishaps, such as the dropping of the arm, etc.
>
> As to spare parts of the mechanism, we would naturally equip parties going for as long and serious a hunt as you are planning with spare extractors, firing pins, and mainsprings, although the failure of parts other than mainsprings is practically unheard of.

On August 13, Frank M. Chapman wrote the President recommending a special pair of binoculars which he was sending him:[15] "I am sending you by express today the Zeiss Stereo-Binoculars which I hope you will find thoroughly satisfactory and serviceable."

A "five-by-four folding pocket Kodak Camera" was ordered, August 11, from the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.[16] This was quite likely for supplementary use by Kermit.

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14. T. R. Papers, Series I, Box 135.

15. Ibid., Box 135.

16. Ibid., Series II, 1901-1909, Letterbook 108.

The testing of ammunition on the Sagamore Hill range produced a disturbing misfire in the 45/70 cartridge which the President was quick to report to the Company, who replied August 29:[17]

> Acknowledging receipt of your favor of August 25th and the misfire 45/70 cartridge which you call our attention to would say we regret to note this accident and are sorry to say we are not in a position to explain the cause of the difficulty.
>
> The shell was pulled down and the primer found to be exploded, and, judging from the condition of the cup, the primer had contained a full quanity of priming mixture. The powder grains in the rear of the shell were blackened and smoked, but apparently had not ignited.
>
> In view of this occurrence, which we are pleased to say is the first that has come to our attention in a good many years, we are firing and examining for defects a quantity equivalent to 10% of each item specified in the President's order for ammunition which we are preparing.

On September 2, Roosevelt felt impelled to write Arthur Hamilton Lee and again impress upon him the extent of his appreciation for the gift of the "Seats of the Mighty":[18]

> Ever since "the Seats of the Mighty" arrived this family has been convulsed in a by no means entirely successful effort to get the house fixt so as to live up to it!
>
> Seriously, that picture has not only been the source of greater delight to me than any present I ever remember receiving, but it has been a real anxiety because we have not been able to devise just the right place for it, a place really worthy of it. Did we build the north room since you were here, or was it built at the time of your last visit? We have another Simons, a very beautiful and striking picture, altho not to me quite as wonderful a picture as "The Seats of the Mighty," for which we practically in part built the north room, building the picture into the wall over the mantlepiece, it being a long instead of an upright picture like "The Seats of the Mighty." Now we have not been able to get quite as good a place for

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17. Ibid., Series I, 1908, Box 135.

18. The Letters of Thoedore Roosevelt, VI, 1204-05.

"The Seats of the Mighty." I should like to have put it in a room by itself, but the only other room that was suitable was the hall, over the fireplace, and that was too dark. I could put it in the library, but the library isn't nearly as handsome a room as the north room; and moreover, we would be brought up very close to the picture. Accordingly we have kept it in the north room, putting it in a big panel to the left of the door as you enter from the hall; we shall inlay it in the panel. This is all right in one way, but if the picture is seen from full in front there is a curtain which has to be pulled down so as to avoid a reflection from the glass; and then it really isn't quite as distinguished a position as the picture ought to have. I don't suppose I shall ever build another addition to the house, but if I do it shall be built primarily with a view to this picture. Meanwhile, it is where I see it whenever I sit in the north room, and the north room is my favorite and special room.

The President continued to use the Sagamore Hill range as a testing ground during the first two weeks of September, as we see from the letter of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company to Wm. Loeb, the President's Secretary, September 9:[19]

> We have yours of the 7th in reference to the use of 3/4 inch pads on the President's guns, and we have decided, in order that he may have an opportunity to test the rifles before he leaves Oyster Bay, which we understand he will do on the 20th, that we will send the guns tomorrow, put up with temporary stocks. These are not exactly the same we will furnish when the guns are finished, and he may rest assured that with the regular stocks on, such as we are intending to equip the guns with, the fit and other particulars will be much more satisfactory.
>
> The pads for two of the guns have been received, but we find considerable hand-work necessary to fit them to the stocks and we believe, all things considered, that the best course for us is to send the guns as above stated. With them we are including a small quantity of the ammunition out of the same lot which we are preparing to send to Africa. This will give the President an opportunity to test their shooting qualities and ascertain whether the sighting of the guns is to his liking.

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19. T. R. Papers, Series II, 1908, Box 135.

Again summer had come and gone--the last summer of the Presidential years. There was no escaping the feeling that with it had gone much of the excitement and glamor of the old days. The house had taken on a ghostly appearance "with all the heads and pictures and book cases done up in white." There was "something of the sharpness of the fall" in the air when Roosevelt prepared to write Kermit, September 14:[20]

> I enclose you the letters of Selous and Buxton, and a copy of a letter from Sir Reginald Wingate. I am still inclined to agree with Selous that we ought to have a man to take care of the caravan, but I have not yet decided. Evidently we will have to go into Belgian territory after white rhinoceros. I am glad Selous has cut out the silly superfluities that were put in the list of our equipment. The Winchester rifles have come, and I shall practice with them tomorrow. Mr. Spring Rice has been writing some real Mrs. Grummidge letters to Mother about the trip, saying how much he disapproves of it, and expatiating upon the dangers from wild beasts, from sleeping sickness, the black fever, and the like. I was immensely amused the other day to see an article in the Philadelphia Ledger in which the writer stated that as I had a very picturesque career, and as it was probably now at an end, it would really be a fitting, and on the whole a happy, conclusion if I came to my death in some striking way on the African trip! I do not think Mother thought it quite as humorous as I did.
>
> Today we celebrated Ted's birthday by a picnic at Jaynes Hill. Mother and I rode over, Archie accompanying us on Betsey. Phil and Ethel rode together; Cornelia was driven by Ted in the East Williston cart; and the rest came in wagons. It was just like one of the old-time picnics and we all missed you.
>
> I am very pleased at the spirit in which Ted is approaching his work. He goes to the factory [Hartford Carpet Corporation, Thompsonville, Connecticut] on October 1st, and he has made up his mind to four years' steady grind, at least, and he is absorbed in the purpose to make good. I believe he will.
>
> Mother went in town for a couple of days last week and Ted and I were alone. We played tennis and rode together, and I had some thoroly satisfactory talks with him. O course it is never possible to be certain about success, but I think that Ted is starting with the right spirit anyhow.

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20. Ibid., pp. 1236-37.

Archie goes back to school tomorrow, and the house is already beginning to look very ghostly with all the heads and pictures and book cases done up in white. Summer has gone, and there is something of the sharpness of fall in the weather already.

With love to Mr. Fergie, and whoever of my friends you are now with.

The Sagamore Hill proving range was turning up a number of irritating shortcomings in the Winchester rifles and sights, which fact was reflected in Roosevelt's letter of September 16:[21]

I am really annoyed at the shape in which you sent out those rifles. I return them to you, together with my Government rifle, so that you may have before you the stock and the sights I use. I had already sent you, as you of course remember, rifles showing my sights; yet you sent out these rifles with a rear sight which does not pretend to be like that I use, and which have what taken with a front bead I regard as the poorest rear sight ever used for game, the one with the sharp narrow _____ [illegible]. It was entirely useless to send them out to me in such shape. Moreover, while the two 405's were sighted accurately, the 30 caliber shoots about twelve inches high and six inches to the left; and moreover, extraordinary to relate, its rear sight is actually different from the rear sight of the two 405's and if possible worse. I can not see what excuse there was, when I had already sent you the rifles as models, for you to send me more sights such as there are on the three guns you sent me. Please be sure to copy exactly the rear sight of the Government weapon which I send you, and then have it sent on to Washington with your three rifles when they are ready.

There are two other matters to which I desire to call your attention in connection with these rifles. By comparing the stocks you will find that at present the stocks of the Winchesters are shorter than the stock of my Government rifle. When you get the thick rubber pads put on, will this difference be equalized and will the stocks be of exactly the same length as my Government rifle? Moreover, I find that the magazine mechanism is totally different in the two 405's from what it is in your 30 caliber. In the last, the 30 caliber, I can put all five cartridges into

21. Ibid., Series II, 1908, Letterbook 85, p. 145.

the magazine, and then by working the magazine the top one goes into the breech. But in the 405's I put only four cartridges in the magazine. If I try to put a fifth in it jams when I attempt to work the lever and get it into the breech. In other words, I can put four in the magazine and then one in the breech, whereas in the 30 caliber I put all five in the magazine and work the lever to get one of them into the breech. Now is this the proper and normal thing? . . .

Now for something purely my own responsibility. Would it be possible to substitute for the metal bead you have on the three front sights a small pink ivory bead, in each case the color of the lightest pink billard ball--that is ivory stained so as just to have a pink tinge over the whiteness and still have it light? If so I would like to have this done. I would like, of course, spare sights, one for each rifle, and I think these spare sights should have the bead of gold. Moreover, I wish you to be sure to see that in the rifle barrel there is a little notch, or groove, or line in the sight itself so that I can see at a glance if the sight has been knocked to one side. Better still, can't the sights be screwed into the barrel, so that they can't be knocked to one side.

When will you have the rifles on to Washington for me to see and try them? I can not afford to take any chances, and this experience with the rear sight shows me that I must see them in ample time to have any changes that I desire made.

Not only was Roosevelt determined, in the African trip, to meet any mishap to his eyeglasses by carrying nine pair, but he was equally cautious about his boots. On September 17, he wrote Buxton:[22]

The shoes have come and they are all right. I shall keep them accordingly. The only change in any other pair that I would like is that the toe-cap should be omitted. With such thick leather I am afraid they will have a tendency to rub the toe. As I understand, you are going to get me one other pair with nails, and then perhaps another pair with hemp soles. I shall take two pair with nails and two pair with rubber soles from America with me. The seven pair I suppose would be ample for the eleven months' work.

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22. T. R. Papers Box 135.

In his letter of September 17 to "Archikins," who had gone back to Groton, Roosevelt commented wistfully about the end of summer and their return to the White House for their last winter in Washington "with no children at all--only one grown up young lady." He then relates a close call on the tennis court that day and closes with the comment that that afternoon they are receiving "all the nice Oyster Bay people."

> We have missed you terribly, of course. The house is practically all put up, summer is over, and we are about to enter upon our last winter in Washington. It will seem curious to go back to the White House with no children at all--only one grown up young lady in place of all the cunning people who were so busy in their different occupations when we went there first seven years ago. But we are thoroly enjoying Ted being with us now. I play tennis with him and with various other people every morning. Today Phil drove a ball hard and hit my eye, breaking the glass and cutting my eyebrow, and making me stagger for about two seconds. But none of the glass went into my eye, and after I ran up to the house and washt the blood off I could go on with my game. I suppose I shall have a black eye now.
>
> This afternoon we receive all the nice Oyster Bay people. I am so glad to be able to do it.

There were new developments on the African trip and home news which he felt he should write Kermit about, September 19:[23]

> Mr. Buxton has sent me back your shoes and a pair for you with thick rubber soles. I will send them both to you at Harvard. . . .
>
> Mother and I took our last row to-day. We were gone over six hours and made the complete circuit of Lloyd's Neck, portaging the isthmus. We took lunch etc. . . . There was quite a fog, the thickest I ever remember of seeing here at Oyster Bay.
>
> Yesterday a delegation of German singers came over from Hicksville and we had all the people from Oyster Bay up at the same time. I think that the afternoon was really successful and that they all enjoyed themselves. There were plenty of children, and I wish you could have seen the glee of the small boys over the lemonade when they found they could have as much as they wisht. One called out with ecstasy to another "Gee it is all free."
>
> The Winchester rifles came out for trial and all of them are sighted wrong. I have sent them back with a rather acid letter.

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23. Ibid., Series II, 1908, Letterbook 85, p. 181.