A decorative laurel wreath border encircles the text. At the top, a smaller wreath is tied with a ribbon, and a small downward-pointing arrow is positioned just below it. At the bottom, a ribbon is tied in a bow.

CLUB PAPER
CXLV

OUR LITERARY PRESIDENT

by

JOSEPH R. ORNIG

THE CHICAGO
LITERARY CLUB
2014

OUR LITERARY PRESIDENT

by

JOSEPH R. ORNIG



THE CHICAGO LITERARY CLUB

29 April 2013

© 2013 JOSEPH R. ORNIG

(All rights reserved)

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the Harvard University Press for permission to reprint and digitally reproduce brief verbatim text excerpts from the sources identified below.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT: VOLUME I—THE YEARS OF PREPARATION, 1868-1898, selected and edited by Elting E. Morison, pp. 3, 95, 102, 143-144, 497, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, Copyright © 1951 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College. Copyright © renewed 1979 by Elting Elmore Morison.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT: VOLUME II—THE YEARS OF PREPARATION, 1898-1900, selected and edited by Elting E. Morison, pp. 1043, 1046, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, Copyright © 1951 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College. Copyright © renewed 1979 by Elting Elmore Morison.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT: VOLUME IV—THE SQUARE DEAL, 1903-1905, selected and edited by Elting E. Morison, p. 130, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, Copyright © 1951 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College. Copyright © renewed 1979 by Elting Elmore Morison.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT: VOLUME V—THE BIG STICK, 1905-1907, selected and edited by Elting E. Morison, p. 707, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, Copyright © 1952 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College. Copyright © renewed 1980 by Elting Elmore Morison.

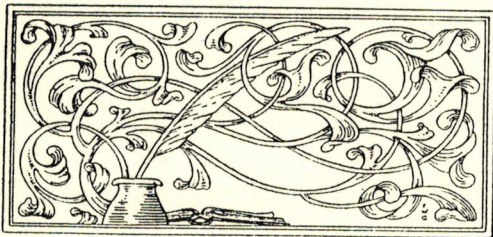
Reprinted by permission of the publisher from THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT: VOLUME VII—THE DAYS OF ARMAGEDDON, 1909-1914, selected and edited by Elting E. Morison, pp. 8, 17, 489, 710, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, Copyright © 1954 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College. Copyright © renewed 1982 by Elting Elmore Morison.

Reprinted by permission of the publisher from THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT: VOLUME VIII—THE DAYS OF ARMAGEDDON, 1914-1919, selected and edited by Elting E. Morison, p.1422, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, Copyright © 1954 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College. Copyright © renewed 1982 by Elting Elmore Morison.

**OUR
LITERARY
PRESIDENT**

by

JOSEPH R. ORNIG



Our Literary President

WHEN the novelist Hamlin Garland learned of the death of Theodore Roosevelt on January 6, 1919, he wrote in his diary: "Death and Roosevelt do not seem possible partners. He was life, abounding, restless life.... He was the biggest, the most vital, the most versatile man I ever saw or met. He was a half-dozen great men in one."¹

The man universally known as TR had died in his sleep, of a pulmonary embolism, not yet sixty-one years old. To the whole nation it seemed incredible that so commanding a personality was suddenly gone. Writers and poets especially mourned his loss, for they considered him their literary brother. Roosevelt's achievements as a statesman, soldier, naturalist, and explorer have overshadowed his equally brilliant career as a writer. He was in fact one of the most prolific and widely read writers of his day, and renowned as an historian, biographer, essayist and journalist. He knew every important writer, editor, and publisher of his era. As president, Roosevelt took a personal interest in young writers and poets, and encouraged them to create a genuinely American

OUR LITERARY PRESIDENT

literature, free of Old World influence. In the age when the printed word was the primary form of communication, Roosevelt's skill with words gave him a powerful presence in American public life. He kept things stirred up, alternately educating, persuading, entertaining—and sometimes infuriating—his readers with his original and forceful viewpoint. And when he was gone, it seemed, as one critic remarked, as if “a military band had stopped playing.”²

Not until 1980 was there a full-length study of Roosevelt's literary career. Aloysius A. Norton's *Theodore Roosevelt*, in Twayne's *United States Authors* series, analyzes Roosevelt's writings in detail and emphasizes his important place in American literature. Nothing has since been written on this subject in any depth, and it seems fitting to present here a brief overview of the work of the professional writer who was our twenty-sixth president.

OTHER AMERICAN presidents have shown marked literary ability, notably Jefferson, Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson. But Theodore Roosevelt holds the record for the quantity and variety of literary work he produced. In his early thirties, he was already a nationally known writer. By the time he became president in 1901, at the age of forty-three, he had written thirteen books, on subjects ranging from history and biography to political theory, ranch life, and hunting.³ At his death in 1919, Roosevelt had published forty volumes—twenty-four of his own work and sixteen others which he co-authored or edited.⁴ It was estimated that if his speeches, lectures and state papers were counted, another ten volumes could be added to the list, for a total of fifty books in his lifetime. And many more volumes would be needed to hold the flood of magazine articles, editorials and book reviews he authored.⁵

History

Roosevelt began his writing career as an historian. In 1882, at the age of twenty-three, and full of patriotic zeal, he published *The Naval War of 1812*, a carefully researched study of America's fight to end the British practice of impressing American sailors on the high seas. He had begun the book during his senior year at Harvard University, after discovering that previous accounts of the naval war were full of errors. He challenged the work of Britain's leading naval authority, William James, whose history of the Royal Navy contained disparaging remarks about American naval victories. This Roosevelt considered "a piece of special pleading by a bitter and not overly-scrupulous partisan . . ." and who was "unfortunately afflicted with a hatred towards the Americans that amounts to a monomania."⁶ Determined to set the record straight, Roosevelt sought out ships' logbooks, letters, and records from both American and British archives. He threw himself into his work so intensely that it caused havoc in his domestic life. The young novelist Owen Wister, a Harvard classmate, stopped by one day and found Roosevelt engrossed in his work.

. . . standing on one leg at the bookcases in his New York house, the other leg crossed behind, toe touching the floor. A slide drew out from the bookcase. On this he had open the leading authorities on navigation, of which he knew nothing. He knew that when a ship's course was one way, with the wind another, the ship had to sail at angles, and this was called tacking or beating. By exhaustive study and drawing of models, he pertinaciously got it all right, whatever of it came into the naval engagements he was writing about.

His wife used to look at his oblivious back, and exclaim in a plaintive drawl: "We're dining out in twenty minutes, and Teedy's drawing little ships!"

OUR LITERARY PRESIDENT

Then there would be a scurry, and he would cut himself shaving, and it wouldn't stop bleeding, and they would have to surround him and take measures to save his collar from getting stained.⁷

Roosevelt's larger purpose was to argue for a modern steel-hulled navy to replace the antiquated fleet of wooden warships left over from the Civil War. In his book he demonstrated how in 1812, some seventy years earlier, a small fleet of American frigates had defeated the greatest sea power in history—not by luck, but by superior tactics, heavier guns, and faster ships. Notwithstanding Roosevelt's bellicose style, the book was well received on both sides of the Atlantic. A *New York Times* reviewer saw “in so young an author the best promise for a good historian—fearlessness of statement, caution, endeavor to be impartial, and a brisk and interesting way of telling events.”⁸ There is no better description than this for all of Roosevelt's writings.

A far more ambitious history project undertaken by Roosevelt was *The Winning of the West*. This was a four-volume study of the settlement of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys from the Revolutionary War to the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. It was written during the six years in which Roosevelt served as U.S. Civil Service Commissioner (1889-1895). His original plan was to carry the story of western settlement down through the Mexican War and the annexation of California, Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico. But he never found the time to do so. As with his naval history, Roosevelt sought out old manuscripts, letters, diaries, and newspapers from libraries and private collections in Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. He asked hundreds of historians and museum curators for information to supplement his own extensive reading. Somehow, between May 1888 and March 1889, a space of eleven months, Roosevelt finished the first

two volumes, some 762 pages. The remaining two volumes took much longer to complete, with the final one appearing in 1896, by which time Roosevelt had moved on to New York to head the city's police department.

The Winning of the West chronicles the greatest land rush in history, whereby the United States nearly doubled its territory. Between the late 1760s and the opening years of the nineteenth century, some four hundred thousand white settlers, hunters, trappers, and speculators poured into a forested wilderness that stretched from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi. This vast region had for centuries been the hunting grounds of dozens of Indian tribes. The resulting conflict between whites and Indians dominates much of Roosevelt's account. He saw the settlement of the western lands in epic terms, the inevitable advance of the white race. He had little sympathy for the native tribes who resisted this invasion. The thirty-one-year-old Roosevelt reflected the prejudices of his race and era when he wrote that "... this great continent could not have been kept as nothing but a game-preserve for squalid savages."⁹ Later, as president, he would undergo a great change of heart about Native Americans.

Most readers today will find Roosevelt's attitudes towards Indians disturbing and racist, but his work must be read in light of the times in which it was written. It is a remarkable achievement for a young, self-trained historian. His deep and original research enabled him to reconstruct what life was like for the first pioneers in Kentucky, Tennessee, and the lands farther west. As a contribution to western history, Roosevelt's work has been ranked with that of Frederick Jackson Turner and Francis Parkman. A modern historian, John Milton Cooper, Jr., has written that "... *The Winning of the West* reflects the character of its author. It is sometimes quirky and full of prejudices and blind spots, but it is cultivated

and sweeping in its learning and encompassing in its judgments. Just as Theodore Roosevelt was such an unusual politician and president, so his western history stands in its own special class."¹⁰

Later historical works by Roosevelt include a history of the city of New York, and his best-selling memoir of the Spanish-American War, *The Rough Riders*. In 1913, in recognition of his scholarship, he was elected president of the American Historical Association. He shares this honor with only one other literary-inclined American president, Woodrow Wilson.

Biography

As a biographer, Roosevelt used the lives of three prominent statesmen of the past to expound on his own historical and political theories. The result is more of Roosevelt and less of his subject, but still interesting because of the passionate way Roosevelt expresses his ideas. His 1886 life of Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, the staunch advocate of western expansion before the Civil War, is considered his best biography. Roosevelt identified strongly with Benton, whose courage, energy and nationalist viewpoint mirrored Roosevelt's own. The book covers the period between 1820 and 1860, when the fate of the Union was being decided between free and slave states. In a burst of creative energy, he wrote it in five months, during the winter of 1885-1886, at a cattle ranch he had acquired in the Dakota Badlands. The ranch was an investment as well as a place of occasional retreat for Roosevelt after his first wife, Alice Lee, died in childbirth. Far from any library, he had to recreate Benton's life and times largely from what he called "my inner consciousness." Early on, he admitted to his friend and fellow writer Henry Cabot Lodge, what "horribly hard work" it was to get his ideas in order. "I am not sure they are worked up rightly; my style is very rough."¹¹ Near the end of the

project, he discovered that he did not know the date of Benton's death and had to ask Lodge in Boston to hire someone to look up the details.¹² However hastily written, the book was well reviewed. Its theme of Manifest Destiny inspired Roosevelt to write *The Winning of the West* several years later.

In 1888, the editor of the *American Statesmen* series asked Roosevelt to write a life of Gouverneur Morris, a New England Federalist and one of the drafters of the Constitution. Roosevelt was hampered by not having access to Morris's private papers, so he concentrated on describing the formative years of the new nation. He was so judgmental about Morris's career, especially his opposition to the War of 1812, that Roosevelt's literary biographer, Aloysius Norton, declared: "No book ever written could contain more clauses such as 'he was right' and 'he was wrong'"—but that, said Norton, was what made Roosevelt's biographies unique.¹³ One wonders if Roosevelt wrote this life of a man hardly anyone remembers today more for the intellectual challenge than for anything else.

His 1900 biography of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England, was a short work—just 150 pages. He composed it in spare moments while serving as New York State governor, which might account for its brevity. Roosevelt had only recently returned from the Spanish-American War as a national hero. He saw in his sudden rise to high office an exact parallel to Cromwell's own career some 250 years earlier. "... it was most emphatically a labor of love," Roosevelt explained to his publisher, Charles Scribner. "I got so interested in it that I hurried it naturally."¹⁴ He had no time to do any original research, but relied on his knowledge of British political history. His secretary recalled how Roosevelt would come into the office in the morning, carrying several reference works and a pad of notes. He would begin dictating

steadily, pausing only to dictate a letter on state business or to greet a visitor.¹⁵ In some fifty-four thousand words, he described how Cromwell brought order to a Britain ravaged by civil war and led the first modern struggle for political reform. He praised Cromwell's firmness and moral certitude—qualities very Rooseveltian—but faulted him for letting his ambition descend into tyranny. It was a morality tale, and as governor Roosevelt must have reflected on his own struggles with Empire State politicians and special interests. One of his English friends, Arthur Lee, half-jokingly described this last of TR's biographies as a "fine imaginative study of Cromwell's qualifications for the governorship of New York."¹⁶

The Natural World

The great outdoors gave Roosevelt much material to write about. Out of his experiences in the West as a cattle rancher and hunter came three popular books: *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* in 1885; *Ranch Life and The Hunting Trail* in 1888; and *The Wilderness Hunter* in 1893. In them, Roosevelt recounts his hunting adventures and life on a cattle ranch in the 1880s Dakota Territory. These books have a realism that comes from actual experience and keen observation. As he wrote to the editor of his first book on hunting and ranching: "I have seen the things and done them; I have herded my own cattle; I have killed my own food; I have shot bears, captured horse thieves, and 'stood off' Indians. The descriptions are literally exact."¹⁷

But the greatest interest for a reader is Roosevelt's constant discovery of some new aspect of nature around him. On almost every page he pauses to tell the life histories of the game he is pursuing—from grouse to bison; their habitats; their peculiarities; even what they taste like, as in "old white goats are intolerably

musky in flavor, there being a very large musk-pod between the horn and the ear.”¹⁸ The naturalist Stewart Edward White found this digressive habit characteristic of all of Roosevelt’s outdoor writings: “In the closest pursuit of grizzly or lion he was quite capable of pausing for observation of a pine-finch or a sunbird, or the conduct of a flower. . . .”¹⁹

His time in the Badlands was the most satisfactory period of his life, a time when he felt most free. Years later, when he came to write his autobiography, Roosevelt wistfully recalled his years in the West:

It was a land of vast silent spaces, of lonely rivers, and of plains where the wild game stared at the passing horseman. It was a land of scattered ranches, of herds of long-horned cattle, and of reckless riders who unmoved looked in the eyes of life or of death. In that land we led a free and hardy life, with horse and rifle. We worked under the scorching midsummer sun, when the wide plains shimmered and wavered in the heat; and we knew the freezing misery of riding night guard round the cattle in the late fall roundup. In the soft springtime the stars were glorious in our eyes each night before we fell asleep; and in the winter we rode through blinding blizzards, when the driven snow-dust burnt our faces. . . . We knew toil and hardship and hunger and thirst; and we saw men die violent deaths as they worked among the horses and cattle, or fought in evil feuds with one another; but we felt the beat of hardy life in our veins, and ours was the glory of work and the joy of living.²⁰

Adventure and natural history abound in Roosevelt’s accounts of his two great scientific expeditions—to Africa in 1909-10, and to Brazil in 1913-14. The African trip was sponsored by the Smithsonian Museum, which wanted to obtain a complete collection of East African flora and fauna. Roosevelt was an accomplished naturalist and thus ably equipped to lead such an

expedition and write about it. His two-volume hymn to Africa, *African Game Trails*, first appeared serially in *Scribner's Magazine* and was read avidly by his American readers. It recounts his year-long safari through Kenya, Uganda, and the Sudan, accompanied by his second son, Kermit. Roosevelt chose the line from Shakespeare's *Henry IV* to open his account: "I speak of Africa and golden joys."²¹ As he sat on the front of a locomotive chugging across the Kapiti Plains of Kenya, Roosevelt felt he was returning to the Pleistocene Age and entering "a vast zoological garden."²²

At one time we passed herd of a dozen or so of great giraffes, cows and calves, cantering along through the open woods a couple of hundred yards to the right of the train. Again, still closer, four waterbuck cows, their big ears thrown forward, stared at us without moving until we had passed. Hartebeests were everywhere; one herd was on the track, and when the engine whistled they bucked and sprang with ungainly agility and galloped clear out of danger. A long-tailed straw-colored monkey ran from one tree to another. Huge black ostriches appeared from time to time. Once a troupe of impalla, close by the track, took fright; and as the beautiful creatures fled we saw one and now another bound clear over the high bushes. A herd of zebra clattered across a cutting of the line not a hundred yards ahead of the train; the whistle hurried their progress, but only for a moment, and as we passed they were already turning round to gaze....²³

Roosevelt considered *African Game Trails* his best work, "...where I was full of the subject and wrote with my own pencil each night in camp."²⁴ Carl Akeley, the famous African naturalist and explorer, said that no one ever spoke with greater feeling for Africa than Theodore Roosevelt.²⁵

Roosevelt's publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, also had reason to be pleased. The worldwide press attention given to Roosevelt's

expedition, and his *Scribner's Magazine* articles, turned *African Game Trails* into a best seller, with sales of more than a million copies.²⁶

A sense of foreboding permeates *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*, Roosevelt's account of his 1914 exploration of the unmapped River of Doubt in central Brazil. The river, which was renamed Rio Roosevelt in his honor, is a sub-affluent of the Amazon. While in South America on a speech-making tour, the fifty-six-year-old Roosevelt was offered the adventure of a lifetime: to accompany Brazil's most experienced explorer, Colonel Candido Rondon, into remote Mato Grosso State and to descend a river of unknown length and uncertain outlet. Roosevelt, his son Kermit, and George Cherrie, an American naturalist, formed the American side of this expedition into uncharted territory.

We did not know whether we had one hundred or eight hundred kilometers to go, whether the stream would be fairly or whether we would encounter waterfalls, or rapids . . . [or] meet hostile Indians. . . . We had no idea how much time the trip would take. We had entered a land of unknown possibilities.²⁷

What followed was a series of mishaps and disasters, when for sixty days the explorers encountered dozens of rapids, lost dugouts and provisions, and saw three men die, one of them by murder. Roosevelt himself nearly died from an infected leg injury and malaria. At one point he meditated taking his own life, to give his companions a better chance of getting out. Sick and exhausted as he was, Roosevelt doggedly continued to write of the experiences for *Scribner's Magazine*, as in this passage describing a walk in the tropical forest during a stop to build new canoes:

The wind rarely moved the hot, humid air. There were few flowers or birds. Insects were altogether too abundant, and even when travelling slowly it was impossible always to avoid them—not to

OUR LITERARY PRESIDENT

... speak of our constant companions the bees, mosquitoes, and especially the boroshudas or bloodsucking flies. Now while bursting through a tangle I disturbed a nest of wasps, whose resentment was active; now I heedlessly stepped among the outliers of a small party of the carnivorous foraging ants; now, grasping a branch as I stumbled, I shook down a shower of fire-ants; and among all these my attention was particularly arrested by the bite of one of the giant ants, which stung like a hornet, so that I felt it for three hours. . . . All of us suffered more or less, our faces and hands swelling slightly from the boroshuda bites; and in spite of our clothes we were bitten all over our bodies, chiefly by ants and the small forest ticks. Because of the rain and heat our clothes were usually wet when we took them off at night, and just as wet when we put them on again in the morning.²⁸

Aloysius Norton in his study of the literary Roosevelt wrote that "No other book ever written conveys with more exactitude the fascinating horror of the South American jungle."²⁹

Essays

Roosevelt wrote more than fifty essays in his career. They have been described as "opinionated, assertive, controversial, and delightful."³⁰ They reveal his intense involvement in every aspect of life in his day, from politics, history and ethics to social problems, the arts, and the natural sciences. One of the best known of these essays is "The Strenuous Life," a title which not only describes Roosevelt's personal credo but also his prescription for national greatness. It was first given as a speech in 1899, not long after the United States had acquired a colonial empire from Spain. Roosevelt, then governor of New York, already sounded presidential when he called upon his countrymen to recognize their new place on the world stage, to forego lives of what he termed "ignoble ease," and to instead choose to "dare mighty things, to

win glorious triumphs" for the nation. The speech marked Roosevelt as a man of destiny.³¹

In 1911, his forty-thousand-word treatise on "Revealing and Concealing Coloration in Birds and Mammals" ignited controversy among nature writers as to how much animals owed their survival to the coloring of their fur or feathers. He argued against any hard-and-fast rule being applied, and presented many contradictory examples which he had observed in nature. His view was eventually accepted by scientists. A year later, in December 1912, Roosevelt gave his famous "History as Literature" address to the American Historical Association, later printed as an essay. In his talk he warned against taking too academic an approach to writing history. He argued that great historical writing must be moral in outlook, be based on scientific research, and, most importantly, be presented with vivid literary imagination, "so that before our eyes it lives again."³² The historian Allen Nevins later wrote that it would be difficult to improve upon Roosevelt's definition of history.³³ On the subject of social justice, Roosevelt's essays on the law and the Supreme Court did much to liberalize judicial thinking in his time. No less an authority than Justice Benjamin Cardozo wrote that, although Roosevelt was not trained as a jurist, he had shown "intuitions and perceptions [that] were deep and brilliant."³⁴

Journalism

Magazines provided another outlet for Roosevelt's tireless pen. An Internet site, *The Almanac of Theodore Roosevelt*, lists more than 460 articles which he wrote between the 1880s and to within a few days of his death in 1919.³⁵ He wrote for nearly thirty periodicals, from the popular *Scribner's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly* to more serious journals such as the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Outlook*, and the *Century*. His choice of subjects seems to have been limitless—

political corruption, saving the forests, bear hunting, race relations, evolution, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, American foreign policy, prize fighting—to name a few. Much of his vast magazine output has been forgotten, but a few memorable pieces stand out. In 1907, Roosevelt, as president, stirred up a literary hornet's nest by criticizing what he termed "Nature Fakers," writers like Jack London whose stories gave animals human-like qualities. This Roosevelt considered a mischievous distortion of true wildlife existence. In 1913 he reviewed the famous Armory Show of cubist and futurist art. A traditionalist in all things artistic, Roosevelt struggled to understand the avant garde. He credited the artists for originality and for breaking free from conventionality, and praised the American sculpture exhibits. But he drew the line at Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*. He thought a Navajo rug in his bathroom had more decorative value!³⁶

Journalism became Roosevelt's full-time job and main source of income after he left the White House in 1909. Between then and 1914 he served as contributing editor to the *Outlook*, an influential and liberal opinion journal. He was given a free hand to write monthly articles on economic, social, and political topics.

This was the golden age for journalists, when magazines and newspapers carried exposés of wrongdoing in government and business, and all sorts of social and political reform movements were agitating for change. Over the years Roosevelt had moved very far to the left in his political thinking. As a result, he was at the forefront of this tide of reform. During his six years at the *Outlook*, he wrote some two hundred editorials, addressing such radical ideas as women's suffrage, a workmen's compensation law, and the recall of judicial decisions by referendum. Only Roosevelt could take a subject as dull as "the tariff" and turn it into a moral issue. His long absences in Africa and South America did not

slow down his literary output. In 1912, the *Outlook* backed Roosevelt's entry into the presidential race as a third-party Progressive candidate. This endorsement cost the magazine a portion of its readers, who thought Roosevelt was too radical. His entry as a third-party challenger split the Republican vote and guaranteed the election of the Democrat, Woodrow Wilson. In the aftermath of defeat, Roosevelt considered his political career over, but he soon found that his influence in national affairs had not materially suffered. In May 1913, as the bitter feelings aroused in the recent campaign subsided, the editors of the *Independent* magazine reported that, in a poll of its readers, Roosevelt had been called "America's most useful citizen. . . . He has such a hold on the public that he can sway it more powerfully than any other man now living."³⁷

The year 1913 marked the appearance in the *Outlook* of Roosevelt's autobiography, which ran serially to December, and then came out in book form by Macmillan Company. For a man who had always fearlessly spoken his mind, his memoirs were remarkably constrained. As a recently defeated presidential candidate, Roosevelt did not want to look like a poor loser, lashing out at his opponents. But it wasn't easy, as he admitted to his friend Senator Lodge: "The hardest task I have is to keep my temper, and not speak of certain people . . . as they richly deserve."³⁸ Instead, he used the better part of his 589-page autobiography to review his accomplishments as president, and to explain why he had become a Progressive. He ended the memoir abruptly with his last important act as president: welcoming the U.S. battle fleet home in February 1909 after its famous around-the-world cruise.

In 1915, as the Great War in Europe entered its second year, Roosevelt joined the left-leaning arts magazine *Metropolitan* as contributing editor. Although the magazine officially endorsed

American neutrality, Roosevelt went his own way to push for U.S. involvement in the war. With such editorial titles as "Murder on the High Seas"—following the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* by a German submarine—and "Uncle Sam's Only Friend Is Uncle Sam"—on the need for military preparedness—Roosevelt fought to persuade the country that it must join in the fight against Germany.³⁹ His criticism of Woodrow Wilson, now in the White House, became increasingly harsh. In his desire to be at the helm at such a critical time, Roosevelt let his resentment turn to hatred of the man who had beaten him. He blamed Wilson for deluding Americans to think that they could safely sit out a war which to Roosevelt looked like a fight to save civilization.

When the United States did enter the war in April 1917, Roosevelt took on his last great task as a journalist, writing weekly editorials for the *Kansas City Star*. With syndication to fifty other newspapers, Roosevelt in the *Star* had a national audience. The war now utterly consumed him, as did his hatred of Wilson. He feared that the Allies would lose if the United States did not immediately put an army on the Western Front. His gallant offer to raise an infantry division, and take it over to France himself, was rebuffed by the War Department. He watched his four sons go to war, one of whom died in aerial combat. In his monumental frustration, he could only take up his pen and hammer away at the Wilson administration's slow approach to gearing up for war. He lashed out at "pacifist slackers and so-called conscientious objectors"—demanding that they be shipped off to France in labor battalions. As for spies, in his view, "They should be shot or hung."⁴⁰ Roosevelt's weekly thundering did speed up the war effort at home, but his frantic language added to the hysteria that gripped the country as it prepared to fight. It also cost him much popularity. At one point he was accused of being unpatriotic for criticizing the

government. In an early *Star* editorial he attacked the Wilson administration for "our criminally complete failure" to prepare for war during the preceding three years, and covering it up with boasting.⁴¹ This infuriated the mayor of Abilene, Texas, who wrote to the paper's publisher that Roosevelt's article was "nothing short of the thoughts of a seditious conspirator who should be shot dead, and the Editor-in-Chief should be tarred and feathered for publishing it."⁴²

On Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, as the guns fell silent on the Western Front, Roosevelt entered the hospital suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and gout. He returned home at Christmas still a very sick man, and facing the possibility of life in a wheel chair. But he kept on writing.

On January 3, 1919, he dictated his last editorial, an argument against Woodrow Wilson's proposed League of Nations. Even though he had once been in favor of a league for peace formed by the Great Powers, he could not bring himself to support Wilson's plan. He considered it too idealistic, with an open-ended commitment of American military force to every future quarrel in Europe.⁴³ His secretary intended bringing the typewritten copy back for corrections. Instead, she received an early morning telephone call on Monday, January 6, 1919, that TR had died in his sleep. The editorial was published a week later in the *Star*.⁴⁴

Letters

Any survey of Roosevelt's literary career must include his correspondence, which in size exceeds that of any other American president. He wrote an estimated one hundred thousand letters in his lifetime, the bulk of which are preserved at the Library of Congress. By contrast, Thomas Jefferson's letters number about twenty thousand. The earliest surviving letter dates from 1868 when

TR was ten years old. His mother had written to him from Georgia, where she was visiting relatives, and had told him that she had heard the call of the mockingbird. The future naturalist wrote back to his mother: "What an excitement. . . I jumped with delight . . . get some of its feathers if you can."⁴⁵ One of his last letters was a public appeal for immigrants to become fully Americanized: "We have room for but one flag, the American flag . . . and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that loyalty is to the American people"⁴⁶

Among the most charming letters are those he wrote on White House stationery to his children. Taking a few moments from presidential duties, he would dash off a brief letter illustrated with pen and ink sketches. As he wrote to his youngest daughter, Ethel, in June 1904, "Here goes for the picture letter!" He sketched himself playing tennis with one of his aides, noting that "Father's shape is spectacularly reproduced with photographic fidelity."⁴⁷

While there are many letters to his family and relatives, there are only two surviving letters to Edith Kermit Roosevelt, his second wife and perhaps the most important influence in his adult life. After TR's death, Edith, an intensely private person, burned their correspondence.⁴⁸

Thanks to an enormous editorial effort by Harvard University, some 6,400 selected letters written by Roosevelt are available in printed form. Between 1948 and 1954, a team of editors read through all the letters, selected the best examples in a variety of categories, and published them in eight volumes. They are a priceless treasure for historians, and for anyone interested in American life from the 1870s through the First World War, as witnessed by a key personality of that era. The Harvard editors tracked down the identity of several thousand names mentioned in the letters. A day-by-day chronology of Roosevelt's activities

OUR LITERARY PRESIDENT

from 1898 to 1919 was constructed from this massive record. Significantly, the correspondence with writers, poets, editors, and publishers is second only in bulk to his political letters.

BY ANY STANDARD, Roosevelt's literary output was extraordinary, especially for a man who led so active a public career. Why did he write so much? And how did he accomplish it?

He answered the first part of this question—the why—in a letter to Frederick Remington in 1895: "I never so wished to be a millionaire or indeed any person other than a literary man with a large family of small children and a taste for practical politics and bear hunting. . . ." ⁴⁹ His first published work dates from 1877, when as a teenager Theodore and a friend privately printed *The Summer Birds of the Adirondacks in Franklin County, N.Y.* ⁵⁰ In his senior year at Harvard University, he had already begun researching his naval history of the War of 1812. After graduation from Harvard in 1880, he married Alice Hathaway Lee, the daughter of a prominent Boston family, and settled down in New York society. His father had left him a \$125,000 inheritance. Comfortably well off, he intended to make writing his primary career and bought a partnership in G.P. Putnam's Sons, his first publisher. But an impulse for public service proved stronger. In this, he was following a family tradition begun by his father, the first Theodore Roosevelt, a noted philanthropist and civic leader. In 1881 the young Roosevelt was elected to the New York State Assembly and began a political career of dramatic ups and downs that eventually led to the presidency. In 1884, double tragedy struck the rising young politician when, both on the same day, Alice Lee died of Bright's disease and TR's mother, Martha Bulloch Roosevelt, died of typhoid fever. In his grief, Theodore wrote a privately published tribute to both women, *In Memory of My Darling*

Wife, and escaped to the West to nurse his soul.

The terrible blizzards of 1886-1887 decimated Roosevelt's cattle herds in North Dakota and he gave up his ranches, as well as a good part of his inheritance. His appointment in 1889 as civil service commissioner did not alleviate his financial woes. His government salary was barely enough for his second wife, Edith, to raise six children, maintain a house in Washington, D.C., and a country home at Sagamore Hill, on Long Island. So Roosevelt pushed himself to write histories, biographies and freelance magazine pieces. But not until he became president did he earn a substantial income from writing. During the presidential years and afterwards he was one of the highest earning writers in the country, and his books were best sellers.

At first glance, Roosevelt's superhuman literary output seems almost manic. What drove him to produce so much? One reason was his desire to reform America, not just morally and politically, but also culturally. He wanted to raise Americans' appreciation for the arts and sciences. As when in 1906, between White House appointments, Roosevelt dashed off a six-thousand-word article for the *Century* on ancient Irish literature, which he had been studying. He did so, he explained to a friend, ". . . because it seemed to me that intelligent laymen should take a greater interest in them."⁵¹

Another reason for the torrent of words is suggested by historian David Burton, who included Roosevelt along with William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson in his book *The Learned Presidency*. Burton believes that writing was such an integral part of Roosevelt's thinking process that he would often write an article or essay that had no immediate purpose except to organize his thoughts on a subject.⁵² For example, in 1915, while writing for the *Metropolitan* and other magazines, he wrote a sixteen-thousand-word treatise that

brought together his ideas on prehistoric man and the development of the horse, the lion and the elephant. He doubted that anyone would want to read it except a paleontologist. When both *Scribner's* and *Harper's Weekly* turned the manuscript down as too long, Roosevelt prevailed on the *National Geographic* magazine to publish it in its February 1916 issue, under the title "How Old Is Man?"⁵³

At a more human level, the pride he took in his literary ability was a strong motivating factor to keep writing. "Which book of mine do you like best?" he asked William Beebe, when the naturalist visited the White House.⁵⁴

A WRITER CANNOT make bricks without straw. Roosevelt's literary development followed the famous precept of Sir Francis Bacon: "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; writing an exact man." No one could have ever read as much as Theodore Roosevelt. He cheerfully admitted that "With me, reading is a disease."⁵⁵ William Howard Taft, Roosevelt's secretary of war, recalled that he had a book with him all the time, and between visitors he would dip into it, with total absorption.⁵⁶ On his travels, he often read two or three books in a day.⁵⁷ When he went to Africa, he brought along sixty specially printed pocket-size books of literature, philosophy, history, Shakespeare, and poetry—all bound in pigskin to withstand rough handling. Halfway through Africa, he asked for more books to be sent out to him, including Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, Goethe's *Faust*, and essays in French by Montaigne and Pascal.⁵⁸ His reading tastes ranged from translations of Greek and Roman historians, and classic Italian, French, and German literature (in the original) to popular novels, adventure tales, and even detective stories. He kept up with current affairs by devouring the popular magazines and specialized journals. His friends sent him books and articles to read, many of

which he had already seen. As president, he ransacked the Library of Congress for reading matter. His White House visitors were often surprised at the extent of his knowledge. A lady seated next to him at dinner one evening asked if he was interested in Icelandic literature and mentioned a title. Roosevelt fairly bounced in his chair and exclaimed, "Am I not!" and proceeded to tell her all about the book she mentioned and a dozen more that she had never heard of.⁵⁹

His memory was prodigious. He had an unusual ability to instantly recall a face, an event, or a page in a book he had read long before. Once, at a Sagamore Hill luncheon, where a number of writers were present, the talk turned to military history. One of the guests loosely quoted a saying about losing a good captain to make a poor general. "Who said that originally?" someone at the table asked. There were several guesses, but Roosevelt was the only one who knew. "It was Montaigne," he said, and proceeded to give the quotation word for word."⁶⁰

Roosevelt's extensive reading led to friendships and conversations with the leading intellectuals, artists, and theologians of his era. He knew how to draw out the best from each of them to add to his knowledge. Edith Wharton, the novelist and a childhood friend of TR's, observed that when Roosevelt met someone, he already had a clear idea of the visitor's knowledge and wanted to get to his point at once. "What he could not and would not endure was talking about things which did not interest him when there were so many that *did*—so far too many for the brief time he had to spare for them." Wharton thought that there was something "premonitory" in this urgent curiosity, as if Roosevelt sensed that his time on this earth would not be long.⁶¹

He was quick to deprecate any literary genius. "I am not a brilliant writer," he remarked to a friend. "I have written a great deal but I

have to work and slave over everything I write."⁶² He wrote every word himself—speeches, books, essays, lectures—industriously pushing a steel-nib pen over the pages or dictating; and when in the field, pressing an indelible pencil through three sheets of colored paper interleaved with carbon paper. The pages of his surviving manuscripts are crowded with corrections and additions.

On his scientific expeditions, he often wrote under the most uncomfortable conditions. In Africa, coming in from a long day's hunt, he would set up a portable writing table while camp was made and push ahead on his *Scribner's* articles. But there were days, he admitted, when he would "just pointblank refuse to write at all [*sic*], and spend an hour or two reading a book. . . ." ⁶³ In the heat and humidity of the Brazilian rain forest, he had to wear gauntlet gloves and a head net under his helmet, as mosquitoes and biting flies buzzed around him. On one occasion, racked by malaria, he wrote in the margin, "This is not written very clearly; my temperature is 105." ⁶⁴

He was always plagued by doubts about the quality of his writing. In his thirties, he worried to a fellow writer that his ranch and hunting books lacked enough imagination: "I wish I could make my writings touch a higher plane."⁶⁵ In Africa he had plenty to write about for *Scribner's*, but he didn't know if what interested him would interest the magazine's readers.⁶⁶ In Brazil, the same concern troubled him. He wrote to his editor, Robert Bridges, "I cannot tell whether it is satisfactory or not. This is all so different from my African trip!"⁶⁷ *Scribner's* was in fact highly pleased with his articles. The only problem was deciphering TR's handwriting!⁶⁸

The secret of Roosevelt's productivity is that he made use of every minute. His political career and his various side interests forced him to do his writing and reading in spare moments, on trains between speech-making stops and between official

appointments when he was governor and president. His Manhattan offices at the *Outlook*, and later at *Metropolitan* magazine, were thronged with visitors when he appeared for editorial conferences. The *Outlook's* editor, Lawrence Abbott, called TR "the busiest man I ever knew."⁶⁹ He had to escape to Sagamore Hill, thirty miles outside New York, to do any sustained writing. But even there, the guest list of statesmen, politicians, social workers, authors and foreign diplomats resembled a hotel register. Yet somehow, he always made his editor's deadline.

Every writer has one or more mentors in their career. Edith Kermit Roosevelt exercised a strong but behind-the-scenes influence on her husband's work. More analytical and detached than her impulsive husband, Edith was his intellectual equal in many respects. Her desire to protect the family's privacy may have been one of the restraints on him when he wrote his autobiography.

Three lifelong writer friends also served as mentors. James Brander Matthews, a successful author, literary critic and professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, was the most influential. His friendship with Roosevelt began in 1888, when he persuaded him to write a history of New York. He later paid tribute to Roosevelt for his learning and for his straightforward writing style—"the speech of the people in the mouth of the scholar."⁷⁰ In Henry Cabot Lodge, historian and later U.S. senator from Massachusetts, Roosevelt found both a literary and a political mentor. They collaborated on a collection of small biographies entitled *Hero Tales from American History*. Lodge was also instrumental in guiding TR's political ascendancy. Owen Wister, known as "Dan," was a Harvard classmate of Roosevelt's who had also spent much time in the West, out of which came numerous novels and short stories. With this common interest, they shared each other's struggles and triumphs as writers. Wister dedicated his 1902

best seller, *The Virginian*, the first cowboy novel, to Roosevelt.

Roosevelt went out of his way to encourage young writers. If he came across a new work that interested him, he would immediately telegraph to the author, no matter how obscure he was, and invite him to lunch at the White House. As William Howard Taft recalled, Roosevelt would introduce the nervous writer to the cabinet officers and other guests at the table, praise the man's work, and immediately begin discussing it in detail, along the lines of, "I particularly liked that character whose traits you brought out so clearly in the tenth chapter." The others at the table would listen with varying degrees of interest or comprehension as the president and his new literary friend chattered on. The writer would leave the White House floating on air.⁷¹

Edith Wharton attended some of these luncheons and noted that Roosevelt wanted to talk about books above all else. "So much of his time was spent among the bookless that many people never suspected either the range of his literary culture or his learned interests in the natural sciences"⁷² Like an art-loving prince, Roosevelt preferred to have his table filled whenever possible with writers, poets, sculptors and painters. The conversations must have rivaled those of the best Parisian literary salons. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, whom Roosevelt commissioned to redesign the national coinage, exclaimed to a friend after one of these events, "He is a wonder. He knows us all, knows our work and our rank. It is amazing."⁷³

Hamlin Garland wrote that "Every writer who added something characteristic to our literature received [Roosevelt's] attention and support."⁷⁴ Although he was besieged by requests, Roosevelt wrote more than fifty introductions, prefaces and forewords for deserving new books. When Edna Ferber learned, after TR's death, that he had praised her popular Emma McChesney short stories to a friend,

she said, "That was just like him. He was the most encouraging person that ever breathed."⁷⁵ In 1918, a young newspaper reporter, Kenneth Roberts, wrote to Roosevelt of his plans to write early American historical novels. "I want to see those books written!" TR immediately replied. "I'll provide you with a ton of material. I'm going to watch you until you write those books. . . ." Roosevelt died before a meeting could be arranged, but Roberts had received a tremendous boost in confidence.⁷⁶ He went on to publish such best sellers as *Northwest Passage* and *Rabble in Arms*.

Modern American poetry also benefited from Roosevelt's patronage. He liked the work of an early African American poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and wrote to Dunbar to tell him so. In 1905, Roosevelt's son Kermit gave him a copy of *The Children of the Night*, by a little-known poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson. Roosevelt was touched by what he called "a certain sad mysticism" in Robinson's poetry and wrote a glowing review of it in the *Outlook*.⁷⁷ When he found out that Robinson was destitute, he asked the Treasury Department to create a job for Robinson in the New York Customs House, at a salary of \$2,000 a year. As Roosevelt explained, his action was calculated ". . . less with a view to the good of the government service than with a view to helping American letters."⁷⁸

In January 1916, a rising Illinois poet, Edgar Lee Masters, received a letter from ex-president Roosevelt saying how much he had liked Master's 1915 poems, *Spoon River Anthology*. A breakfast meeting with other guests was eventually arranged at a New York hotel. During the meal Roosevelt repeatedly turned to Masters to say how much he liked his work and then recited whole sections of *Spoon River* from memory. They went on talking about it until one o'clock in the afternoon.⁷⁹ In his poem "At Sagamore Hill," Masters recalled his last meeting with Roosevelt, in July 1918.

OUR LITERARY PRESIDENT

... He's drest in canvas khaki, flannel shirt,
Laced boots for farming, chopping trees, perhaps.
A stocky frame, curtains of skin on cheeks
Drained slightly of their fat, gash in the neck
Where pus was emptied lately; one eye dim
And growing dimmer; almost blind in that
And when he walks he rolls a little like
A man whose youth is fading, like a cart
That rolls when springs are old. He is a moose
Scarred, battered from the hunters, thickets, stones;
Some finest tips of antlers broken off,
And eyes where images of ancient things
Flit back and forth across them, keeping still
A certain slumberous indifference
Or wisdom it may be.⁸⁰

Seven months later, Roosevelt was dead. A life in letters had ended.

Notes

1. Keith Newlin, *Hamlin Garland, A Life* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2009), 3.
2. Henry A. Beers, "Roosevelt as a Man of Letters," *Yale Review* 8, no. 4 (July 1919): 694-709.
3. Aloysius A. Norton, *Theodore Roosevelt* (Boston: Twayne Publishers, G. K. Hall & Co., 1980), 13 (hereafter cited as Norton).
4. Heather Cole, email message to author, October 24, 2012.
5. John A. Gable, ed., *The Man in the Arena: Speeches and Essays by Theodore Roosevelt* (New York: Theodore Roosevelt Association, 1987), 7.
6. Theodore Roosevelt, preface to *The Naval War of 1812*, paperback reprint (New York: Modern Library, 1999), xxiii, 10.
7. Owen Wister, *Roosevelt, The Story of a Friendship* (New York: Macmillan, 1930), 24 (hereafter cited as Wister, *Story of a Friendship*).
8. Quoted in Norton, 59.
9. *Ibid.*, 63.
10. John Milton Cooper, Jr., introduction to *The Winning of the West* by Theodore Roosevelt, paperback reprint (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995), 1:xx.
11. Roosevelt to Henry Cabot Lodge, 27 March 1886, in *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt*, ed. Elting E. Morison and others, 8 vols. (Cambridge, MA.: Harvard University Press, 1951-1954), 1:95 (hereafter cited as *Letters*).
12. *Ibid.*, 7 June 1886, 102.
13. Norton, 76.
14. Roosevelt to Charles Scribner, 10 August 1899, in *Letters*, 2:1046.
15. Robert Bridges, *Theodore Roosevelt as Author and Contributor* (New York: Scribner, 1919), 6.
16. Roosevelt to Robert Bridges, 2 August 1899, in *Letters*, 2:1043 (footnote).
17. Roosevelt to Richard Watson Gilder, 19 July 1888, in *Letters*, 1:143-44.
18. Theodore Roosevelt, *The Wilderness Hunter*, paperback reprint (New York: Modern Library, 1998), 448.
19. Stewart Edward White, "Roosevelt and the Pioneer Spirit," introduction to *The Wilderness Hunter and Outdoor Past-Times of an American Hunter* by Theodore Roosevelt in *The Works of Theodore Roosevelt*, national edition, vol. 2 (New York: Scribner, 1926), xxiv.

Notes

20. Theodore Roosevelt, *An Autobiography* (New York: Scribner, 1920), 93.
21. Theodore Roosevelt, preface to *African Game Trails* (New York and London: Scribner, 1910), ix.
22. Roosevelt to Robert Bridges, 12 May 1909, in *Letters*, 7:8.
23. Roosevelt, *African Game Trails*, 19-20.
24. Roosevelt to William Allen White, 22 January 1912, in *Letters*, 7:489.
25. Carl Akeley, "Roosevelt in Africa," introduction to *African Game Trails* by Theodore Roosevelt in *The Works of Theodore Roosevelt*, national edition, vol. 4 (New York: Scribner, 1926), xvii.
26. Kathleen Dalton, *Theodore Roosevelt: A Strenuous Life* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2003), 352.
27. Theodore Roosevelt, *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* (New York: Scribner, 1921), 255.
28. *Ibid.*, 272-73.
29. Norton, 116.
30. *Ibid.*, 123.
31. Speech by Theodore Roosevelt, reported in *Chicago Tribune*, April 11, 1889.
32. Theodore Roosevelt, *History as Literature* (New York: Scribner, 1913), 10.
33. Quoted in Norton, 86.
34. *Ibid.*, 136.
35. Theodore Roosevelt, "Editorials and Articles Written by Theodore Roosevelt" *Almanac of Theodore Roosevelt*, <http://www.theodore-roosevelt.com/treditorials.html> (accessed March 1, 2013).
36. Footnote 9, in *Letters*, 7:740-41.
37. "The Most Useful Americans," *The Independent* 74, no.3361 (May 1, 1913): 959.
38. Roosevelt to Henry Cabot Lodge, 27 February 1913, in *Letters*, 7: 710.
39. "Editorials and Articles Written by Theodore Roosevelt." (See fn. 35)
40. Theodore Roosevelt, "Spies and Slackers," September 24, 1918, an editorial included in *Roosevelt in the Kansas City Star: War-Time Editorials*

Notes

by Theodore Roosevelt, paperback reprint (Forgotten Books, 2012), 221-22 (hereafter cited as *Kansas City Star*).

41. Theodore Roosevelt, "Sam Weller and Mr. Snodgrass," October 2, 1917, in *Kansas City Star*, 9.

42. Ralph Stout, introduction to *Kansas City Star*, xxxv.

43. Theodore Roosevelt, "The League of Nations," January 13, 1919, in *Kansas City Star*, 292-93.

44. Ralph Stout, introduction to *Kansas City Star*, xivii.

45. Roosevelt to Martha Bulloch Roosevelt, 1868, in *Letters*, 1:3.

46. Roosevelt to Richard Melancthon Hurd, 3 January 1919, in *Letters*, 8:1422.

47. *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children*, ed. Joseph Bucklin Bishop (New York: Scribner, 1919), 104-05.

48. Editor's preface to *Letters*, 7:v; also Roosevelt to Edith Kermit Roosevelt, 24 December 1913, Kermit Roosevelt Papers, Library of Congress.

49. Roosevelt to Frederick Remington, 29 November 1895, in *Letters*, 1:497.

50. John Hall Wheelock, *Theodore Roosevelt: A Bibliography*, Google reprint (New York: Scribner, 1920), 12.

51. Roosevelt to Lawrence Fraser Abbott, 8 July 1907, in *Letters*, 5:707.

52. David H. Burton, *The Learned Presidency: Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson* (Cranbury, NJ: Associated University Presses, 1988), 87.

53. Roosevelt to James Brander Matthews, 4 October 1915, in *Letters*, 8:973.

54. Edward Wagenknecht, *The Seven Worlds of Theodore Roosevelt* (New York and London: Longman, Green 1958), 41 (hereafter cited as Wagenknecht, *Seven Worlds*).

55. Quoted in *Roosevelt as We Knew Him: The Personal Recollections of One Hundred and Fifty Friends and Associates*, ed. Frederick S. Wood (Philadelphia and Chicago: Winston, 1927), 359 (hereafter cited as *Roosevelt as We Knew Him*).

56. Quoted in *Roosevelt as We Knew Him*, 368.

57. J. A. Zahm, *Through South America's Southland* (New York: Appleton, 1916), 19.

Notes

58. Joseph L. Gardner, *Departing Glory: Theodore Roosevelt as Ex-President* (New York: Scribner, 1973), 112 (hereafter cited as Gardner, *Departing Glory*).

59. Quoted in Wagenknecht, *Seven Worlds*, 70.

60. Quoted in *Roosevelt as We Knew Him*, 357.

61. Edith Wharton, *A Backward Glance* (New York and London: Appleton-Century, 1934), 313 (hereafter cited as Wharton, *Backward Glance*).

62. Quoted in *Roosevelt as We Knew Him*, 466.

63. Roosevelt to Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, 21 June 1909, in *Letters*, 7:17.

64. Gardner, *Departing Glory*, 297.

65. Wister, *Story of a Friendship*, 41.

66. Roosevelt to Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, 21 June 1909, in *Letters*, 7:16-17.

67. Roosevelt to Robert Bridges, 15 December 1913, Theodore Roosevelt Collection, Clifton Waller Barrett Library, University of Virginia.

68. Robert Bridges to Frank M. Chapman, 18 March 1914, Scribner's Archives, Manuscript Division, Dept. of Rare Books and Special Collections, Princeton University Libraries.

69. Lawrence F. Abbott, *Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt*, paperback reprint by Forgotten Books (New York: Doubleday, 1919), 23.

70. James Brander Mathews, "Commemorative Tribute to Theodore Roosevelt" (Lecture Series, The Academy of Arts and Letters, 1920).

71. Quoted in *Roosevelt as We Knew Him*, 368.

72. Wharton, *Backward Glance*, 314.

73. Van Wyck Brooks, *The Confident Years, 1885-1915* (New York: Dutton, 1952), 32.

74. Quoted in *Roosevelt as We Knew Him*, 383.

75. *Ibid.*, 380.

76. Quoted in Jack Bales, *Kenneth Roberts* (New York: Twayne, 1993), 35-6.

77. Roosevelt to Edward Arlington Robinson, 27 March 1905, in *Letters*, 4:1145 (footnote).

78. Roosevelt to James Hulme Canfield, 16 August 1905, in *Letters*, 4:130.

Notes

79. Quoted in *Roosevelt as We Knew Him*, 388-89.

80. Edgar Lee Masters, "A Poet's Good-by to Theodore Roosevelt," *Literary Digest*, February 22, 1919, 70.

This paper was written for the
Chicago Literary Club
and read before the Club on
Monday evening, the Twenty-Ninth of April,
Two Thousand and Thirteen.

This edition of two hundred fifty copies
was printed for the Club in the month of
December, Two Thousand and Fourteen.

Printed in the United States of America