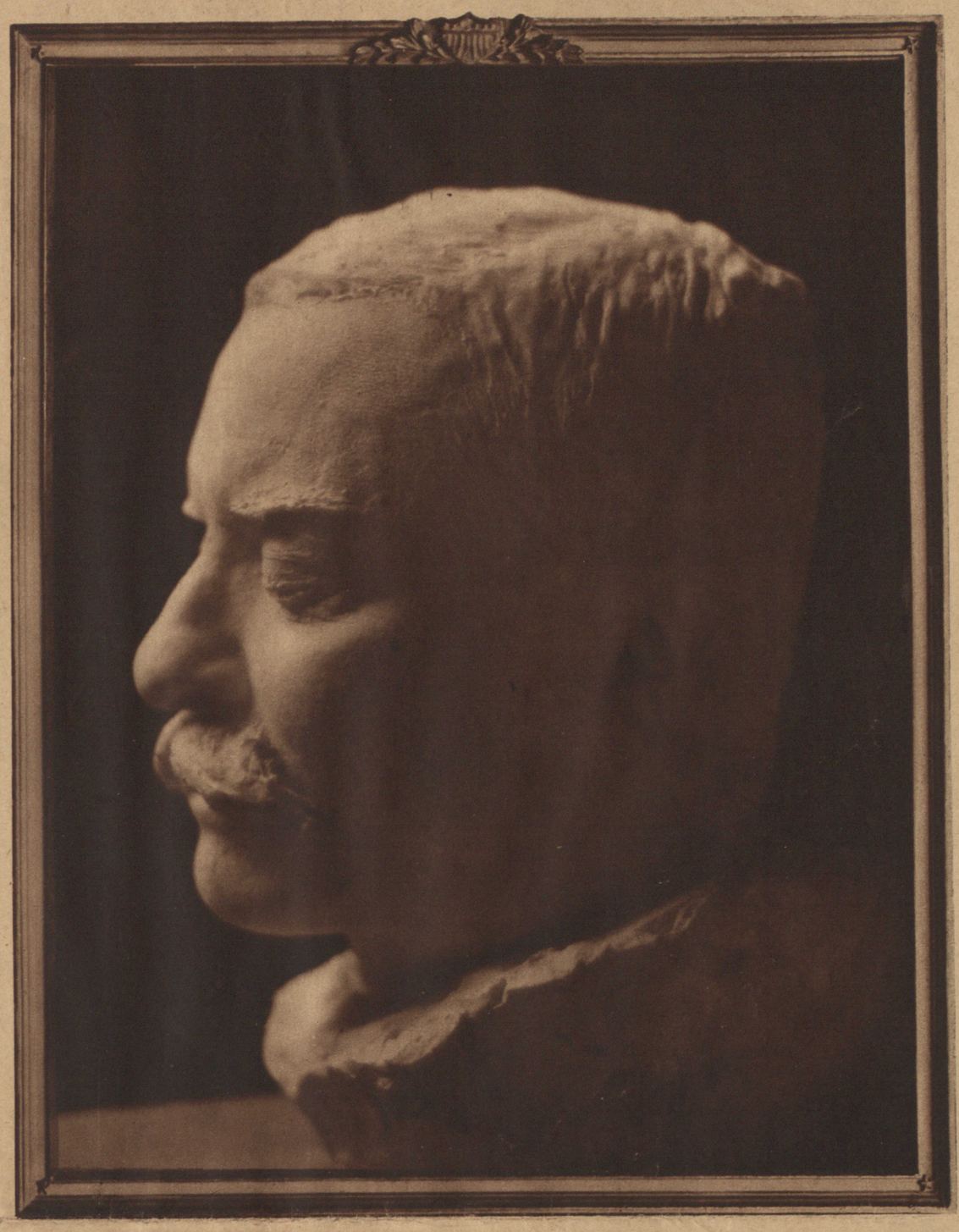
Tribune Graphic
Part Six

New York Tribune

Tribune Graphic
February 9, 1919

THEODORE ROOSEVELT in life
From a bust by James Fraser.
© Van der Weyde.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT in death
From a death mask by James Fraser.
© 1919 James Fraser, N. Y.

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL, from an etching by J. N. Darling

(Reprinted from the Editorial Page of The New York Tribune of January 7th, 1919.)

Theodore Roosevelt

NOT that he had been touched deeply by greatness and wore the mark of it with unconcern; not that he was the noblest friend of honesty and common sense and the ruthless foe of cant, unfairness, untruth and un-Americanism; not that he took always the most dangerous part for himself; not that he was a man of splendid human qualities; not for anything that can be set down in words, but for something to which his deeds and attributes and heroism all pertained—for himself we loved him.

Farewell, mighty hunter! You were the swiftest, cleanest and most valorous of your tribe. You pressed the hunt fearlessly and to its logical ends, not in fantasy through the clouds, but in fact on this earth, where the consequences are. Innumerable and precious are the trophies. We place them at your side. Would that there were demons of doubt and darkness and unrighteousness in the path you are now on. For you would slay them all and like it more.

Farewell, O rare American!

(Reprinted from The New York Tribune of January 26th, 1919)

Theodore Roosevelt

I

ON what divine adventure has he gone?
Beyond what peaks of dawn
Is he now faring? On what errand blest
Has his impulsive heart now turned?
No rest
Could be the portion of his tireless soul.
He seeks some frenzied goal
Where he can labor on till Time is not,
And earth is nothing but a thing forgot.

II

Pilot and Prophet! as the years increase
The sorrow of your passing will not cease.
We love to think of you still moving on
From sun to blazing sun,
From planet to far planet, to some height
Of clear perfection in the Infinite,
Where with the wise Immortals you can find
The Peace you fought for with your heart and mind.
Yet from that bourne where you are journeying
Sometimes we think we hear you whispering,
"I went away, O world so false and true,
I went away—with still so much to do!"

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE