

1690



HENRY DUGGEN



To Her Majesty

in appreciation of all her
work in matters the occasion

a success

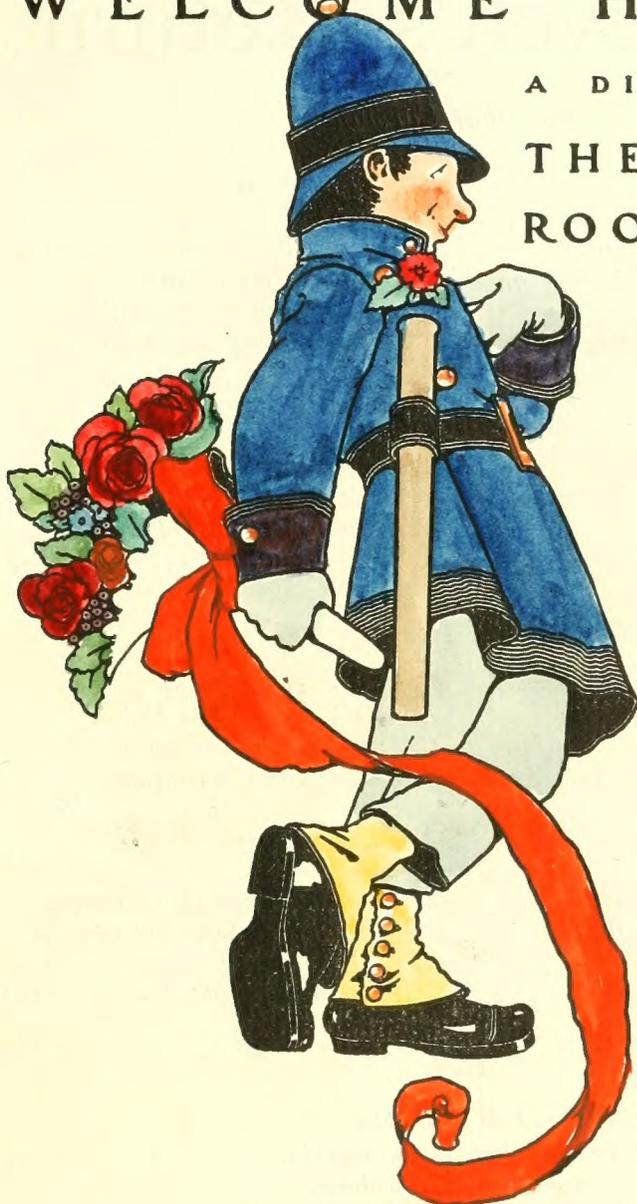
Perceval



WELCOME HOME

A DINNER TO
THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

J V N E
T W E N T Y
S E C O N D
N I N E T E E N
H U N D R E D
A N D T E N
A T
S H E R R Y ' S
N E W Y O R K



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Drawn by Maxfield Parrish



Roosevelt's Return

By Bliss Carman

I

WHY all this jubilation?
What means this holiday,
With flags above the city,
And sirens down the Bay?

II

The air is full of music
From bands in proud parade;
The Avenue is crowding
To cheer the cavalcade.

III

Who comes? No King nor Kaiser,
Nor victor fresh from war;
But the universal brother
The world was waiting for.

IV

What is the pride of London,
The pomp of ancient Rome,
To little new Manhattan
With Roosevelt coming home?

V

That's why the troops are marching,
That's why the whistles blow,
Why old and young are smiling,
And bands play as they go.

VI

That's why the crowds are cheering,
That's why the colors fly,
Until you don't know whether
You want to laugh or cry.

VII

From Oregon to Jersey,
From Texas back to Maine,
Come men to give him honor
And greet him once again.

VIII

Stout comrades and glad kinsmen,
Friends of his heart and mind,—
And Kids from Oklahoma
Not to be left behind,—

IX

We each and all salute him
(The proudest folk on earth!),
Made stronger by his fondness,
His fearlessness and mirth.



DSI



Mr. Roosevelt on "Tranquillity"

Theodore Roosevelt



Shake!

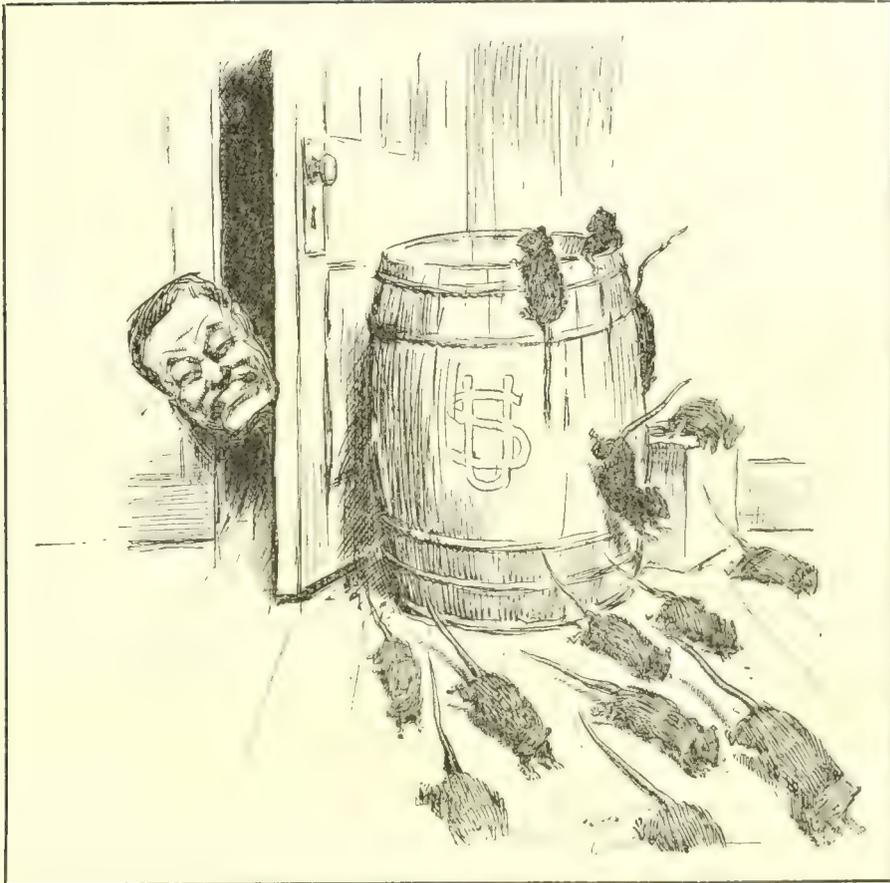
By Wallace Irwin

YES, we've read your letters breezy 'bout your gaddin' 'round Zambeezi
Chasin' Jumbo over Tumbo with a fancy English gun,
How you've been the Grand Adviser settin' next to Bill the Kaiser
And a-lecturin' at Paris in that college called *Sour-bun*.
Yes, we follered you at Rome, sir—but, by ginger! now you're home, sir,
We intend to rope and brand you with the letters "U.S.A."
And if all our greetings proud, sir, git a leetle trifle loud, sir,
Well, just multiply that noise by ten—that's how we feel to-day!

FOR *it's welcome to you, Teddy, welcome home!*
To the land of the mountains and the mills,
To the land of God—and Mammon—land of freedom, land of gammon,
Land of trees and trusts and patriots and hills.
Don't go chasin' after rhinos any more,
Don't go hikin' off to Paris or to Rome again!
For us, folks that care about you sort o' can't git on without you—
Honest, Teddy, ain't it bully to be home again!

TEDDY, since you quit the Nation for your strenuous vacation,
(Facin' lions, *that* was easy, after what you'd just been through)
Nothin' seemed so strong and hearty—there's been too much talk of Party
And so gol-darned little Action that it made a feller blue.





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Peekaboo!

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson



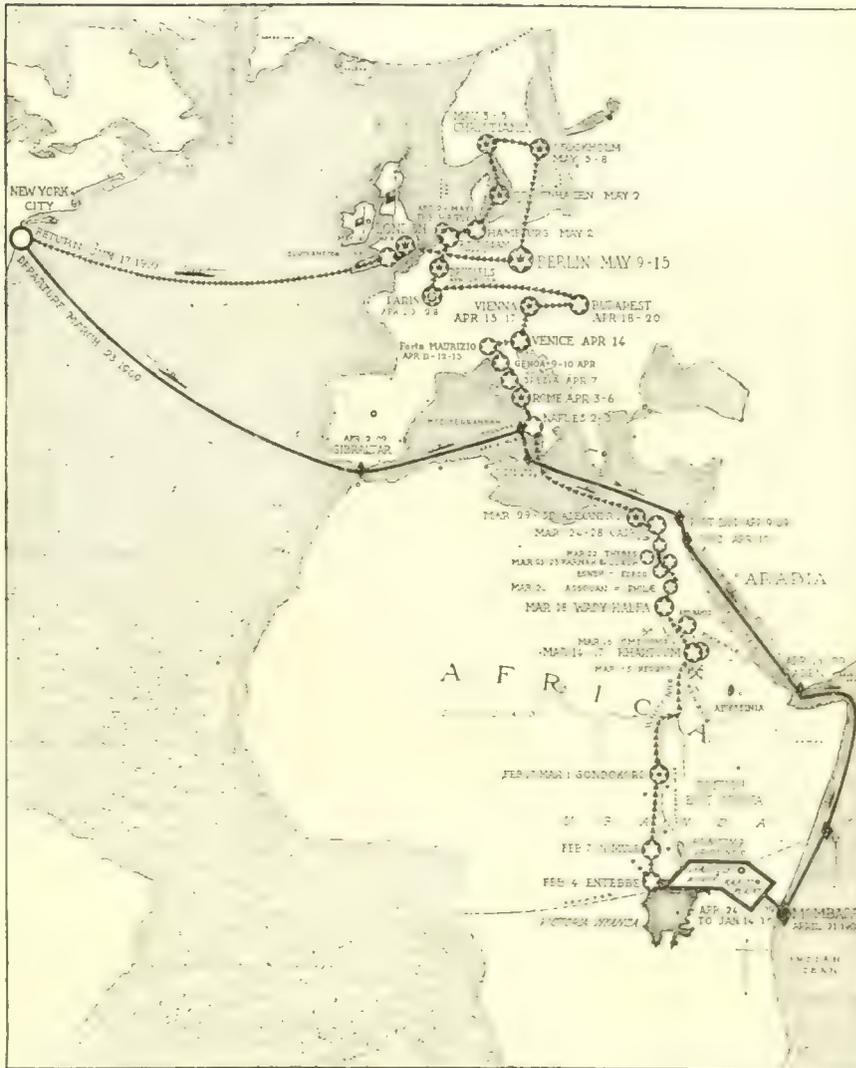
We'd have nothin' much to wear if we depended on the Tariff,
And the Trusts that I'm protectin' ain't no kin o' mine, says I.
And I've got a sly suspicion, if *you'd* promised Low Revision,
Down she'd went as sure as shootin', or you'd knowed the reason why.

AND *it's welcome to you, Teddy, welcome home!*
To the land of the shackled and the free,
Hail Columbia's scrappy land, sir! We're a-waitin' with a band, sir,
And our heart-strings are a-playin' up in G.
Don't take off your huntin' costume, Mr. Ted!
Go and chase them wolves that's 'neath the Senate's dome again—
See, that Elephant run amuck, sir—take a crack at him for luck, sir!
Honest, Teddy, ain't it bully to be home again!

AS you paddled Lake Nyanza with some black-skinned Sancho Panza,
While the wicked up to Congress was conspirin' with the slick,
Us folks murmured, feelin' queer, sir, "If the Proper Sort was here, sir,
Sure there'd be no moss a-growin' on the little old Big Stick."
And we longed, some way 'r nother, for a sort of Stronger Brother
Who could strike where we was helpless and could roar where we was dumb,
Who knew Justice from a saw-buck and the Truth without a law-book:
So we've waited for you, Teddy,—and we're powerful glad you've come.

AND *it's welcome to you, Teddy, welcome home!*
To the land that is yours as well as mine.
Hear the salvos shake and quiver from the valley, from the river
To the forest and the wheat-field and the vine!
There is something more than Racket in our noise;
It's a symphony of heart-throbs and a "pome" again,
And the meaning, can't you guess it? How we struggle to express it!
"Honest, Teddy, ain't it bully to be home again!"





MR. ROOSEVELT'S ITINERARY

The black line shows the outgoing journey from New York, by way of Gibraltar, Naples, and Port Said, to Mombasa, British East Africa. The return trip is indicated by the broken line, and begins at Entebbe, Uganda, on February 4, 1910, proceeding down the valley of the Nile to Alexandria. From there Mr. Roosevelt crossed to Italy, after which he visited Austria, Hungary, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, and England. The stops are indicated by white stars in the black circles, and a crown inside a star designates those places at which Mr. Roosevelt met a ruling sovereign



The Bag



Mr. Roosevelt's expedition, on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, spent eight months in British East Africa, collecting in various portions of the Athi and Kapiti Plains, in the Sotik and around Lake Naivasha. In coming out of Africa the expedition crossed Uganda and went down the White Nile. Collections were also made in Lake No and on the Bahr-el-Ghazel and Bahr-el-Zeraf.

On the trip 4,897 specimens of mammals were secured; nearly 4,000 birds; about 2,000 reptiles and batrachians; and some 500 fishes—a total of 11,397 specimens. Marine fishes were collected in Mombasa, and fresh water fishes elsewhere in East Africa, as well as in the White Nile.

Invertebrates were also collected; also a few marine shells near Mombasa and land and fresh water shells throughout the regions visited, besides crabs, beetles, millipeds and other invertebrates.

Several thousand plants were gathered, and a considerable anthropological collection was made.



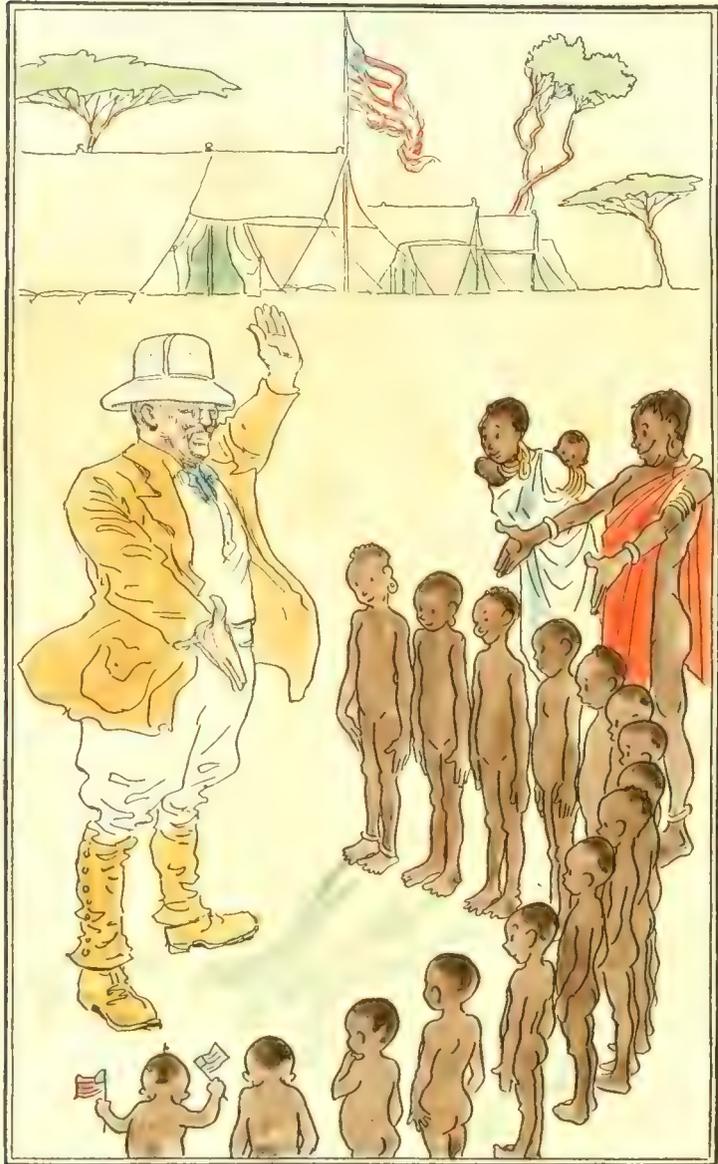


On the Way to Kapiti

THIS railroad . . . was pushed through a region in which nature, both as regards wild man and wild beast, did not and does not differ materially from what it was in Europe in the late Pleistocene. . . . The teeming multitudes of wild creatures, the stupendous size of some of them, the terrible nature of others, and the low culture of many of the savage tribes, especially of the hunting tribes, substantially reproduced the conditions of life in Europe as it was led by our ancestors ages before the dawn of anything that could be called civilization.

—Theodore Roosevelt, in *Scribner's Magazine*.





— McCUTCHEON —

"Bravo and Brava! By George, I'll tell it to the Sorbonne!"

Drawn by John T. McCutcheon





Weighing a Lioness

A MAN who has shot but a dozen or a score of these various animals, all put together, is not entitled to express any but the most tentative opinion as to their relative prowess and ferocity; yet on the whole it seems to me that the weight of opinion among those best fitted to judge is that the lion is the most formidable opponent of the hunter, under ordinary conditions.

—Theodore Roosevelt in *Scribner's Magazine*.





BACK HOME

“Well, once upon a time——”

Drawn by F. G. Cooper





The Rhinoceros Shot at Kilimakiu

A MONSTER surviving over from the world's past, from the days when the beasts of the prime ran riot in their strength, before man grew so cunning of brain and hand as to master them.

—Theodore Roosevelt in *Scribner's Magazine*.





“I remember distinctly shooting him on the spot,
but the question is, which spot?”

Drawn by E. W. Kemble



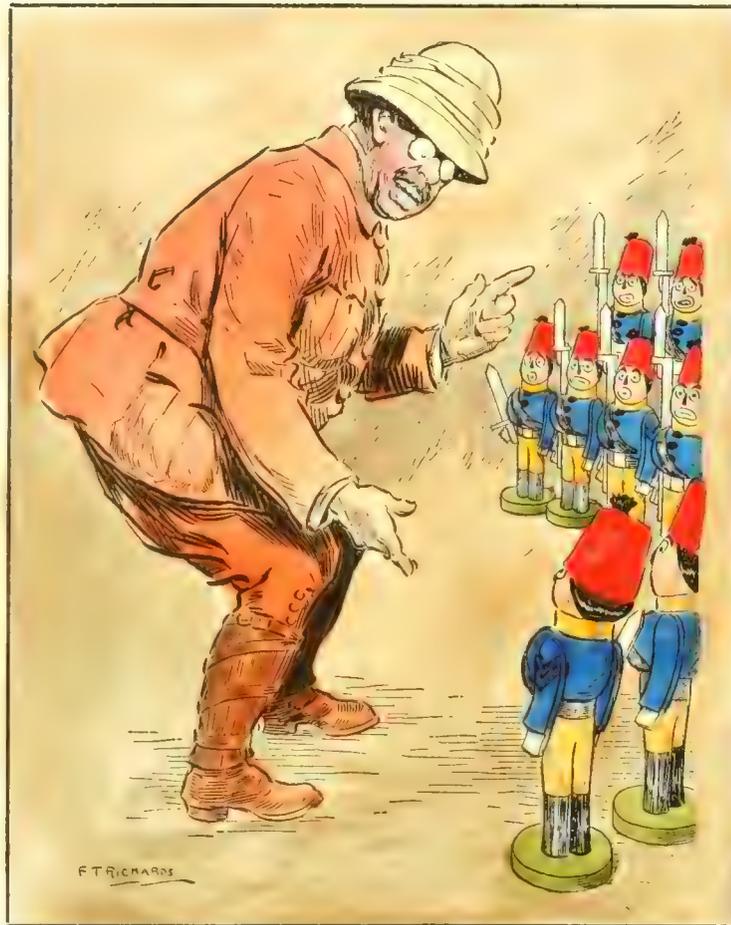


The First Bull Elephant

THE elephant has always profoundly impressed the imagination of mankind. . . . Its huge bulk, its singular form, the value of its ivory, its great intelligence—in which it is only matched, if at all, by the highest apes, and possibly by one or two of the highest carnivores—and its varied habits all combine to give it an interest such as attaches to no other living creature below the rank of man. . . . The unchecked increase of any big and formidable wild beast, even though not a flesh eater, is incompatible with the existence of man when he has emerged from the lowest stage of savagery.

—Theodore Roosevelt in *Scribner's Magazine*.





"Beware of Politics!"



Drawn by F. T. Richards



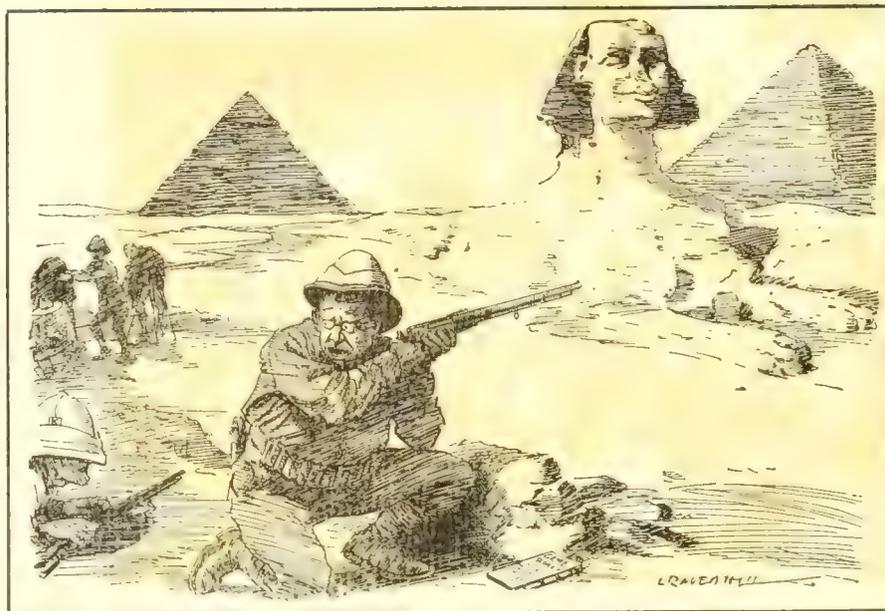
RIGHT 1910 BY HENRIFF & LINDBERG

Mr. Roosevelt and Slatin Pasha in the Desert

I WISH I could make every member of a Christian Church feel that just in so far as he spends his time quarreling with other Christians of other churches, he is helping to discredit Christianity in the eyes of the world. Avoid as you would the plague those who seek to embroil you in conflict, one Christian sect with another. Not only does what I say apply to the behavior of Christians toward one another, but of all Christians toward their non-Christian brethren, toward their fellow citizens of another creed.

—*From Mr. Roosevelt's Address at the American Mission, Khartum.*





A SITTER; OR, BIG GAME TO THE LAST

Mr. Roosevelt: "Steady, Kermit! We must have one of these"

Drawn by L. Ravenhill for Punch





Copts Congratulating Mr. Roosevelt

THE type of man that turns assassin is the type possessing all the qualities which alienate him from good citizenship; the type producing poor soldiers in time of war and worse citizens in time of peace. Such a man stands on a pinnacle of evil and infamy. Those apologizing for or condoning his act by word or deed, directly or indirectly, encouraging such an act in advance or defending it afterward, occupy the same bad eminence.

—*Mr. Roosevelt's Address to the students of the Egyptian University at Cairo.*



His Future

By Arthur Guiterman

I

QUICK and hair triggerous,
Joyous and vigorous,
Home from the niggerous
African shore,
Bringing a zoo with him,
Zebra and gnu with him,
What shall we do with him—
Our Theodore?

II

NO sweet manorial,
Grave professorial,
Staid senatorial
Honors will do.
Give him the Stick again,
Freedom to kick again,
Raise the Old Nick again!
"Whoop!" and "Hurroo!"

III

WHAT new renown for him?—
Pick out a gown for him?
Buy up a crown for him,
Make him a king?
Make him an editor?
(What a competitor!
Who was it said it or
Fancied the thing!)

IV

RAILROAD commissioner?
Graft abolitioner?
High politicianer?
Farm autocrat?
Nature mythologist?
Trust criminologist?
Universologist—
Something like that?

V

DO you admire him?
Would you inspire him?
Do you desire him
Laid on the shelf?
Peace to your pattering,
Scolding or flattering!
Building or battering,
He'll run himself.





King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and Mr. Roosevelt

THIS most audacious man, now returning from a hunt of beasts in African forests, has hunted others even more dangerous, risking life, reputation, and the tranquillity of his own country. It is men like him who have no country but are entitled to citizenship in all civilized countries.

—*Mayor Nathan's Speech of Welcome to Mr. Roosevelt at the Municipal Dinner in Rome.*





THE former President evidently has been fed since infancy upon the marrow of lions! I wish he would leave some of his puissant breath behind to energize this city.

—*M. Lépine, Prefect of Police, in an address to Mr. Roosevelt, in the Municipal Chamber of Paris.*



*“Trippel trippel-toontjes
Kippen in de boontjes
Koetjes in de Klaver
Paardjes in de haver
Eendjes in de waterplas
'k Wou dat 't kindje grooter was.”*



His First Dutch Treat

Drawn by Edward Penfield



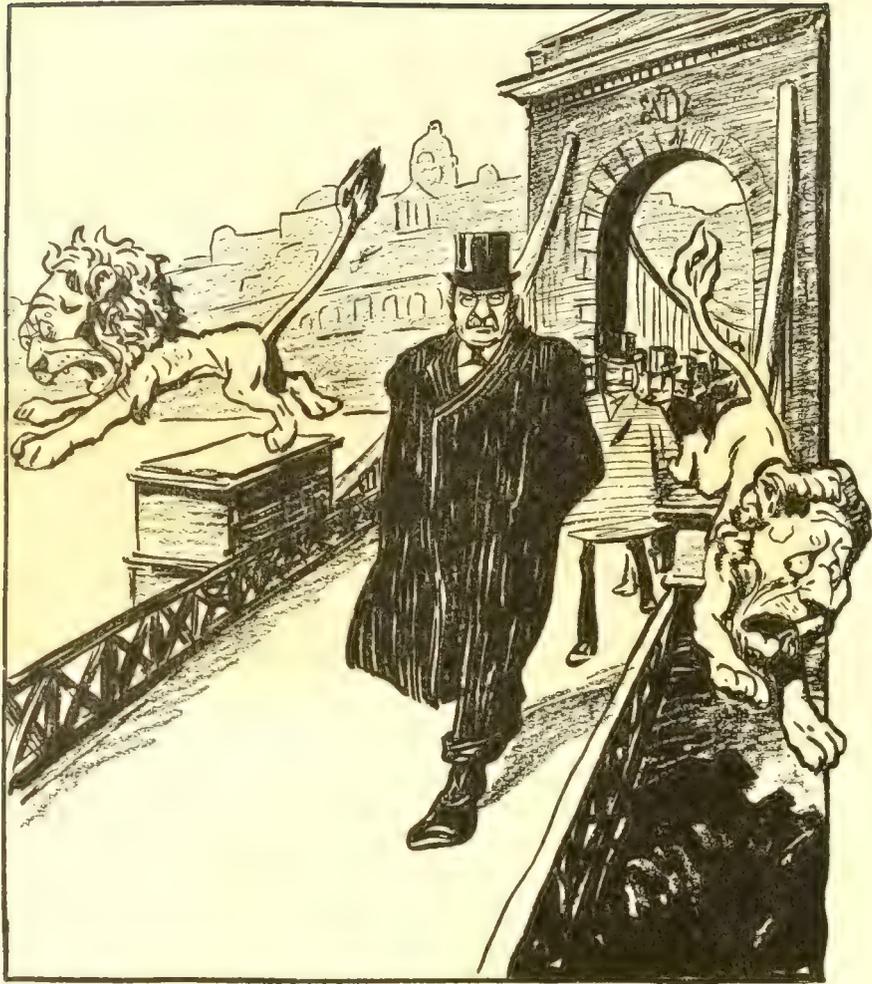


Mr. Roosevelt and King Haakon of Norway

PEACE is generally good in itself, but it is never the highest good unless it comes as the handmaid of righteousness; and it becomes a very evil thing if it serves merely as a mask for cowardice and sloth, or as an instrument to further the ends of despotism or anarchy. *No man is worth calling a man who will not fight rather than submit to infamy. . . . No nation deserves to exist if it permits itself to lose the stern and virile virtues.*

—From Mr. Roosevelt's Nobel Prize address, in the National Theatre, Christiania.





"Here's the Lion Hunter."

From the Budapest Kakas Márton.



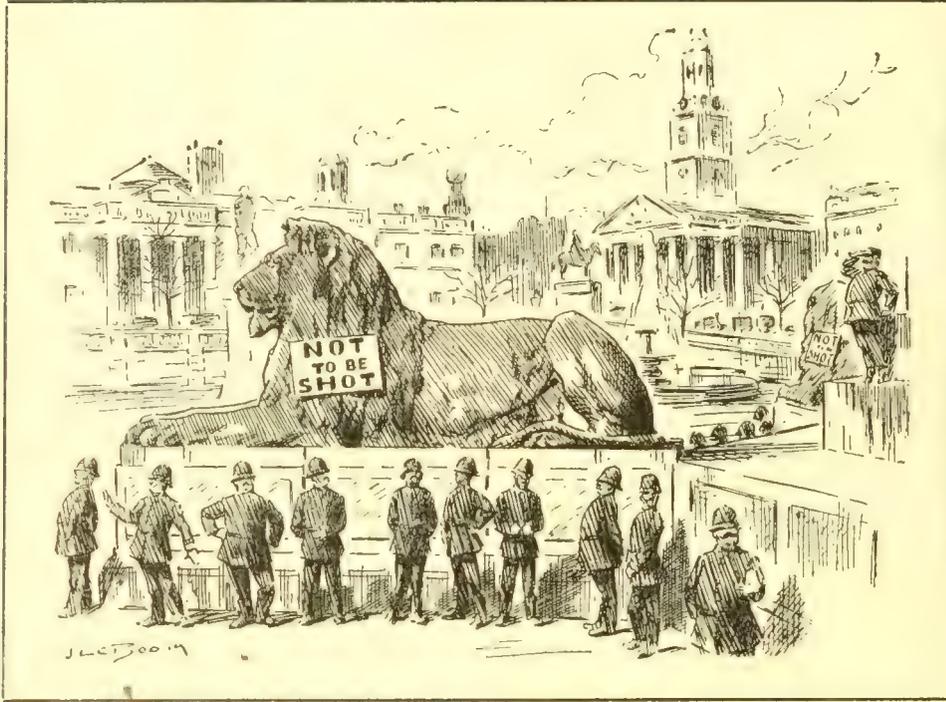


The Kaiser and the Private Citizen

Alle Stabsoffiziere waren vor dem Beginn der Uebung auf dem Mühlenberg versammelt. Der Kaiser, an dessen Seite sich Oberst Roosevelt befand, hielt dann an den Ex-Präsidenten wörtlich die nachstehende Ansprache: „Mein Freund! It is my great delight to welcome you in the presence of my guards and my army. I want you to realize that you are the first private citizen to review German troops.“ Der Kaiser wandte sich dann an die Offiziere und sagte: „Meine Herren! Es ist eine große Ehre für uns, den ausgezeichneten Obersten der amerikanischen Reiter unter uns zu haben“

—From the Kaiser's Speech to his Officers at Doberitz.





A Suggested Precaution in View of President Roosevelt's Visit to London.

J. L. C. Booth in Punch.





JUNE 22D, 1910

MELON

POTAGE DE SANTÉ

SAUMON CASCAPEDIA 
SAUCE MOUSSELINE

SELLE D'AGNEAU DE PRINTEMPS
POMMES CASSEROLE
CHAMPIGNONS AU BEURRE LIÉ

ASPERGES BROOKDALE 

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GLACES AUX FRAMBOISES, POLONNAISE
GÂTEAUX CAFÉ FRUITS

CHAMPAGNE
LOUIS ROEDERER 1900

 PRESENTED BY J. J. VAN ALEN, ESG
AND CLARENCE H. MACKAY, ESG

 PRESENTED BY LEWIS S. THOMPSON, ESG



Sagamoo Hill



Bill 700

RC ↑
THR. ↑

Bill 700 ↑

See List of Trees to
be added

George S. Chappell	† Robert J. Collier
George C. Schreiber	† Colonel Roosevelt
Frank H. Simmons	† Henry Watterson
Howard S. Borden	† Finley Peter Dunne
Wallace Irwin	† Hon. Robert Bacon
John E. Cowdin	Hon. Augustus E. Willson
Walter Damrosch	Hon. Martin J. Keogh
John T. McCutcheon	† John Burroughs
† Medill McCormick	† Dr. Alexander Lambert
E. W. Kemble	† William Loeb, Jr.
† Walter Camp	† Rev. Lyman Abbott
† Robert Wrenn	Edward M. Shepard
John P. Grier	Francis J. Heney
† Charles Dana Gibson	† Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien
† George Ade	Rev. James A. Reynolds
† Lewis S. Thompson	† H. L. Herbert
† John Fox, Jr.	William B. Howland
Gouverneur Morris	J. Callan O'Laughlin
† Richard Harding Davis	Mark Sullivan
Henry James Whigham	† George McAneny
John Drew	Albert Shaw
† John Jacob Astor	† Louis D. Brandeis
† John Hays Hammond	† James W. Osborne
† R. Livingston Beeckman	† William A. Hazard
Gen. James Grant Wilson	F. N. Doubleday
† Arthur H. Scribner	A. Radclyffe Dugmore
Maxfield Parrish	Kermit Roosevelt
† Bliss Carman	Caspar Whitney
John Corbin	Robert Underwood Johnson
William Temple Emmett	† Otto Kahn
† R. Fulton Cutting	† John W. Alexander
John H. Finley	Thomas Hastings
† Cornelius Vanderbilt	Dr. Simon Flexner
William T. Hornaday	† Edward W. Bok
William Milligan Sloane	Edward S. Martin
Douglas Robinson	Robert Bridges
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Charles Joseph Bonaparte	John O'Hara Cosgrave
† Commander Peary	Henry Beach Needham

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