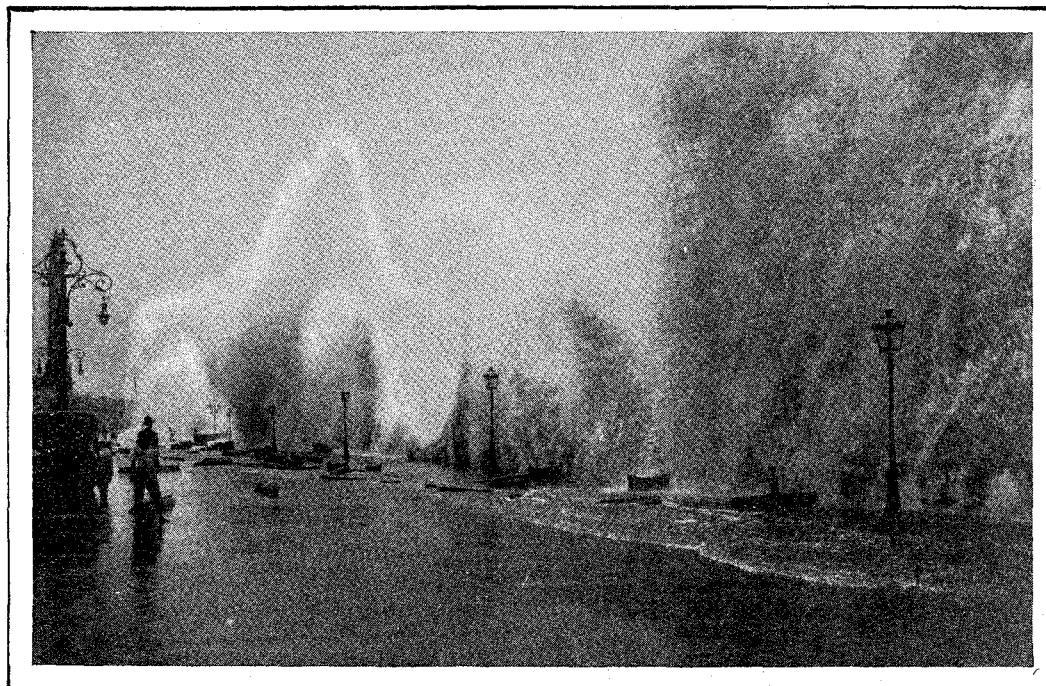
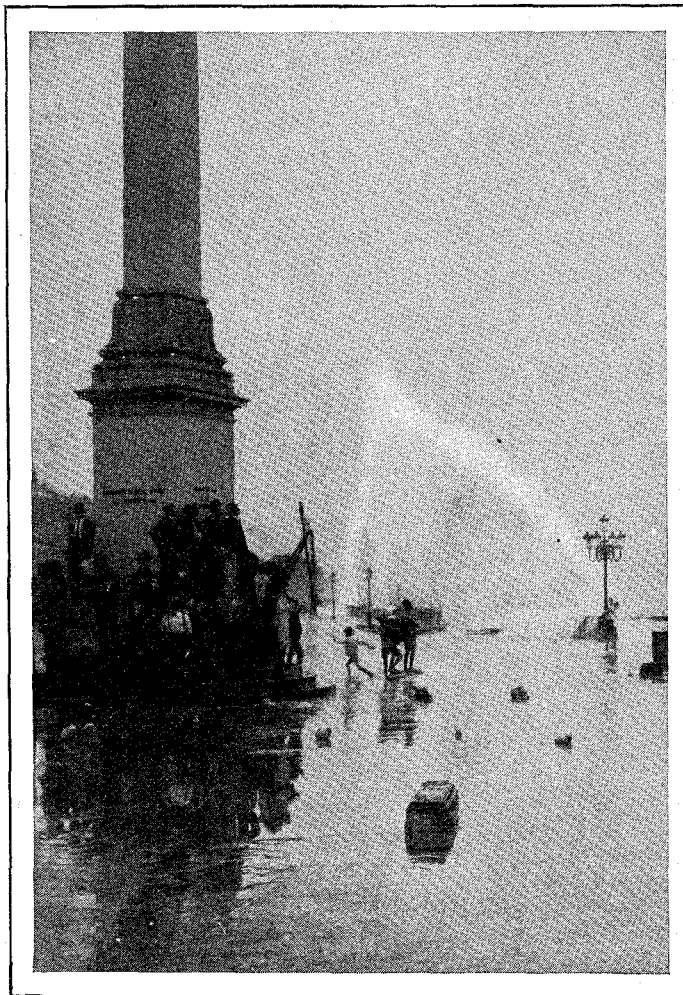


A BRAZILIAN TIDAL STORM

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER

VIEWS ON THE AVENIDA
BEIRA-MAR, ONE OF
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
DRIVES IN THE WORLD,
DURING THE "RESACA"
OR TIDAL STORM

This storm occurs at Rio de
Janeiro every five or six years,
our informant says, and often
causes heavy damage



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RESACA FROM THE AVENIDA BEIRA-MAR

From Joseph F. Brown, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Photographs by Bippus

THE BOOK TABLE

IN THE WILD WEST WITH ROOSEVELT¹

AMONG the younger American writers the name of Hermann Hagedorn is rapidly coming into the front rank. He has written delightful poetry—not verse, but very true poetry—as readers of *The Outlook* have reason to know; he has tried his hand at least at one novel; and now he is welcomed among the company of historians by three eminent historical authorities of the United States: Professor William A. Dunning, of Columbia University; Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard; and President John Grier Hibben, of Princeton.

How all this happened is a rather interesting story, and I propose to tell it even at the risk of seeming “to invade the sphere of private life,” because it discloses the sources of that remarkable and energizing influence which Theodore Roosevelt brought to play—spontaneously, naturally, unconsciously—upon the life and spirit of younger men. This I have always thought was one of his finest traits and accomplishments, although to speak of this influence as an accomplishment is a misnomer. For Roosevelt, I am convinced, never deliberately set out to exert “a good influence” on anybody. He never said to himself, “Go to! I will inspire this youth to right living and high thinking.” It would be as reasonable to imagine the sun saying, “Go to! I will shine upon a chilly world,” or the southwest sea-breeze of Long Island musing, “Go to! I will fan a parched and panting shore.” Possibly these analogies may seem a little strained to some readers. But those who actually felt the warmth of Roosevelt’s sunniness and the refreshment of his breeziness will know what I mean.

Well, then, Hagedorn made his mark at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1907. His class poem, “The Troop of the Guard,” received the unusual distinction among such compositions of obtaining popular reading and popular applause. But his art is the kind, like John Masefield’s, that feeds on life rather than on letters. And so he was drawn to Roosevelt as a vivid and stirring phenomenon of American life. On the other hand, Roosevelt, who was deeply read in poetry and who never forgot his Alma Mater, although he never talked much about her, was interested in Hagedorn as a phenomenon of Harvard education. Under these circumstances it was not difficult to bring the two men together. And so in May, 1916, it happened that it was my privilege to take Hagedorn to Sagamore Hill, and there the two men met over the luncheon table—the middle-aged ex-President who had been a cow-puncher



HERMANN HAGEDORN

Photographed in *The Outlook* office by H. H. Moore

and the young poet who was to become a historian. They “took” to each other at once, and each talked with me about the meeting afterwards. Their conversation was about poetry, politics, patriotism, polo, Pan-Americanism, preparatory schools, and all sorts of other things from a to izzard. The poet was delighted to find a robust American who was alleged to carry a “big stick” and who yet could quote Keats with accuracy and affection; the ex-cattleranger was delighted to find a poet to whom a cowboy was as truly a part of the great poem of life as a primrose by a river’s brim. Roosevelt did not live to read Hagedorn’s “Medora Nights,” a group of poems which first appeared, I may add in passing, in *The Outlook*, but if he had he might perhaps have had the pleasure of realizing that that luncheon talk inspired such lines as these:

It rains here when it rains an’ it’s
hot here when it’s hot,
The real folks is real folks which city
folks is not.

The dark is as the dark was before
the stars was made;
The sun is as the sun was before
God thought of shade;
An’ the prairie an’ the butte-tops an’
the long winds when they blow,
Is like the things what Adam knew
on his birthday, long ago.

“It was Mr. Roosevelt himself,” says Mr. Hagedorn, “who gave me the impulse to write this book, and it was the letters of introduction which he wrote early in 1918 which made it possible for me to secure the friendly interest of the men who knew most about his life on the ranch and the range. ‘If you want to know what I was like when I had bark on,’ he said, ‘you ought to talk to Bill Sewall and Merrifield and Sylvane Ferris and his brother Joe.’”

After Roosevelt’s death came Hagedorn’s opportunity; the Roosevelt Memorial Association was founded, and he became its Executive Secretary; and under the auspices of that Association he went into what was once the “Wild

¹ *Roosevelt in the Bad Lands*. By Hermann Hagedorn. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Being the first volume of the publications of The Roosevelt Memorial Association, Incorporated. \$5.