

CHAPTER IX

THE END

IF THEODORE ROOSEVELT could be asked what phase of his many-sided life seems to him the most important and gives him the most satisfaction, I am sure that he would say instantly that he wishes to be remembered most as the founder and head of a family. It was therefore peculiarly suitable that his funeral should have been that of a husband and a father rather than that of a statesman and a military hero.

He died on January 6, 1919. The services in his memory at the little Episcopal church in Oyster Bay, on Wednesday, January 8, were simple, unpretentious, and genuine, but they were profoundly impressive. There was no pomp, no ceremony. Four or five hundred of his personal friends gathered in the little edifice where he had been wont to worship. His son, Captain Archie Roosevelt—in his uniform and with his arm and hand still bound in the splint which was aiding to cure the serious wound he received in France—and his nephew, Theodore Douglas Robinson, met the friends as they entered, and aided in showing them to seats.