
Elliott, the Tragic Roosevelt

by Mason White

In late November 1892, Anna Hall Roosevelt lay dying of diphtheria. A decade earlier she had been acclaimed as one of New York's loveliest debutantes and was soon wed to the engaging and energetic Elliott Roosevelt. Yet her husband was not with Anna in her final illness. Elliott had been banished from his home in New York and was living in exile far away in southwestern Virginia. The Roosevelt family hoped that in the beauty of the Virginia highlands he would find the inner strength he needed to reverse a hideous slide toward disaster. He was an enormously attractive and lovable man, but his binge drinking, infidelity, and violent emotional agitation had made him unwelcome at his wife's side, even during this tragic hour.

Anna, just 29 years old, died without ever seeing her husband again. Elliott wept at the sight of his wife in her coffin, her slender young body still lovely in a pale pink silk wrapper with white lace at her throat.¹ Then he went off alone. Less than two years later, Elliott, his soul mired in despair, his health ravaged by alcohol, died while living in Manhattan under an assumed identity. His death at the age of 34 troubled many.

Elliott Roosevelt was the brother of Theodore Roosevelt, and the godfather and fifth cousin of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Theodore, as President from 1901 until 1909, left his mark in American history as

one of the country's most dynamic chief executives. Franklin, President from 1933 to 1945, led his country from the depths of the Great Depression of the 1930s, and was the victorious Commander-in-Chief of the United States armed forces during World War II.

Elliott was the father of Eleanor Roosevelt, who, as the wife of Franklin Roosevelt from 1905 until his death in 1945, was active in politics and social causes. Emerging from a background where women usually led lives of genteel conformity, Eleanor forged ahead, discovering the strength of her own character, and became known as "First Lady of the World."

In telling the story of Elliott Roosevelt, it would be unfair to hold him up against highly successful and distinguished relatives and then dismiss him as little else than a friendly alcoholic ne'er-do-well. Nor should he be remembered only as a dark and tragic member of one of America's oldest and most distinguished families. Elliott's life was sad, yet, in spite of failures and uncontrollable excesses, he was one of the most popular and attractive men in late Victorian New York society.

Elliott was his little daughter Eleanor's treasure, and she carried his letters with her for as long as she lived. Eleanor, almost ten years old when her father died, wrote many years later: "He was the one great love of my life as a child, and in fact like many children I have lived a dream life with him: so his memory is still a vivid, living thing to me."² Elliott's brother, Theodore, felt Elliott had disgraced the family, but always remembered him as "just the gallant, generous, manly loyal young man whom everyone loved."³

Elliott enjoyed a remarkable combination of grace, beauty, and talent, and had a sensitive, highly romantic nature most unusual in the long line of solid, industrious Roosevelts before him. He was not self-righteous, as was his brother Theodore, nor had he much of Theodore's combativeness and pomposity. He was immensely well liked everywhere he went for his generosity, his tenderness, and his unaffected way of talking to people. What the other person had to say in a conversation was all that mattered to him. The young Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to the women of his Victorian day was undeniable; it went beyond his effortless humor, good looks, and flawless manners. "If he noticed me at all, I had received an accolade. . . ." ⁴ one of his many female admirers once said.

Elliott was a daring polo player, a big game hunter, a steeplechase

rider, and one of the most lively members of the New York social set known in the newspapers as “the Swells.” He was, indeed, a young man of fashion in old New York.

Elliott was the third of four children born to Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., and Martha Bulloch. The oldest child, born in 1855, was named Anna and called by the family “Bamie” or “Bye.” Theodore, Jr., appeared in 1858, followed by Elliott in 1860, and Corinne, the youngest, in 1861. All were born in a five-story brownstone house on East 20th Street, in the block between Broadway and Park Avenue, in lower Manhattan.

Theodore, Sr., inherited a fortune from his family’s glass importing business and retired early to devote his time to philanthropy and civic enterprises. He was one of the founders of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History. Providing the poor, the weak, and the helpless with food and shelter was of deep concern to him.

The family was known among Knickerbocker society as being informal, fun-loving, and generous. They were never shy about letting their emotions spill forth, as was made clear by 13-year-old Elliott in a letter to Theodore, Sr. “Oh my darling sweetest of fathers, I wish I could kiss you,” the boy wrote.

When Theodore, Sr., died in 1878, he left comfortable incomes to each of the children. Elliott, 18 years old and the most sensitive of the children, seemed demolished by the loss of his father; certainly he felt confused and lonely. However, his inheritance became a consolation. He could dedicate his life to the things he did best—riding, hunting, travelling, and winning the hearts of pretty young women. He had little need to compete with other young social aristocrats in the fields of banking and investment. Instead, he plunged into the exciting whirl of sport and society.

In 1880, Elliott, barely 20 years old, was already becoming a heavy drinker. Depressed that his brother, Theodore, would soon graduate from Harvard and return to New York to head the family, he went to India to hunt tiger and elephant, and later to the Himalayas for ibex and markhor. Among Elliott’s fellow passengers on the ship across the Atlantic were the James Roosevelts, of Hyde Park, New York, just married and embarking on their honeymoon. The newlyweds found Elliott such good company that they urged him to make their rooms in London his headquarters during his stopover there. Two years later, the couple asked him to be godfather to their child, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The India trip, although beginning with a string of accomplishments, did not end well for Elliott. In his travel to reach the high Himalayas, he came down with a fever that made him so weak he had to give up the expedition without having bagged the ibex and markhor he had so eagerly sought. Nonetheless, he made a triumphant return to New York society. That he had hunted and travelled in a country where very few Americans had gone before him made him seem more glamorous than ever.

But the excitement generated by the trip could not last. Elliott became restless again and pondered another escape. Then he met a young woman he described excitedly as a “tall, slender, fair-haired little beauty.” She was Anna Rebecca Hall, only 19 years old, of dawnlike purity, and already being applauded as one of New York’s most beautiful women. The two young people soon fell deeply in love, providing strong evidence that opposites attract.

Anna was descended from the landed Livingstons and the Ludlows. The marriage of her father, Valentine G. Hall, Jr., and her mother, Mary Livingston Ludlow, united a member of a prominent New York merchantile family with Hudson River gentry. In the Hall household, it was taught that success in life was the result of self-discipline built upon a strong foundation of trust in God. Self-indulgence and weakness insulted all that was holy. It was ironic but understandable that Anna, who was brought up to be high-minded and self-controlled, was drawn to a man of passion and daring.

It is believed that Anna and Elliott became engaged Memorial Day, 1883, at a houseparty given by their good friend, Laura Delano, at Algonac, the Delano estate on the Hudson River at Newburgh, New York. The summer of '83 became a time of tremendous highs and lows for Elliott Roosevelt. He spent most of his weekdays at the Meadow Brook Club, on Long Island, where he played polo with reckless abandon and was injured repeatedly. On weekends, he rushed to catch the Hudson River train to see his fiancée at Oak Terrace, her family’s estate far upriver at Tivoli, New York.

Elliott, although painfully in love, was often gloomy that summer before his marriage to Anna Hall, and, while at Tivoli, had a sudden attack he attributed to his fever in the high Himalayas. Anna was worried. Perhaps he was wrong when he said he was ready for marriage and was afraid to tell her, she thought. “Please never keep anything from me,” she wrote to him. “. . . I am quite strong enough to face with you the storms of this life and I shall always be so happy when I know that you have told and will tell me every thought.”⁶ Elliott told her not



Oak Terrace, home of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Hall, Jr., the parents of Anna Hall Roosevelt, in Tivoli-on-Hudson, NY. ca. 1934. Photograph courtesy of Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, NY.

to worry. "I know I am blue and disagreeable often, but please darling, bear with me and I will come out all right in the end, and it really is an honest effort to do the right that makes me so often quiet and thoughtful about it all."⁷ (Seizures similar to the one Elliott experienced at Tivoli occurred throughout his life. Some people thought he had a form of epilepsy; others have suggested that the seizures were nothing more than anxiety attacks.)

In spite of the troubles, Elliott and Anna had some of their best moments together that summer in the hushed elegance of Oak Terrace. There were morning walks down by the Hudson, tennis in the afternoon, and evening picnics in the hemlock grove. As the chill of fall began to descend, they would hold hands by the fire and exchange words of undying love.

Anna's widowed mother, Mary Hall, agreed to a wedding date of December 1, 1883, and appealed to them to enter their union with their hearts turned to God. Anna and Elliott were married at Calvary Church, downtown near where he was born on East 20th Street. Two highly attractive people pledged a life together to be filled with the sunshine of their happiness.

After the honeymoon, Elliott went to work for the Ludlow firm, New York City's leading real estate establishment. He and his bride moved into a brownstone house in the fashionable Thirties and began to entertain. Their income, although comfortable, did not permit them to receive on the scale of such friends as the Cornelius Vanderbilts. Nevertheless, they were prominent members of New York society and were invited to dinners, dances, or theater parties nearly every night.

Although Anna's upbringing was puritanical, she was, after all, a creature of old New York. She enjoyed the polo and tennis matches, the evenings at the opera, the cotillions, the midnight suppers, the horse-shows, and everything else that was a fixture in society. She was taken with Elliott's gaiety and high spirits, and wanted to share every minute of his vigorous, fun-loving life in New York, Meadow Brook, and Newport. However, she soon discovered that she lacked the stamina—and probably the enthusiasm—for such a dizzying whirl.

Anna was always of frail health and had to take time out of each day for rest. In spite of her delicacy, three children were born of her marriage to Elliott. The first was Anna Eleanor, born October 11, 1884. The second was Elliott, Jr., (Ellie) in 1889. The last was Hall Roosevelt, born in Neuilly, France, in 1891, during a time of serious family trouble.

In the spring of 1887, Elliott, nervous, moody, and worn out from a ceaseless round of games and dissipation, quit the Ludlow firm and sailed to Europe with Anna and her sister, Tissie. Anna had pleaded for the trip, believing that time away from Elliott's Long Island cronies would make him healthy enough to resume his rightful place as head of a household in one of New York's most respectable families. The marriage had been troubled since before the birth of Eleanor. Elliott's moods switched on and off between depression, delight, self-disgust, and enthusiasm.

Elliott, off alcohol, energetic, and suddenly making plans to get rich, returned from Europe in late 1887 and joined the banking and investment firm of his uncle, James King Gracie. However, his good intentions did not persist. His club at Meadow Brook soon took such priority that he even built a house nearby in Hempstead.

In 1889 Elliott fractured his ankle while turning a double somersault during a rehearsal of an amateur circus. The ankle had to be rebroken and reset. The pain was so awful that he sobbed for hours and more than once threatened suicide. He began to take laudanum and morphine to ease his agony, and started drinking more than ever.

In 1890 Elliott's alcoholism became even more violent and he began

to fear that he was losing his mind. In a final effort to keep the family together, he, Anna, Eleanor, and little Ellie left for an extended tour through Germany, Italy, Austria, and France.

From a health spa at Richenhall, in Bavaria, Anna wrote that Elliott was taking the baths and drinking the mineral waters and getting better little by little except for "awful attacks of depression." There were good times in Venice, where Elliott acted as gondolier on the canals and sang along with the other boatmen.

After Venice, the family went to Florence, Naples, and then Sorrento. While in Sorrento, Elliott took the children sailing on the Bay of Naples every morning and napped on the boat in the afternoon. Just when it seemed he was beginning to relax, he sobbed, got furious, and then stormed out of the house after reading a tender, but somewhat admonitory letter from a relative. ". . . beg them [the relatives] to write brightly,"⁸ an exasperated Anna had to appeal to Elliott's sister, Bamie.

Later in the Austrian city of Graz, Anna, pregnant again, became afraid of her husband's moods. She pleaded with Bamie to come look after her and persuade Elliott to seek treatment. Bamie sailed in February 1891 and arrived to find Elliott already a patient at a sanitarium in Graz.

After Elliott became stronger, Bamie revealed to him that a servant girl named Katy Mann was claiming back in New York that she was carrying his child. Katy threatened a public scandal unless paid off. Elliott at first rejected the girl's story as a pure falsehood. Later he did not deny sleeping with her; it was only that he could not remember ever having done so.⁹ The child was Elliott's, and Katy Mann got her money.¹⁰

In April 1891, Elliott quit the sanitarium and rushed his family to France. He rented a small house in Neuilly, on the outskirts of Paris, where Anna would await the birth of their third child. While in Neuilly, Elliott's behavior became so unpredictable and frenzied that he made his pregnant wife hysterical. He would talk of suicide, after which he would disappear into Paris for several days at a time, and later come home heavy with remorse and begging for forgiveness.

Elliott turned to a mistress, Mrs. Florence Bagley Sherman, an American expatriate living in Paris with her two children.¹¹ Mrs. Sherman, despite the fact that Elliott was cracking up, fell madly in love with him. When Elliott's brother, Theodore, heard of the affair, he got so angry that he called him "a maniac morally as well as mentally"¹² and a "flagrant man swine."¹³ Theodore believed that infidelity was a crime, neither to be forgiven nor even slightly understood.

Bamie, however, wrote reassuringly from Neuilly that Anna had

called out for Elliott while giving birth to their son, Hall Roosevelt. Theodore, still disgusted, was not moved by this news. "It is dreadful to think of the inheritance the poor little baby may have in him,"¹⁴ he answered. (In 1941, when Hall Roosevelt was 50 years old, he too drank himself to death.) Anna, Bamie, and the children sailed for New York in August 1891 and left Elliott behind in an asylum outside of Paris. Elliott never again lived with his family.

With the desire and approval of Anna, Theodore applied to the U.S. courts to have Elliott judged insane so that his property, worth about \$175,000, could be put in trust for his wife and children. *The New York Sun* ran a front page story headed: "ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT INSANE . . . THE CAUSE MAY HAVE BEEN DRINK."¹⁵

Theodore, then a member of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, went to Paris in January 1892, and persuaded Elliott to return to the United States and undergo treatment for alcoholism. If the treatment made him sober and responsible, he could go back to work and possibly resume his life with his wife and children in one to two years.¹⁶

One person who had not lost faith in Elliott was his friend, Mrs. Sherman. In an entry in her diary she strongly defended him against those "not large-souled enough to appreciate him." She wrote: "This morning, with his silk hat, overcoat, gloves, and cigar, E. came to my room to say goodbye. It is all over. Only my little black dog who cries at the door of the empty room and howls in the park, he is all that is left to me. So ends the final and great emotion of my life . . . How could they treat so generous and noble a man as they have. He is more noble a figure in my eyes, with all his confessed faults, than either his wife or brother. She is more to be despised, in her virtuous pride, her absolutely selfish position, than the most miserable woman I know, but she is the result of our unintelligent, petty, conventional social life and why is it that the gentle strong men always marry women who are so weak and selfish. Perhaps the feelings of protection and care given to a feebler nature is part of the charm . . ." ¹⁷

Once back in the United States, Elliott was faced with a long period of probation. In February 1892, he had to go to the Keeley Center, in Dwight, Illinois, to take the "Keeley Cure" for alcoholism. From Dwight he was sent to southwestern Virginia. His brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson (sister Corinne's husband), had suggested that he go to Virginia to take charge of the large Robinson holdings there. From a base of operations in the town of Abingdon, Elliott supervised the

building of railroads, improving mountain trails, settling boundary disputes, and selling land. Hiding his sorrows, he went about his work and began to feel more useful than he had ever felt back in New York. The local people, though suspicious at first of this young man so different from the rest, were soon won over. "Children loved him, Negroes sang for him, the poor, the needy, and the unfortunate had reason to bless him. The young girls and the old ladies fell for him and the men became his intimate friends," the Washington County (Virginia) newspaper remembered almost 40 years after Elliott's death. But Elliott was also embittered by his exile, and was drinking again whenever alone. One evening, drunk and naked, he knocked over a lamp and burned himself badly.¹⁸

Elliott pleaded for a reconciliation with Anna, but nothing he said seemed to matter anymore. Anna had to have an operation in October 1892, but Elliott was told by his mother-in-law, Mary Hall, to remain in Virginia. He then turned to his sister, Corinne, the sibling he now trusted the most, to find out why he was so unwelcome. When Anna went under the ether during the operation, Corinne reported, she cried out that she wanted to die; her husband had made her that unhappy. Elliott then wrote directly to Mrs. Hall: "Did she say she wanted to die, that I had made her so utterly miserable that she did not care to live anymore. And did you say that was what your poor child had been suffering in silence all these past killing months?"¹⁹

Anna contracted diphtheria at the end of November and Elliott begged to be allowed to come to her bedside. Mrs. Hall telegraphed "DO NOT COME," which Elliott so painfully realized was his wife's command.²⁰ Anna died on December 7 and Elliott finally caught the train to New York.

AAnna, with Theodore's wholehearted approval, had declared in her will that her mother be made guardian of the children. Elliott, as his daughter, Eleanor, was to note years later, now had "no wife, no children, no hope."²¹

In the 20 months remaining before his own death, Elliott managed to keep up a fairly steady correspondence with Eleanor, who was then living with Grandmother Hall on West 37th Street in New York, and also at Tivoli. His first letter from back in Virginia reported on his new puppies, and even gave the impression of a man beginning to make peace with himself. "They (the puppies) are both in the armchair

beside me and the old dog is curled up at my feet in the rug dreaming, I suppose of all the rabbits he did not catch today.”²²

Elliott’s letters to his daughter were at times witty and entertaining, at other times encouraging and instructive. They were always warm and loving, but toward the end began to make excuses for not writing in so long, and not being able to see her to do the little things he had promised.

Elliott always had a flair for writing and was far more prolific than is generally realized. One work, a short story never published, is about the suicide of a beautiful unmarried woman. The story is troubling from the beginning as it describes the heroine—called Sophie Vedder—as a person with “so many friends, so many good and lovable qualities,” but clearly on a path with a tragic end.

Sophie, nearly 40 years old and about to end up penniless, explains why she is unmarried. Years before, she almost married a man named William, who had promised the security of a “cozy” brownstone house in New York. To have married William, Sophie would have to leave Europe, where, since the age of 15, she had lived a life of pleasure. As she met William on the dock in New York, Sophie saw right away that he was the “same colorless thing” he had been before, and wondered how she could ever be his wife. A ride with William down a “long, narrow, dismal-looking lane” lined with identical brownstone houses was decisive. Although William bragged it was “30-something Street,” one of the best streets in the city, Sophie was not impressed. She had but one goal—“to get out of this business as soon as possible” and return to Europe. An hour or two before Sophie killed herself, a wealthy suitor 20 years her senior proposed marriage as the solution to her financial problems. She turned him away. Anything, even death itself was better than being tied to such a “little fat figure of fun,” she concluded.

“Your time has come, your story has been told . . . what a frivolous, useless thing you were,” Sophie tells herself just before pulling the trigger on a silver revolver. “There was a sharp report, her head fell backwards . . . a few drops of blood running across her white neck stained some of the old lace about her throat.”²³

It is not hard to find Elliott Roosevelt in this story. A dull, bourgeois, workaday life with no romance in sight was not worth the struggle. Longing for that one round of enjoyment, that one scene of delight only made life become even more distraught and tortured.

Tragedy again struck Elliott’s life in May 1893, when his three-year-old son, Ellie, died of scarlet fever. “There is just a little chance he may

not die, but the doctors all fear he will,”²⁴ Elliott had written Eleanor to prepare her for the worst. Elliott moved in and out of New York during late 1893 and kept his family confused as to his whereabouts and intentions. “I have a desolate feeling I cannot overcome, but I do not care to see anyone,” he wrote his mother-in-law, Mary Hall.²⁵

The beginning of the year 1894 found Elliott in another cycle of depression and heavy drinking. In May he spent the night in a police lockup, being too confused to give his own name. In July he drove his carriage into a lamp post and landed on his head. “Poor fellow! If only he could have died instead of Anna,” his brother, Theodore, wrote to their sister, Bamie.²⁶

During the last summer of his life, Elliott continued to avoid his sisters and brother and renewed his relationship with Florence Sherman, his mistress from the time in France. He was also having an affair with a married woman known only as Mrs. Evans.²⁷ In July Elliott visited Mrs. Sherman on the New England seashore. According to Mrs. Sherman, Elliott seemed stronger when he later left her to return to New York. However, once back in the city where so much reminded him of the promise of his early years, he began drinking several bottles of champagne, brandy, and anisette a day.

About a month before his death, Elliott wrote Eleanor and asked her to give his love to “all the dear home people and all of my good friends who have not forgotten me.”²⁸ He then asked her if she would like to have a little cat, similar to one she used to have at Hempstead and called an “angostora,” meaning Angora.

On August 13, 1894, Elliott wrote Eleanor to apologize for not writing sooner. He said he had been so ill he had not been able to move from his bed for days at a time. That night, however, he was in such a frenzy that he kept running up and down the stairs. He tried to climb out of a window, as if he wanted to escape with his Sophie Vedder to some distant romantic place. He died the next evening in his house close by the Hudson River on West 102nd Street in New York City. The attending physician gave heart failure as the chief cause of death, with alcoholism as the contributing reason.²⁹ There is no record of a coroner’s inquest.

From the *New York World*, August 16, 1894: “ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT DEAD . . . HE WAS ONCE KEPT IN A MAD-HOUSE.” “The curtains of number 313 West 102nd Street are drawn. There is a piece of black crepe on the doorknob. Few are seen to pass in and out of the house except the undertaker and his assistants. The little boys and girls who romp up and down the sidewalk will tell you in a whisper: ‘Mr. Elliott is dead,’ and if you ask ‘Who is Mr. Elliott?’, ‘We

don't know, nobody knows,' they will answer. In a darkened parlor all day yesterday lay a plain black casket. Few mourners sat about it. Beneath its lid lay the body of Elliott Roosevelt. Few words will tell of his last days . . . Many people will be pained by this news. There was a time when there were not many more popular young persons in society than Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt. . . ."³⁰

Theodore decided that Elliott was to be buried at Greenwood, the Roosevelt burial place in Brooklyn, instead of being taken up the Hudson to Anna's side at Tivoli. Grandmother Hall did not take Eleanor to her father's funeral, and even the flowers she sent arrived too late. Two years later, however, Mrs. Hall asked that Elliott's body be moved to Tivoli. He lies next to Anna in the Hall family vault, in the churchyard of St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Woods Road.

Now, almost a century later, the vault has a new coat of paint and looks pristine in the morning sunlight. Yet it appears sturdy enough underneath to withstand the rains and snows, the cold and heat of another 100 years, and even beyond. The churchyard seems more enchanting with the arrival of each season. It is easy to linger there and listen to the breeze chase the silence from the air. The scene inspires thoughts of a gracious young man and a beautiful young woman in the innocent brightness of a newborn day. □

Notes

1. *In Loving Memory of Anna Hall Roosevelt* (New York: Privately Printed, 1893), 25. Three friends who chose to remain anonymous had the essays printed in one volume. On file at the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, New York.

2. Joseph P. Lash, *Eleanor and Franklin* (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., 1971), 3.

3. *Ibid.*, 56.

4. *Ibid.*, 14.

5. *Ibid.*, 3.

6. *Ibid.*, 19.

7. *Ibid.*, 19.

8. *Ibid.*, 35.

9. Edmond Morris, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt* (New York: Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, Inc. 1979), 439.

10. Information based upon an interview in 1987 with Dr. John Allen Gable, Executive Director, Theodore Roosevelt Association, Oyster Bay, New York.

11. Geoffrey C. Ward, *Before the Trumpet: Young Franklin Roosevelt* (New York: Harper and Row, 1985), 275.

12. *Ibid.*, 275.

13. *Ibid.*

14. Morris, *Theodore Roosevelt*, 440.

15. *New York Sun*, August 18, 1891. New York Historical Society.

16. Morris. *Theodore Roosevelt*. 446.

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17. Lash, *Eleanor*, 38. Morris, *Theodore Roosevelt*, 446. Ward, *Trumpet*, 279.
 18. Ward, *Trumpet*, 278.
 19. Ward, *Trumpet*, 281. Lash, *Eleanor*, 44.
 20. Lash, *Eleanor*, 44.
 21. Eleanor Roosevelt, *This is My Story* (New York: Garden City Publishing, 1939), 19.
 22. Lash, *Eleanor*, 46.
 23. The 31-page short story entitled "Was Miss Vedder an Adventuress?" is on file at the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, N.Y.
 24. Lash, *Eleanor*, 49.
 25. J. William and T. Young, *Eleanor Roosevelt: A Personal and Public Life* (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1985), 48.
 26. Lash, *Eleanor*, 53. Ward, *Trumpet*, 286.
 27. Lash (p. 38) mentions a woman to whom Elliott had turned in Paris. He does not identify her. Lash indicates that Elliott, one year prior to his death, was living with a woman whose name was unknown to the family (p. 52). Morris (p. 819) is not sure whether Elliott had one or two lovers outside his marriage. Ward believes Elliott had two mistresses: Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Evans (p. 285). According to Ward, Mrs. Sherman maintained a steady correspondence with Corine Robinson about Elliott for several years after Elliott's death. Ward further argues the Roosevelts eventually approved a cash stipend for Mrs. Evans. The payment increased in sum following Mrs. Evans's visit to the family lawyer's office waving a loaded revolver.
 28. Lash, *Eleanor*, 55.
 29. Certificate and Record of Death #27947 Municipal Archives, New York, N.Y.
 30. *New York World*, August 16, 1894. Courtesy New York Historical Society, New York, N.Y.